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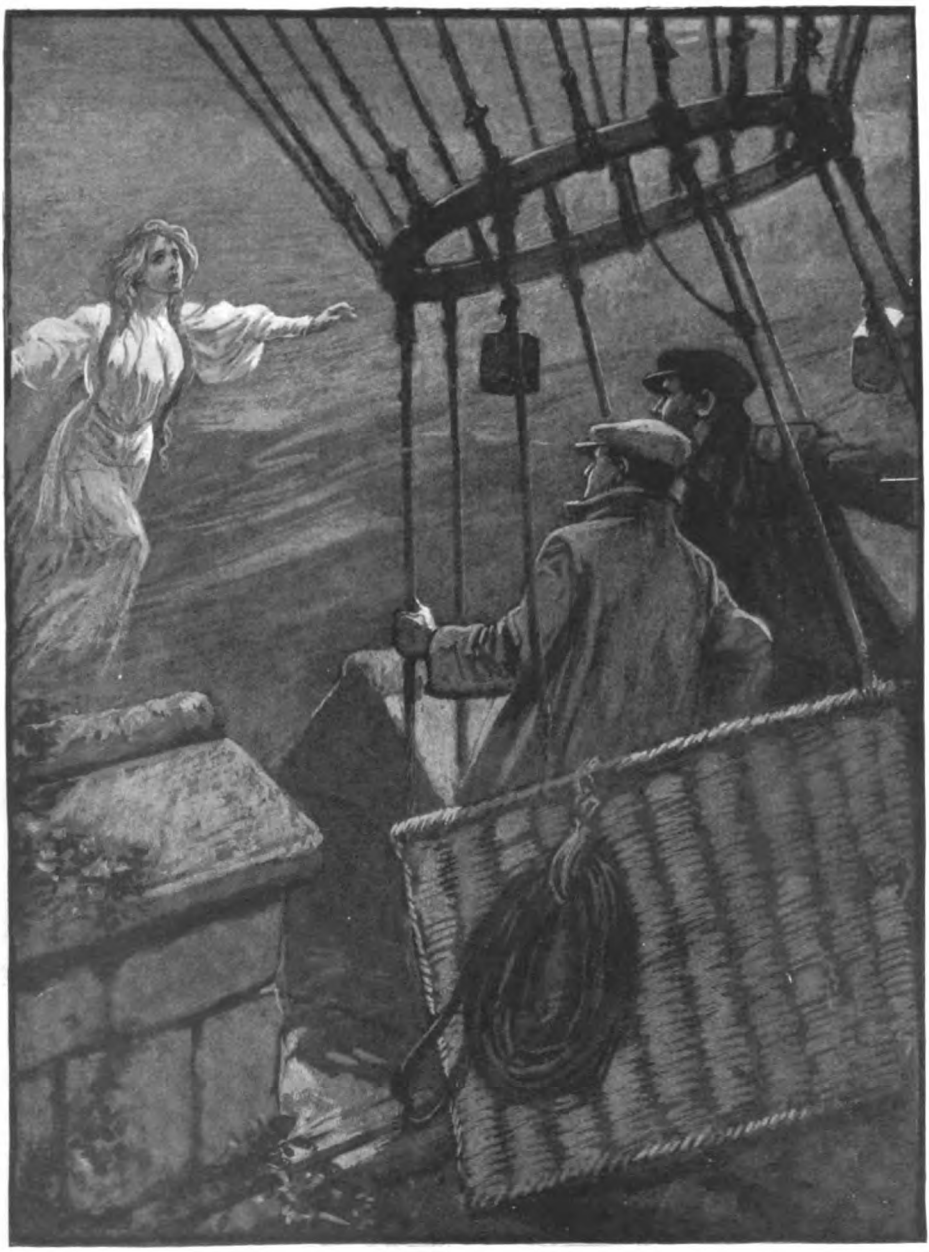

"A GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS WAS HURRYING ALONG THE FLAT ROOF, HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN A DETAINING GESTURE."

(*See page* 7.)

THE

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An Illustrated Monthly

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Scarlet Runner.

No. II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOST GIRL.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

CHRISTOPHER RACE was scorching. He had engaged to do an impossible thing, or impossible with a car less sympathetic than Scarlet Runner, but he believed that he was going to do it.

He had had a tingling rush down a long, straight stretch of road when, slowing as little as might be for a turning, he shot through a wooded common and ran upon something interesting.

Mechanically he came to a stop, so suddenly that Scarlet Runner—her armour off for speed—waltzed in yesterday's mud, and put her bonnet where her driving-wheels should have been.

Above her head and Christopher's a charming balloon was poised, its anchor attaching it to earth in an adjacent field, while leaning over the edge of its basket-car, at a height of thirty feet in air, a young man drank a cup of tea and looked down upon the approaching motor.

"Halloa!" said he in the sky.

"Halloa!" replied he on the earth.

"That's what you call side-slip, isn't it?"

"Or its first cousin," grumbled Christopher, angry with himself and ruffled with the stranger. He wished now he had clad his darling for action, in her non-skidding bands.

"Side-slip's something *we* never get," said the young man in the balloon, watching the motorist right his car. "Or tyre trouble; or——"

"*We* don't have to say our prayers every time we want to stop," said Christopher. "Good-bye. Hope you'll get somewhere."

"I'm in no hurry to get anywhere," answered the other. "I'm out for fun; aren't you?"

"No; for business. Good-bye again."

"Don't go," urged the balloonist. "Nice red assassin you've got—only a bit old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!" echoed Christopher. "Why, she's the latest thing out. She's——"

"Excuse me, I only meant old-fashioned in comparison with my Little Stranger. An automobile's the vehicle of yesterday, a balloon the carriage of to-morrow."

"Well, they'll both be out of date the day after," said Christopher, and smiled, for, after all, there was something engaging about the young man in the sky.

"Sufficient for the day is the balloon thereof," retorted the other.

"For me, the automobile thereof. I've no ambition to own a strawberry basket."

"Oh, I wasn't going to offer you one," said the balloonist. "But I should like to offer you some tea."

"Not on my head, please."

"Thy sins alone be there! But I'm in earnest. I've some Orange Pekoe and plovers' egg sandwiches fit for a king."

"I'm not in that business myself," said Christopher, "though I may look the part. And I've some nice penny sticks of chocolate in my pocket, which will keep my vital spark working."

"Don't think much of chocolate as a sparking-plug myself," replied the voice from on high.

"Ah! You know something of the jargon. Are you a motorist too?"

"I was, in dark ages. Have you tried the air?"

"Not off the level."

"Once you do, you'll turn up your nose at the road."

"Shape forbids. And time forbids further discussion. Wish you joy of the plovers' eggs."

"I don't know where you want to go, but I bet I could get you there quicker than you can get yourself."

"What? Could you go from London to Torquay in seven hours? That's what I'm trying to do."

"Shouldn't have to try. Shall I take you?"

"Car and all?"

"Come, I'm serious. Put your red crab

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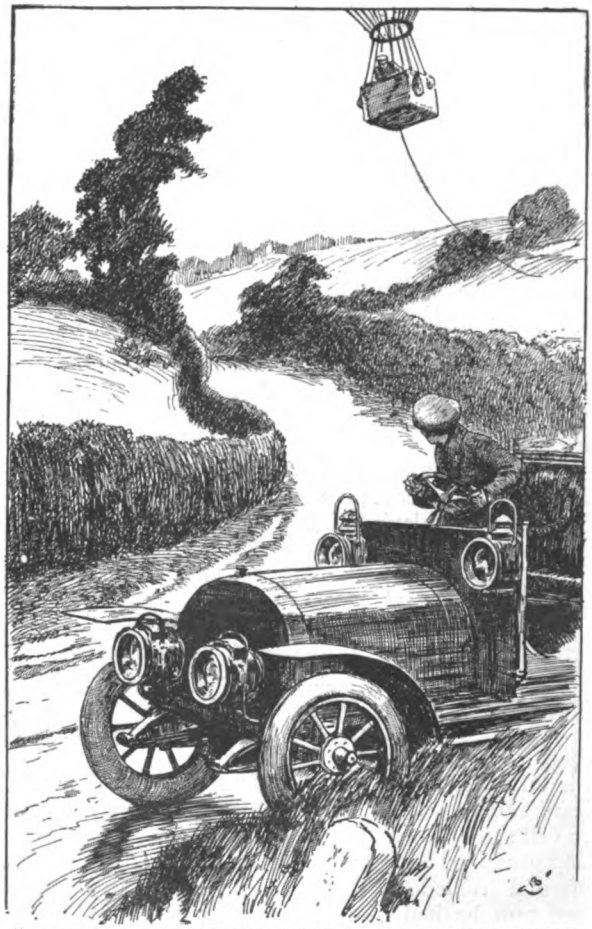
up at the village, which I can see not far off, though in your worm-like position on earth you can't get a glimpse of it. Shouldn't wonder if there's a garage of sorts."

There was a microbe in Christopher Race's blood which went mad when it came in contact with the microbe of a suggested adventure. His errand from London to Torquay was an errand of business, as he had hinted; and though he had "personally conducted" two short tours and made a little money since he had set up as a gentleman chauffeur to prove to his rich uncle the stuff that was in him, he could not afford to miss any promising chance.



"CHRISTOPHER FLUNG THE WORDS SKYWARD AS HE FLASHED TOWARDS THE VILLAGE."

An advertisement of his had been answered yesterday by a Mr. Finnington Brown, of Finnington Hall, near Torquay, inviting him to bring his car on a visit of inspection and be engaged for a month's trip if satisfactory. Because he was proud of Scarlet Runner, and liked to show her paces, he had wired that he would (tyres permitting) reach the Hall in a seven hours' run from London; but now he had met Apollyon on the way, and Apollyon tempted him.

It would surprise Mr. Finnington Brown if the advertising chauffeur dropped in on him in a balloon, say an hour earlier than expected in a motor-car, and explained that—that—but bother explanations!—say that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, Scarlet Runner would appear later.

Such an escapade would be bad for business, but—it would be the best of jokes, especially if Finnington Brown were some old-fashioned duffer. And if the balloon never got to Finnington Hall, or anywhere else on earth, why, it was all in the day's work, and everything, even life, must end some time.

"I accept with pleasure your kind invitation for tea and a canter," Christopher said, aloud. "Will you call for me, or do I call for you?"

"We'll make a rendezvous," replied the other, "a little lower down—or what you're still accustomed to considering 'down.' When you've put up your crawler, you might just bring along an able-bodied yokel or two to help unhitch me from the stars, eh? I don't want to let myself down, as I can't spare gas."

"Thank goodness, *we* don't have to call for aid in putting on brakes or turning the starting-handle." Christopher flung the words skyward as he flashed towards the village.

It was no more than half a mile away, but owing to a sharp shower the population had been kept within bounds and had missed seeing their sky visitor. Otherwise the gentleman in the balloon would not have eaten his plovers' eggs in peace. Christopher put up his car at the inn stable, which thought itself a garage, and in the company of three young men, whom he easily collected, returned to the field of the balloon by a short cut across meadows.

But the party did not return unaccom-

panied. The news of the "free show" provided for the neighbourhood spread mysteriously, and by the time Christopher and his attendants were out of the village half the able-bodied inhabitants were at their heels. A growing crowd watched the slow hauling down of the balloon and listened, open-mouthed, to the instructions delivered by the aeronaut.

As for him, despite the surging audience, he was as calm as the weather, which, in the lull after storm, enabled his directions to be obeyed without hitch. His basket-car touched earth, light as a swallow dropping from flight. Each of Christopher's assistants got half a crown for the work he would have been enchanted to do for nothing, and while all three village youths clung grinning to the basket's edge the invited guest climbed over it into a luxurious nest stored with rugs, books, maps, food, a tea-basket, and a few bottles of wine.

"When I say 'Let go!' do it all together," ordered the balloon's owner, as he pulled in his anchor and deftly festooned the rope round the car. "Anyone who hangs on may get translated to another sphere. Farewell for ever. Now—let go!"

And they did let go, with scared precision. But Christopher Race, who stood in the middle of the car, wondered because, though the six brown hands vanished, the balloon still seemed to be standing still.

"Not enough gas, I suppose," he murmured, with gentle scorn. "It's the same sort of feeling you have in a motor, when she gasps out her last sigh of petrol through her carburettor."

"Is it?" echoed his new friend, who was, Christopher now began to realize, an exceedingly good-looking young man of the best American type. "Well, just step here and look over."

Christopher stepped and looked, and started back amazed. While he had sneered at the balloon's plight, she had been quietly, industriously rising to a height of a thousand feet above the staring faces he had expected to see gazing up into his.

"Not enough gas!" laughed the American. "Why, thanks to my economy, we're as full of gas as one of your ha'penny dailies. Let's be happy as birds, telling each other our names and impressions of things in general. I'm Paul Western——"

"I might have guessed that," cut in Christopher. "You're *the* Western, of course—winner of the big balloon race last week. Delighted to meet you. As for me, the only race I have to my credit is my name—Christopher Race—'Ace' they used to call me at my college. Would it had been the Ace of Diamonds!"

"I suppose Ace of Hearts would have suited the case better?"

"Never was in love in my life," said Christopher. "Though one has fancies, of course."

"Same with me," said Western. "I felt somehow, when I looked down on the top of your head and refrained from throwing bread-crumbs on it, that we were kindred spirits. If ever we do care about a girl, probably it'll go hard with us."

"I want it to," said Christopher.

"Do you? I'm not so sure. We'd perhaps be better off if we stayed among the stars. Don't worry, though. I won't insist on your trying the experiment, or you'll begin to think I'm not Western, but a lunatic at large."

"Very much at large," murmured Christopher, glancing at a mountain-range of cloud. "We seem to be in the middle of everywhere, but to be getting nowhere."

"We're bobbing about," said Western, "but I'll run her up higher, and see if we can't catch that breeze."

He began emptying sand out of a bag; but, so far as Christopher could tell, nothing happened except that the mountain-range sank out of sight and others, even wilder, came into view. Also, the air seemed fresher, though not intensely cold.

"Good gracious, we have got our wind with a vengeance!" exclaimed Western.

"I don't feel any," said Christopher.

"Because you're going with it at exactly the same rate. But we're making a good thirty miles an hour."

"At that rate you'll soon land me in Torquay," Christopher replied, cheerfully.

"I—er—am not quite sure. You see, the wind happens to be the wrong way." Western peered at a compass through gathering dimness, for the early March evening was closing in, and then hastily pulled the valve-cord.

"That's rather a bore—for Mr. Finnington Brown," said Christopher. "As for me, I never enjoyed myself more, and can't regret anything—though Scarlet Runner's reputation will suffer an undeserved wrong. It's getting dark, isn't it? And what are all these white things coming up at us?"

"Rain's turned to a snow flurry."

"Is it usual to snow up—in these parts?"

"We're dropping down now—faster than it snows."

"Dropping into night," Christopher reflected, aloud.

It was true. The sun had set behind leaden clouds. Already, as one says across the Channel, it made night; and far below they saw clustering lights, shining like jewels on purple velvet cushions. Though they could feel no wind, as they bent over the edge of the basket the lights in the world beneath appeared to float rapidly past, as if borne by an onrushing tide. Sometimes they were hidden by black rags of cloud; but at last these rags were fringed with gleaming silver. The moon was coming up, clear and full, and, as if in obedience to her command, the wind was still; the lights in the purple depths no longer moved on a dark tide, but a river of silver swallowed up the yellow sparks and flooded the purple valleys.

"Good!" said Western. "Now we can descend. We shall have an illumination for our landing, and though we're coming down into a mist—a sea mist, I should judge by the salt tang of it—it's so thin that we shall know whether we're dropping on earth or water."

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked Christopher, who had long ago abandoned hope of Torquay or its neighbourhood—if he had ever really had any—but, like a true sportsman, was revelling in the adventure.

"Might be Hampshire," suggested Western, vaguely. "Or—well, might be anywhere—near the coast. It's hard to say to thirty miles or so, the way we have been racing."

"'WHEN I SAY "LET GO!" DO IT ALL TOGETHER,' ORDERED THE BALLOON'S OWNER."

He had pulled the valve-cord and they steadily descended. Now they swam in a sea of creamy mist, laced with the moon's silver. They knew that they must be near earth, but the gleaming sea-fog shrouded all details. Suddenly, however, they became conscious of a luminous gilding of the mist close to the falling balloon; and at the same instant the car bumped and swayed, bounding like some wild creature caught by the foot in a trap. There was a swishing of foliage or pine-needles and a crackling of small branches. They were entangled in a tree.

"Halloa, this is a surprise party!" exclaimed Western, quick to snatch an axe. Bending far over the edge he felt for the branches which held the basket, and began to hack at them. "Push off your side if you can," he said to Christopher.

Obediently Christopher leaned out and down, his hands coming into contact with bristling pine-needles. Thus engaged, his face was lit up with the yellow light which filtered through the thin silver lace of the mist.

"Why, we're close to a house," he said to Western, whose back was turned towards him as he worked. "There must be a lighted window just round the corner. I believe I could push off from the wall. Yes. By leaning well out I can touch it. It's brick, and there's a lot of ivy. It's a wonder someone doesn't hear us through that window so near, and take us for burglars."

By this time Western had stopped chopping branches to glance over his shoulder.

"By Jove, we are close!" he exclaimed. "Narrow shave we must have had from crashing down on the roof in this mist—it's so deceiving. But, as it is, we're all right. Only keep her off the house, your side. It *is* a wonder we don't see the shadows of heads, by this time, in the light from that window. We're almost in it."

"I can touch the stone ledge, just round the corner of the house wall," said Christopher. "It's wet—there's a pool of——"

"Water" was the word on his tongue; but, as he pulled back his hand and looked at it in the yellow haze of lamplight which mingled with the moon's rays, he drew in his breath quickly.

"What's the matter?" asked Western.

"Look!" Christopher answered, in an odd voice, holding out his hand. Fingers and palm were dyed red, a wet red that glistened.

"Fresh paint, perhaps," suggested Western. But his voice was also strange.

"Paint doesn't run like water; paint doesn't fall in drops," Christopher said, gravely.

"Then—you think——"

"I think there's something very queer about this house."

Their lively tones were hushed now. Involuntarily they whispered.

"Pooh! I know what you mean, but it can't be. A window-sill. Why should—such things don't happen."

"All the same, I'm going to hang out from the car and try to twist round the corner far enough to see——"

"Wait till I hang on to you, or you'll get a tumble."

Christopher leaned out, with one knee on the edge of the trapped car, one hand plunged into and grasping the thick-stemmed ivy. Hanging thus, he could see the window whence came the light; and as he looked, peering through the mist, a slight breeze sprang up and blew a fold of the white veil away. He could see round the corner and into the lighted window, but only a faint impression of what he saw there remained with him—a vague picture of an old-fashioned, oak-panelled room, with a great many books, and a long mirror opposite the window—for it was something in the window itself which caught and held his gaze. He saw it, and saw it repeated in the mirror, or, rather, saw there what he could see in no other way.

A man's body hung over the window-sill, inert and lifeless. He had fallen backward and lay half out, his head and shoulders protruding over the stone ledge which Christopher had touched, the face upturned and white in the mingling light of lamp and moon.

Christopher saw it upside down, the eyes rolled back and staring open, as if they strove to find and look into his. There was a red stain on the forehead, and the hair, which was dark and long, clung wet and matted over the brows. The lips were twisted into a terrible, three-cornered smile, and Christopher started back from it with a cry.

"What did you see?" asked Western.

Christopher told him. "Do you want to look and make sure I'm not mad?" he asked.

For an instant Western hesitated, then said that he would look.

Christopher held him, as he had held Christopher; but the look was a brief one.

"For Heaven's sake, let's get out of this," Western stammered. "I hope I'm no coward, but it's too ghastly—happening on such a thing—whatever it is, whatever it means. It makes me sick to be near it. Where's that axe? Here. We'll be free, and off into pure air in a minute."

With a crash, a branch broke short off under the axe. Western threw out sand, and the Little Stranger floated up, bumping against a curious, battlemented roof, which rose and stretched dark in the moonlight.

"We're caught again! Another branch somewhere!" cried Western, desperately, just as they had thought to sail out of danger of perilous bumps. He groped once more for the axe, which he had thrown carelessly down in his haste to get rid of sand.

As he exclaimed, something moved near by, and a figure which had been hiding among the battlements sprang up and ran towards the swaying balloon.

Highly wrought as they were, at first the two young men were struck with horror, as if beholding a spirit; but as the clear moonlight fell full upon the form common sense came back, and they knew that this was no ghostly vision.

A girl in a white dress was hurrying along the flat roof, her arms outstretched in a detaining gesture. "Save me!" she faltered, her voice broken by fear or pain.

Whether or no it was partly the effect of the moonlight, the girl seemed to Christopher and Western the most beautiful creature they had ever seen, even in the dreams which the reading of poets' fancies brings to boys.

She had hair which the moon burnished to copper, and it fell in two long, thick ropes or braids over slim shoulders and young bosom. The white radiance which had pierced the blowing mist shone into her eyes, making them large and dark, and wonderful as wells that mirror stars in black depths.

"Oh, save me—take me with you—whoever you are—wherever you go—anywhere away from this awful house!" she begged of the strangers, as she came flying across the dark, flat expanse behind the battlements. And eagerly Christopher Race and Paul Western put out their arms to reach and draw her into the car.

But Fate came between them and the girl. A new puff of wind caught the balloon again, bumping the basket against the battlements, so that both men staggered and fell upon their knees. So great and so sudden was the strain that the branch which for a moment had arrested them broke with a sharp snap, and the balloon, already lightened of ballast, was whirled away like a soap-bubble before they had time to speak.

In a second the white girl and the dark battlements had been swept out of sight. Western got to his feet and seized the valve-cord, but Christopher, still on his knees, cried out a warning "Stop!"

"Listen," he said; "what's that sound?"

Western paused with his hand on the cord, his ears alert.

The balloon was in a boiling surf of snowy cloud, lit by the moon. They could see nothing save this glittering froth, but there was a sound louder and more ominous than the harp-like singing of the cordage. From below came at short, regular intervals a deep, reverberating boom.

In his excitement Western had not heard, until Christopher compelled his attention.

"The sea!" he exclaimed. "We're over the sea."

"Another moment and we should have been in it," added Christopher.

"Then that house must stand close to the shore," Western said. "Sixty seconds ago we were there; now——"

"We're being blown out to sea, aren't we?" finished Christopher.

"I'm afraid we are," the other admitted. "Great Scot! I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

"Is it so dangerous?"

"Hang danger! I wasn't thinking of myself—or you either. I was thinking of the girl—that beautiful, that divine girl. We've lost her—deserted her, left her abandoned—do you understand? We can't get back to her. We don't know where she is. We can never find her again."

"We must," said Christopher. "She begged us to save her. From what, I wonder? What had happened? What was she afraid would still happen? What can be the secret of that terrible house?"

Western tilted out another bag of sand.

The clouds fell from under them as they shot up into more rarefied air. "The best thing we can hope for now, I suppose," he went on, "is to get to France, and then back again, to find *her* and the house, or to spend all we have and are in trying to do it. If we're to make this passage without shipwreck, we must travel high."

"The girl—if she was a girl, and not a dream—seems to have made a tremendous impression on you in a short time," said Christopher, beginning to be himself again.

"Girl! Call her an angel, and you'd be nearer the mark," exclaimed Western. "I never knew there could be such a beautiful creature. And to think that she was in awful fear or trouble, that she called on me to save her, and that I failed, because of a mere puff of wind. If it hadn't been for that, and the cracking branch, she'd have been with us now."

They were racing over a sea of steel which they could see sometimes through a great hole in a torn carpet of cloud. Western did not say anything to discourage his guest; but, though Christopher was a novice, he had heard ballooning men talk since the sport came into fashion, and he knew that the English Channel was wide, that they might never see the other side, because the balloon might not have buoyancy enough to carry her passengers across.

Time might drag, though the balloon flew as the rising wind flew. The two young men had said all they had to say, and fell silent as the hours sped by. But it was not because they were afraid; fear would have been a mean emotion for these star-embroidered heights. Yet they were grave. The sky at night over a wild sea, when the breeze has increased to a wind and the wind has grown to a gale, is not a place for joking.

Both men thought much of the battlemented house, and the white girl who had appealed in vain for help. They thought, too, of the lost spirits in Dante's Inferno, impelled ever forward by the pitiless, driving wind.

So the night went on, and as the balloon held her own the adventure would have

begun to seem commonplace, had it not been for the dark picture of the tragic house by the sea. There was nothing to do but to eat when they were hungry, to throw out ballast when the Little Stranger showed signs of faltering, to light their lamps and consult the compass or the anemometer.

After midnight the gale grew weary. They still hung over the sea, but far away shone a lamp like a fallen star. It was a lighthouse, Western said; and, though they lost the welcome gleam, it was not long after when they heard once more the thunderous booming of surf. Then they looked down on a vast stretch of opaque darkness, with no more glitter of moon on steely waves.

"THEY PEERED OVER THE EDGE OF THEIR FRAIL CAR INTO THE GULF OF MOONLIGHT AND SHADOW."

"Land!" shouted Western. "She's brought us safely across, after all. Below lies France — Normandy, perhaps. Now's our chance, and we must take it or fare worse."

He pulled the valve-cord and they fell, thrilled with the wild joy of danger and uncertainty as they peered over the edge of their frail car into the gulf of moonlight and shadow. Suddenly Western made a quick movement and let down a drag-rope. "It touches," he said. "Hark! Isn't that a cow lowing?"

The earth flew up at them, and not far off were a group of farm buildings, with a large pond beyond. Delay of a moment might mean disaster, for here was the place to alight—not on those pointed gables or in the shining sheet of water. Western opened wide the valve, the car came quietly to earth, and before she could bump or drag he tugged the red ripping-cord and tore the Little Stranger from foot to crown. The gas gushed out, and folds of silk enveloped the two young men as the balloon lost shape and collapsed.

"Let her lie as she is," said Western, coolly, as he scrambled out and extricated his companion. "Our business is to get back to that girl."

Christopher agreed with him, and together they started off through a ploughed field of sodden mud towards the buildings with the pointed roofs. There was a locked gate to climb, a farmyard to cross, and then a chained dog began to bay from his kennel. A square of light flashed yellow in a dark wall, and a voice hailed them in French.

Both young men could speak the language, Race better than Western, and between them they explained that they were not burglars but balloonists; that they had crossed the Manche, and had found a resting-place on the land of monsieur, of whom they begged assistance. Could he give them a cart to the nearest railway-station? If he could, they would give him money, much money, in return.

"It is lucky, monsieur, that you are not burglars, for you have come to the house of

the mayor of this commune," said the farmer, "and I have five tall sons. But since you are balloonists, and especially English ones, we will do what we can for you, even though it is the middle of the night. Vive l'Entente Cordiale!"

In five minutes more the mayor and the mayor's sons were all out of the house, and some went to gaze curiously at the deflated balloon, while others helped their father get ready the white-covered cart.

Succour and protection for the Little Stranger were promised, and the Englishmen were informed that they had alighted within twelve kilomètres of Havre. The farmer thought it was too late to catch the Southampton boat, and *les messieurs* had much better rest; his sons thought it was not too late, and did their best to speed the parting guests. A hundred francs which had been Western's became the mayor's; thanks and compliments fell thick as hail; and twenty minutes after the collapse of the Little Stranger its late navigators were speeding through the night as fast as a powerful Normandy horse could take them, towards Havre. They dashed into the quay as the last whistle blew for the departure of the night boat, and flung themselves across the gangway just as it was being hauled ashore.

The journey back to England across a turbulent and noisy sea was a vulgar experience compared to their flight with the wind among the stars. But as neither felt in the mood for rest, it gave them time to discuss details of their premeditated quest.

Of course, said Christopher, there might be something in the morning paper which could give them the clue they wanted; in which case they would know what to do next. But, if the mystery of the battlemented house and its lighted window were not revealed to them after their landing at Southampton, he proposed that they should as soon as possible retrieve Scarlet Runner, and tour the coast in her. Unless there were news of the house and what had happened there, the only way in which they could hope to find it was by recognising the battlements. Beyond that one salient feature, and their knowledge that the house (which must have at least one pine tree near it) stood close to the sea, they had no other clue to guide them to the girl they had lost.

It was eight in the morning when they touched English soil, and their first thought was to buy a newspaper, of which they scarcely let a paragraph go unregarded. But they learned nothing. So far, the battlemented house kept its secret; nevertheless, if fortune did not favour them in one way, it did in another, for they discovered a train leaving Southampton almost immediately after their arrival, which would take them across country to Scarlet Runner.

She lay at a small village not far from Yeovil; and it was after eleven when Christopher had the congenial task of feeding her with petrol and refreshing her with cool water. To do this was the affair of only a few minutes, and then, having wired to Mr. Finnington Brown, he was ready to return Western's hospitality of yesterday.

All night the expert balloonist had puzzled over the problem of distances and speed, trying to determine from the map of England how far and in what direction the Little Stranger had drifted after taking Race on board, before the sudden March gale had subsided and dropped him, in a rising sea-fog, at the lost house. Now, in obedience to Western's calculations, Scarlet Runner's bonnet was pointed upon a south-easterly course, slanting always towards the sea.

When, well on in the afternoon, they came to Weymouth, they told each other that their systematic search was only beginning. It was not unlikely that they might find the house of the battlements in this neighbourhood; and, describing it as well as they could at a motor garage which they visited, they watched for a look of recognition. But nobody at the garage and nobody at the old-fashioned hotel where they next applied had ever heard of or seen such a mansion by the sea.

Eastward Christopher drove Scarlet Runner after Weymouth, taking the coast road when there was one, and, when the way wandered irrelevantly elsewhere, exploring each side-track which might lead to a house by the shore. So darkness fell, and all the searchings and all the questionings had been vain. It was useless to go on after nightfall, and in the sequestered hollow of Lulworth Cove they stopped till dawn beckoned them on.

The newspapers which found their way late to Lulworth had nothing in them of interest to Christopher Race or Paul Western, though they were crammed with world-shaking events; and they did not wait for the coming of the papers next day. By six o'clock they were off upon their chivalrous errand, neither behind the other in eagerness, for Christopher did not see why he had not as much right as Western to fall in love with the beautiful mystery. He had already imagined himself in love several times, though when he reflected

upon the affairs in cold blood he knew that there had been nothing in them. He did not even grudge his cousin, Ivy de Lisle, to his friend Max Lind, but he wondered if he would not grudge this wonderful girl to Paul Western.

It seemed to him that to find the girl and save her from the horror she had feared, to win her love, and eventually marry her about the time that his rich uncle should decide to leave him everything, would be a delicious romance; and when Western began to make some such remark, apropos to his own state of mind, Christopher frankly proclaimed his own intentions.

"But I tell you the girl is mine," argued the other, surprised and disgusted; for he had taken Christopher's helpfulness for disinterested sympathy.

"Why is she yours more than mine?" argued Race.

"Because—I saw her first," said Western.

"That would be difficult to prove," said Christopher.

"Anyhow, it was my balloon."

"I was your honoured guest. Besides, if you hadn't thrown out sand, we could have stopped and taken her away."

"I laid first claim. You can't deny that. You should have spoken when I first told you how much I admired her. Oh, by every rule, she's mine."

"First catch your hare," said Christopher.

"What a simile! If only for that, you don't deserve her."

"So far as that's concerned, I don't suppose there's much to choose between us."

"I wish I thought you were chaffing," said the American.

"I'm not."

"Then how's this thing to be decided?"

"By the girl—when we find her."

"Yes. But one of us—the one who gets ahead—is bound to have the best chance. Look here, I'm obliged to stick to your company, for I can't get on without your car; it would mean too much delay now to wire somewhere and try to hire an equally good one."

"There isn't such a thing," said Christopher.

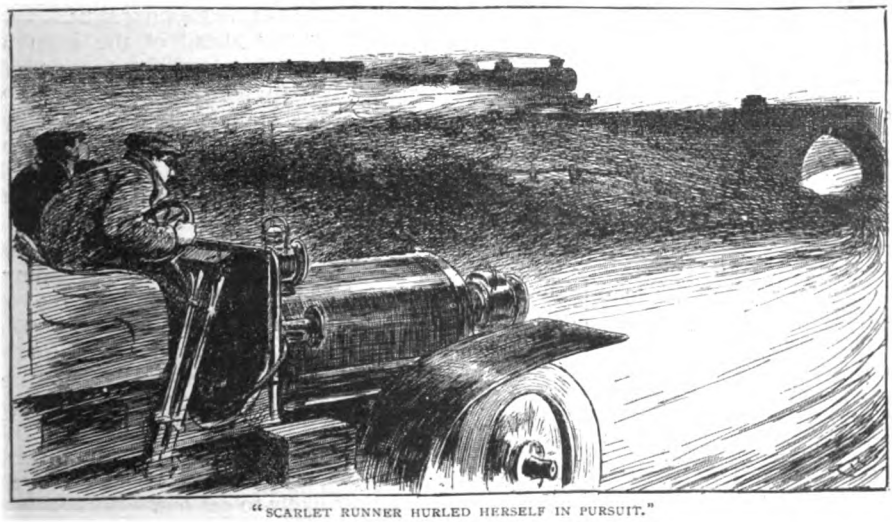
"Well, one half as good, then. I'm at your mercy. You wouldn't have seen the girl if it hadn't been for me. You might stand aside and let me propose. We Americans think nothing of asking a girl to marry us the first time we see her, if we really want her and some other fellow's likely to snatch her out of our possession. But an Englishman could never do the thing offhand like that. He——"

"Nonsense," cut in Christopher. "Englishmen are the same as Americans. We're brothers; and just because we are, I'll come to an agreement with you. If we find the girl——"

"*When* we find her. Don't say 'if.'"

"When we find her, the one who does most towards saving her shall have the right to speak first. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Western, after a moment's hesitation. He was sitting beside Christopher, and as they discussed the probable result of their quest it progressed fruitlessly. Exploration was difficult, for great cliffs walled the coast, and only here and there were they cut into hollows where small side-roads ran to the sea. A place as important as the battle-



"SCARLET RUNNER HURLED HERSELF IN PURSUIT."

mented house must be approached by a road, and though they passed through village after village, learning nothing, they would not give way to discouragement.

Sooner or later, they said to each other, they would find the house. But there was a thing which they did not say aloud. Suppose it were too late? Already thirty-six hours and more had gone by since they had lost the girl—lost her at the moment when she cried to them for help. Someone else might have given that help. Or else—it might be that she had passed beyond the need—for ever. But these things did not bear speaking of.

Scarlet Runner had sped under the shadow of a ruined castle, and was nearing Ardwanage, when a train which had not yet gathered full speed after leaving the station ran towards them along the line, that here lay parallel with the road. Race had slowed down for a frightened horse, and he was in the act of putting on speed again when Western sprang up in the seat beside him. "Turn—as quick as you can," he stammered. "Catch that train. *She's in it!*"

"She?" echoed Christopher, bewildered, but obeying.

"*She*—the girl—my lost girl. I saw her."

"Our lost girl," Christopher amended, and slipped in his fourth speed. "If Scarlet Runner can catch that train, and she's really in it, the first chance is mine—eh?"

"Yes—yes, anything, if you'll only bring me to her," gasped Western. "She *was* there—you may take my word. There's no one like her. Her face was at the open window, with the same expression on it as when she begged us to save her. Whatever the mystery is—whatever has happened since that night—she's horribly unhappy and *frightened*. It may be it isn't too late to save her yet."

"Was she alone?" asked Christopher, as Scarlet Runner, sensitively responsive to his touch, leaped ahead like a panther. Lucky there were no more frightened horses in the way!

"How can I tell? I saw only her," said Western. "And yet, now I come to think, I'm not sure there wasn't a man by her side, and a man in the window facing her, too. I don't know what they were like, but—somehow I've an impression of common faces, in strong contrast to hers."

Christopher did not answer, but a thought was in his mind which made him neglect to put on the brakes at the top of a steep descent. Scarlet Runner coasted down, and kept the train well in sight. Though she leaped, panther-like, she held on her terrific way with a rhythm and speed which no animal could equal.

The smoke of the locomotive trailed its dark flag along the sky, and Scarlet Runner hurled herself in pursuit.

The heavy engine drawing its huge load could do forty miles an hour on an even track; the light car, clean and springy as a trained athlete, could sprint at least twenty miles faster on the road, but that road must be clear, and there came in the skill of the driver.

Christopher Race was a driver born, not made. His eye saw and understood with the quickness of light. His hand and foot moved with automatic precision; his nerve was unshaken. Western admired him, and for the moment compared the sport of ballooning unfavourably with that of motoring.

On the long, straight stretch of road the wind shouted in their ears like a hurricane, and Scarlet Runner gained easily on the dark trail of smoke. But she plunged into a village, with children toddling out of cottages to their playground, the public road. In an instant the speed had dropped to a crawl, and the car, with its musical siren sounding a tuneful warning, picked its path among tiny maids and men, skimmed silently past an unattended cart-horse just ready to bolt, and sprang out with a bound into open country again.

"We shall do it!" cried Western; and then, round a turn, showed a railway-crossing. A moment earlier, and the car would have shot through like an arrow; but Race had to jam the brake on with sudden force, or Scarlet Runner's bonnet would have crashed into the gates as they swung shut.

The car was ahead of the train at the crossing, and Western shouted an offer of ten pounds to the gatekeeper if he would open for a second and let them rush by; but the man shook his head, and they had to wait, not only to see the train go past, but to sit chafing while the huge caterpillar length of a luggage train followed, crawling along the other line.

Later it was shunted on to a siding, and blocked the way for five of the longest minutes either young man had ever known. The race was over, and they had lost.

It was easy enough to learn from the gatekeeper that the train they had chased was bound for London, but, as it would stop at four stations before reaching its destination, it was impossible to guess at which the girl was most likely to get out.

All they could do was to pause at each town in turn, and inquire at the station for a young lady answering their description. Such a girl, it seemed to them, could not pass unnoticed by the most married station-master or unobservant porter; therefore, when they asked at Marne for a beautiful blonde with red-gold hair, and were told that no such person had left the London or any other train, they would instantly have dashed on towards Beemouth, if it had not been for Scarlet Runner. She needed water and petrol; and while Christopher was supplying her wants, Western bought a newspaper of that morning.

"Ready to go on," said Christopher.

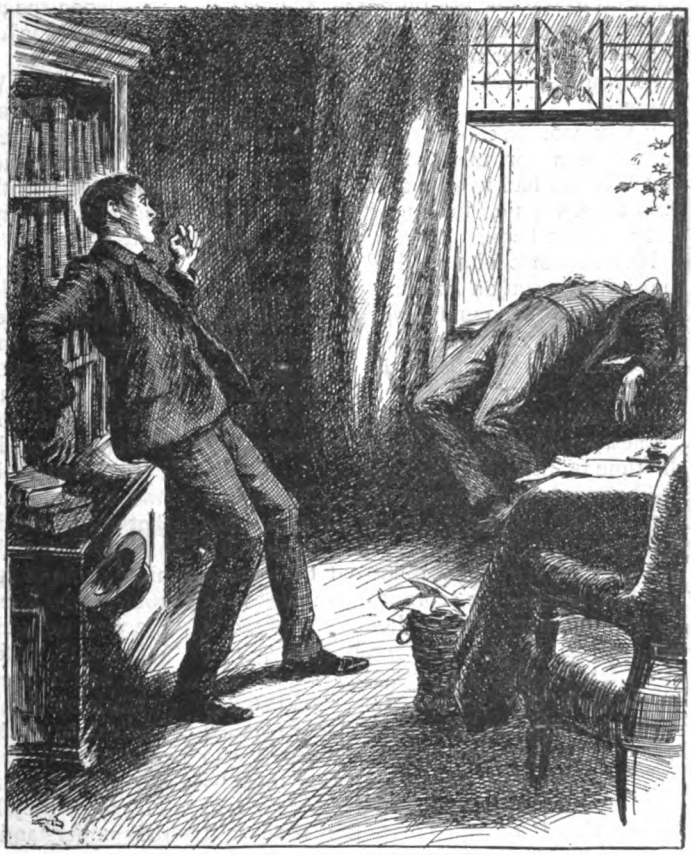
"We won't go on. We stop here," answered the American, excitedly. "Read this."

He pointed to a half column of startling headlines: "Murder or Suicide of a Baronet. Master of Abbey Court, Dorsetshire. Beautiful Young Girl Accused, and Arrested by Police While Trying to Escape."

Christopher read on, eagerly absorbing the sensational version of the mystery which to him and his companion had seemed impenetrable.

Sir Digby Plantagenet was an eccentric, middle-aged baronet, claiming descent from kings. He was a childless widower, living alone save for two old servants, in a desolate but beautiful house, dating from the days of Henry VII. Though rich enough to keep a generous household, he lived almost as a miser, and saw no one until a year ago, when he sent for a daughter of his dead brother, a young girl, Margaret Plantagenet, whom he had been educating in a French convent school. The girl had come to live with her uncle, and eight or nine months after her arrival both servants—husband and wife—had left. The gossip of the countryside was that Sir Digby's growing eccentricity had been too much for them; but others said that, having hoped that their master's fortune might become theirs by his will, jealousy of the beautiful niece had finally compelled them to give notice.

For several months the young girl had acted as her uncle's housekeeper, without assistance. No servants were engaged, no visitors received; no one ever came to the house except two or three privileged tradesmen from Marne, the county town, ten miles distant. The day before the publication of the report a Marne grocer had called at Abbey Court with his cart, as he was in the habit of doing twice a week, to bring milk and other stores which Miss Plantagenet used in her housekeeping. His knocking remained unanswered, and at last he discovered that a side-door was unlocked. Fearing some tragedy in the strange household, he entered, cried Miss Plantagenet's name, but had no answer. He then ventured on an exploration, and finally made a dreadful discovery: the body of Sir Digby hung half out of a window invisible from the back



"THE BODY OF SIR DIGBY HUNG HALF OUT OF A WINDOW."

of the house where the grocer entered. The unfortunate baronet had been shot in the breast and in the head, though no weapon was to be seen; and Miss Plantagenet, the only other occupant of the house, had disappeared. The grocer at once notified the police at Marne, and search was made for the missing girl. Late in the evening she was found at Weymouth, in a state of collapse, at a small hotel near the railway station, where she had arrived that morning. She was arrested on suspicion of murdering her eccentric uncle, whose heiress she was believed to be; but her weakness and hysterical condition had prevented her from making any statement. A doctor had, however, been called in, and announced that Miss Plantagenet would probably be well enough next day to be taken back by train as far as Marne, where she would have to appear at the coroner's inquest.

"She's here now," said Western. "By this time the inquest has probably begun. Those men I saw must have been policemen in charge of the poor child—the brutes! We must go to the inquest ourselves, as quick as we can get there. Only think; if I hadn't bought that paper we'd have been off to the next place. This time *I* am the Ace of Trumps."

"You wouldn't have got to Marne if it hadn't been for me," replied Christopher; and Western had to admit that this was true. "So far it's a tie," he said, "and the grand test is still to come."

How so beautiful a girl had passed through the railway station without being noticed would have been puzzling if Christopher had not suggested that she had doubtless veiled her face. Probably the town was agog over the mystery of Abbey Court, and the police escort, who must have been in plain clothes, would have taken pains to keep secret the time of their arrival.

The people of the garage where Christopher had bought his petrol knew all about the "murder" (as they prematurely termed it), and were enchanted to point out the way to the inn where the coroner's inquest was at that moment being held. Everybody was saying, they added gratuitously, that Margaret Plantagenet was the murderess. Sir Digby's two servants, who had taken a cottage close to Marne, had been called as witnesses, also the grocer's assistant who had notified the police of the tragedy. Besides the doctor who had been called to Abbey Court to certify to the time and manner of death, two or three tradesmen accustomed to serving the house, and Sir Digby's solicitor—one of the leading lights of Marne—there would be no other witnesses, so far as the people of the garage knew; and they seemed to know everything.

According to public opinion, Miss Plantagenet had had motive enough to kill her uncle. He was a man of vindictive temper, an expert in the art of irritating and torturing those dependent upon him. Some said that he was mad, and for the last year or two he had been feared by everyone forced to come in contact with him. Ever since a fall from a horse in hunting six or seven years ago he had been peculiar, and had grown more so every year.

Little was known in Marne about Miss Plantagenet; but she had been seen, and was considered beautiful. Some ladies said it was not natural to be so handsome as that, and the girl must be an adventuress. She had been named as Sir Digby's heiress, and expected to come into a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds on his death. There was the motive; and the man had, perhaps, maddened the girl by some act of tyranny or brutality. She had no other relatives—no one to protect her. Gossip said that Sir Digby's solicitor, Mr. Walter Ressler, had wanted to marry Miss Plantagenet and had been refused; but neither Mr. Ressler nor anyone, except a few tradesmen, had called at Abbey Court for months. As for the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Honey, they had never had a good word to say for the young girl since they left Abbey Court to live at Marne. They described her as an ambitious, designing creature, whose one idea had been to get Sir Digby into her power; but, then, they were prejudiced, as she had accused them of pilfering, and it was through her that they had lost their soft berth, or so everyone supposed. Their evidence would certainly go against Miss Plantagenet at the inquest. Mrs. Honey had told a friend last night, after the news came, that an old-fashioned pistol kept by Sir Digby had disappeared from its place soon after his niece came to Abbey Court, and probably the young lady knew where it was. Besides, if she were not guilty, why had she run away to Weymouth, instead of letting the police know what had happened?

Christopher Race and Paul Western listened to these scraps of information, for they wished to know something about the case before going to the coroner's inquest. The more they knew, the more clearly would they understand how to go to work, they said to each other. But five minutes of such

gossip sufficed, and then they were off in Scarlet Runner for the Bell Buoy Inn.

A crowd stood before the door; the bar was thronged, and men packed shoulder to shoulder, talking in low, eager tones, blocked the dim hall; but Christopher and Western contrived to squeeze through as far as a door kept by a big policeman. They knew that behind that closed door the coroner's inquest was in full swing.

"We must be allowed to pass," Western said, imperatively.

This would not have been Race's way; but Western had taken the initiative.

"Impossible, sir," replied the representative of the law. "Room's crammed. There isn't space for one more, let alone two."

"But we're important witnesses," urged Christopher.

The big man grinned. "If I'd let in every man Jack—and every woman Jill, for the matter o' that—who said they were important witnesses I should have let in half the town," he returned, calmly. "They've got witnesses enough in there, and too many, maybe, for that poor girl."

"If you mean Miss Plantagenet," said Western, quickly, "I intend to marry her."

As he spoke he looked defiantly at Christopher, who, though audacious himself, was astonished at this audacity.

The manner of the policeman changed. "Oh, very well, sir, if you are Miss Plantagenet's intended husband, that alters the case. You had better write that on a card, and I'll send it in. Then you and your friend will probably be admitted."

Thus Western had in an instant become, of the pair, the person of paramount importance. Triumphant, he drew out a visiting-card and scribbled something upon it. The policeman opened the door wide enough to pass this to a comrade, and a few minutes later the coroner's officer was ushering the two young men into the crowded coffee-room. They were led to a position near the long table headed by the coroner, and their pulses quickened as they saw the girl, found again, and more beautiful than on the night when they had lost her.

She had asked to make a statement, and, though advised by the coroner to keep silence, had persisted, pleading that she had nothing to conceal. She was speaking as Christopher and Western took their places; and, seeing them, so bright a colour sprang to her white face that the young men knew they had been recognised.

The girl did not falter for an instant, however, but went on nervously, excitedly, denying that she knew anything of the old-fashioned pistol kept in her uncle's study—beyond hearing from Honey that it had disappeared from its place. She did not take it; she had been very unhappy in her uncle's house; they had not had a quarrel on the night of his death, but there had been a distressing scene.

"He called me into his study," she went

"THEN HE FLEW INTO ONE OF HIS RAGES."

on, "and said cruel things; that I was careless of his interests, that I was altogether a failure, and that I didn't deserve a penny of his money. I told him if he thought I was staying for that I would go; if I hadn't hated to leave him alone in his gloomy house I would have gone long ago. Then he flew into one of his rages—terrible rages they were, mad rages, which always frightened me dreadfully, and made me believe that he really was a lunatic, as Honey and his wife used to say. This was the worst I had seen. Often he had struck—now he threatened to kill me. He said rather than I should leave his house and carry evil reports, he would shoot me. I rushed out of the room, screaming, for I believed he meant to keep his word, and I believe it still. I didn't know where to hide from him, for the lock on my door, as on most of the doors, was broken. Then I thought of the roof—a flat roof, with battlements; and I ran through many passages till I came to the ladder-like stairway that leads to it. I climbed up, trembling, for I could hear my uncle calling my name and slamming doors. At the top I pushed back the rusty bolt and slipped out. I expected him to find me; and I had not been hiding long when I heard two shots. I supposed he had fired them to terrify me. After that all was silent. I decided to wait, if I were not discovered, till dawn, when I would slip down, hoping my uncle might be asleep. I planned to go to Weymouth because it was a big town, and I knew a girl there who used to be at school with me in France. I didn't realize how weak my experience had made me. I meant to look for her. I never expected to feel so ill that I should have to go to an hotel or faint in the street. Oh, that awful railway journey to Weymouth!—"

"This is irrelevant," broke in the coroner. "You walked to a more distant railway station than Marne, and caught the first train to Weymouth, before Sir Digby's fate was known. But do you mean the jury to understand that you remained on the roof all night without being aware that your uncle was dead?"

"I do," answered the girl. "I dared not go down. Once, though, I hoped to be taken away."

At this arose a whisper. What could the girl mean? Was she, too, mad? And had she expected miraculous aid? She blushed and hesitated for the first time, wondering, perhaps, if she had done wrong in disregarding the coroner's cold caution. She knew that Ressler, the solicitor, had given evidence which told against her, and that since the two Honeys had spoken the faces of the jurymen had hardened.

"While I was on the roof," she went on, faintly, in her uneasiness giving an air of artificiality to her statement, "soon after dark it must have been, a balloon came close to the house. Two young men were in it—gentlemen—and I begged them to save me. Their balloon was caught somehow in a tree, and they were so near for a minute that I hoped they could take me with them. They must have seen how frightened I was, and I think they meant to help, but a wind came and freed the balloon, whirling it out of sight, so they had no time."

A titter of incredulous laughter among the onlookers interrupted her, and was quickly checked. But it had not died before Western, ignoring the formalities of a coroner's inquest, stepped forward. "They are here as witnesses!" he exclaimed. "We are the two balloonists, my friend and I, and we can corroborate every word Miss Plantagenet has said. We can prove her innocence; for if she had murdered her uncle she would have known that his dead body was lying half out of his window, that we had probably seen it there, and she would have hidden herself instead of rushing towards us and begging that we would take her away."

Twice the coroner strove to stop Western, but the tide of his indignant eloquence was not to be stemmed. Margaret Plantagenet, flushed and grateful, moved aside, and the American was sworn as a witness.

"You and your friend never saw Miss Plantagenet until the night in question?" the coroner asked.

"No."

"Then"—very slowly and distinctly—"how comes it that you should have declared, on your visiting-card which you sent in to me, that you were *engaged to marry that young lady?*"

At this question there was a stir in the room, and the jury gazed at Western with narrow eyes of distrust; but he answered, unabashed:—

"I didn't say I was *engaged* to marry her. If you look again, you'll see that I said I *intended* to marry her. I wrote that, so that I might have a chance to come in and give my evidence. But it is true. I do hope to marry Miss Plantagenet—hope it beyond everything. I shall propose to her on the first opportunity, and tell her that I fell in

"I CAN PROVE EVERY WORD I AM GOING TO SAY ABOUT MY BALLOON."

love at first sight with the sweetest, purest, most innocent girl I ever met. That girl a murderess? My friend and I would have been fools even to think of such a thing—when we'd seen her face and heard her voice. I can prove every word I am going to say about my balloon, which took us over to Normandy before we could descend. The first thing we did was to catch a train back and scour the country in my friend's automobile, looking for the lost girl and the lost house; we couldn't locate them exactly. We learned what we wanted to know only by the paper to-day. We were never nearer the house at Abbey Court than being caught in a tree; we didn't descend; the dead body in the window was a mystery to us. But I would wager my dearest possession—which is my balloon—that that pistol you were talking about dropped out of the dead man's hand when he had shot himself in his frenzy, and fell into the bushes under the window where he lay. I advise you to send and look for it."

So frank, so enthusiastic, and so romantically handsome was Paul Western, the famous balloonist, whose name nearly everybody knew, that he carried all before him. Perhaps it was largely due to his evidence, and the fact that his belief in the girl's innocence was unassailable, that the coroner's jury brought in their verdict at last: "Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

Christopher admired Paul Western more than ever, freely admitted that his was the "first right," fairly won, and after all was glad to think that he had helped him win it.

And Western did win the girl; it would be strange if he had not. It would also have been strange if Christopher had not been asked to be best man at the wedding, which was delayed until after his return from a month's tour with Mr. Finnington Brown.

The Making of the State School-Teacher.

By Dr. Macnamara, M.P.

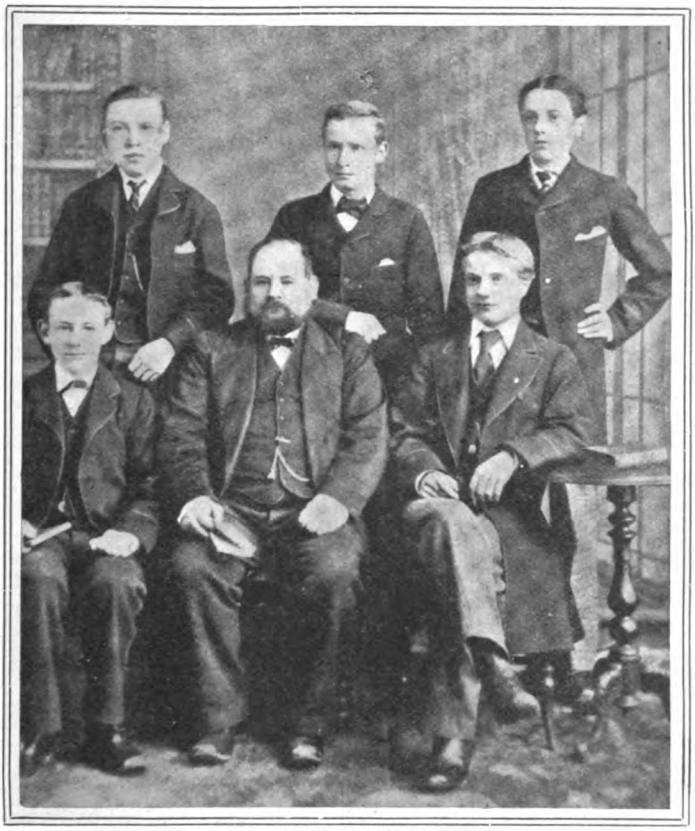
ROUGH and hard indeed were the experiences of the pupil-teacher apprentice up to within recent times. I was myself apprenticed in 1875 in an ordinary elementary school at Exeter. The master, one of the cleverest working teachers who ever stood up with chalk and duster in his hand, picked me out of the top class of the school as a promising lad. My parents agreeing, behold me at a little over twelve years of age a full-blown "monitor," teaching a class of boys, some of them bigger than myself, for the modest sum of one shilling a week. I am convinced that my blundering beginnings must have imparted an undying hatred of school in the breasts of my pupils. Certainly they, on their part, promptly made me loathe the whole thing. However, one was ambitious; one's parents were poor; and one was determined to get on. So "the stout heart to the stey brae." The teaching neophyte taught all day long as a full-blown and responsible teacher. He stayed at the school all day long as a rule, brewing himself a cup of cocoa at midday. At five he tramped home and ground away at his home-lessons for three or four hours. His schoolmaster was compelled to give him one hour's instruction daily; and this was usually taken in the early morning before the school met at nine. It is thus seen that the little chap was committed day by day to a full and exacting round of toil and drudgery. Of course it killed many, and many more were invalided and gave up. But those who won through became very fine working teachers indeed.

DR. MACNAMARA, M.P., WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH ALL THE GRADES OF ELEMENTARY TEACHERSHIP.
From a Photo. by W. H. Jacob, Sandgate.

After a year of "monitorship" the aspirant passed a further year as "candidate on probation." By this time he might be getting eighteenpence or two shillings a week. He would be teaching all day and grinding at his home-lessons all night. At the close of this year's work would come the first annual Government examination. If he passed this ordeal successfully, and satisfied the doctor as to his soundness of wind and limb, he would be duly bound over as an apprentice for five years. Day by day he would receive an hour's instruction from his head master; teach in school from nine to twelve noon and from two to four-thirty; after which he would go home and "swat" away at his home-work. At the close of every year would come a stiff Government examination; and if he came to grief at either of these his career as a teacher was at an end. For wages he received a sum beginning at about half a crown a week in his first year, and winding up with ten shillings a week in his fifth. When I look back upon it all I am filled with indignation at the way the authorities used to get the work of adult responsible teachers done on the cheap by little, struggling, eager drudges. Many of them, as I have said, it killed or crippled. Many more taught so well and so gallantly all day long that they hadn't the physical and intellectual vigour necessary for the proper prosecution of their studies at night. Hence they broke down at one of the annual Government examinations and were cynically cast aside.

Besides all the school-teaching and the private study for the annual pupil-teachers' examination, it was necessary to carry on a sort of ancillary grind for Science and Art certificates. For, as a grand finale to a dreadful round of examinations that followed

each hard upon the heels of the other, at the close of the five years of apprenticeship there was the "Queen's Scholarship" Examination — a great and important function, the very name of which I breathe to-day with awe. All the pupil-teachers in the land came up for this at the close of their apprenticeships. If they passed in the first or second class they were entitled to a State bursary to carry them for two years to a training college for teachers. But as the training college accommodation was very limited, and there were, and still are, religious difficulties, the "Queen's Scholarship" was a delusion and a snare to all save the few who got into the first class or high up in the second class.



A GROUP OF "P.-T.'S" AT ST. THOMAS'S SCHOOL, EXETER, IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES. THE HEAD MASTER, THE LATE MR. GEORGE ROBINS, IS IN THE CENTRE. THE FIGURES ON HIS LEFT ARE MR. MARSHALL JACKMAN (SITTING), NOW A FAMOUS SOUTH LONDON HEAD MASTER, AND DR. MACNAMARA, M.P. (STANDING).
From a Photo. by C. Keeping, Exeter.

Now at the "Queen's Scholarship" examination you could be credited with marks for Science and Art certificates earned during the pupil-teacher apprenticeship. Behold the little juvenile drudge, then, rushing away on two or three nights a week to a local Science and Art class, extending his ordinary home-lesson grind well into midnight as a consequence. I see that I got certificates in physiography, acoustics, light and heat, mathematics, magnetism and electricity, and animal physiology during my apprenticeship, and completed also the teacher's "D" or drawing certificate by passing in the South Kensington second grade freehand drawing, geometrical drawing, line or perspective, drawing from models, and blackboard drawing. My "D" is dated December 4th, 1878. I was then seventeen and in the fourth year of my apprenticeship.

Then, if everything had gone all right so far, came going to college. The young student had to pay an entrance fee of from ten to twenty pounds; the Education Department furnished the rest. Two pleasant years of institutional life followed, years of great delight and profit to the pupil-teachers of the day of which I am writing. At the end of each year a really stiff "certificate" examination had to be passed, and if the student was successful in the latter, he was then a fully "certificated" teacher, and could come out and earn eighty or ninety pounds a year as an assistant in a Board School. To get a first class in the second year's "certificate" examination was at that time quite up to a pass in intermediate arts at the London University. Very few of the students could do more than take the London Matriculation in their stride whilst at college, as the examinations ran on entirely different lines. But hundreds and hundreds, bitten with the habit of steady, orderly "swatting," worked hard after leaving college, and spent their evenings taking London B.A.'s, M.A.'s, B.Sc.'s, and even D.Sc.'s. All honour to them! They possessed qualities of fine, strenuous, continued application that I never did.

I came up from Exeter to the Borough Road Training College early in January, 1880. Well I remember it.

Paddington, and a heavy pall of yellow January fog. The roar and turmoil! The struggle for a four-wheeler! The pale, intermittent flash of the street lamps through the stifling gloom! The narrowness, shakiness, and noisiness of the London growler! All is so new and bewildering!

A new and fearful smell—that of fried fish. It is the Borough Road. The cab draws up wheezily before a black, jail-like building. The college, and my home for two years! Educationally I am on sacred ground, albeit the surroundings are, to a raw provincial, hideous. It was here, cheek by jowl with that festering slum of misery, Kell Street, that Joseph Lancaster opened his school a century ago. His school is now a training college for elementary school-teachers.

From a Photo. by] THE BOROUGH ROAD POLYTECHNIC—THE OLD COLLEGE. *[G. Newnes, Ltd.*

I find the eighth landing. How cold and clammy! The newly-scrubbed floor is not even dry, and the nauseating smell of disinfecting soap pervades everything. My bedroom, a cheerless cubicle, six paces by three. A merry Yorkshire face grins over the top of the partition from the next cubicle and asks who I am!

Downstairs a hopeless maze of half-dark corridors and cheerless rooms. One of these poverty-stricken chambers serves a double purpose. It is a class-room in working hours and a common-room out of them. Thank the Giver of all Mercies, it has a fire. Three or four of us drag the forbidding forms from the desks and draw them around it. The place smells of the week before last; but the fire at least is cheerful.

A bell just outside clangs for prayers in the dining-hall. Formal supper has been an impossibility to-night. It is a large new room, cold as death; but so brightly lighted that even the fog recedes half beaten. And these are the Borough Roadians, the "B's"! What fine, clean, healthy-looking lads! What fortunes for themselves and their Empire these lads would make in the Colonies! But now for the first time since I left Exeter I am exalted out of my miserable self. One hundred and thirty trained young voices are singing "St. Peter" to some words I forget. What a moving effect! Listen to those Yorkshire basses and those clear Welsh tenors. What a volume of beauty and grandeur! What a magnificent interpretation of the true devotional emotion! It was worth winning an entrance scholarship to hear. And so with a lighter heart up the sepulchral stone stairs, past the convent-like iron gates, until the very much disinfected and very damp "landing" is reached. Let me seek what comfort there is in a very tough mattress and very cold and shiny sheets, while yet the singing lingers in my ears.

As to the tutors at the old Borough Road College (it is now the Borough Polytechnic, no less), the memory of one specially lingers most freshly in the memory—the principal, Mr. Curtis. The beginning and end of educational training with this most estimable gentleman was the work of learning by heart. He was a great historian, and the author of a small book of "Dates" and a "Larger History." He would set us a page of "Dates" and black-list us if in rehearsing the lesson we used the word "in" for "into." As an evidence of the abject stupidity into which this date-learning reduced us, I recall the following incident. We had got to the

last page ; and, one after the other, we were repeating to Mr. Curtis events chronicled as happening upon the given dates on that page. The book wound up with its final date something like this :—

1870, May 1st—Outbreak of the Franco-German War.

The man who had successfully recited this very last date upon this very last page had barely sat down when up sprang his next neighbour, quite mechanically, with :—

Printed and published for J. C. Curtis, B.A., by Smith and Son, Stamford Street, S.E.

For Mr. Curtis I gradually acquired the most sincere respect and admiration. Naturally, I chafed mightily over the crass stupidity of his "Dates" and "Larger History"; but his genuine simplicity of character, his dogged and patient industry, and his sterling rectitude of purpose have been a lasting exemplar with me. "*Répétez sans cesse*" was his motto. It has done more for many a mediocrity than the endowment with a large measure of genius.

But, admirable in one way and another as were the ministrations of the various tutors and lecturers, the best training each man received—and this, of course, is equally true of all colleges—was from the other one hundred and twenty-nine. Two years at the old Borough Road was a fine chastening for any man. It put him through a fire that tested. As for the college itself, life in it was a hard experience. The only common-room was one of the class-rooms ; and a dreary place that was. It didn't much matter in the summer, for there were Clapham Common, Battersea Park, and the then rural charms of Honor Oak, the old village of Dulwich, and so on. But in winter it was hideous. How I used to look in at the front windows of the little residences along the road to Clapham and envy the comfort of the neatly-tied curtain, the little choice plant in the window, the knick-knacks upon sideboard and mantel, the cheery little fire, and the inviting arm-chair. All this meant home and the touch of a woman's hand. College hopelessly lacked these. An austerely furnished reading-room had, it is true, just been opened, but even the student cannot be always reading.

Compared with the wonderful flights of wit and humour perpetrated by undergraduates on the occasion of the public conferring of degrees at the older Universities, we of the old Borough Road were very homely and commonplace in our merry moments. A favourite pastime was the raiding at midnight of some other "landing" in a distant wing of the college. Stealthily, and with "nodings on" save our nightshirts, we ran the gauntlet of the "officers' room" on the main ground-floor corridor (more than once did we annex a choice cold leg of mutton set for supper, whilst the officer in charge was piously in "at prayers," from this same officers' room). Mounting to the scene of our attack, we silently ranged ourselves along the shaky and resounding wooden walls of the cubicles. Then—

'Tw-a-s in Trafalgar's Bay,

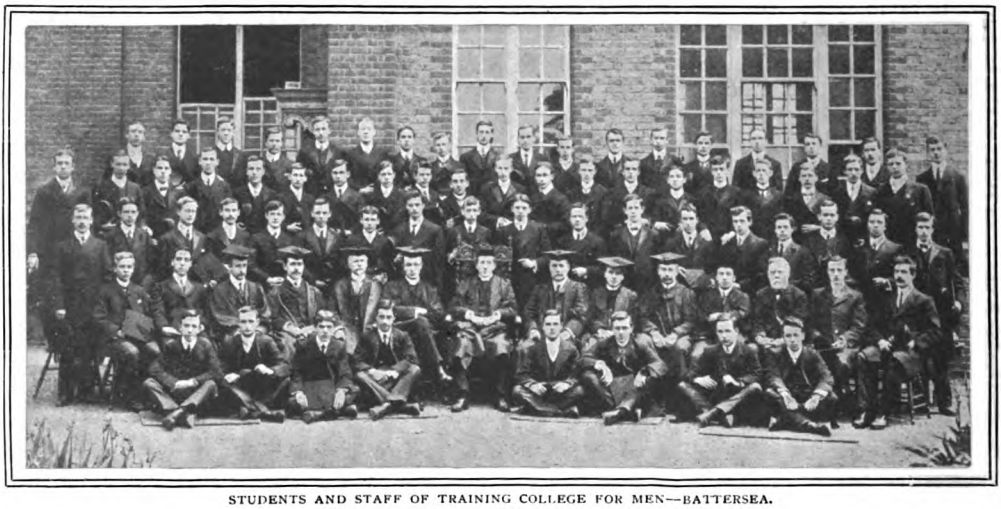
one of us would lustily chant ; and then came the rattle of twenty closed fists on

From a Photo. by] THE NORWICH TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. *[F. F. Frith & Co.*

the partitions in a way that would have won the admiration of the best British drummer that ever whacked "Daddy, Mammy" out of the head of a kettledrum. When the roll of this thunderous accompaniment died away our leader would yell out the second line—

We saw the Frenchmen lay,

preparatory to another stage roll of affrighting ordnance. But he rarely ever got in a complete second line, for the angry students were by this time afoot with pillows, bolsters, and the like, and the fun waxed furious. I well remember one such carefully-planned raid. It was long after midnight and all was deathly still. We had silently crept to the landing marked out for our attack, and as we stood with fists clenched and upraised, ready for the deafening roll, our captain at the



STUDENTS AND STAFF OF TRAINING COLLEGE FOR MEN—BATTERSEA.
From a Photo. by W. S. Stuart, Richmond, Surrey.

word lustily commenced with a robustious portamento on the word "'Twas." He got no farther. The men inside were silently waiting for us. Each had placed his chest of drawers so that the occupant of every room could stand just conveniently over the raiders. And as the voice fell on the opening "'Twas," so fell the full contents of twelve water-jugs upon our twelve scantily-clad figures. What we did and said on that historic occasion must be told at some other time in some other place.

That our humour was not all boisterous horseplay let another incident attest. It was the sweet pleasure of the British and Foreign School Society's College Committee to institute an annual college examination a few days before the annual "certificate" examination. This Solomon of a regulation incensed us very much, since the study for the one examination was entirely different from that of the other. Besides which, though the first year college examination might serve some purpose in fixing our position as second year men, the second year college examination could have no useful end whatever. So we revolted against it, and "guyed" a number of the questions. One was dear old Mr. Curtis's English paper, in which an annual feature was the request that we should each write a coherent piece of "composition" bringing in each a number of given words. The test was a really searching one and not to be trifled with. In our particular year some of the words I remember were: polemical, forensic, recondite, unexceptionable, nugatory, and some fifteen or twenty others. Here is one actual answer written as a protest against holding the examination just as we were leaving college, and immediately before the very important "certificate" examination:—

> Once upon a time John and Henry were brothers. One fine day John took Henry for a walk, and in the course of their rambles asked him to spell the following words—viz., polemical, forensic, recondite, unexceptionable, nugatory, etc., etc.

Thus the piece of coherent composition. The same set of examination papers, I remember, was made to secure the ventilation of another grievance. At the end of our college careers each of us was presented with a "college testimonial," signed by the officers, and with a very ambitious woodcut representation of the college at the top, dressed with surroundings that nobody since

the days of Joseph Lancaster ever remembers to have seen. For purposes of economy the body of the testimonial was printed, and spaces were left for the addition of such attributive embellishment as was suited to the conduct and attainments of the recipient.

Usually most of us got something like the following in script type:—

Mr. ——— is a very trustworthy, intelligent, and industrious young man, and we can confidently recommend him.

In one of the papers we had to describe the life and character of a certain historical personage—say Richard III. As a matter of fact, the "life and character" in question was that of a Biblical character; but at forty-five I shrink from what was rare fun at twenty. The result was as follows:—

Richard III. was a very trustworthy, intelligent, and industrious young man, and we can confidently recommend him.

So much for the old method of making the State school-teacher. I have dwelt upon it at length because, although the changes of the past ten years have been altogether on right and generous lines, the present system is so fundamentally the outcome of the past that the one will be better appreciated after the other has been understood. To-day the pupil-teacher is apprenticed at a much later age. Usually the age is sixteen; but occasionally in the rural areas the candidate is indentured between the ages of fifteen and sixteen. The present-day pupil-teachers are indentured for one, two, or three years, according to the age of admission. No longer are they teaching drudges all day long. They teach half a day, and attend the other what is known as a "pupil-teacher centre"—a finely-organized, up-to-date secondary school with, of course, a development on the pedagogic side. In many cases the present-day "P.-T."—to adopt the phraseology of the profession—matriculates while in his apprenticeship. At the last June London Matriculation Examination there were a hundred and ninety-one first-class passes won by students from schools all the world over. Of these the pupil-teacher centres of England and Wales scored thirty-one. There were one thousand one hundred and fifty-six second-class passes. The pupil-teacher centres carried off two hundred and thirty-eight.

Usually the young pupil-teacher of to-day goes first of all from the elementary

From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF NORWICH STUDENTS. *[Coe, Norwich.*

school with a scholarship to a high school for two or three years before being indentured. He therefore starts with a far finer educational equipment than his prototype of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. He is also paid rather more in the way of salary. During his shortened apprenticeship he will earn from ten to thirty pounds a year, the amount, of course, increasing with his service. There still

From a Photo. by] SENIOR STUDENT PUPIL-TEACHERS, BRISTOL. *[A. Holborn, Bristol.*

remains the final examination, success in which is theoretically supposed to secure admission to a State-aided training college (I use the word "theoretically" advisedly, because the lack of training-college accommodation and the religious difficulty still rob many a deserving pupil-teacher of the training he has so well earned). It is now, of course, known as the "King's Scholarship." But so rationalized has the scheme of the Board of Education now become that in lieu of success in the "King's Scholarship" the pupil-teacher—or, indeed, any young person who has not been a pupil-teacher, but is willing to enter into a bond to serve as an elementary school-teacher—may offer success in either the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local, the London Matriculation, the Victoria (Manchester) Preliminary, the Manchester, Liverpool, or Yorkshire Colleges Matriculation, the Birmingham Matriculation, the Welsh Matriculation, the Royal University of Ireland Matriculation, or, indeed, any corresponding success approved by the Board of Education, as entitling to admission to a training college.

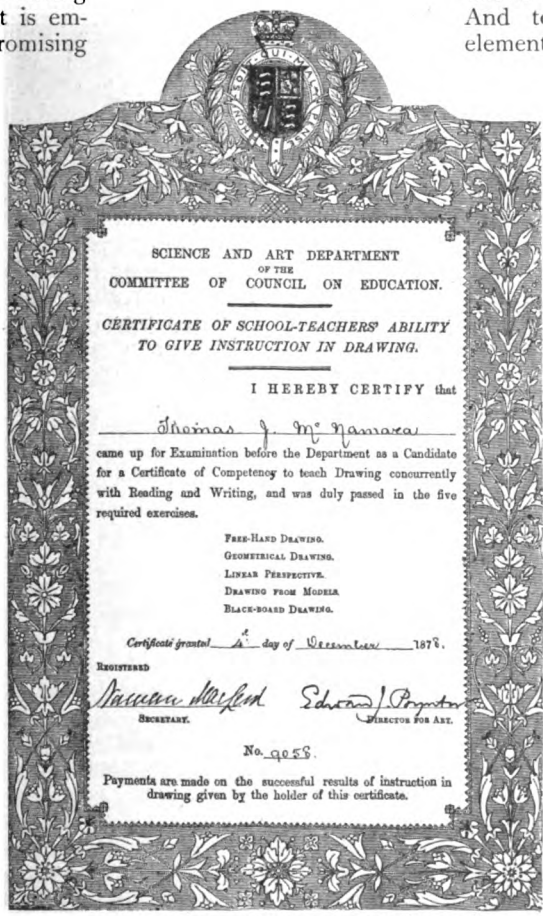
The training-college course — and there are now "day" as well as "residential" colleges — may be for either two or three years; and provision is made for enabling the promising student to spend the third year in Continental educational institutions. The college fees paid by the students are higher than in the old time. Some of the colleges charge an entrance fee ranging from five to twenty-five pounds; and there is usually an annual payment required ranging from five to thirty pounds a year. Full particulars about all these matters can be obtained by anyone interested from the Board of Education. For some years the Board encouraged the idea of the normal student working at one and the same time for his University degree and his teacher's certificate. Recently, however, class prejudice has once again more or less supervened, and obstacles have been put in the way of this most desirable arrangement. Notwithstanding all this, many students—especially those who go to the normal departments which have been opened in connection with the University colleges—manage to

complete their University degrees before leaving college, and many more are well on with Art or Science degrees before their term of normal training is completed. Note the result. Quite ten years ago I took the trouble to count, and I found that one London Board teacher was a D.Sc. (of London), five were B.Sc.'s, ten were M.A.'s, seventy-six were B.A.'s, five were B.A.'s and B.Sc.'s, two were LL.B.'s, and two were Mus.Bac.'s. By to-day you may pretty well multiply the figures three or four fold all round.

One or two final reflections. Teaching is a pretty good calling for a girl. It is no doubt exacting and toilsome, and great patience and physical endurance are essential. But, having regard to the emolument offered, it provides about as good an opening for a girl who has to earn her living as there is going. It is emphatically not so promising for a boy. The chances of promotion are few.

Providence not having designed so ready a means of exit from the vocation as in the case of women, the emoluments offered are meagre so far as the great majority of the men teachers are concerned, and there is nothing like the material return for enterprise, application, and industry that is possible in commercial and business life. Indeed, I am well within the mark when I say that if the average elementary schoolmaster put into business half the care, devotion, and assiduity he is bound to put into his teaching, he would be able to retire at fifty on a much more generous competency than a grateful State will furnish him with at sixty-five in the shape of a small superannuation allowance, most of which he will have himself to provide in annual premium payments deducted compulsorily from his usually meagre stipend.

Besides, women are rapidly elbowing men out of the work altogether. Already in America the generic term for teacher is "she." Shortly the same will be true over here. In 1850, of every four elementary school-teachers, three were men and one was a woman. By 1870 the women have drawn abreast of the men. And to-day, of every four elementary school-teachers, three are women and one is a man. Further, it is worth noting that this change is now proceeding with rapidly increasing momentum. When I turn to the pupil-teachers of 1906 I find that twenty thousand are girls and four thousand boys. So there are really silent influences at work more potent, perhaps, than those dreamt of by the Suffragettes.



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OF THE
COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

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Thomas J. McNamara

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A TALE OF THESSALY

By A. E. Johnson.

NEVER, I thought, had I penetrated before into a place of such wild solitude. Above me, on either side of the deep ravine, huge pinnacles towered loftily: grim precipices, smooth-shaven and sheer, that wore a frowning, sullen look. In places the impending masses, riven dim ages ago by the unseen axe of the thunder-god, were cleft from top to bottom, so that tall pillars of rock stood out in strange isolation. Vegetation, green and vivid, grew rank over all the floor of the ravine; but notwithstanding its gleaming luxuriance, the enclosing mountain walls, black and barren, struck a note of such loneliness and gloom as filled me with a vague sense of oppression and foreboding.

Save for an eagle hovering far overhead, so nearly motionless that it seemed to be hung in the sky, and the lizards that darted across the path which I was following, like flashes of iridescent fire, there was no sign of life around me. I walked alone, my tread falling soft and noiseless upon the yielding sand of a stream's dry bed.

A huge boulder of rock presently blocked the way, compelling me to turn aside. What lay on the farther side I could not see, but, all unsuspecting, I climbed the bank to circumvent it.

As I did so three men leaped suddenly to their feet and faced me. Evidently they had been hidden behind the impeding mass, but for the moment they seemed to my startled eyes to have sprung out of the ground. The naked knives which they held in their hands — they had been sharpening their weapons upon the rock—gave added effect to their dramatic apparition.

We eyed each other curiously. Two of the three were garbed in much the same fashion as the ordinary peasant of Thessaly, and carried the shepherd's coat of coarse hair hung from one shoulder. But for the knives in their hands, and the other weapons of cold steel which were stuck into their girdles, they might have passed for villagers from the plain below.

Their leader, however—as I judged the third to be—was of another stamp. A tall man, fierce of mien, with the eyes of a hawk and a nose curved into a predatory hook, he was dressed as a mountaineer. Handsomely dressed, too, with a kilt and shirt of fine linen, and much elaborate embroidery upon his sleeveless jacket and the round cap which was perched at a rakish angle on his head. In keeping were the gorgeous mountings of the dagger-hilts which protruded, along with a pistol-butt, from the broad coloured sash round his waist.

It leaped to my mind at once that I had stumbled into a bandits' ambuscade. These hills of Thessaly—on the southern fringe of the rugged mountain range beyond which lay lawless Macedonia—were the haunt, I knew, of outlaws and brigands without number. The evident surprise with which I was regarded, however, assured me that the encounter was accidental rather than planned, and it was possible, under the circumstances, that I might be allowed to pass unmolested.

The chief returned my salute, though surlily. He eyed me fiercely, as though bent on reading my mind, but said nothing. I took this to indicate an attitude of non-hostility, if not of actual friendliness, but when I made as though to pass he stepped in front of me. His followers fell in behind him and stood across the path.

"You travel far, *kyrie?*" said the bandit, with a note of interrogation. He spoke courteously, though his manner and pose were truculent.

"To Trikkala," I answered.

Over the chief's shoulder I saw the two others exchange a quick glance as I pronounced the name of the Thessalian town. Their leader's countenance remained impassive.

As he asked no further questions, I made a step forward. "A far journey, and I must needs go on," I said, with a gesture of farewell. "*Addio!*"

The bandit stared at me with knitted brows, but for the moment did not stir. I made another movement. Then, as though coming to a sudden decision, he took a pace to one side.

"*Addio!*" he repeated, raising his cap with a bow.

At the same time he made a sign to his followers, who stepped apart and left the path free. Warily, but with as much outward unconcern as I could muster, I went forward.

As I passed between them, the man upon

"HE EYED ME FIERCELY, AS THOUGH READING MY MIND."

my left made a sudden motion with his hand. Instinctively I turned half round to face him. As I did so I heard the chief rap out a word sharply, and simultaneously, before I could make even an attempt at resistance, a sharp tug at my coat-collar jerked me backwards, and a violent kick knocked my feet from under me. In a moment I was down on the ground, my head aching from the severe blow it had received in my fall, with the bandit who had stood on my left firmly seated astride my chest and gripping my arms, while his companion, who had so neatly brought me down, pinioned my legs and made kicking impossible.

As I lay there helpless the chief gazed upon me with a look half malignant, half contemptuous. He said nothing, but made a quick gesture, indicating to his followers that they were to remove me. In doing so he threw out his right arm, pointing out the spot to which he wished me taken.

Instinctively I followed the motion with my eyes, and at sight of the outstretched hand (which previously I had not noticed) with difficulty suppressed a cry of fear and surprise. Three fingers alone were visible at its extremity, and of these the middle was twisted and bent into a horrid deformity. Of thumb and little finger there was no vestige, save a squat and ugly stump which took the place of the former.

I knew now with whom I had to deal. Of all the bandits infesting these mountain lairs none had a more evil notoriety than he nicknamed "Three Fingers," an outlawed villain upon whose head, for his infamies, a price—and a large one—had been set. Many tales were rife about him amongst the peasantry; and I was quick to recognise the mutilated hand, deformed (so the story went) at birth, which lent, in the popular eye, such a sinister and bizarre touch to his personality.

The discovery was no pleasant one. This "Three Fingers" had a reputation more than evil. What his purpose with me might be I could not tell, but the record of his dealings with captives—often had I heard it repeated—was far from reassuring. Stories of barbarities practised upon prisoners were frequent, and in the event of ransom being delayed, as in my case I foresaw would be extremely probable, there was a likelihood not only of mutilation, but of murder. The unprofitable captive has little chance of escape. Dead men tell no tales, and he is an unwise brigand who runs unnecessary risks.

Deftly securing my hands and feet with cord, the two ruffians who had thrown me to the ground, in obedience to their leader's sign, picked me up and carried me to the shade of a small clump of trees which grew a short distance from the path. Here, tethered to a sapling, was a sturdy mountain pony which previously I had not observed—presumably the mount of the bandit chief—and hard by, at the foot of one of the trees, my bearers flung me down unceremoniously. They returned then to their leader, and all three sat again beneath the rock beside which I had surprised them. The tops of their heads were just visible above the intervening bushes.

My plight, as I lay in bondage, seemed dire enough. Little clemency was to be expected from my captors; indeed, so long as I remained in their hands my life, I knew, was momentarily in the most imminent peril. My only hope lay in escape—a counsel of

perfection! Even were my hands and feet not lashed together with stout cord, how could I hope successfully to outdistance, in this wild region, over a rough and unknown path, these girt mountaineers, deep-chested and long of limb? Moreover, I was unarmed.

As I pondered thus gloomily, my glance, travelling curiously round, fell upon the saddle of the tethered pony, which had been taken from the animal's back and lay beside it on the ground. Stitched to the outside of one flap was a pocket, or sheath, and into this was stuck a small dagger, or knife. The sight of it gave a sudden quickening to my pulses.

Inch by inch, with cautious haste, I wormed myself nearer and nearer to the saddle. Once a bandit rose to stretch himself, and threw a careless glance towards me. I lay like a log, and the slight alteration in my position escaped his notice. Presently my head was resting on the saddle, and I could touch the knife-hilt with my mouth. Closing my teeth upon it, with a sudden jerk of the head and a half-raising of my body upon one elbow, I plucked the blade out.

With some difficulty, holding the knife in my teeth, I managed to cut the knots that bound me. This done, I slowly dragged myself along the ground until, with outstretched knife, I was able to sever the rope by which the pony was tethered. Then, keeping hold of the halter with one hand, I prepared to rise to my feet in readiness for mounting, taking care to screen my movements as far as possible from the group under the rock. But I had forgotten to reckon with the pony's temper. Quiet enough hitherto, at the pull of my hand upon the head-rope he grew restive, shifted his ground uneasily, and whinnied.

I heard a sharp exclamation and saw the bandits leap to their feet. Savagely cursing the pony's impatience, with a sudden rush I vaulted on to the brute's back before it could break away. It was a good spring; but a man, as is proved again and again in moments of emergency, never knows what he can do till he tries—or has to.

A bullet sang overhead, and the loud report of the chief's pistol caused my startled steed to swerve in his flight with a sudden snort. Momentarily I expected him to stumble, but, clutching the reins, I managed to wrench him towards the path. The way, however, was barred by one of the villains, who had run forward to intercept me, and now had the evident intention of stopping my headlong course. The recollection flashed upon me that I had seen no fire-arms on his person, and, acting on a sudden determination, I rode without hesitation, though an ugly blade gleamed in his hand, full tilt at him. He stood in the middle of the path, and to have attempted to avoid him would have been to risk a fall in the rough and rock-strewn ground on either side.

The fellow had pluck. With his knife in readiness, he stood his ground and awaited the charge with the cool nerve of a toreador expecting the rush of the bull. Knowing that I was unarmed, he intended, I could guess, to stab me as I passed, and perhaps drag me to the ground.

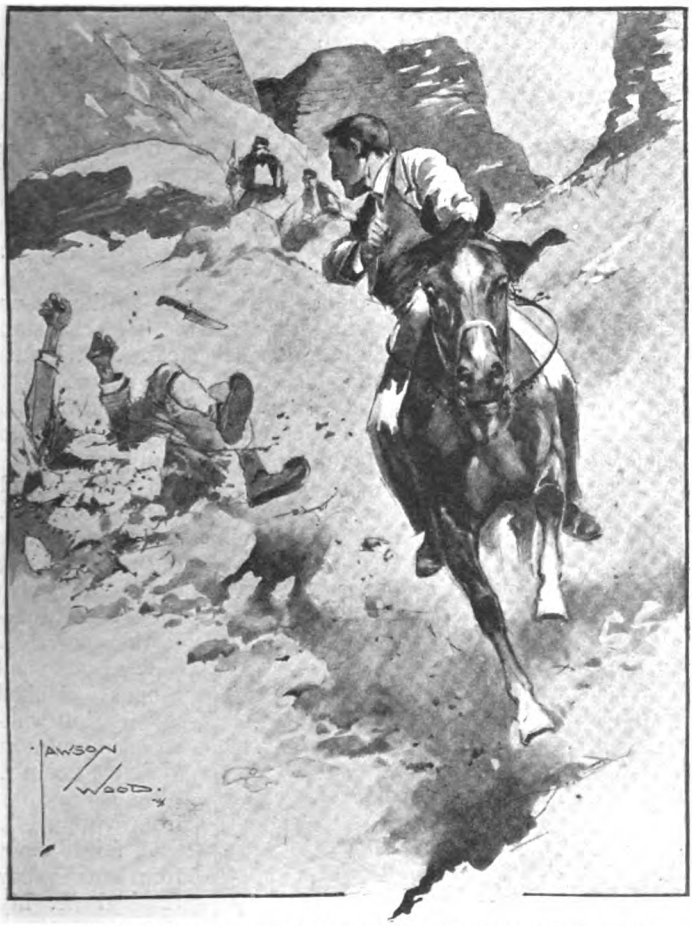
I rode straight at him. But, though I hoped to charge him down, I leaned forward, watching his eye, in readiness for the quick dodge to one side which I anticipated he would make. It came, sure enough; and at the same moment my fist shot out and caught him full in the face. I have a long reach, and, nimble though he was, I hit him before he had time to lunge, or even raise his knife. The impetus of my furious charge gave the blow a sledge-hammer force, and as I swept by with an exultant yell (my blood was up) I saw the fellow knocked like a ninepin clean off the path into a prickly bunch of cactus, where he lay senseless.

A second bullet hummed over my head, and behind me I heard curses and threats being howled in fury. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the bandit chief, smoking pistol in hand, black rage distorting his face, striding in pursuit, while in his rear the comrade of the fellow I had smitten with my fist followed close. In the long, swinging stride of the mountaineer they loped over the difficult ground at a dogged and dangerous pace.

I think the memory of that reckless, headlong flight will stick in my mind for ever. I am a fairly good rider, but to keep a bare-back seat, upon an animal mad with fright, and stretched at a panic gallop over a stony, twisting mountain path, was a feat of horsemanship which, under other circumstances, I could scarcely have achieved. As to guidance, I let the brute have his head, well content that he should go his fiercest pace, and trusting to his native surefootedness to avoid mishap.

Plunging wildly forward, in a few minutes I had traversed the length of the ravine, reaching a point where the path made a sharp bend round a projecting shoulder of cliff.

Ahead stretched another reach of the



"I SAW THE FELLOW KNOCKED LIKE A NINEPIN CLEAN OFF THE PATH INTO A PRICKLY BUNCH OF CACTUS."

ravine, black, frowning, and gloomy as before. Eagerly I scanned the prospect before me, and as I did so my eye fell upon a curious object. Some half a mile distant, at the right-hand side of the gorge, there rose one of those tall, isolated columns or pillars of rock which gave, as I have already noted, such a curious aspect to the surrounding scenery. Straight and tall it stood, sheer sided and smooth, like the rock-hewn chimney of some huge subterranean furnace, and perched on its summit, overhanging its very edge, a house. So at least it appeared, with brown walls and red-tiled roof, though on so strange a site it scarcely seemed possible a human habitation could have been built.

Puzzled to imagine how access could be obtained to this curious stronghold—for the sides of the rock-pillar were sheer precipices upon which not even a goat could have found a foothold—I perceived, as I drew near, a rope, having a large hook at its end, which dangled over the face of the cliff, apparently passing through a pulley-block suspended from the beam of a shed which jutted out, over the abyss, from the crest of the rock. A second glance revealed a narrow ledge which ran transversely across the face of the cliff, a short distance above the ground, and furnished a footway, rudely fenced in with rough boards for safety, to a vertical cleft in the rock, wherein a clumsy ladder of wood could be espied.

As I noted these things there jumped to my mind a probable explanation of the singular place before me. I had read more than once of the rock monasteries of Thessaly, and recently, though I had not actually viewed any, I had heard much about them. At Kalabaka, a village on the outskirts of the mountains, not many miles distant, there was a whole community, I knew, of these peculiar medieval hermitages, each built high upon the flat-topped summit of a lofty pinnacle, and accessible only by means of rude scaling-ladders bolted to the face of the precipice or suspended from above, or by journeying aloft through mid-air at the end of a rope hauled up by the monks.

Was the place inhabited? The ladder, and especially the dangling rope, seemed to suggest it. On the other hand, not a vestige of a living thing was visible. There was a chance, moreover, that the ancient building had been appropriated by the bandits. A more fitting place for a robbers' lair could hardly be imagined. The wider berth I give it, I thought to myself, the better; and smote the flank of my steed with a heavy hand.

It was an evil inspiration. The frightened beast answered the blow with a sudden plunge; then, in one moment, struck a hoof upon a loose stone, stumbled, and pitched violently, head foremost, on to a rock which lay in the

path. Shot like a pebble from a sling, I was hurled through the air, and turning a somersault fell on my back amongst a dense clump of bushes, from which, so tightly was I wedged, it was some few minutes before I could extricate myself and struggle to my feet.

Dire dismay filled me. At my feet lay the luckless pony, stone-dead, with a broken neck; and flight upon foot, I well knew, was hopeless. But in my extremity a sudden thought came to me. I lifted my eyes and gazed at the little building perched above me on the height of its towering natural column. What if I should take shelter there? I had nothing to lose, perhaps much to gain, by essaying to climb the rock. If it were inhabited, I would throw myself upon the mercy of the dwellers; if not, it was possible I might find a hiding-place. At all events, I should gain a brief respite, and have time to collect my wits.

Leaping, scrambling, running, staggering, I crossed the intervening rocks and scrub, and, reaching the base of the great pillar, made a dash for the ramshackle flight of wooden steps propped against the face of the cliff, which gave access to the transverse, fenced-in ledge that I had seen from the path below. Clambering hastily up this staircase, I ran along the ledge, and so came to the bottom of the vertical cleft in which was wedged the long wooden ladder. Overhead I could espy a trap-door in a little platform of massive beams which was built across the cleft and blocked it.

I doubt if an ape could have scaled that ladder with more surprising agility than I. In a few moments I had reached the top. A heavy bolt was fastened to the under side of the trap-door, but this was not secured, and putting up my hand I gave a push. The door resisted. I pushed again, stepping on to a higher rung and exerting all my strength. The lid yielded—but an inch only! The click of metal told of a lock on the other side, probably as strong as the door itself was massive, and I realized, with a horrible sensation of sickness, that to force an entrance was impossible.

I battered with my hands upon the heavy lid, rattling it to and fro till the bolts clattered and shook, but no answer came. What to do? The bandits would arrive before long, and they had but to look up to discover me wedged in the cleft of the rock—plain to the eye and a pretty target for pistol practice.

I seized the iron ring which was screwed into the under side of the trap-door and, with a strength made almost superhuman by despair, I shook the wooden slab till the framework shivered. The bolts and hinges clanked noisily, but withstood my utmost violence stoutly. No answer came from within.

"I BATTERED WITH MY HANDS UPON THE HEAVY LID."

A faint shout from the valley reached me. My pursuers were up with me already; they had found the dead body of the pony; in a few moments they would discover me. With furious energy I shook again the solid lid above me, and in a wild, insensate passion beat upon its rough surface till my bare fists bled.

In the midst of this final spasm I heard a soft thud upon the woodwork as of a heavy footfall. My heart stood still—in very fact, I believe—and I paused in my hammering to listen. There was the sharp click of a bolt being shot back, then another, and slowly, its

hinges creaking, the trap-door was lifted. Even as I sprang up the ladder, and bending my head pushed upwards with all the force my shoulders could muster, there came a savage howl from below. Next moment I heard the sharp impact of a bullet upon the rock a few inches below my feet, and a moment later the report of a pistol reached my ears. With a fierce spring I thrust head and shoulders through the opening as the trap-door fell back, and, gripping the sides, dragged my legs after. At a touch the heavy lid slammed to, and as I lay across it, exhausted, with the sweat pouring off my face, I feverishly pushed home the long bolts that secured it.

In my gasping relief at rescue I had lost thought of my timely deliverer. As I regained breath, however, the shadow lying athwart the floor in front of me recalled me to my senses, and I rose to confront the gaunt and silent figure of an aged monk.

Lean, ascetic, garbed in a gown soiled with many stains, a shabby woollen cap untidily confining his long and unkempt silver locks, he looked, with his patriarchal beard, the very figure of a hermit. But though outwardly of somewhat ill-favour, there was yet that in his level look and the unruffled calm with which he waited for me to speak that caught my fancy. A man of collected mind, evidently, for, though it must have been patent that happenings unusual were toward, he showed no signs of fluster or alarm.

Without ceremony, in stumbling Greek I told, as briefly as might be, the story of my encounter with the bandits, my capture, escape, and flight. He listened impassively, gravely inclining his head to my request for shelter and protection. It had been on my tongue's tip to make the request a demand, but it seemed the part of prudence to use first soft words. I had no mind for harsh measures, save under necessity.

Even as I spoke there was an ominous sound of creaking wood, and a moment later came a battering on the trap-door at our feet. I glanced with apprehension at the fastenings, but the bolts were securely shot, and, remembering my own futile efforts to burst them, I felt assured that for the present the defence there was safe.

At the first rap the monk, silent still, placed a finger upon his lips and tip-toed noiselessly away, beckoning me to follow. Climbing a few steps cut in the rock, we crossed the open platform which formed the summit of the huge stone pillar, and entering the little monastery came to a lofty shed, which terminated in a rude balcony, overhanging the face of the cliff.

"I FEVERISHLY PUSHED HOME THE LONG BOLTS."

In the middle of the floor was a monstrous windlass, fitted with long bars like a ship's capstan. Round its drum was coiled a stout hempen rope, of which the free end was drawn across the shed and passed through the pulley-block hanging above the balcony. I guessed at once that this was the apparatus by which the monks had been wont to raise and lower themselves, or their goods, at the end of the rope I had seen from below dangling over the cliff.

Motioning me to stay in the background, the monk went forward to the balcony, and

leaning over the balustrade looked down. Presumably one only of my two pursuers had ascended the ladder to the trap-door, for as the monk peered over I heard a voice hail him from the depths. Of the conversation which ensued I could gather but an imperfect interpretation, for, though I could hear all the monk's replies, the bandit's shouted words, as I stood at the back of the shed, were only confusedly audible.

The altercation was brief, and its ending abrupt. A shot rang out sharply, and a bullet splintered its way through the wooden tiles of the roof. The monk drew in his head quickly and turned towards me.

"They seek your life, *kyrie*," he said.

"So I believe," I replied, dryly.

"And demand to be admitted," he added.

"There was certainly a knocking on the door just now," I replied.

For the moment the battering at the trap-door had ceased.

The monk stroked his beard.

"It is in my mind that I must needs admit them," he said, presently.

"It is in mine that they must needs stop outside."

"If I refuse they will kill me."

"*I* shall kill you if you attempt to accede." I took a couple of steps and stood before the doorway.

The monk gravely nodded his head.

"I do not wonder," he said. "You hold life dear."

"And sell it dear," I added.

He stroked his beard again, reflectively, then raised his woollen cap and scratched his matted head.

"What is it that you intend to do, *kyrie?*" he asked, after a pause.

I considered. The question was something of a poser, for I had no plan formulated. The situation seemed, indeed, to be an *impasse.*

"Hold the ruffians at bay until assistance comes," I said, at length.

"Assistance! Whence?" He spread out his hands deprecatingly. "It is two kilometres to the nearest village, and think you that the men there would dare raise hand against him of the three fingers?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Gladly would I help you, were it possible," the monk went on, "for they are evil men—evil men and violent."

"Also there is a price upon their heads," I put in.

He looked quickly at me, and I saw cupidity in his eye.

"Five thousand drachmas, alive or dead," I added.

"Five thousand drachmas," he repeated. "If——"

He broke off to listen. The battering upon the trap-door had begun again, muffled cries of rage mingling with the rattle and the din.

"Is there no other way out?" I demanded, desperately.

"None save——" He stopped short, sudden intelligence in his face, and seemed to be revolving some matter in his mind. A moment he stood thus, then turned to me abruptly.

"You have a knife?" he asked.

Puzzled, I produced from my pocket a heavy clasp-knife, opened the blade, and handed it to him. Snatching it from me, he dropped to his knees beside the great windlass and began to search eagerly amongst the coils of rope upon the drum for the end made fast thereto. This found, with a couple of vicious hacks he severed it. Then, running to the balcony, he caught and pulled in the free rope-end, to which was attached the big iron hook that I had seen from below suspended over the cliff face, and beckoned me to come close.

"There is still one chance of escape, *kyrie*," he said, "and by good fortune we may even have the enemy in a trap. Listen. I go now to raise the trap-door and admit the men of violence. Take this rope in your hands, stand by the balcony here, and be in readiness when I give the signal to lower yourself over the edge of the rock. Your weight will cause the windlass to revolve, uncoiling the line, and so you will descend to the ground below. There is rope enough and to spare; and the loose end which I have made with the knife will be held securely enough from slipping until you have reached the bottom.

"So soon as you have landed, pull upon the rope till all has been unwound and falls. Then climb the steps and, passing along the ledge which you have already traversed, wait at the foot of the ladder which is lodged in the cleft. Fail not in anything I bid you."

"And you?" I asked, for I could not grasp the full import of the scheme.

"Leave all to me, *kyrie*," was the answer. "Do as I bid you."

With that he walked away, and mechanically I made ready to follow his instructions. It seemed a hazardous venture, but I could perceive no alternative.

From my place at the balcony of the wind-

lass shed I had a clear and uninterrupted view of the little platform, cut in the slope of the rock outside, to which the trap-door above the ladder gave admittance. As I watched and waited I could see the monk stoop down and could perceive his lips moving. Evidently he was holding a parley with those beneath the wooden slab. Presently he straightened himself, turned towards me, and mutely raised his hand.

It was the agreed signal. Already I had looped the rope around my waist, hitching it securely with the hook at its extremity. Now, grasping it firmly above with both hands, I stepped to the extreme verge of the rough timbers which made a floor to the jutting balcony.

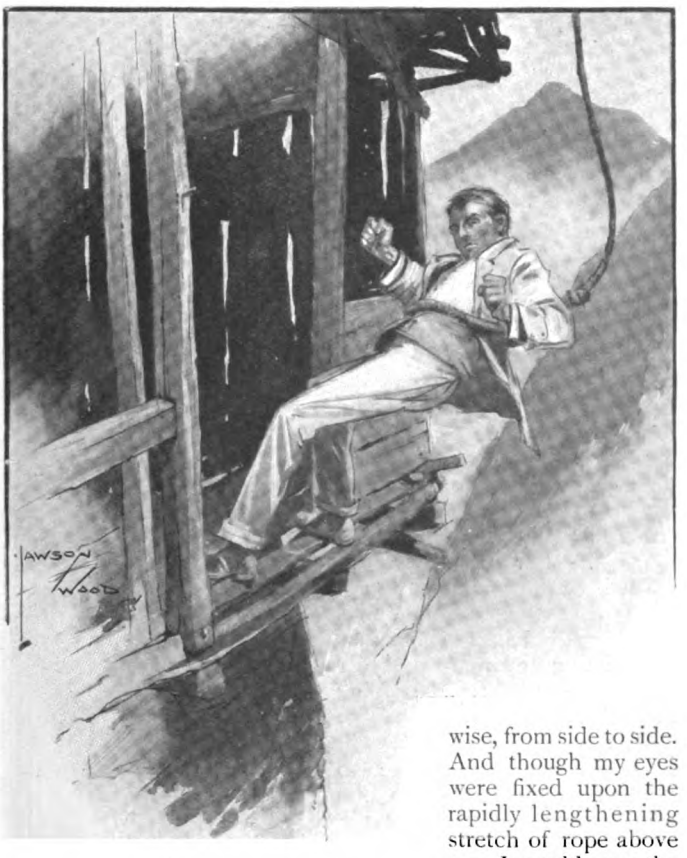
Turning my head for a last look I saw that the monk remained standing. He had made no motion to undo the trap-door, and a horrible suspicion flashed upon me. Had he betrayed me? Suppose it was his intention to rid himself of my unwelcome company by thus hurling me to my enemies, while he himself remained in his rocky fastness, immune behind his bolts and bars? Was it to tell this devilish plan that he had stooped to speak through the trap-door?

For an instant I wavered. Beside me was the tempting security of the monastery floor; below gaped the hideous abyss. Should I step back, or risk all in one fearful plunge?

For seconds that seemed hours I stood hesitating. What decision I might have come to I know not, but suddenly the crazy timber upon which I was poised shifted in its worm-eaten socket. I lurched wildly to maintain my balance, swayed, tottered, and—fell!

For a few feet it was a sheer drop, and in the sickening sensation of bodily abandonment my brain reeled and I was close to swooning. Then the slack of the rope ran out, and my fall was arrested with a jerk so sharp that the cord under my arms was pulled tight and cut into my flesh. In flinging out my hands in the eager effort to save myself from overbalancing I had released my hold of the rope, but now, grasping it again, I was able to ease the pressure round my chest. My weight told, and the rope, slowly at first, but with gradually increasing speed, began to pay out. Overhead I could hear the groaning of the windlass as it revolved upon its rusty pivot.

To and fro I swayed in mid-air, now buffeted against the rough face of the precipice, so that my face and hands were torn and bleeding, now oscillating, pendulum-wise, from side to side. And though my eyes were fixed upon the rapidly lengthening stretch of rope above me, I could see the whole panorama of the valley rocking as I swung this way and that.



"I LURCHED WILDLY TO MAINTAIN MY BALANCE, SWAYED, TOTTERED, AND—FELL!"

Once I cast a look downward, but with such giddiness and nausea was I instantly affected that I was compelled to close my eyes, and came near to being physically sick. In that momentary glimpse, however, my horror had been threefold intensified, for as I saw the earth, with swaying motion, come

rushing up towards me, I perceived that I was descending straight upon the upturned pointed ends of some faggots of wood which were stacked against the rock. I kept my eyes tight shut, and with bristling hair and quivering flesh waited for the shock which would end my fall.

But, by good fortune, at the crucial moment I must have swung clear of the threatening stakes, for I came down with a run upon a piled-up mass of brushwood which broke my fall, though it gave me a severe shaking and knocked the wind out of me. For the moment, indeed, absurd as it may seem, I consciously thought that I had been stunned, and lay prostrate, gasping and inert.

A savage yell from aloft galvanized me into activity. Springing to my feet, I looked up to see an excited figure, leaning over the balcony of the windlass shed, lay hold with one hand of the rope which had lowered me (and was still hitched round me), while with the other he beckoned frantically to someone within—doubtless the chief, for whose pistol I was an easy mark while thus held a prisoner.

Setting my feet against the rock, I took a firm grip of the rope with both hands and tugged. I saw the bandit lurch forward at the sudden strain, but he steadied himself, and, catching hold with his other hand, braced himself for a struggle. For a brief space ensued a grim and silent tug of war. But the advantage was mine, for I had a good purchase and a downward pull. I could feel the rope slipping through his fingers.

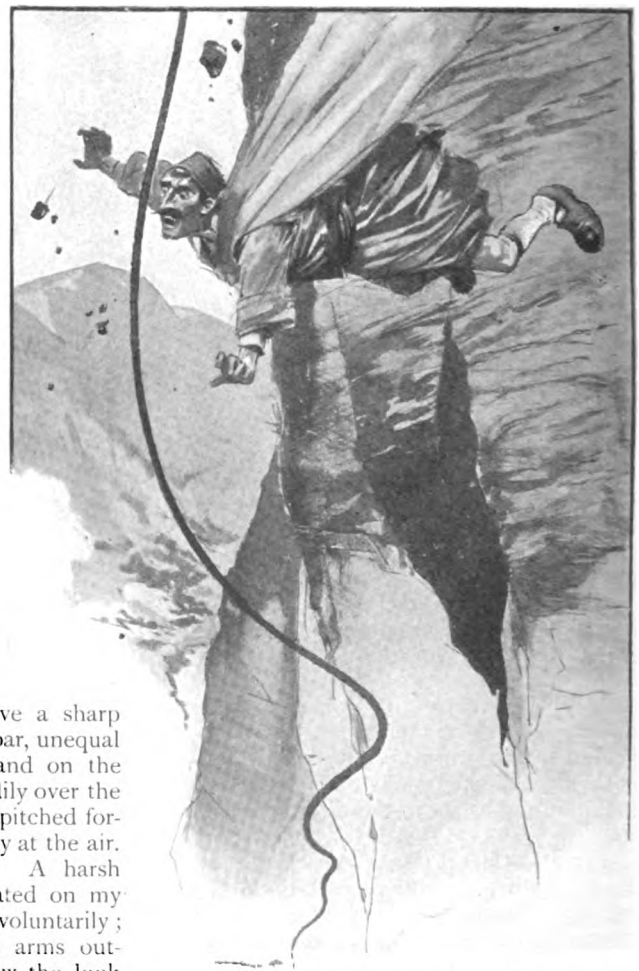
Of a sudden, in order to gain a counteracting purchase to mine, my opponent raised one foot and planted it against the balustrade. Simultaneously I gave a sharp wrench to the rope. The rotten bar, unequal to the strain, snapped in two, and on the instant the bandit was pulled bodily over the edge. He let go the rope as he pitched forward and his hands clutched wildly at the air.

I was watching when he fell. A harsh scream broke from him, that grated on my nerves and made me shudder involuntarily; and as his body, with legs and arms outspread, descended upon me I saw the look on his face. It haunts me still,

I was looking, I say, when he fell; nor could I take my eyes away. I was fascinated, spellbound; I could not stir from the sight of this awful thing which was approaching me from above. Had the body fallen right atop of me, I do not think I could have moved a hair's breadth to escape it.

There was a muffled thud, and I felt my face and hands splashed with something warm. Turning, in two bounds I was up the flight of steps propped against the rock, and was fleeing in panic along the ledge across the cliff face. At the foot of the ladder in the cleft I sank exhausted. I wonder that I did not shriek as I ran. Perhaps I did; I cannot say.

The slamming of the door overhead brought me to my senses, and looking up I perceived the monk at the top of the



"HIS BODY, WITH LEGS AND ARMS OUTSPREAD, DESCENDED UPON ME."

ladder, busy with the bolt which secured the lid upon the under side. This fastened, he descended with a nimbleness surprising in a man of such aged appearance, and in a moment stood beside me.

His face was still impassive, but a grim smile crept over it as he pointed upwards.

"Trapped," he said, laconically.

"Trapped?" I repeated.

"You pulled down the rope?" he asked.

I nodded. It had fallen with the body.

"There are naught but these two ways of leaving the rock," he said. "Unless," he added, grimly, "one should choose to jump, or chance to fall off."

I thought of what I had witnessed but two moments ago, and shuddered.

"But the trap-door," I urged. "It would surely be possible with a little labour to force it open?"

"And of what avail," was the answer, "to open the trap-door if the ladder be not there?"

I began to comprehend.

"The rope, *kyrie*," continued the monk, quickly. "Where is it?"

I had left it lying where it had fallen, but it was the work of a few moments only to clamber down and fetch it. Dragging the coils I returned to the cleft, where the monk awaited me. Under his direction I climbed to the trap-door once more, taking in my hand one end of the cord. This I threaded through the iron ring upon the under side of the lid, passing it down until a double rope had been formed. Clinging to this with legs and one hand, I tore the ladder ends from the rusted sockets attached to the timbers of the trap-door, into which they were thrust, and, with a warning shout to the monk to stand clear, pushed the whole thing over. Its long length jammed at one or two points in the cleft, but a few vigorous kicks as I slid down the rope freed it, and it fell with a crash into the valley. Arrived at the bottom of the cleft, it was only necessary to withdraw the rope from the ring and the pinnacle of rock was a prison.

Fortunately there was no moon that night, and under cover of darkness we at length stole away, clambering as best we could over the scattered boulders and through the dense undergrowth. The noise we made did not pass unchallenged; but though bullets fell around us, occasionally too close for comfort, they were fired at random, and we escaped unhurt. Once on the path our way was easy. An hour's trudge brought us to the nearest village, where my companion, rousing a friendly peasant, procured a couple of mules. Riding through the night, by early morning we were in Trikkala.

There is little more to add. At Trikkala information was at once laid with the authorities, and a troop of infantry was dispatched forthwith to effect the capture of the notorious "Three Fingers." As to the latter, from accounts which I received later, it seems that he met his end becomingly. Refusing to surrender, he held his pinnacle prison against the soldiery, and efforts to dislodge him were unavailing. Eventually he was killed, while rashly exposing himself, by the bullet of a sharpshooter; but not before he had, on his side, accounted for some half-dozen of his assailants.

After some delay I succeeded in obtaining payment of the reward which had been offered for the bandit's capture. My share I made over to the monk, to whose courage, nerve, and ingenuity was due not only my own escape, but the turning of the tables upon my pursuers. Somewhere in southern Greece, in a spot far removed from possible vengeance, he still enjoys, I believe, a life of quiet ease and pious devotion.

Never since have I been to Thessaly. But lately I made by chance the acquaintance of a traveller fresh from those parts, and questioned him about the scene of the incidents I have here related. From him I learned that the monastery on the rock no longer has an occupant and is fast crumbling to decay. The peasants, he said, shun the place, and are unwilling to approach it too closely, even during the day. "They declare that it is haunted," said my informant, with a laugh.

I do not wonder. There are waking moments of the night when the echo of a death-scream rings hideously in my ears.

The figures, reading from left to right, are: Vice-Admi. Sir Day H. Bosanquet, Admi. Sir J. O. Hopkins, Admi. Sir W. M. Dowell, Vice-Admi. the Hon. Sir A. Curzon-Howe, Admi. A. H. Markham, Admi. the Hon. E. R. Fremantle, Admi. Sir C. Bridge, Capt. W. E. Goodenough, Admi. Pelham Aldrich, Admi. the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay, Admi. Sir J. Erskine, Admi. Sir Nowell Salmon.

Could Nelson Enter the Navy To-Day?

THE OPINIONS OF EMINENT ADMIRALS.

CAST an eye upon the group of famous Admirals above, clustered about the figure of their exemplar, Horatio Lord Nelson. A most interesting discussion is afoot amongst them. The question is briefly this: Would the boy Horatio Nelson, if he lived in these times, be accepted or rejected for entry into His Majesty's Navy?

The picture, of course, is imaginary, but the question and the discussion are things of fact. The question was first raised by a well-known American writer on naval affairs—a question much more far-reaching than may appear at first sight, since the fact, if fact it be, that the regulations of our present system would shut out from the Service the greatest naval genius who has ever adorned it, proves that the system has at least one most grave defect. Would Nelson have been rejected? We have put the question to our most eminent naval experts, and their replies are here subjoined. It will be seen that, while opinions are divided, many of them consider that the defect suggested is a very real one.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that this most interesting discussion raises a question of national importance.

Here are the views of Sir James Erskine, Admiral of the Fleet, who has, during his fifty-five years of service, occupied many important positions, including that of Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian station.

Admiral Erskine expresses the opinion that the boy Horatio Nelson would in all probability, owing to his physique and appearance, be rejected for entry into the British Navy under present-day conditions.

"Moreover," he continues, "I believe that many men of great loftiness of character and capacity must inevitably be lost to the naval service owing to the exacting demands of present-day conditions, which require the strongest development of physique and nerve, without which no naval officer, in my opinion, would be able to stand the strain to which he must be exposed in carrying out the duties which he may be called upon to perform at the present day."

Another point of view is propounded by Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, whose brilliant exploits during the Ashanti War of 1873, where he was senior naval officer, won him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

"It must be borne in mind," he says, "that Nelson had good professional interest, his uncle being a post-captain with good appointments, and I have observed that the Selection Committee seldom reject any boys who are the sons or nephews of naval officers. He might, of course, be rejected medically; but I am not aware that he had any congenital disease, and I do not think that boys are usually rejected for mere delicacy of appearance. This, however, is a medical question.

"Sir James Erskine seems to hold that the conditions of service in the present day are more exacting than they were formerly. This can scarcely be maintained, though they are different in character.

"On the one hand, modern science has made warfare more continuous, and there are no slack times as in Nelson's day, when, owing to weather conditions, there was no apprehension for a possibility of hostile action.

"On the other hand, the comforts are far greater, the 'lee shore' has lost its terrors, and the officers of 'those storm-tossed ships' which kept the sea, blockading for years without going into port, living on salt junk and ship's provisions not of the best quality, required the digestion of an ostrich, and an heroic determination which can scarcely be necessary to the same degree in their successors.

"Let us hope," the gallant Admiral concludes, "that a present-day Nelson would not be rejected; and I could point to one or two naval officers of high rank in the Service who are certainly delicate, but whose qualities of head and heart enable them to hold their own with their physically more fortunate contemporaries."

The Right Hon. Lord John Hay, who entered the Navy over sixty-seven years ago, served with distinction in the China War before he was fifteen, and eventually became Commander-in-Chief at Devonport with the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, concurs with these remarks. He believes that there has been no time during the last or present century when a boy like Nelson could not have got into the Navy; and certainly at the present time he would have an even better chance.

Although of frail physique, Nelson was a boy of great courage and intrepidity, as the incident depicted above by the artist shows. During a northern cruise he encountered a Polar bear at close quarters, who, astonished at the bold front assumed by the young middy, beat a hasty retreat.
From an Old Print.

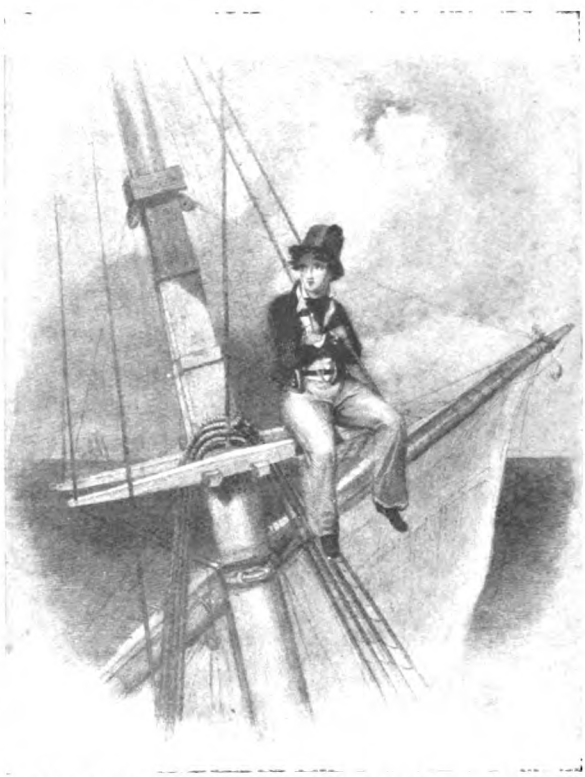
In a brief letter Admiral Sir W. M. Dowell, who entered the Navy in the same year as Lord John Hay, served with him in the China War and before Sebastopol, and succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport in 1888, expresses his entire agreement with Sir James Erskine. In his opinion the boy would probably be rejected.

"In my opinion," says Admiral Sir Cyprian

Bridge, a former Director of Naval Intelligence and ex-Commander-in-Chief of the China station, "the conclusion that had present-day rules been in force in his day Nelson would not have been admitted into the British Navy is quite correct.

"I believe that the doctors, under the rules mentioned, would have rejected a boy of his seemingly delicate physique. I am quite certain he would have been rejected by examiners in the scholastic ordeal to which boys desiring to become midshipmen are now subjected.

"The schoolmasters and examination faddists have done at least one thing: they have rendered it quite impossible for a boy such as Nelson to enter the Navy."



Midshipmen in Nelson's day were frequently "mast-headed" for misconduct. The ease with which they were credited with maintaining an equilibrium in this dangerous position shows them to have been naturally athletic, without any long or difficult course of gymnastics and calisthenics such as prevails to-day in the Navy.
From an Old Print.

While Sir John Ommanney Hopkins, the distinguished Admiral and a former Controller of the Navy, who a few years back relinquished the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, has no hesitation in concurring with the views expressed by Sir James Erskine, it is argued by Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dalrymple Hay, Privy Councillor, and author of many works on naval subjects, that the conditions required for admission to our Royal Navy have recently undergone considerable alterations. He believes that the boy Horatio Nelson would have impressed his examiners, when they interviewed him, favourably, for he was plucky and intelligent, but whether his physique would have satisfied the medical examiners was uncertain. Before the recent change in the method of selection was adopted, he agrees that Horatio Nelson might not have passed. Under the present system he thinks he would have passed into the Navy.

"I can only say," remarks Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., who served in the Baltic during the Russian War and in Peel's Brigade during the Indian Mutiny, and who commanded the Fleet at the Jubilee Review of 1897, "that it is quite possible that a boy like Horatio Nelson might be rejected under present conditions, and that great loftiness of character and capacity could hardly be looked for at so early an age.

"Personally I should not recommend that the conditions for entry should be lowered, as under ordinary circumstances a sound mind is more likely to be found in a sound body than in a feeble one."

Another view of the question is taken by Vice-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, who served as First Lieutenant in both the *Challenger* Deep Sea Exploring Expedition and the *Alert* Arctic Expedition, and was a few years ago the Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard.

"It may be," he says, "that the boy Horatio Nelson would not be considered physically strong enough to enter the Navy to-day, but his intelligence and keenness would cause regret at the necessity for rejecting him.

"Everyone must realize that, all other things being equal, a strong constitution and sound physique are desirable; and although in a few cases, such as that of

Nelson, the indomitable spirit may counterbalance physical weakness, the latter might prove a real source of danger to the nation in the large majority of instances ; while the bare chance of a weakly boy subsequently becoming a second Nelson would not be sufficiently good ground for admitting boys who are not blessed with sound health accompanied with brains. It must not be forgotten that, although there has been but one Nelson, there have been other naval officers of some distinction who were physically strong."

Captain W. E. Goodenough concurs. "I think," remarked the popular chief of that veteran training ship, the *Britannia*, "that Lord Nelson, at the age when he would have come up for interview under the present system of entry, showed just such qualities that would have been seized on by the members of the Committee as those likely to make a good naval officer. Appearance has nothing to do with the case. and due allowance is made for small physique.

"There is nothing to show that Lord Nelson had a passion for the sea as a small boy. He wished to go to sea more as a duty to his parents to clear them of the expense of looking after him, and, according to the most reliable historian (*i.e.*, Southey), had after his first cruise no great liking for the King's Service.

"To answer the question directly—I have no doubt that Lord Nelson would satisfy the conditions of modern entrance and probation."

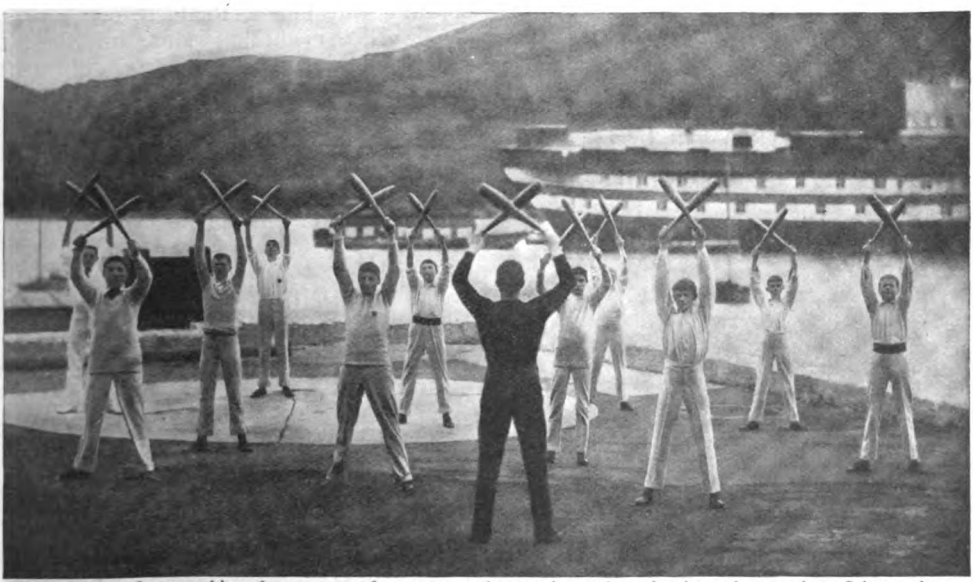
Vice-Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, for some years Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian station, remarks :—

"I do not agree that a desirable candidate is likely to be rejected by the British Navy under present-day conditions. I believe entirely the opposite."

This view was supported by Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe, Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence in 1892, who remarks :—

"I am not one of those who consider physique (beyond ordinary healthy conditions) is a necessity for nerve or capacity in a naval officer. In these days of steamships intelligence and endurance are of greater value than a very fine appearance and strong physique — desirable as these undoubtedly are.

"It is my belief that the medical authorities accept any boy who has no physical disabilities or constitutional ailment, and that the Selection Board, if confronted with a small boy full of zest and enthusiasm, like Lord Nelson, would appreciate and accept him in the present day.



The boy Nelson knew nothing of any system of severe muscular exercise, such as the above photograph at Osborne shows. If he had, his own system would probably have proved unequal to the strain.

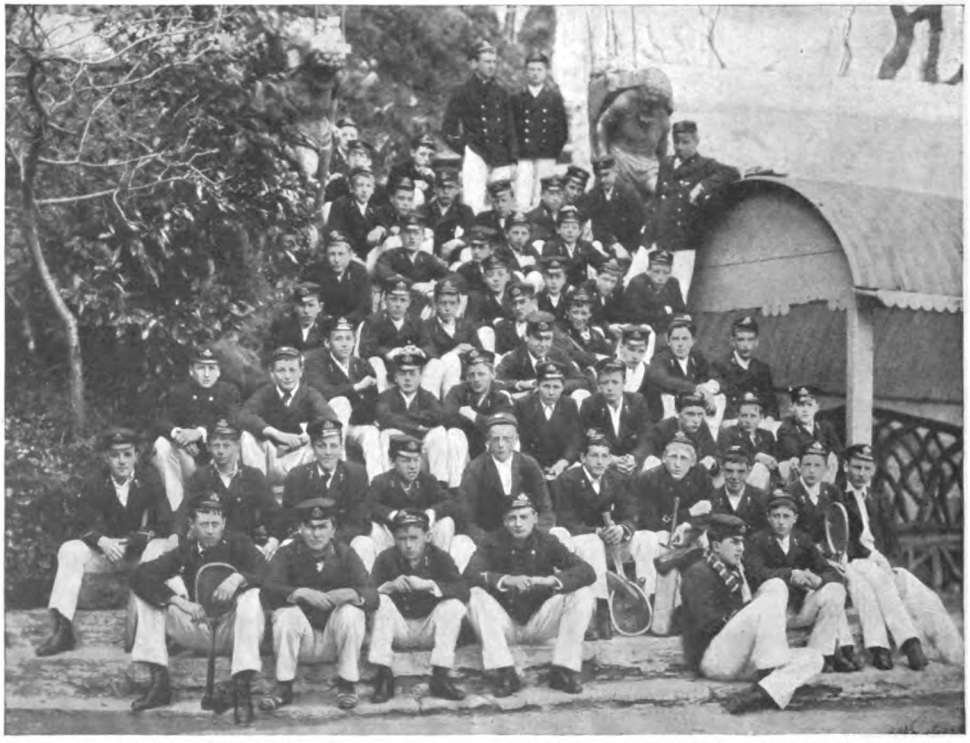
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

"Having had the happiness of supervising the entry and early introduction to the Navy of some seven to eight hundred cadets, I fancy these ideas must obtain with the authorities; and the pleasure it has been to me to meet so many of these boys excellent officers, and excelling in health and hard work for their profession, confirms me in my belief.

"I can only speak from my own experience, when many a small boy, who might have been lightly regarded on account of small physique, was allowed to join on the very plea that he might be a 'young Nelson,' and whose subsequent career has justified the decision."

Admiral Sir A. H. Markham, who, as commander of the *Alert* in the Arctic Expedition of 1875, succeeded in planting the Union Jack in the highest northern position reached up to then, and was for this service presented with a gold watch by the Royal Geographical Society, observes that he for his part is in perfect accord with the opinion that, if the present hard and fast regulations concerning the entry of naval cadets had been in force at the time Nelson entered the Navy, it was highly improbable that he would have been admitted.

"I do not think," continues the famous Admiral, "that the mere fact of a boy nowadays possessing 'a passion for the sea' would be in any way considered by those responsible for the selection of young officers for the Navy. I have a letter before me at the present moment from a father desirous of obtaining a nomination for his son as a naval cadet, in which the writer states that his boy 'has a perfect passion for the sea, is in every way cut out for a sailor, and gives every promise of becoming a most excellent officer.' But unless this lad succeeds in passing his medical examination he will certainly not be afforded the opportunity of achieving distinction in the Navy, in spite of possessing the qualifications attributed to him. Robust health and a strong physique with good nerve are perhaps more essential to the naval officer of the present day than they were to our officers of one hundred years ago."



Present-day Middies. Of football, hockey, tennis, and cricket Midshipman Horatio Nelson was painfully unfamiliar, and would perhaps have been regarded unfavourably as a "muff" by the present-day authorities, who regard participation in these sports as essential.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

WAIF.

By Basil Marnan.

1.

"WHAT are you standing there for, eh, boy? Don't you know it's rude to stare? Get to bed, child! Get to bed! Little boys have no business to be awake at this hour."

Old Jonas Tyndal's voice was harsh, and his shaggy, grey brows contracted as he fixed his piercing eyes on the small figure leaning against the balustrade of the veranda.

It was a glorious night in February, '94. The Southern Cross sprawled glitteringly above the velvety line of the horizon. Away in the distance the moonlight glinted on the sluggish, grey water of Three Tree Creek, making of it a silver ghostly thread. To the south the Gippsland Hills rose in purple billows to the sky. But in front and all around mile after mile of open clearing swept mistily in undulating reaches, broken here and there by gleaming patches of gum trees stretching gaunt arms and feathery, whispering leaves to the stars. A night, indeed, such as can only be found in Australia, mystic in the spell of brooding, breathless silence!

Jonas Tyndal, millionaire stock-owner, with his granddaughter, Kate, were sitting on Jack Lester's veranda, having ridden over from their station, some twelve miles distant, that same afternoon.

For some minutes the boy who had called forth the old man's testy remark had been standing gazing into Jonas's hard, seamed face. In his wide blue eyes—eyes of the same luminous blue as the old man's—was a strangely searching look, a look laden with that haunting sense of fugitive reminiscence one sometimes surprises in the eyes of children.

He had a beautiful face, this boy—oval, delicately moulded, with bright, clear complexion, large, solemn, questioning blue eyes, a mouth wistful, sensitive, and, for all its red curve, over-patient for a child. His hair gleamed golden in the moonlight, the close-cropped curls nestling above a high brow, and a head sheering massively upwards and outwards from the small, well-formed ears.

The eyes, travelling from the bright, intelligent face, met with a shock at the view of his body. For from shoulders to hips the spine curved outwards, giving him an appearance almost grotesque. The malformation was intensified by the recurrence of nervous twitchings which ever and again shook his shoulders.

Jonas Tyndal had known the boy long, and from the first the latter had ever excited him to an irrational irritability which, strangely enough, was only increased by the air of almost wistful yearning with which the child ever received him.

As the boy's eyes fluttered away under the old man's fierce gaze, Jack Lester, with a kindly gesture, beckoned him over to his side.

"Yes. Get to bed, little man," he said. "Remember, I shall want your help in the wool-shed in the morning."

He held him for a moment in a tight hug and watched him, a strange glow in his eyes, as he kissed Kate Tyndal and stretched a timid hand to the old man, ere hobbling off indoors.

For some time the three on the veranda sat in silence. Up above the child, divesting himself of his garments, got into his night-gown. For some minutes he knelt by his bedside. Somehow his prayers that night seemed to trouble him, and having got past "God bless dear Jack and Kate," he faltered a little before adding, "and the old man, and make him more like father still when he looks at me."

The little room under the roof was hot, and the child, filled with an unusual restlessness, crept out on to the veranda through his window, and sat there hunched up, his bare toes shining like coral in the pale light.

The voices of the three beneath him came softly to his ears. He listened to them dreamily, conscious of no sense of eavesdropping, simply because he was innocent of any desire to listen. His attention was immediately arrested by the voice of Jonas Tyndal.

"I can't make out, Lester," he was saying, "why you keep that crippled good-for-nothing."

"Oh, grandpapa!" exclaimed Kate, in quick protest. "How can you say that? He is a darling little chap."

"A little coward!" sneered Jonas, acidly. "If his back had been straight I could have laid my whip over him for the way he funked crossing that puny creek the other day."

"You do him wrong, sir," said Jack Lester, slowly. "He is a good boy and a brave, except when he has to face water. And that is not to be wondered at!"

"Why not to be wondered at?" exclaimed Jonas, testily. "It isn't a natural thing for a boy to funk water. What d'ye mean?"

"You were away at Melbourne when I brought him here," said Jack Lester, "and, somehow, I've never told you his story. If you like, I'll tell it you now."

"Go on!" answered Jonas, shortly.

"Four years ago," began Jack, "I found myself down on the coast. I had made a purchase of some excellent rams, and wanted to see them up myself. So I brought them out from Geelong and took the coast route before trekking inland. On the night of February 14th—I remember the date, as the circumstances brought it vividly to my memory that it was Valentine's Day — I left the camp and wandered down to the beach. It was a beastly night, thick with flying cloud, sand, and drifting rain. You may imagine my feelings when I saw, about half a mile out, a steamer lying with broken back on a jagged spur of rocks, the waves breaking in mountains across her. As far as I could see her decks were swept clear, and within ten minutes of my arrival her two ends had been battered off the ledge into deep water.

"I called up the herds and we stood by till morning. A lot of wreckage came up, and by dawn the shore was littered with bodies, mostly battered beyond recognition. I was just about to clear, when my attention was attracted by a wail at my feet. I stooped down, and there, lashed to a bit of wreckage,

"THE CHILD WAS ALIVE."

I saw a dead woman and a child. The child was alive. I cut it loose, and it clung to me, wailing, 'Fardie! I want my fardie!'

"'Poor little waif,' I said; 'fardie's gone home, I fear.'

"'Oo'll take me home to fardie?' the little one replied, smiling at me suddenly.

"I felt a bit choked, as you may imagine. My fellows buried the body of the mother, after having failed to find any marks of identification. I brought the boy along with me, and from that day he has stayed with me. For a long time he was ever asking when I would take him to his 'farder,' but lately he seems to understand and asks no more. I called him 'Waif.' He has ever been a good boy and, as I said, a brave. But now, perhaps, you will understand how it is he fears water.

"His spine"—Jack went on, after a pause, during which Kate furtively wiped her eyes—"his spine was injured somehow, and the doctors mostly think it incurable, though Gordon, of Collins Street, says that it is a

nervous affection, and may yet be outgrown or cured. There is one curious thing about him that has interested Gordon immensely. On his breast is a mark. It is an exact picture of a wave in the act of breaking. Gordon calls it nervous photography."

"How very curious!" broke in Kate Tyndal, excitedly. "Why, I——" then suddenly she stopped, blushing furiously.

Jack looked at her expectantly. Jonas with a sudden exclamation sprang to his feet.

"Let us get home!" he said, harshly. "It is late, and listening to this twaddle makes us dream."

The boy above, with tense, eager face, watched them leave the veranda and seek their horses. He followed them with his eyes till they were lost in the misty, undulating billows, then sank back shivering. It was the first time he had heard his history, and it awoke in him a phantom host of shadow memories, in whose fugitive allurement he began to doze.

Suddenly he sat erect, wide awake, roused to eager life by the sound of stealthy whispers beneath.

"There ain't no fear, curse 'im," a voice was saying. "'E's gorn off with Tyndal. 'E's layin' up to t'old man's pile through 'is darter. We'll 'ave 'eaps o' time to get in and spile his guns."

"It's a mug's game, Bob," replied another voice. "'E'll see 'is guns spiled and smell a rat. Leave 'em alone and stick to the plan. Jim's gang is all ready for to-morrow, ain't it? The fire'll be in afore the sun rises. All we've got to do is to empty this pot of petroleum round his 'ouse and sheds. Gosh! He'll know better after than try to knock down honest labour by his derned machines."

"Right you are, mate," replied the other. "You allus was a knowin' coon. Aye! Jim's all 'andy! 'E'll lie low near Tyndal's. The old man and all 'is lot are safe to scuttle over to help fight the fire, and then Jim'll rush in, scoop up the gold he's stored, carry off the girl, and rush 'em to Three Tree Gully. They'll take a lot of findin' thar! I reckon the girl'll be worth 'er weight in gold."

Waif, with his eyes wide open, his heart in his mouth, listened tremblingly. He could not quite catch the full significance of the plot. But he realized that it meant burning his patron's sheds and carrying off dear Kate, who was to be his wife. He crept to the edge of the veranda and, hunched up, his head between his knees, peered over, trying to discover the faces beneath. In his eagerness he hardly noticed how near he was to the edge, and before he knew where he was he had toppled over, somersaulted, and lit on the soft flower-beds beneath, at the feet of the two men.

For a moment he lay half stunned, to find himself called to consciousness by the fierce grasp of one of the ruffians and the flash of a keen knife.

"Kill the brat!" said the man with the knife.

"'KILL THE BRAT,' SAID THE MAN."

"Fool!" cried the other, swinging Waif out of the way of the descending blade. "Do you want to raise the country before we have the oof? Gag 'im and chuck 'im over the saddle and bring 'im along. 'E won't tell no tales in the gully, and I guess they'll be thinkin' more of the fire than of rousing 'im in the mornin'."

Two minutes later Waif, slung face downwards across a saddle-bow, was being carried rapidly off into the darkness. For twenty minutes the horses galloped on; then the sound of water came to the ears of the terrified child, there was a splash, and suddenly a welling and swirling of cold waters about his heels and ears, and Waif lost consciousness.

II.

THE sheep stations of Jack Lester and Jonas Tyndal lay respectively at about six miles' distance from the Three Tree Creek, and joined boundaries.

Jack Lester was a man after Jonas's heart. Beginning with but little, he had, by sheer pluck and push, become at the age of thirty-four the possessor of some three hundred thousand acres of excellent pasturage. A Colonial born and bred, he came of a good English stock. He was of medium height, lithe and lean of limb, with a square head, close-cropped black hair, a clean-cut, hard face, redeemed from harshness by brown, tender eyes, and a mouth swiftly mobile to express either sympathy or dislike. For some years now he had been engaged in an annual strife with his shearers, who resented the introduction of clipping machines, which eliminated by half the usual manual labour. In his war he had been steadily backed by Tyndal, who admired his just stubbornness. The present season the disaffection among the shearers had reached a head. Many men who had come up on the chance of employment had found themselves not wanted, and threats of firing the wool-sheds had been freely used.

The prolonged drought of some seventeen months rendered these threats the more alarming, for if the grass was once fired it might mean wholesale destruction of flocks and sheds and all. But Lester's staff had worked night and day burning off, here and there, long strips of grass as precautionary boundaries against chance fires, and in spite of threats Jack Lester stood stubbornly to his rights to engage or not engage whom he would.

Tyndal looked on him with favour, and made no objection to his suit for his granddaughter's hand, and at the time our story opens Kate and Jack had been formally betrothed some three months.

The girl, as the sole heiress of her grandfather, was undoubtedly a splendid match for the young squatter. But it was not that that had attracted him. In fact, he made no secret of it to the girl that his love for Waif had gradually drawn him into love for her, for between these two, so far apart in fortune and heritage, lay a strange, subtle likeness, both in face and voice. Like Waif, Kate had the deep blue eyes of her grandfather, locks as golden as the boy's, cheeks as delicately transparent, and the same gentle oval contour of jaw and chin. Old Tyndal had had two sons, but the elder, and his best loved, had quarrelled with him ten years ago, had left his home, and never since been heard of. Nor did the old man ever permit his name to be mentioned. Kate's father and mother having both died shortly after her birth, she had spent all her life under Jonas's roof, and was the sole thing on earth he seemed to take a heartfelt interest in.

As the three approached Tyndal's home towards eleven o'clock Jonas turned to Jack.

"You'd better stay here to-night, lad," he said. "There are a lot of ugly rumours about. I have requisitioned ten troopers up for to-morrow."

"No, thanks!" replied Jack. "I'm not afraid, and I'd sooner be around in case of accidents. Besides, there's Waif. Good-night."

He had turned his horse's head and was about to ride off when the old man stopped him.

"By the way," he said, and his voice was curiously hesitating, "what was the date you said you picked up that child?"

"Waif, you mean?" answered Jack, surprised. "It was the 14th February, 1890. He was then about three, I should think. But why do you ask?"

"Curiosity, sir — curiosity," retorted the old man, tartly, and without another word rode sharply after his granddaughter.

On reaching home Jonas Tyndal bade Kate a curt good-night and, going to his own private sanctum, locked the door and seated himself before a great escritoire.

Opening a hidden drawer, he drew out a packet of letters, two photographs, and a newspaper cutting.

Very slowly he read through the letters, one by one, then put them back. His old

eyes had a curious wet gleam in them as he peered at the newspaper cutting. It was very short, being headed, "Wreck of ss. *Berwick*," and contained a list of lives lost, among which were the names "Horace Watson, wife, and child."

Under these names a blue pencil mark had been made, and on the margin of the paper was written in the same blue, "14th Feb., '90."

With the same slow, studied movement the old man folded the cutting and placed it among the letters. But had anyone been able to see him they might have noted that his lean, brown, and sinewy hand, as it took up the photographs, trembled and shook like a dried leaf in the wind.

The photographs were of a man and a woman—the man strangely like himself, with a look hard and defiant as his own; the woman a frail, delicate, pretty face, with golden fluffy hair, and eyes wide, wistful, and yearning as Waif's.

Hour after hour through the long night the old man sat gazing at them, seeing them through a red mist in which he spelt out again the tale of childhood, of great hopes, of pride's deadly thwarting.

As the grey dawn stole in at the window he shuffled stiffly to his feet, and unaffectedly wiped the heavy, unshed tears from his eyes.

"Impossible! Impossible!" he muttered, hoarsely. "An old fool's dream! They were all drowned. My boy! My boy! Why did I not listen to you?"

And with slow, faltering footsteps he sought his room.

III.

WHEN Waif awoke to consciousness it was to find himself being lifted off the horse. In front of him one of his captors was engaged in pulling aside a heap of brushwood that concealed the entrance to a cave.

Waif took a hasty glance round. Behind them lay the creek, with its stream dwindled to a sluggish rivulet, at most some three or four feet deep in centre. In front, stretching around, rose a wall of wooded cliff, some two or three hundred feet in height.

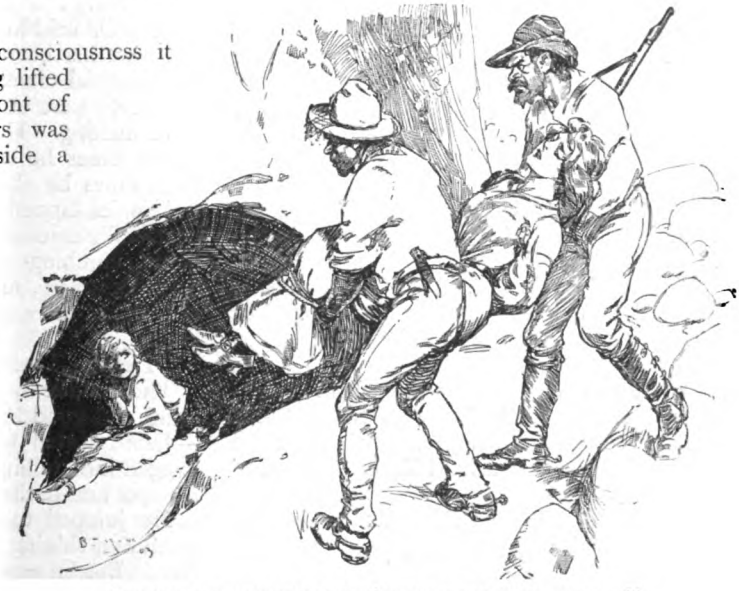
The child had time to notice no more before his captor, with rough hand, pushed him into the cave. He could hear the sound of the horses being led inside, of the rustling of branches as the entrance was again covered. Then for some ten minutes he was led along a rough, straight passage, till suddenly he stood once more beneath the stars.

He noticed that he was on a broad ledge, hanging about a hundred feet above a deep, silent gully. Opposite the hills rose again, their tops bending over till they formed almost an arch above his head.

"Truss the lad up," said one of the men. "No use wasting precious life, and maybe Lester'll pay summut for him."

Next moment Waif's hands and feet were securely bound with a piece of rope, and he was half led, half thrown into a dry cave that opened off the ledge. He heard the men depart, caught again the distant rustle of branches, then all was still.

Presently his attention was aroused by a sound as of cattle moving about. He had felt all along too stunned and startled to be really afraid, and now he sat up peering through the blackness. His eyes, growing accustomed to the dark, made out a low archway on his right through which he could see a great herd of cattle and sheep jostling one against the other. The sight somehow gave him comfort, robbing the situation of its terrible loneliness.



"HE HEARD A VOICE CALL OUT, 'SHOVE HER IN WITH THE KID.'"

Instinctively his mind turned to escape. He tugged at his wrists till the skin was broken and bleeding. Then, exhausted and tearful, he fell off into a sleep.

When he awoke the light was shining full on his face, and the noise of men laughing smote on his ears. Next minute he heard a voice call out, "Shove her in with the kid. They can't help each other."

Then to his startled gaze appeared the form of Kate Tyndal, her hands and feet bound as his own, her face pale and set.

"Waif!" she whispered, as she sank on to the ground near him, "they have taken you, too? Oh, what has happened? Jack! Jack! what have they done to you?"

In a few whispered words Waif told the sobbing girl how he had been captured. He was very fond of Kate, who had ever been lovingly tender to the little cripple. In his staunch little way he tried to comfort her.

"Jack will fight them," he said, sturdily, "and come to find us. And to-night I will escape and lead him here."

The long hours of the day dragged slowly on, bringing no relief to the prisoners. In a farther cave the men feasted, drinking and singing. From the snatches of conversation that floated to them Kate and Waif learnt that the raid on Tyndal's had been perfectly successful, the desperadoes having not only captured the girl, but the old man's money and much cattle. A little comfort, however, came to them as they learnt that the fire had been an utter failure, thanks to Jack Lester's precaution and the timely arrival of Jonas Tyndal with all his available hands.

Beyond serving them with their meals the bandits took no notice of their prisoners. Towards the afternoon Waif, rummaging round, found an old iron nail, some six inches long, stout and pointed. With this he managed by sunset to pick free the knots that held his feet, and then, dragging himself to Kate, whispered to her to do the same office for his hands.

Now and again one of the band outside lounged to the entrance to look in. But the prisoners ever lay a little apart, apparently abandoned to despair.

When the cave was wrapped in blackness Waif struggled slowly to his feet, his hands free at last. With feverish haste he untied the bonds that held Kate. "Come!" he whispered.

"No," replied the girl, under her breath. "They would never notice you, dear. You are so small. If I attempt it they are sure to discover us both. Go alone and bring help. If they look in and see me here they will not think of you. Give me a kiss, dear; be a brave boy. When you come to the water shut your eyes and dash right through it. Good-bye!"

The girl caught the frail figure in her arms, kissing the pallid, eager face with despairing fondness. It seemed to her such a forlorn errand for this shivering, wee mite, and yet their one hope.

In the cave beyond them the merriment grew fast and furious. Waif, with tremulous lips and shaking limbs, crept out on to the ledge. It was deserted. Like a shadow he glided noiselessly into the tunnel and sped rapidly to the mouth. As he reached the brushwood and crept through, a voice cried, with an oath, "Who goes there?"

Waif cowered down against the rock, his small body flat on the earth. Next moment the brushwood was thrust aside, a man's boot grazed his temple, and he was conscious that someone stood astride of him gazing out into the star-lit night.

"Some cursed snake," muttered the voice above. The foot was withdrawn, the brushwood re-arranged. Waif, horribly frightened, lay motionless, listening to the tramp, tramp, of the sentinel.

Then, bit by bit, his courage came back to him and he wriggled forward with infinite care, avoiding each leaf and twig. In five minutes he stood clear of the entrance and, with one look round, sped across the stony earth towards the creek.

When he reached the banks and faced the slow, still, cold-looking water, it seemed to him that his heart stopped beating, gripped in a frightful cramp. He halted, hesitating. His teeth were chattering, his limbs seemed to be melting. He felt he could never do it. Three times he crept to the water's edge, three times he shrank back with a moan, as the ripples lapped his bare feet. The wind beat chilly through his light nightgown; the moon, climbing up, shone frostily on the crawling stream, making it doubly fearsome.

Waif, in an anguish of terror, fell on his knees.

"I can't—I can't!" he moaned.

Then suddenly came Jack's words on his mind, "A good boy and brave." And Kate—Jack's Kate! Had she not kissed him, hugged him, telling him to be brave and shut his eyes and dash in?

He jumped to his feet, a flash of defiant resolution shining through his set, frightened face. But he would not shut his eyes. He clenched his hands and teeth hard and

literally flung himself in the water. For a moment, as the ripples washed and clung coldly round him, a stifled cry gasped in his throat. Then, stepping forward, he was borne off his legs. He threw up his hands in wild despair. But even as he did so his feet felt solid ground again; he reeled blindly, wildly forward and fell on his face, safe on the farther bank.

For a moment he lay, gasping painfully. Then with a sob he sprang to his feet and fled over the plain. He knew the country well as any rabbit. Every turn and trail and fence was to him as an alphabet, and in an hour there rose before him the gleaming iron roof of the homestead.

It was nearly ten o'clock. Jack Lester, fagged, jaded, desperate, paced the veranda to and fro. For twelve hours he and Jonas, ten troopers, and some fifty hands had scoured the country far and wide for trace of Kate Tyndal. When, after stamping out the various fires, he and Tyndal had ridden to the latter's station, laughing in the glow of victory, to find Kate vanished, the house sacked, the safe blown open and rifled, their consternation may be better imagined than described. In the feverish hours that had followed he had had no time to give a thought to Waif.

Now, suddenly, as he turned in his march, there stood Waif before him, but Waif transfigured, glorified.

The child's face was breathless with excitement, radiant and aglow with the consciousness of success. Yet it was not that which struck Jack Lester so much. He did not, indeed, know what it was, save that the boy seemed to have leapt suddenly upwards. It was not till afterwards he was to realize the cause of his surprise.

He had scarcely recovered from the start of finding Waif there in front of him, in a drenched, muddy nightgown and with feet bleeding, when the child, with a glad cry, had flung himself into his arms.

"Jack!" he gasped. "Dear Jack! Be quick! She's with them —in the cave. I escaped and I crossed the creek. I did! I did, indeed, Jack! I was horribly afraid! But I crossed it. Quick! Get men and come and rescue her."

For a moment Jack Lester thought the lad was delirious. He hugged him to him, peering into the excited, eager child-face. Then a lean shadow loomed up at his shoulder, and a curt voice said:—

"Give the youngster breath, old man. Come here, little 'un, and tell me all about it."

Next minute Waif found himself sitting on the knee of a stalwart trooper, whose grey eyes and grizzled moustache somehow gave him even more comfort than the sight of his revolver and rifle.

The child, under the trooper's soft handling and apparently casual queries, rattled off his story in breathless interest and, as he wound up, sprang off the trooper's knee and rushed at Jack, crying again:—

"I crossed the creek, dear Jack! Indeed I did! I crossed it! And you won't think me a coward again, even in front of water, will you?"

Jack's reply was lost in the sound of the lieutenant's voice as he thundered out, "Boot and saddle, boys, and ten volunteers."

Then, as the troopers formed up and the volunteers sprang forward, Jack, engaged in hastily thrusting Waif's limbs into dry clothes, stopped and looked at him.

"THERE STOOD WAIF BEFORE HIM, BUT WAIF TRANSFIGURED."

"My God!" he gasped; "the boy is straight!"

"Hurry up, there!" called out the lieutenant, sharply.

Jack had no time for further remark. He swung Waif, half dressed, in front of his saddle, and the little troop went thundering across the plain towards the creek.

IV.

"THIS is a 'dead bird,'" chuckled Lieutenant Dawson, half an hour later, as the cavalcade drew rein on the other side of the creek and Waif pointed out the concealing brushwood. "I've always suspected an opening hereabouts, and there's a path I know leads to the ledge beyond. You, Jackson, take six men and top the ridge. That will head off retreat. I'll wait till you get over the boulders and then go in. See that none escape."

In another ten minutes Dawson, followed by Jack Lester with Waif, and twenty men proceeded quietly to dismantle the brushwood. They had scarcely finished when a challenge from within warned them the sentinel was awake. At a sign from Dawson his men flattened themselves against the rock. The silence was breathless. Next moment the face of a man peered through the brushwood—right into the barrel of Dawson's revolver.

"One word," whispered Dawson, gently, "and you jump."

The man moved never a muscle, save to stretch out his hands, dropping, as he did so, his rifle.

When his hands were bound he growled:—

"Queen's evidence, mates! Bear me witness I gave no trouble. You'll find the rest inside. They'll be mostly drunk asleep now, I reckon."

Silently the little band passed in and reached the ledge.

Waif, with a tug, drew Jack aside.

"She's in there," he whispered.

Then, as Dawson with his men crept on the sleeping gang, Jack with Waif stole into the cavern where Kate, tired out, lay asleep.

As they reached her side a couple of shots rang out, and Dawson's voice, dry and cold, "It's no use, boys! Game's up. I've got you both ends. Hands up, all of you, or there'll be a funeral."

Kate, with a terrified cry, sprang to her feet, looking wildly around, crying, "Jack! Jack! Help!"—only next moment to feel herself encircled by two loving arms and to hear in a well-known voice:—

"It's all right, darling. Waif reached us, and we've collared the whole gang."

Somehow Jack did not feel jealous when the girl, suddenly loosening one arm from him, enfolded Waif in her comprehensive clasp.

"You dear!" she cried. "You darling, brave little chap. I knew you would do it!"

"If you've done inside there I'm for moving," came in dry accents from without.

Kate, with a blush, started back, and in a few minutes the party emerged on to the plain.

"I'll leave you five of my fellows," said Dawson, "to see you through to Tyndal's. Guess that's your direction. I'll take this lot right along," nodding to the seven or eight men who, lashed back to back, stood encircled by their captors.

A cordial "good night," and next minute Jack, with Waif still in front and Kate riding neck and neck, raced through the creek, the troopers splashing along after them.

It was a breathless party that swept up the broad avenue leading to Jonas Tyndal's roomy bungalow. The old man, disturbed by the clatter, came running out. Kate fairly flung herself out of the saddle into his arms. Something in the aged look on his haggard, startled face touched her infinitely.

"Dear grandad!" she half sobbed. "I'm safe after all. And it was thanks to little Waif."

The old man hardly seemed to heed her. His eyes looked past her, fixed in wonder on the fair, flushed face, on the erect figure of the boy. He broke loose from Kate's clasp and grasped Waif by the shoulder.

"What does it mean?" he asked, hoarsely, looking from him to Jack.

Jack, astonished at his suppressed excitement, looked at him amazed.

"Really, sir," he said, "it's as much a mystery to me as it is to you. Waif chucked himself into the creek to-night to save Kate, and the shock seems to have confirmed Gordon's theory and levelled him out."

"Get away and talk to Kate," snorted the old man, irritably; "it's all you're fit for. And you, boy"—turning to Waif—"come with me."

Quaking, yet strangely confident, Waif followed the shaking form of the old man into his own apartment. Once inside, Jonas Tyndal took the boy by the arm and led him up to the desk, on which still stood the two photographs of the night before.

"Who are they?" he said, gruffly, a harsh, tense note of expectation in his voice—his

eyes, piercing, hot, commanding, fixed on the child's face.

Waif, following the direction of the quivering, outstretched finger, gave a sharp cry, sprang forward, then stood stock still. Jonas Tyndal stood as if carved in marble, his eyes never moving from the flushing, paling face beneath.

Then the child's shoulders suddenly heaved, a sob escaped his lips, two large tears gathered slowly in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

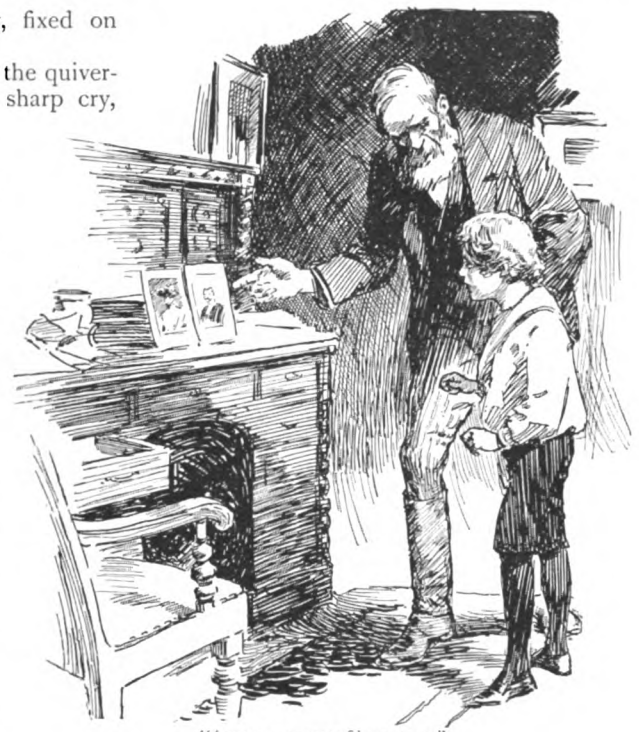
Jonas never moved.

The child's chest shook. The old man, watching him, saw him clench his hands, saw his lips grow into a thin, grim line strangely resembling his own reflection.

"Who are they?" he said, and even to himself his voice seemed strangely hoarse and cracked.

"Father and mother."

The words were but a whisper, choked, only half audible. But they thrilled Jonas Tyndal as he had never before in all his life been thrilled.



"'WHO ARE THEY?' HE SAID."

Before the child knew where he was the hands of the old man had fallen on his shoulders, and his voice, choking, hoarse, broke on the child's sobs.

"Bare your breast, child! Let me see if you have the birthmark or not."

His lean, trembling fingers tore aside the smock. He lifted the shrinking, terrified child to the light and peered at his bare chest.

There, rippling across the clear skin, was a rose-coloured wave, its crest half curved in falling.

With fingers suddenly grown strangely steady the old man put Waif down and, drawing him to a chair, held him between his knees, gazing with tense scrutiny into the child-face in front of him. Suddenly something in the yearning look of those old, wrinkled eyes caused the boy to smile. His whole face lit up, all the fear and timidity resolving and melting into a frank, half-coy, half-defiant grin.

"My God!" gasped Jonas Tyndal. "I could believe it to be my boy himself."

It was half an hour later that Jack and Kate, seeking their host, found him, Waif seated on his knee, hugged to his breast. The child, worn out, was sound asleep, his golden curls nestled in the old man's elbow, his face, softly flushed, turned upwards to the old man's gaze.

Jonas Tyndal did not so much as move as the two came in. Down the old, stern cheeks two tears were trickling slowly, mingling with the golden curls of the boy, and his eyes, strangely softened and wistful, wandered backward and forward from the sleeping face to the photograph on the table.

Jack and Kate stopped spellbound at the door.

A look from the old man beckoned them in.

"Hush!" he said; "don't wake my bairn. Aye, Jack, it's a good deed ye did to find him, for it's my own son Horace's boy you brought home from the wreck where his father and mother went down. He'll be Waif no longer now. You must give him up. He will cost Kate half her fortune, lad, but you've given back an old man his soul."

Jack and Kate stole softly out, and Waif, moving restlessly, shifted a tremulous hand into the old man's collar, and smiled and slumbered on.

His grandfather bent his head. The tears rolled silently, freely now, down his cheeks. For the first time in many years Jonas Tyndal was praying.

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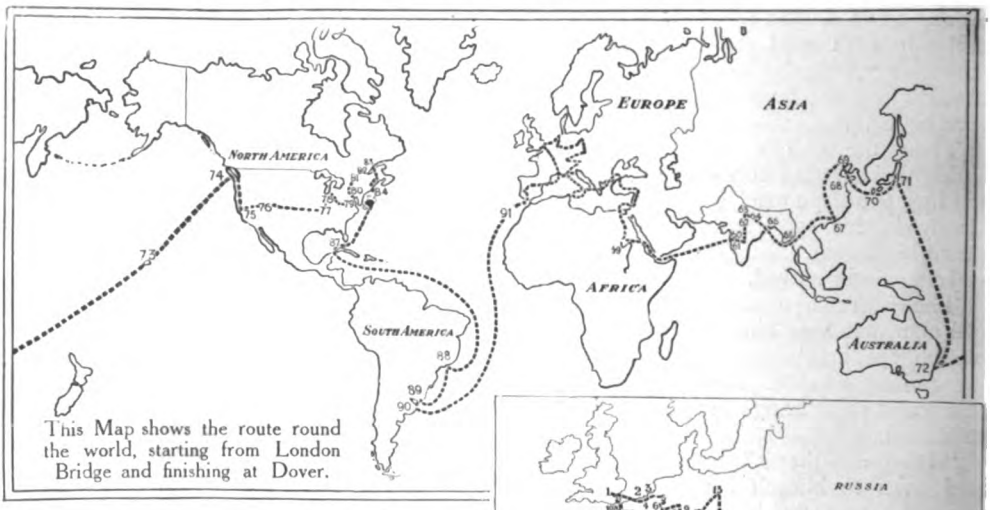
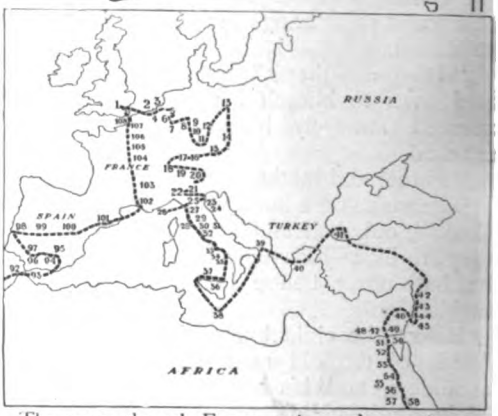
No. IV.—ROUND THE WORLD.



This Map shows the route round the world, starting from London Bridge and finishing at Dover.



The routes through Europe, going and returning—enlarged in order to allow space for the numbers.

ON Sunday morning we leave London Bridge, to find ourselves in Rotterdam next morning. This is an interesting, old-fashioned town, containing many quaint old gabled houses, and as many canals as streets. An hour's railway journey brings us to Amsterdam, the Dutch capital. Here the chief attraction is the palace, the great reception-room of which is a very marvel of architecture. Our next stopping-place is Utrecht. The famous Maliebaan, with its triple avenue of limes, lies to the east of the town, while from the summit of the cathedral tower a magnificent view may be obtained embracing all Holland.

1. London Bridge

2. Rotterdam

3. Antwerp

5. Amsterdam

6. Bruges

8. Utrecht

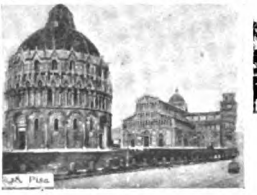
7. Ghent

Crossing the frontier we arrive at Antwerp, the chief arsenal of Belgium, with elaborate fortifications. Taking train from here we come to Bruges, a beautiful but rather melancholy old town. This is accounted for by the fact that half its forty-odd thousand inhabitants are paupers.

4. Brussels

9. Cologne

10. Coblentz



Perhaps the most interesting feature of Ghent is the Grand Béguinage, or nunnery. This, enclosed by moats and walls, is quite a little town in itself, and contains seven hundred inhabitants, eighteen convents, and a church. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, has been described as Paris in miniature. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

We proceed into Germany, where Cologne is our first stopping-place. Cologne Cathedral, a magnificent example of Gothic architecture, is among the most famous in the world. Passing through Coblentz, we come to the beautiful old University town of Heidelberg. The castle here is considered to be the finest ruin in Germany. Berlin must next be visited, which city we reach by way of Frankfort, one of the most important commercial centres in Germany. In external appearance Berlin lacks interest. Vienna, the beautiful Austrian capital, is now visited, and then we return to Munich, an important city on the River Isar and a famous art centre.

Leaving Germany behind us we embark on a rapid tour through Switzerland. Lovely Lucerne, with its snow-capped mountains and deep, pellucid lake, soon gives way to Berne. A brief sojourn in the Swiss capital and we are at Interlaken, situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Grindelwald, a large village of widely-scattered houses, is about ninety minutes' journey from here and is a favourite starting-place for excursions. The Engadine consists of a narrow valley, sixty miles long, bounded by lofty, snow-covered mountains. Washed by the waters of Geneva's lake, which at this point is over three hundred feet deep, stands the famous Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron's poem.

But we may not stop long to ruminate over this gloomy and historic pile; Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, is before us. Here is the famous cathedral of St. Mark's, decorated with Oriental magnificence, which once seen will never be forgotten. Milan is justly celebrated for its colossal cathedral, which is considered by the Milanese to be the eighth wonder of the world. It is built

entirely of white marble, and is probably the most perfectly beautiful building in existence.

We must now leave Italy for a while and visit the tiny principality of Monaco, and Monte Carlo with its famous casino. We break our journey at Genoa, the chief commercial town of Italy. Pisa is our next stopping-place, the most notable feature of which is undoubtedly the world-famed Leaning Tower. Florence, the birthplace of Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli, is the most famous art centre in the world.

With a feeling akin to awe we approach Rome—the Eternal City. Here we may see the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter's. Here also is the ancient Colosseum, one of the most stupendous structures the world has ever seen.

"See Naples and die!" was the proud boast of the ancient Neapolitans. The city is, nevertheless, one of the dirtiest and worst-drained places in the world. Fifty minutes by rail from Naples and we reach Pompeii, the wonderful excavated city. Not far from here is the Island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean, one of the loveliest spots imaginable; hence, sailing round Sicily and touching at Messina, Palermo, and Malta, we pass round the foot of Italy to Brindisi.

Re-embarking, we proceed to Athens, the historic capital of Greece. Sailing from here across the Ægean Sea and through the Sea of Marmora we come to Constantinople. This curious and fascinating city is made up of three towns and stands upon two continents. From here we cross Asia Minor to Damascus, the most ancient city in the world. Thence to the Holy City is twelve days' journey on horseback. On the western slope of the Mount of Olives,

near to the brook of Kedron, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Six miles to the southward stands Bethlehem, containing the world-famed Church of the Nativity. Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, may be reached from Jerusalem in about six hours. From here we take ship to Alexandria, one of the chief points of interest in which city is Pompey's Pillar.

Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, is our next stopping-place. Proceeding down the Canal for a space we touch at Mantara, and then, returning by way of Cairo, we visit those colossal remnants of antiquity, the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. Here we may enter one of the vast fleet of Nile boats, or *dahabeeyahs*, and proceed down the ancient river to Carnac, an intensely interesting district of Upper Egypt. Close by is Luxor, a market town of some two thousand

inhabitants, whose chief industry is the manufacture of bogus relics.

Two days' journey from Luxor brings us to Assouan, a picturesque and typically Egyptian city. The First Cataract of the Nile—the goal of so many travellers—is about six miles above Assouan. Here is the Island of Philæ, containing many beautiful ruins and relics of ancient Egyptian art.

Leaving the Nile we may strike across country to Aden, where we take ship to India. A voyage of six days on one of the magnificent P. and O. steamers and we land at Bombay, the "eye of India," and the largest, most populous and enterprising city in the Empire. Passing through Hyderabad, the chief city of the largest native province in India, we journey northwards to Agra, where we may see the famous Taj Mahal, erected by Shah Jehan over the body of his wife in 1648. Delhi, the "Rome of Asia," and Lucknow, memorable for its heroic

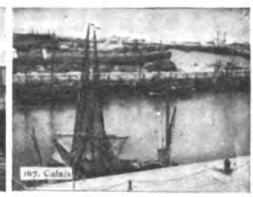
defence during the Mutiny, are the next cities to be visited; and then directing our steps towards Calcutta, the Metropolis of India, we take ship to Rangoon, the picturesque capital of Burma.

Steaming round the Malay Peninsula we reach Hong-Kong, one of the largest seaports in the world. Here we may land and explore a portion of the interior, not forgetting to visit the Great Wall of China, nearly two thousand miles in length, which

was constructed about 214 B.C. to check the incursions of various predatory tribes. The next city on our route is Pekin, and then, striking the coast-line, we sail for Nagasaki, the principal port of Southern Japan. Yokohama, in the Island of Hondo, is another important port, and the head-quarters of the Japanese curio trade. Here we leave Asia for America, stopping *en route* at Sydney, Australia, and also at Honolulu, one of the most

beautiful of the Pacific Islands, finally arriving at the Island of Vancouver. The town of Vancouver dates practically from 1885, when it was chosen as the terminus of the famous Canadian Pacific Railway. Journeying southwards we reach San Francisco, rising anew from its ashes to its

former glory, which our illustration represents. Passing through Salt Lake City — that "Zion of the Latter-Day Saints"—we cross the Continent to St. Louis, and then, after visiting Chicago and Washington, we arrive at length at the wonderful Falls of Niagara. We now make a brief excursion into Canada, touching at Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, as it has been well called, and



then, returning once more to Yankee soil, we visit Boston, one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the States.

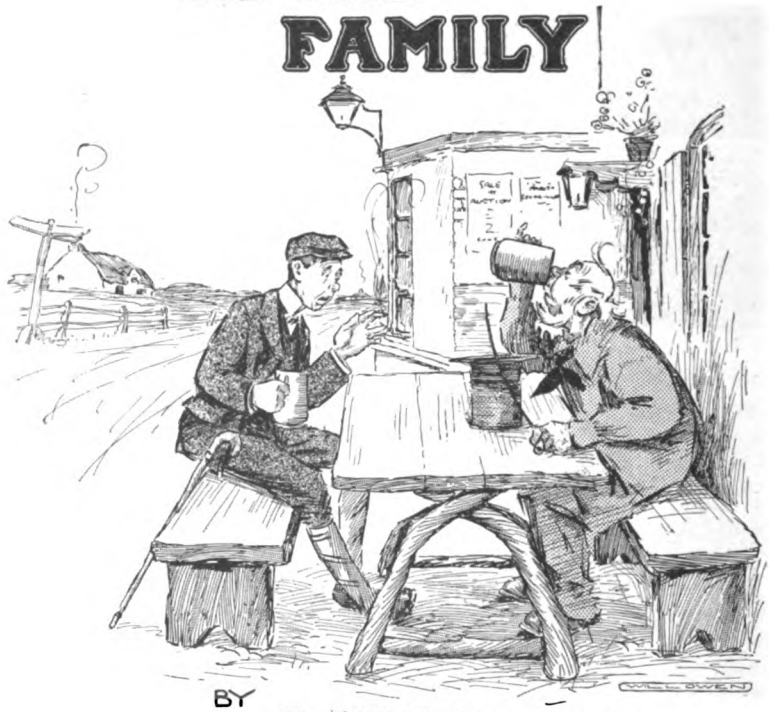
At New York we embark in a vessel bound for Havana, the beautiful capital of Cuba; then, hugging the coast of South America, we drop anchor at Rio de Janeiro, the finest city in the Southern Continent. From here to Monte Video is but three days' journey, while Buenos Ayres is reached a day later. Hence we may ship to Gibraltar, calling at Madeira on our way. Funchal, its chief city, is a beautifully-situated and picturesque town.

After thoroughly exploring the famous Rock we may proceed by boat to Malaga, a quaint old town containing a unique, if unbeautiful, cathedral. The cathedral at Cordova, however, is a really interesting building, being originally a Moorish mosque of gorgeous design. Our next stopping-place is Seville, where we may see a bull-fight in full progress, and then, making an excursion into Portugal, we visit Lisbon, one of the most beautifully-situated cities in the world. Journeying northwards we reach Toledo, an extremely interesting old town. Madrid, the Spanish capital, containing one of the finest Royal palaces in the world, is about two hours' journey from here.

From Barcelona we sail to Marseilles, the chief seaport of Southern France. Lyons, the second city of France, is the next town to be visited, and then we pass on to Paris, the unique, the inimitable. A brief sojourn in the Gay City and we continue our travels through Amiens to Calais, a quaint old seaport with cobbled streets and old-fashioned houses. An hour later and we are back in England, after having accomplished a journey embracing all five continents and including in our itinerary nearly every city of interest or importance in the civilized globe.

The great majority of the photographs in this article were taken by the well-known firm of Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., of Reigate, Surrey.

IN THE FAMILY



BY

W·W·JACOBS

THE oldest inhabitant of Claybury sat beneath the sign of the Cauliflower and gazed with affectionate, but dim, old eyes in the direction of the village street.

"No; Claybury men ain't never been much of ones for emigrating," he said, turning to the youthful traveller who was resting in the shade with a mug of ale and a cigarette. "They know they'd 'ave to go a long way afore they'd find a place as 'ud come up to this."

He finished the tablespoonful of beer in his mug and sat for so long with his head back and the inverted vessel on his face that the traveller, who at first thought it was the beginning of a conjuring trick, coloured furiously, and asked permission to refill it.

Now and then a Claybury man has gone to foreign parts, said the old man, drinking from the replenished mug, and placing it where the traveller could mark progress without undue strain; but they've, gen'rally speaking, come back and wished as they'd never gone.

The on'y man as I ever heard of that made his fortune by emigrating was Henery Walker's great-uncle, Josiah Walker by name, and he wasn't a Claybury man at all. He made his fortune out o' sheep in Australey, and he was so rich and well-to-do that he could never find time to answer the letters that Henery Walker used to send him when he was hard up.

Henery Walker used to hear of 'im through a relation of his up in London, and tell us all about 'im and his money up at this here Cauliflower public-house. And he used to sit and drink his beer and wonder who would 'ave the old man's money arter he was dead.

When the relation in London died Henery Walker left off hearing about his uncle, and he got so worried over thinking that the old man might die and leave his money to strangers that he got quite thin. He talked of emigrating to Australey 'imself, and then, acting on the advice of Bill Chambers—who said it was a cheaper thing to do—he wrote to his uncle instead, and, arter reminding 'im that 'e was an old man living in a strange country, 'e asked 'im to come to Claybury

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and make his 'ome with 'is loving grand-nephew.

It was a good letter, because more than one gave 'im a hand with it, and there was little bits o' Scripture in it to make it more solemn-like. It was wrote on pink paper with pie-crust edges and put in a green envelope, and Bill Chambers said a man must 'ave a 'art of stone if that didn't touch it.

Four months arterwards Henery Walker got an answer to 'is letter from 'is great-uncle. It was a nice letter, and, arter thanking Henery Walker for all his kindness, 'is uncle said that he was getting an old man, and p'r'aps he should come and lay 'is bones in England arter all, and if he did 'e should certainly come and see his grand-nephew, Henery Walker.

Most of us thought Henery Walker's fortune was as good as made, but Bob Pretty, a nasty low, poaching chap that has done wot he could to give Claybury a bad name, turned up his nose at it.

"I'll believe he's coming 'ome when I see him," he ses. "It's my belief he went to Australey to get out o' your way, Henery."

"As it 'appened he went there afore I was born," ses Henery Walker, firing up.

"He knew your father," ses Bob Pretty, "and he didn't want to take no risks."

They 'ad words then, and arter that every time Bob Pretty met 'im he asked arter his great-uncle's 'ealth, and used to pretend to think 'e was living with 'im.

"You ought to get the old gentleman out a bit more, Henery," he would say; "it can't be good for 'im to be shut up in the 'ouse so much—especially your 'ouse."

Henery Walker used to get that riled he didn't know wot to do with 'imself, and as time went on, and he began to be afraid that 'is uncle never would come back to England, he used to get quite nasty if anybody on'y so much as used the word "uncle" in 'is company.

It was over six months since he 'ad had the letter from 'is uncle, and 'e was up here at the Cauliflower with some more of us one night, when Dicky Weed, the tailor, turns to Bob Pretty and he ses, "Who's the old gentleman that's staying with you, Bob?"

Bob Pretty puts down 'is beer very careful and turns round on 'im.

"Old gentleman?" he ses, very slow. "Wot are you talking about?"

"I mean the little old gentleman with white whiskers and a squeaky voice," ses Dicky Weed.

"You've been dreaming," ses Bob, taking up 'is beer ag'in.

"I see 'im too, Bob," ses Bill Chambers.

"Ho, you did, did you?" ses Bob Pretty, putting down 'is mug with a bang. "Wot d'ye mean by coming spying round my place, eh? Wot d'ye mean by it?"

"Spying?" ses Bill Chambers, gaping at 'im with 'is mouth open; "I wasn't spying. Anyone 'ud think you 'ad done something you was ashamed of."

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine," ses Bob, very fierce.

"I was passing the 'ouse," ses Bill Chambers, looking round at us, "and I see an old man's face at the bedroom winder, and while I was wondering who 'e was a 'and come and drawed 'im away. I see 'im as plain as ever I see anything in my life, and the 'and, too. Big and dirty it was."

"And he's got a cough," ses Dicky Weed—"a churchyard cough—I 'eard it."

"It ain't much you don't hear, Dicky," ses Bob Pretty, turning on 'im; "the on'y thing you never did 'ear, and never will 'ear, is any good of yourself."

He kicked over a chair wot was in 'is way and went off in such a temper as we'd never seen 'im in afore, and, wot was more surprising still, but I know it's true, 'cos I drunk it up myself, he'd left over arf a pint o' beer in 'is mug."

"He's up to something," ses Sam Jones, staring arter him; "mark my words."

We couldn't make head nor tail out of it, but for some days arterward you'd ha' thought that Bob Pretty's 'ouse was a peep-show. Everybody stared at the winders as they went by, and the children played in front of the 'ouse and stared in all day long. Then the old gentleman was seen one day as bold as brass sitting at the winder, and it came to be known that it was a pore old tramp Bob Pretty 'ad met on the road and given a home to, and he didn't like 'is good-'artedness to be known for fear he should be made fun of.

Nobody believed that, o' course, and things got more puzzling than ever. Once or twice the old gentleman went out for a walk, but Bob Pretty or 'is missis was always with 'im, and if anybody tried to speak to him they always said 'e was deaf and took 'im off as fast as they could. Then one night up at the Cauliflower here Dicky Weed came rushing in with a bit o' news that took everybody's breath away.

"I've just come from the post-office," he ses, "and there's a letter for Bob Pretty's old gentleman! Wot d'ye think o' that?"

"If you could tell us wot's inside it you might 'ave something to brag about," ses Henery Walker.

"I don't want to see the inside," ses Dicky Weed; "the name on the outside was enough for me. I couldn't hardly believe my own eyes, but there it was: 'Mr. Josiah Walker,' as plain as the nose on your face."

O' course, we see it all then, and wondered why we hadn't thought of it afore; and we stood quiet listening to the things that Henery Walker said about a man that would go and steal another man's great-uncle from 'im. Three times Smith, the landlord, said, "*Hush!*" and the fourth time he put Henery Walker outside and told 'im to stay there till he 'ad lost his voice.

Henery Walker stayed outside five minutes, and then 'e come back in ag'in to ask for advice. His idea seemed to be that, as the old gentleman was deaf, Bob Pretty was passing 'isself off as Henery Walker, and the disgrace was a'most more than 'e could bear. He began to get excited ag'in, and Smith 'ad just said "*Hush!*" once more when we 'eard somebody whistling outside, and in come Bob Pretty.

He 'ad hardly got 'is face in at the door afore Henery Walker started on 'im, and Bob Pretty stood there, struck all of a heap, and staring at 'im as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"'Ave you gone mad, Henery?" he ses, at last.

"Give me back my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, at the top of 'is voice.

Bob Pretty shook his 'ead at him. "I haven't got your great-uncle, Henery," he ses, very gentle. "I know the name is the same, but wot of it? There's more than one Josiah Walker in the world. This one is no relation to you at all; he's a very respectable old gentleman."

"I'll go and ask 'im," ses Henery Walker, getting up, "and I'll tell 'im wot sort o' man you are, Bob Pretty."

"He's gone to bed now, Henery," ses Bob Pretty.

"I'll come in the fust thing to-morrow morning, then," ses Henery Walker.

"Not in my 'ouse, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "not arter the things you've been sayin' about me. I'm a pore man, but I've got my pride. Besides, I tell you he ain't your uncle. He's a pore old man I'm giving a 'ome to, and I won't 'ave 'im worried."

"'Ow much does 'e pay you a week, Bob?" ses Bill Chambers.

Bob Pretty pretended not to hear 'im.

"Where did your wife get the money to buy that bonnet she 'ad on on Sunday?" ses Bill Chambers. "My wife ses it's the fust new bonnet she has 'ad since she was married."

"And where did the new winder curtains come from?" ses Peter Gubbins.

Bob Pretty drank up 'is beer and stood looking at them very thoughtful; then he opened the door and went out without saying a word.

"He's got your great-uncle a prisoner in his 'ouse, Henery," ses Bill Chambers; "it's easy for to see that the pore old gentle-

"'GIVE ME BACK MY GREAT-UNCLE,' SES HENERY WALKER."

man is getting past things, and I shouldn't wonder if Bob Pretty don't make 'im leave all 'is money to 'im."

Henery Walker started raving ag'in, and for the next few days he tried his 'ardest to get a few words with 'is great-uncle, but Bob Pretty was too much for 'im. Everybody in Claybury said wot a shame it was, but it was all no good, and Henery Walker used to leave 'is work and stand outside Bob Pretty's for hours at a time in the 'opes of getting a word with the old man.

He got 'is chance at last, in quite a unexpected way. We was up 'ere at the Cauliflower one evening, and, as it 'appened, we was talking about Henery Walker's great-uncle, when the door opened, and who should walk in but the old gentleman 'imself. Everybody left off talking and stared at 'im, but he walked up to the bar and ordered a glass o' gin and beer as comfortable as you please.

Bill Chambers was the fust to get 'is presence of mind back, and he set off arter Henery Walker as fast as 'is legs could carry 'im, and in a wunnerful short time, considering, he came back with Henery, both of 'em puffing and blowing their 'ardest.

"There — he — is!" ses Bill Chambers, pointing to the old gentleman.

Henery Walker gave one look, and then 'e slipped over to the old man and stood all of a tremble, smiling at 'im. "Good evening," he ses.

"Wot?" ses the old gentleman.

"Good evening!" ses Henery Walker ag'in.

"I'm a bit deaf," ses the old gentleman, putting his 'and to his ear.

"GOOD EVENING!" ses Henery Walker ag'in, shouting. "I'm your grand-nephew, Henery Walker!"

"Ho, are you?" ses the old gentleman, not at all surprised. "Bob Pretty was telling me all about you."

"I 'ope you didn't listen to 'im," ses Henery Walker, all of a tremble. "Bob Pretty'd say anything except his prayers."

"He ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking at 'im.

"He's a liar, then," ses Henery Walker; "he's arter it 'imself. And it ain't a respectable place for you to stay at. Anybody'll tell you wot a rascal Bob Pretty is. Why, he's a byword."

"Everybody is arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking round.

"I 'ope you'll know me better afore you've done with me, uncle," ses Henery Walker, taking a seat alongside of 'im. "Will you 'ave another mug o' beer?"

"Gin and beer," ses the old gentleman, cocking his eye up very fierce at Smith, the landlord; "and mind the gin don't get out ag'in, same as it did in the last."

"'THERE—HE—IS!' SES BILL CHAMBERS."

Smith asked 'im wot he meant, but 'is deafness come on ag'in. Henery Walker 'ad an extra dose o' gin put in, and arter he 'ad tasted it the old gentleman seemed to get more amiable-like, and 'im and Henery Walker sat by theirselves talking quite comfortable.

"Why not come and stay with me?" ses Henery Walker, at last. "You can do as you please and have the best of everything."

"Bob Pretty ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, shaking his 'ead. "I couldn't trust you."

"He ses that to put you ag'in me," ses Henery Walker, pleading-like.

"Well, wot do you want me to come and live with you for, then?" ses old Mr. Walker.

"Because you're my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, "and my 'ouse is the proper place for you. Blood is thicker than water."

"And you don't want my money?" ses the old man, looking at 'im very sharp.

"Certainly not," ses Henery Walker.

"And 'ow much 'ave I got to pay a week?" ses old Mr. Walker. "That's the question?"

'Pay?" ses Henry Walker, speaking afore he 'ad time to think. "Pay? Why, I don't want you to pay anything."

The old gentleman said as 'ow he'd think it over, and Henery started to talk to 'im about his father and an old aunt named Maria, but 'e stopped 'im sharp, and said he was sick and tired of the whole Walker family, and didn't want to 'ear their names ag'in as long as he lived. Henery Walker began to talk about Australey then, and asked 'im 'ow many sheep he'd got, and the words was 'ardly out of 'is mouth afore the old gentleman stood up and said he was arter his money ag'in.

Henery Walker at once gave 'im some more gin and beer, and arter he 'ad drunk it the old gentleman said that he'd go and live with 'im for a little while to see 'ow he liked it.

"But I sha'n't pay anything," he ses, very sharp; "mind that."

"I wouldn't take it if you offered it to me," ses Henery Walker. "You'll come straight 'ome with me to-night, won't you?"

Afore old Mr. Walker could answer the door opened and in came Bob Pretty. He gave one look at Henery Walker and then he walked straight over to the old gentleman and put his 'and on his shoulder.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Mr. Walker," he ses. "I couldn't think wot had 'appened to you."

"You needn't worry yourself, Bob," ses Henery Walker; "he is coming to live with me now."

"Don't you believe it," ses Bob Pretty, taking hold of old Mr. Walker by the arm; "he's my lodger, and he's coming with me."

He began to lead the old gentleman towards the door, but Henery Walker, wot was still sitting down, threw 'is arms round his legs and held 'im tight. Bob Pretty pulled one way and Henery Walker pulled the other, and both of 'em shouted to each other to leave go. The row they made was awful, but old Mr. Walker made more noise than the two of 'em put together.

"You leave go o' my lodger," ses Bob Pretty.

"You leave go o' my great-uncle—my dear great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, as the old gentleman called 'im a bad name and asked 'im whether he thought he was made of iron.

"'YOU LEAVE GO O' MY LODGER,' SES BOB PRETTY."

I believe they'd ha' been at it till closing-time, on'y Smith, the landlord, came running in from the back and told them to go outside. He 'ad to shout to make 'imself heard, and all four of 'em seemed to be trying which could make the most noise.

"He's my lodger," ses Bob Pretty, "and he can't go without giving me proper notice; that's the lor—a week's notice."

They all shouted ag'in then, and at last the old gentleman told Henery Walker to give Bob Pretty ten shillings for the week's notice and ha' done with 'im. Henery Walker 'ad only got four shillings with 'im, but 'e borrowed the rest from Smith, and arter he 'ad told Bob Pretty wot he thought of 'im he took old Mr. Walker by the arm and led him 'ome a'most dancing for joy.

Mrs. Walker was nearly as pleased as wot 'e was, and the fuss they made of the old gentleman was sinful a'most. He 'ad to speak about it 'imself at last, and he told 'em plain that when 'e wanted arf-a-dozen sore-eyed children to be brought down in their night-gowns to kiss 'im while he was eating sausages, he'd say so.

Arter that Mrs. Walker was afraid that 'e might object when her and her 'usband gave up their bedroom to 'im; but he didn't. He took it all as 'is right, and when Henery Walker, who was sleeping in the next room with three of 'is boys, fell out o' bed for the second time, he got up and rapped on the wall.

Bob Pretty came round the next morning with a tin box that belonged to the old man, and 'e was so perlite and nice to 'im that Henery Walker could see that he 'ad 'opes of getting 'im back ag'in. The box was carried upstairs and put under old Mr. Walker's bed, and 'e was so partikler about its being locked, and about nobody being about when 'e opened it, that Mrs. Walker went arf out of her mind with curiosity.

"I s'pose you've looked to see that Bob Pretty didn't take anything out of it?" ses Henery Walker.

"He didn't 'ave the chance," ses the old gentleman. "It's always kep' locked."

"It's a box that looks as though it might 'ave been made in Australey," ses Henery Walker, who was longing to talk about them parts.

"If you say another word about Australey to me," ses old Mr. Walker, firing up, "off I go. Mind that! You're arter my money, and if you're not careful you sha'n't 'ave a farthing of it."

That was the last time the word "Australey" passed Henery Walker's lips, and even when 'e saw his great-uncle writing letters there he didn't say anything. And the old man was so suspicious of Mrs. Walker's curiosity that all the letters that was wrote to 'im he 'ad sent to Bob Pretty's. He used to call there pretty near every morning to see whether any 'ad come for 'im.

In three months Henery Walker 'adn't seen the colour of 'is money, and, wot was worse still, he took to giving Henery's things away. Mrs. Walker 'ad been complaining for some time of 'ow bad the hens 'ad been laying, and one morning at breakfast-time she told her 'usband that, besides missing eggs, two of 'er best hens 'ad been stolen in the night.

"They wasn't stolen," ses old Mr. Walker, putting down 'is teacup. "I took 'em round this morning and give 'em to Bob Pretty."

"Give 'em to Bob Pretty?" ses Henery Walker, arf choking. "Wot for?"

"'Cos he asked me for 'em," ses the old gentleman. "Wot are you looking like that for?"

Henery couldn't answer 'im, and the old gentleman, looking very fierce, got up from the table and told Mrs. Walker to give 'im his hat. Henery Walker clung to 'im with tears in his eyes a'most and begged 'im not to go, and arter a lot of talk old Mr. Walker said he'd look over it this time, but it mustn't occur ag'in.

Arter that 'e did as 'e liked with Henery Walker's things, and Henery dursen't say a word to 'im. Bob Pretty used to come up and flatter 'im and beg 'im to go back and lodge with 'im, and Henery was so afraid he'd go that he didn't say a word when old Mr. Walker used to give Bob Pretty things to make up for 'is disappointment. He 'eard on the quiet from Bill Chambers, who said that the old man 'ad told it to Bob Pretty as a dead secret, that 'e 'ad left 'im all his money, and he was ready to put up with anything.

The old man must ha' been living with Henery Walker for over eighteen months when one night he passed away in 'is sleep. Henery knew that his 'art was wrong, because he 'ad just paid Dr. Green 'is bill for saying that 'e couldn't do anything for 'im, but it was a surprise to 'im all the same. He blew his nose 'ard and Mrs. Walker kept rubbing 'er eyes with her apron while they talked in whispers and wondered 'ow much money they 'ad come in for.

In less than ten minutes the news was all over Claybury, and arf the people in the place hanging round in front of the 'ouse

waiting to hear 'ow much the Walkers 'ad come in for. Henery Walker pulled the blind on one side for a moment and shook his 'ead at them to go away. Some of them did go back a yard or two, and then they stood staring at Bob Pretty, wot come up as bold as brass and knocked at the door.

"Wot's this I 'ear?" he ses, when Henery Walker opened it. "You don't mean to tell me that the pore old gentleman has really gone? I told 'im wot would happen if 'e came to lodge with you."

"You be off," ses Henery Walker; "he hasn't left you anything."

"I know that," ses Bob Pretty, shaking his 'ead. "You're welcome to it, Henery, if there is anything. I never bore any malice to you for taking of 'im away from us. I could see you'd took a fancy to 'im from the fust. The way you pretended 'e was your great-uncle showed me that."

"Wot are you talking about?" ses Henery Walker. "He *was* my great-uncle!"

"Have it your own way, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "on'y, if you asked me, I should say that he was my wife's grandfather."

"*Your wife's grandfather?*" ses Henery Walker, in a choking voice.

He stood staring at 'im, stupid-like, for a minute or two, but he couldn't get out another word. In a flash 'e saw 'ow he'd been done, and how Bob Pretty 'ad been deceiving 'im all along, and the idea that he 'ad arf ruined himself keeping Mrs. Pretty's grandfather for 'em pretty near sent 'im out of his mind.

"But how is it 'is name was Josiah Walker, same as Henery's great-uncle?" ses Bill Chambers, who 'ad been crowding round with the others. "Tell me that!"

"He 'ad a fancy for it," ses Bob Pretty, "and being a 'armless amusement we let him 'ave his own way. I told Henery Walker over and over ag'in that it wasn't his uncle, but he wouldn't believe me. I've got witnesses to it. Wot did you say, Henery?"

Henery Walker drew 'imself up as tall as he could and stared at him. Twice he opened 'is mouth to speak but couldn't, and then he made a odd sort o' choking noise in his throat, and slammed the door in Bob Pretty's face.

"HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN BOB PRETTY'S FACE."

Great English Painters of Beautiful Women.

ALTHOUGH in the galaxy of great British painters of the eighteenth century we find each following his own ideal of female beauty, yet they were curiously trammelled by those conventions which make Lely's portraits seem replicas of each other. It cannot be denied that they differed profoundly in one respect from their predecessors. If you will look at the works of the great Continental masters in our galleries you will see how they avoid intimate portraits of women. Their portraits are almost as impersonal as the lineaments sculptured by the Greeks. Their Madonnas and Venuses are types—that is all. We cannot believe that they ever had a real existence. When intense character and individuality appear upon the canvas, it is nearly always the face of a man. It would appear as if the Old Masters reserved all their penetration and dexterity for the portraits of men. They shrank from revealing the soul of a pretty woman on canvas. They loved to paint Woman, but not women. Of course, it may be urged that a great subject-painter never sees a woman, save in the abstract. The features of every chance model become transfigured and adapted to his own ideal. In our own day Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti each painted one type of woman. But they were not portrait-painters, and the portraits which they attempted of women were apt to be far more influenced by the painter's temperament than the portraits of men.

If we regard Holbein's portraits of the British aristocracy three centuries ago we shall conclude that there were no beautiful women then moving in that class. Holbein never drew a beautiful woman—not because they did not then exist, but because it was impossible for him to paint them. Lely, who set the fashion in painting portraits of women, relied too much on the conventions and on his Royal patron's well-known predilections for a certain form of beauty. It cannot conscientiously be said that any of Lely's portraits are personal and intimate in the sense that one of Mr. Sargent's is personal and intimate.

Then came Hogarth, whose own view of life may be said to have almost precluded him from viewing the more noble and radiant qualities of womanhood. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to us the first English painter who really sought to give an intimate character to his portraits of beautiful women. Hogarth was full of character, but the character inherent in female beauty baffled him.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the relations between limner and sitter were often not such as favoured the utmost fidelity in portraiture work as regards the figure. The aristocratic patron was haughty, brief, and elusive. Sittings were few and short, and the costume, details, and accessories had to be filled up from the painter's imagination. The classic poses of Sir Joshua Reynolds's high-born ladies could never have been sustained for half an hour by his sitters. Nor did the prices then paid for portraits admit of too much absorption in detail. The hands were frequently the work of inferior artists. The draperies were painted in by so-called drapery-painters. Romney mentions that these drapery-painters were able to make as much as five or six hundred pounds a year. To the fashionable portrait-painter, therefore, who had to earn a decent livelihood, genius was indispensable—the genius of seizing instantly upon character and transcribing it in pigments as expeditiously as possible.

In Sir Joshua's indisputable masterpiece of female portraiture, the "Nelly O'Brien," these conditions were different. It was a labour of love, and he must have turned to his subject with heartfelt relief from the throngs of powdered, overdressed patricians whose carriages already blocked the square in front of his studio. In this portrait he could entirely break away from convention as to pose and costume. With Mistress O'Brien he could work at his ease. The relations between poets and painters and the irresponsible comediennes of the town differed in Sir Joshua's day from our own. We cannot,

except by a stretch of the imagination, picture Mr. Swinburne strolling down the Strand with Miss Flossie Fairweather of the Gaiety Theatre any more than we can conjure up Mr. Watts or Sir Edward Burne-Jones lunching joyously with a principal boy of the pantomime. For of such was Mistress Nelly; and yet she and Sir Joshua were on very good terms indeed, and she would sit patiently and obediently through many more sittings than her more aristocratic sisters would have found time to bestow upon the clever Leicester Square limner. That is the reason why the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, now in the Wallace Collection, represents Reynolds's high-water mark as a painter of women. If the picture had been painted in 1780 instead of 1761 we should unhesitatingly say that it was suggested by Rubens's portrait of his wife, the picture which bears the title of "Chapeau de Paille." But Reynolds had not then seen this striking portrait of a woman by the great Flemish master. When he did see it he thought portions of it were "shockingly drawn," but it impressed him. It is one of the few live female portraits of this age—youth in flesh and blood.

But without attempting to compare these two pictures, Reynolds's picture has more *espièglerie*, more intelligence, more intimacy.

With Mrs. Braddyll's portrait, on the other hand, the beholder is held far more aloof. Sir Joshua's opinion was that Mrs. Braddyll was a beautiful woman, but he treated her as he treated a hundred other beautiful women who came to have their faces limned at so many guineas a head He put her on canvas with dignity and restraint, and with that largeness of style which is peculiarly his own, but there is none of the sprightliness, of the vivacity, that distinguishes the "Nelly O'Brien." Mrs. Braddyll was of a heavier type, and if she had her spirited moments the painter had no time to discover and immortalize a more felicitous mood.

The name of George Romney will ever be conjoined to that of Amy Lyon, *alias* Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton. The beauty of this famous adventuress was not for the brush of Romney alone; but if you will study the portraits of Lady Hamilton by other painters you will see in those by Romney a quality of beauty which they never did and never could attain. Lady Hamilton was beautiful in herself, but had Lely painted her, or even Hoppner, the world would have lacked that fleeting, Ariel-like charm which appears in Romney's canvases, seized upon and immortalized because Romney was himself intoxicated and carried away by the revelation of this spirit in his sitter.

But whether animated or in repose Romney's family portraits always have the qualities we have suggested. Nothing could be more graceful and easy than the portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie. This lady, a banker's wife, living in Duke Street, Bloomsbury, is shown seated on a terrace dressed in simple white muslin bound by a crimson silk sash; one arm leans on a stone balustrade, her hands are shown on her lap. It is difficult to say whether it is in the eyes or the mouth that the charm of the expression lies, but it is there to a degree that you will not find in any of the pictures of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. It is the same charm which pervades the works of Correggio. Garrick once said to Reynolds:—

"Cumberland hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire the painter whom he considers a modern Correggio."

"Who is that?" asked Sir Joshua.

"Why, his Correggio," answered Garrick, "is George Romney."

Lady Hamilton, it may well be, was never really the kind of woman, physically speaking, that she appears to us in the various portraits by Romney. She may have been, as Rogers described her, large and statuesque—there she seems dainty and *spirituelle;* she had by fits the airs of Ariel, and these the admiring painter caught and imprisoned on his canvas for all time.

Many moods had Mistress Emma, and Romney caught them all. Sometimes she is arch and smiling as in the Bacchante, at others she is sweet and demure as in the Sempstress, or regal and glowing as in the Circe.

Of her many anecdotes are related, not always, it must be confessed, to her credit. After several years of profligacy and dissolute living in London she married, in 1791, Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples. In Italy she soon became a great social power, and her marvellous beauty and undoubted accomplishments caused artists, poets, and musicians to rave about her. Moreover, she became the intimate friend and confidante of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples and sister of the ill fated Marie Antoinette, and, it is said, played no small part in the political affairs of the country.

In 1784 Sir William Hamilton, referring to his future wife, remarked: "She is better than anything in Nature. In her particular way she is finer than anything to be found in antique art." Twelve years later she would

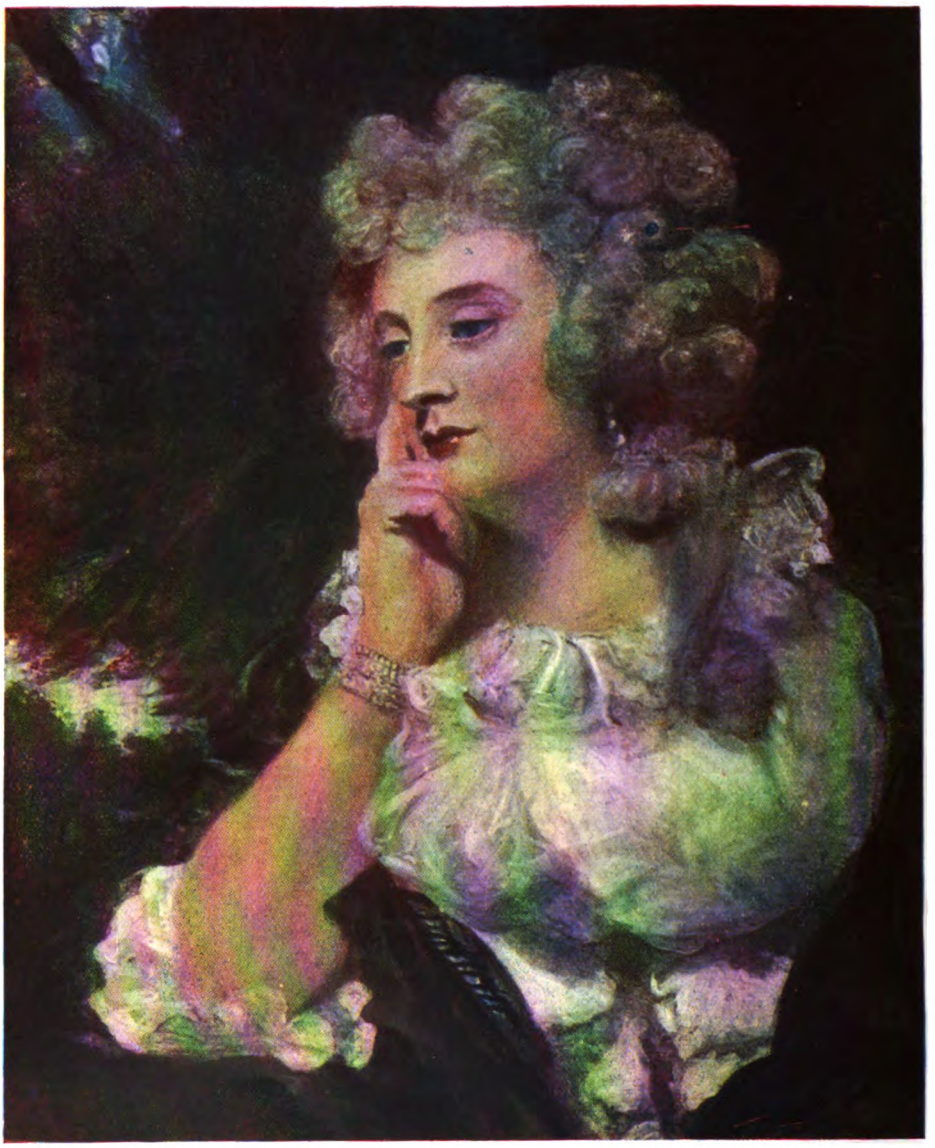
"NELLIE O'BRIEN." By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

appear to have altered considerably, for in November, 1796, Sir Gilbert Elliott wrote: "Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful."

She died in comparative penury at Calais in 1815, just ten years after the death of Nelson, whose romantic attachment to her is so well known.

The facility for capturing and revealing the *esprit*—there is no English equivalent—in a woman is well shown, though more subtly, in the portrait of Lady Craven. Two copies of this portrait were painted—one for General Smith and the other for Horace Walpole, who wrote the following lines in its honour:—

Full many an artist has on canvas fix'd
All charms that Nature's pencil ever mix'd—
The witchery of Eyes, the Grace that tips
The inexpressible douceur of Lips.
Romney alone in this fair image caught
Each Charm's expression and each Feature's thought;
And shows how in their sweet assemblage sit
Taste, Spirit, Softness, Sentiment, and Wit.



"MRS. BRADDYLL." By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Lady Craven was a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and married as her second husband, thirteen years after the portrait we give was painted, Christian Frederick, the Margrave of Anspach. She died at Naples in 1828.

In John Hoppner we have the forerunner of Lawrence and the disciple of Romney. There is nothing impassioned about Hoppner, nor does he ever seek in his portraits of women after that joyous loveliness and liveliness which transcend physical symmetry and excel it. It is not a mere accident that many beautiful women appear on the canvases of a single painter as if he were luckier than his fellow-craftsmen in his sitters. It was Hoppner's task, by reason of his temperament, to remould the beauty before him into a shape more consonant with his own partialities. This "shape" was, of course, not physical, although even here we note a rounding of undoubted angularities and the moulding of lines. Hoppner was a colourist. He painted women as he saw them, but his women have none of the subtlety and magic that the eye of Gainsborough discerned, or the sensual splendour

"MRS. MARK CURRIE." By ROMNEY.

"LADY CRAVEN." By ROMNEY.

which Romney adored in Lady Hamilton. An excellent example of his work is reproduced in the portrait we give of Mary Countess of Oxford.

She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, and wife of the fifth Earl. The portrait, which is life-size, was painted in 1797 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year.

Far more mannered than any artist of his century is Thomas Gainsborough, whose fame as a painter of women has increased with the decades, and his work is more highly rated to-day than that of any of his contemporaries. Gainsborough's technique has something modern and personal about it. Had he confined himself to painting male portraits it is extremely doubtful whether he would occupy the pedestal he does to-day. He was fortunate in his sitters, but he saw them all through a spiritual lens of his own. All his portraits seem *tours de force*. Their peculiar and extraordinary technique seems to overflow and outweigh their value as transcripts of humanity. Take the portrait of Mrs. Robinson. Close beside it in the Wallace Collection the same lady is painted by Reynolds. How differently each sees her, then in the height of her fame.

To few women is it given to lead such an

'LADY HAMILTON." By ROMNEY.

eventful life as that which fell to the lot of the beautiful Mary Robinson, prisoner and poet, actress and playwright, the friend of Royalty and the associate of princes, the story of whose career reads more like a chapter from a highly-coloured romance than the bald narration of historical facts.

Born in Bristol in 1758 of Irish parentage, she received at the early age of thirteen an offer of marriage from a captain in the Royal Navy. Three years later she was led to the altar by Thomas Robinson, an articled clerk, who was regarded by her mother as a man of means and expectations. Two years of unhappy married life then followed, at the end of which she shared the imprisonment of her husband, who was arrested for debt. After ten months of incarceration she was released, and not till then can her career be considered to have begun.

Through the good offices of David Garrick, who greatly interested himself in her, she made her *début* at Drury Lane in 1776 as Juliet. The story of her remarkable beauty was not slow to reach the ears of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and a passionate correspondence soon followed between "Florizel" (the pseudonym adopted by the Royal lover) and "Perdita." A meeting was eventually arranged at Kew, which proved to

"MARY COUNTESS OF OXFORD." By HOPPNER.

be the first of many Romeo and Juliet-like encounters. The liaison, however, did not last long. The Prince succumbed to the charms of a rival beauty, and "Perdita" received a cold note intimating that they must meet no more.

The bond for twenty thousand pounds which had been executed in her favour and signed and sealed with the Royal Arms remained unpaid, and the discarded favourite was reduced to a state of poverty. To the stage she dared not return, knowing how openly she had compromised herself, and so sought refuge in Paris. Here she attracted much attention, and was presented with a purse netted by the hands of Marie Antoinette for—it is thought—repulsing the advances of Philippe d'Orléans. She eventually formed a close intimacy with a colonel in the English Army, which lasted many years, and as the result of a journey undertaken on his behalf she was stricken down with a severe illness which produced a species of paralysis of the lower limbs.

On December 20th, 1800, Mary Robinson died, beautiful to the last, but crippled and

"MRS. SIDDONS." By GAINSBOROUGH.

"MRS ROBINSON." By GAINSBOROUGH.

impoverished. She has been described as a woman of singular charm, but vain, ostentatious, fond of exhibiting herself, and wanting in refinement. During her lifetime she published several volumes of poems, and one of her plays—a satire on women gamblers—was produced at Drury Lane. It was played two or three times amid scenes of great confusion, ladies of rank hissing or sending their servants to hiss. One of the principal performers threw up her part, saying that the piece was intended to ridicule her particular friend.

Mrs. Robinson was to be seen daily in an absurd chariot, with the favourite of the day as driver, and her husband and other fashionable fops as outriders.

"To-day she was a *paysanne* with a straw hat tied at the back of her head, looking as if too new to what she passed to know what she looked at. Yesterday she perhaps had been the dressed belle of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead. To-morrow she would be the cravated Amazon of the riding-house; but be she what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed."

Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragedienne England, if not the world, has ever seen, was the eldest daughter of Roger and Sarah Kemble, and thus from her earliest childhood had a close association with the stage. As a child she displayed marked dramatic ability, and was produced by her parents as an infant phenomenon. When twelve years of age she acted, so it is said, with some military amateurs in "The Grecian Daughter," and caused some wrath among her military associates by bursting into laughter in the midst of a tragic situation. She was afterwards sent to be lady's-maid to a lady in Warwickshire, where she used to recite Milton, Shakespeare, and Rowe in the servants' hall, sometimes before aristocratic company.

Her first season at Drury Lane, where she was engaged by Garrick at a salary of five pounds a week, was an unmistakable failure, but the immense successes she subsequently met with in the provinces induced the London managers to give her another trial, and on the 10th of October, 1782, she reappeared at Drury Lane, playing Isabella in Garrick's version of Southerne's "Fatal Marriage."

The story of her triumph has now passed into history. So powerfully did her emotion affect the audience that many fainted and had to be carried out of the theatre. All London was at her feet and her position as England's leading actress was assured.

One of her most ardent admirers was Samuel Johnson, who thought that she was a "prodigious fine woman." In Reynolds's picture of her as "The Tragic Muse" he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. "I would not lose," he remarked, "the honour this opportunity affords me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Hazlitt spoke of her as "not less than a goddess, or a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine."

Those in front of the footlights were not the only ones to be influenced by her marvellous powers. Actors on the stage engaged for farce could not easily recover their spirits after seeing her in tragedy. Charles Young, when acting with her as Beverley, was so impressed as to lose his power of utterance, and it was not until Mrs. Siddons said to him in a low voice, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself," that he recovered speech.

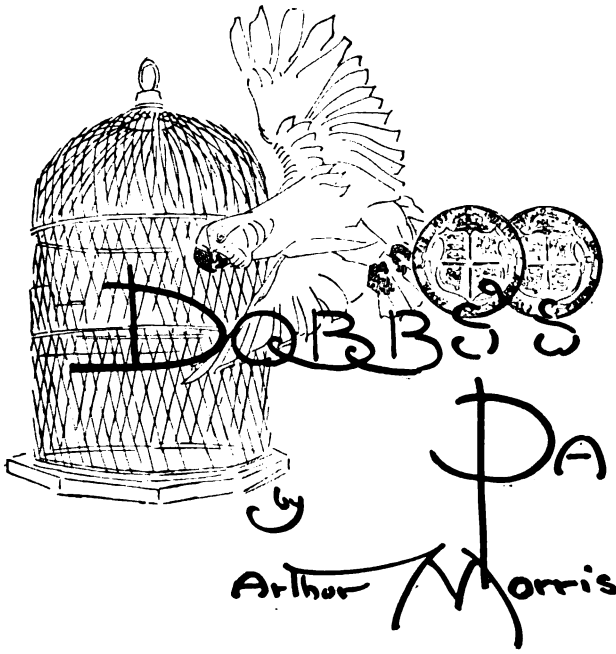
In her conversation she was apt to talk in rhythmic phrase. Scott, whom she used to visit, was accustomed to mimic her speech to an attendant at dinner:—

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

In 1812 she took her benefit at Covent Garden, appearing as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene (said to be beyond all doubt her greatest impersonation), and from this time to the year of her death in 1831 she lived in comparative retirement.

Her physical gifts were great. Her face was noble; her tall figure, which was at first slender and eminently graceful, was always dignified and statuesque; but in her later days she became unwieldy, and had to be assisted when she rose. To divert attention from this the other actresses received similar assistance.

Mrs. Siddons yields to us nothing of her soul in Gainsborough's portrait. We see a beautiful, stately woman, but completely on her guard, with no hint of what may lie behind that serene self-possession. That is the great triumph of Romney. He captured his women, so to speak, off their guard, for which reason we are inclined to award Romney the premier place amongst the Georgian artists as a portrayer of the sex.



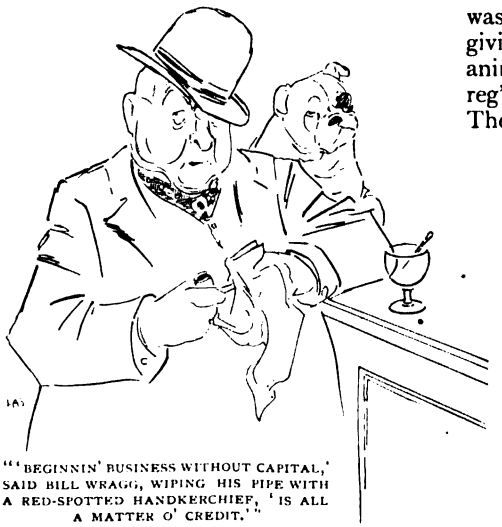
Dobbs's Parrot.

By Arthur Morrison.

BILL WRAGG, dealer in dogs, birds, and guinea-pigs, is a friend I have introduced already, when I told the story of his champion fox-terrier. I learned that history (and some others) before, in a burst of candour aided by rum and milk, he confided to me the true tale of his start in business. He began in the parrot line, as I think I have hinted elsewhere, with a capital of nothing and no parrots. The old rascal has more than once taken me into his confidence in the matter of his business exploits. He had a quaint manner in the telling of such a tale—elliptic, implicit, clothing his scoundrelisms in terms of mere business, and skirting tortuously anything like an admission of the roguery he related.

"Beginnin' business without capital," said Bill Wragg, wiping his pipe with a red-spotted handkerchief, "is all a matter o' credit, o' course. Lots o' people begin on credit, an' do very well; an' different people get their credit different ways. I begun on credit, an' I got my credit from perfick strangers, quite easy.

"I was frightful 'ard up just then—stony-broke, in fact. I'd been lookin' out for odd jobs 'ere an' there, an' gettin' precious few of 'em. Last job I'd had was down Wappin' way, givin' a hand at a foreign animal shop where the reg'lar chap was away ill. The guv'nor, he give me a suit o' clothes to begin with, 'cause he said mine 'ud disgrace the shop, an' so they would. The new clothes wasn't new altogether—a sailor-bloke had died in 'em a fortnight afore, at a crimp's; but they was all right, an' I took it mighty generous o' the guv'nor till the end o' the week, an' then 'e stopped 'em out o' my



"'BEGINNIN' BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL,' SAID BILL WRAGG, WIPING HIS PIPE WITH A RED-SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF, 'IS ALL A MATTER O' CREDIT.'"

wages. Well, I'd been gone away from that job a long time an' there didn't seem another job to be had; so, bein' stony-broke, as I just said, I thought I might as well set up for myself.

"It was the clothes that give me the idea to begin with—them bein' of a seafarin' sort; just the sort o' things a man might wear as was bringin' 'ome a parrot. An' what put the idea into movin' shape was me passin' a little coal office—one o' them little shanties where a clerk sits all day to take orders. I knew that place, consequence of a friend o' mine 'avin' done a little business there about a dawg with the clerk; it was a careless bit o' business, as might ha' got my friend in trouble if the clerk 'adn't gone an' died almost at once. Well, this clerk's name was Dobbs, an', rememberin' that, I thought I see my way to raisin' a bit o' credit.

"I just went into the office all gay an' friendly, an' 'Good arternoon,' I says to the noo clerk. 'Good arternoon; is Mr. Dobbs in?'

"'No,' says he; 'Mr. Dobbs is dead. Been dead six months.'

"'*Dead?*' says I. 'What? *Dead?* My dear ol' pal Dobbs? No, it can't be true,' I says.

"'It is true,' says the chap. 'Anyway, I see the funeral, an' I've got his job.'

"'Well, now,' I says, 'whoever'd 'a' believed it? Poor ol' Dobbs! When I went on my last voyage I left him as well an' 'arty as ever I see anybody! This is a awful shock for me,' I says.

"The clerk was rather a dull-lookin' sort o' chap, with gig-lamps, an' he just nodded his head.

"'Quite a awful shock,' I says. 'Why, I brought 'ome a parrot for 'im! A lovely parrot—talks like a—like a angel an' whistles any toon you like. I come here to see him about it! It's a awful shock.'

"'Yes,' says gig-lamps, 'it was rather sudden.'

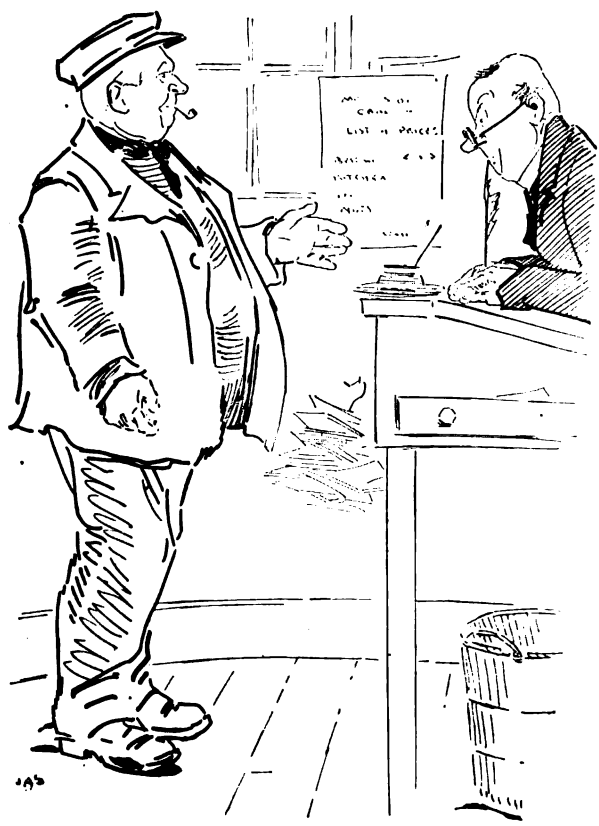
"'Sudden ain't the word,' I says; 'it's positive catastrophageous. An' what am I to do with that beautiful parrot? I can't take it away with me; the new skipper wouldn't stand it—'e's a terror. Besides, I couldn't bear to be reminded of poor ol' Dobbs every time I see 'is lovely ploomage or 'eard 'im talk—talks just like Dan Leno, does that bird. What am I to do with it? I'm a lonely sort o' chap, an' haven't got a soul in the world to give it to, now poor ol' Dobbs is gone. If I only knowed a nice kind 'ome for it I'd—but hold on,' I says, all of a sudden; 'how about you? Will you have it? Eh? I don't b'lieve *you'd* treat sich a 'andsome bird unkind, would you? I'll give 'im to *you*, an' welcome, if you'll take care of 'im. 'E's a valuable bird, too, but, o' course, I don't want to make money out of 'im. Come, you shall have him!'

"I could see old gig-lamps was gettin' interested, thinkin' he was in for a 'andsome present. 'Hem!' he says; 'it's very kind of you, an' of course I'll have the bird with pleasure, an' take every care of him; very kind of you indeed, I'm sure it is.'

"'That's all right,' I says; 'it's nothing to me, so long as pore Peter get's a good 'ome. Peter's his name,' I says. 'I'll go an' fetch him along 'ere. Got a cage?'

"'Why, no,' says he. 'I ain't got a cage.'

"'Must 'ave a cage,' says I. 'The one he's in now don't belong to me. Must 'ave



"TALK'S JUST LIKE DAN LENO, DOES THAT BIRD."

a cage. What are you goin' to do about it?'

"'I dunno,' says gig-lamps, lookin' 'elpless.

"'A good parrot-cage comes a bit dear to buy new,' I says. 'But there's a fine second-hand one you might get cheap just over in Walworth. I'll mind the office while you go.'

"'No,' he says; 'I can't leave the place.' Of course, I knowed that well enough—it was part o' the game. 'I can't leave the place,' says he. 'I s'pose *you* couldn't see about it?'

"'Well,' says I, thoughtful like, 'I'm a bit busy, but p'r'aps I might. 'It's a fine cage an' worth a price, but, properly managed, I might *try* and get it for five bob, though I expect it'll be more. Anyhow,' I says, 'give me the five bob, an' if I have to pay any more you can let me have the difference arterwards.' I just puts out my hand, casual, an' in drops the five bob. So I went out that much to the good in credit."

Here I fear I exhibited something perilously like a grin. "Credit or cash?" I queried.

"Credit I said, sir," Bill replied, virtuously. "Cash an' credit's the same thing with a man o' business like me. I went out with that five bob, an' I put in threepence of it for a small drink that I wanted very bad arter bein' without so long. I had my drink an' I thought things over, an' I made up my mind that ten bob was just twice as useful as five to start business with, an' there was just such another office of the same coal company only a penny tram-ride off, that might be good for another crown. So I took that penny tram-ride an' found the other office. It was a much smarter, brisker-lookin' chap at this place, I found, but I went at him the same way.

"'Dobbs?' says the new chap. 'No; he used to be up at the next office along the road there, but he's dead now.'

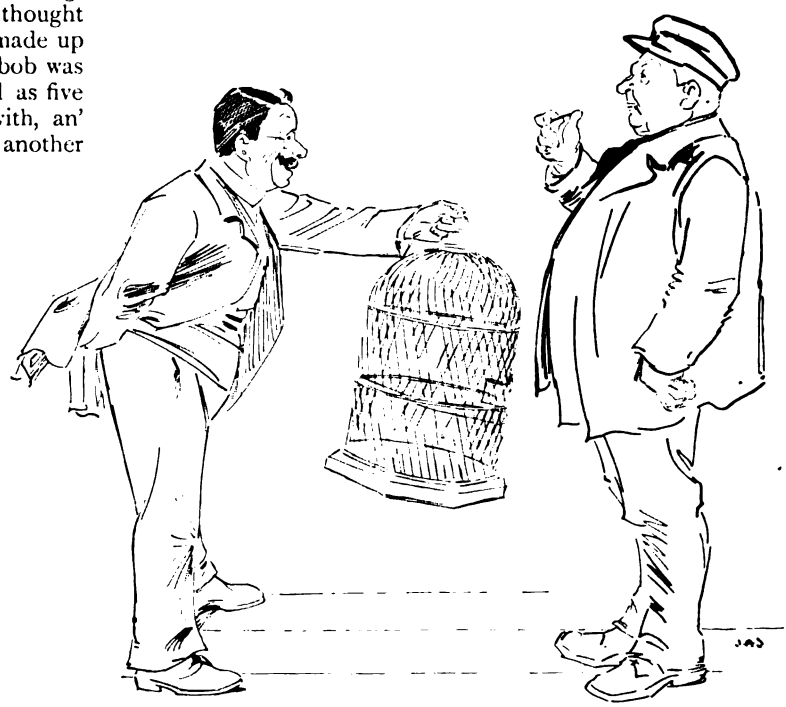
"'*Dead?*' says I. 'What, my ol' pal Dobbs?' And I did it all over again for the new chap. I think the trouble was worth the money and more, but a chap mustn't be afraid o' work when he's beginnin' business with no capital. So I did it all again very careful, an' when I came to offerin' him the parrot he was ready enough.

"'Why, rather,' he says; 'I'll have him. I'm very fond o' birds. A parrot's just what I want.'

"'All right,' says I, 'you shall have him an' welcome. I'll fetch him along here.' So I starts round to go and pitches back the old question from the door. 'Got a cage?' says I.

"This time I got a bit of a surprise. 'Cage?' says he; 'oh, yes, I've got a cage—got a stunner that belonged to my aunt. A parrot's just what I wanted to put in it. Here it is.'

"An' he went into the little cubby-hole at the back an' dragged out a fust-rate brass cage as good as new. It wasn't what I'd expected, a coincidence like that, but it don't do to be took aback at little changes o' luck. 'All right,' says I, 'that'll do.' An' I laid 'old o' the cage an' slung out with it.



"HE DRAGGED OUT A FUST-RATE BRASS CAGE AS GOOD AS NEW."

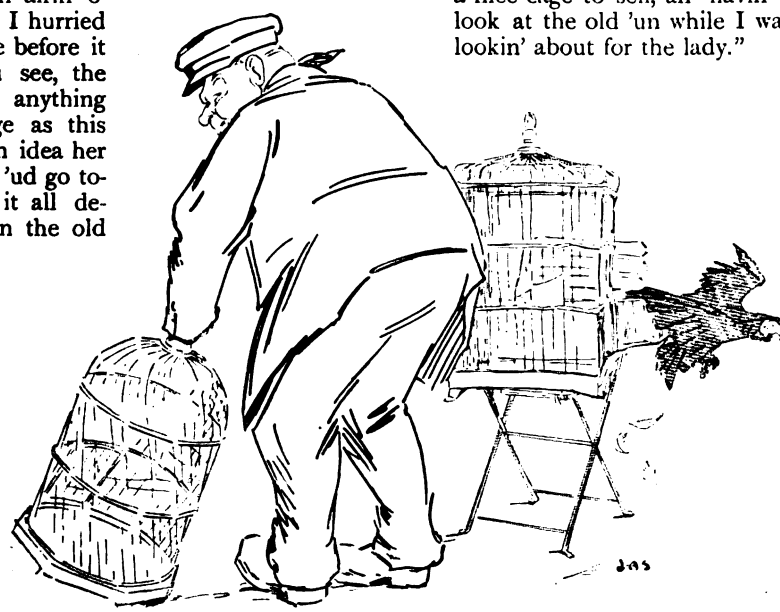
"Some chaps mightn't have the presence o' mind for that, havin' only the five bob in their minds, but a man o' business is got to be ekal to anything as comes along, an' this 'ere cage was worth a sight more'n the five bob, anyhow. So there I was, a business man at large, with the rest o' five bob an' a fust-class brass parrot-cage, on credit, to begin business with.

"Well, the best parrot-cage in the world ain't complete without a parrot, so I see very well that the next move ought to be towards a bird o' that specie. I brought to mind a very nice one I'd often seen in a quiet road not very many streets away, one as belonged to a nice old lady in a very nice 'ouse with a front garden to it. I'd seen that parrot stood outside for an airin' o' fine arternoons, an' I hurried up now to get there before it was took in. You see, the old gal hadn't got anything like so fine a cage as this brass one, an' I'd an idea her parrot an' my cage 'ud go together well. But it all depended, you see, on the old lady bein' in sight or not whether my cage went outside 'er parrot—at a price—or 'er parrot went inside my cage—for nothin'. There'd be more business in the last arrangement, o' course, but you have to take the best you can get in these 'ard times.

"I hurried up, an' when I came to the place I see the parrot there all right, standin' outside on a garden chair. I just strolled in an' up the gravel path, swinging the brass cage on my finger an' lookin' round for the old lady. I couldn't see her nor anybody else, so I went up to the parrot an' had a look at him. He was a fine, 'andsome bird, an' the cage he had wasn't good enough for him by a lot. It was just an ornery sort o' iron wire cage, half wore out, an' the fastenin' was pretty nigh droppin' off with rust. It was plain enough it was *my* cage that bird ought to be in, not a wore-out old thing like the one he'd got. I had a look round to make sure nobody was about, an' then I took 'old o' that rusty old catch an' it came open afore I could ha' winked."

"Surprising!" I interjected. "And then I suppose the parrot flew straight into the brass cage?"

"No, sir," Bill Wragg answered, calmly; "you're s'posin' wrong. That wouldn't be a likely thing for it to do. I might ha' made it a bit more likely by shovin' the open door o' one cage agin the other, but that would ha' looked suspicious, an' I wasn't *quite* sure that somebody mightn't be a-peepin' from somewhere. Why, they might ha' thought I wanted to steal the bird! You'd scarcely believe 'ow suspicious people are. As it was, you see, it was nothin' but a accident as might have occurred to anybody. I was just bringing in a nice cage to sell, an' havin' a look at the old 'un while I was lookin' about for the lady."



"THAT PARROT NO SOONER FOUND THE DOOR OPEN THAN HE FLEW OUT."

"Yes, of course, I said, as solemnly as I could manage. "Of course."

"Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but that parrot no sooner found the door open than he flew out. Nothin' to do with me, o' course, but he did fly out, an' quite properly I went arter him. I'd been the cause o' the accident, you see, in a sort of way, so I thought I ought to do what I could to catch the bird—only fair an' proper. He flew out over the railings an' down the road, an' I went out of the gate an' trotted down the road arter him. He 'lighted fust on a tree at the corner, so I lets fly a stone an' started him off o' that, an' away he went down the side street an' along another turnin'.

"Arter that it was plain sailin'—all but the actual ketchin' of 'im. You can pretty easy keep a parrot in sight—he takes a rest somewhere every fifty yards or so. Nobody hadn't noticed in the quiet streets, but as soon as we got out a bit into the traffic the crowd got bigger every second, all huntin' the parrot, an' all ready to give 'im to me as soon as he was caught. 'Cause why? I dunno. I was just a-runnin' arter him with a open cage in my hand, that's all. *I* never said he was my parrot. But everybody else kep' sayin' he was, an' it's a waste o' time to start contradictin' a crowd. So I kep' well up in the mob, an' kep' a look-out in case the old lady should turn up, or one o' them coal-office clerks. The crowd kep' gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' I got to be sich a celebrated an' conspickious character I began to feel a bit uncomfortable about it. You wouldn't think there was such a lot o' fools about ready to come crowdin' up an' shoutin' an' rousin' up the parish just because of a parrot gettin' loose. O' course, I expected there'd be a bit of a crowd, but I hadn't looked for quite sich a row as this, an' I didn't want it, neither. 'There 'e is—that's 'im!' they was a-sayin'. 'That sea-farin'-lookin' bloke with the empty cage—'e's lost 'is parrot' Celebrity an' fame's all very well in its place, but a man o' business, settin' up for 'isself on credit, like me, don't want too much of it at once. An' the wust of it was, that there rediklus parrot was a-workin' 'is way nearer an' nearer to the main road with the tram-lines on it an' them coal-offices one at each end, an' the 'ole neighbourhood turnin' out as we went along.

"But nothin' lasts for ever, an' in the end he 'lighted on the sill of a attic winder at a corner 'ouse o' the main road, an' a slavey that was in the attic, she claps a towel over him an' stands there screamin' at the winder for fear he might peck through the towel.

"'All right, miss,' I sings out; 'old tight! He won't bite! I'm a-comin'.'

"So they lets me in the front door, civil as butter, an' I goes up to the attic an' in about half a quarter of a minute pretty Polly was inside the brass cage, as 'andsome and soot-able as you please. I told the slavey she was the smartest an' prettiest gal I'd seen since fust I went a-sailin' on the stormy ocean, an' 'ow I wished I was a bit younger an' 'andsomer myself, for 'er sake, so it didn't cost me nothin', which was a bit o' luck, for I'd been countin' on havin' to fork out a bob to somebody for collarin' that bird.

"Well, the crowd began to melt a bit when I come out, the excitement bein' over, but I didn't like the look o' things much, so I made up my mind I'd get the job over as soon as I could. I didn't know when the old lady might turn up, an' though, o' course, I was only tryin' to ketch her parrot for her, what had got out accidental, things might 'a' looked suspicious. Still, o' course, anybody could see that if I'd been a thief I'd 'a' walked off with the bird an' cage an' all to begin with. A proper man o' business allus arranges things like that, for fear of accidents. Men o' business as ain't clever enough to manage it is nothin' but dishonest persons, an' liable to be took up.

"There was a fine big pub across the road, at a corner a little farther down—sich a fine pub that it was a hotel, with a proper hotel entrance at one side, with plants in tubs an' red carpets. It looked a sort o' place that could afford a price, so I went in—not the hotel entrance, but just the other side, where there was a choice of three or four bar compartments. I went in the private bar, an' got on to the landlord straight away as soon as I'd ordered a drink.

"'I wanted that drink,' I says, 'arter the chase I've 'ad for this parrot. Not but what he ain't worth it—I don't b'lieve you could match a parrot like that, not in the Z'logical Gardens. I meant him for my dear ol' pal Dobbs, at the coal-office along the road, as you might ha' known afore he died. When I 'eard the sad noos, I thought I'd take 'im up to Leaden'all Market an' sell 'im; 'e's worth ten quid of anybody's money, is that bird, an' the cage 'ud be cheap at a couple. But I managed to let him loose—my fault, through fiddlin' with the catch o' the cage-door. An' 'e's led me sich a dance, it'll be too late for me to git up to the market now.'

"The parrot had been a-straightenin' of his feathers out an' makin' hisself tidy arter the scramble, an' just at this very moment he gives a sort o' little grumble to hisself an' then raps out, 'Pretty Poll! Halloa! Shut up!'

"'Hear him talk!' I says. 'He'll go on like that all day, an' say anything you please. What an ornament he'd be to this 'andsome bar o' yours! People'd come a-purpose to see him. Come,' I says, 'you shall have him for five pound, cage an' all! How's that?' says I.

"Well, the landlord was quite on to buy him, but, o' course, he wouldn't do it without a haggle—'twasn't likely. But arter a bit we settled it at three quid, an' he handed over

"'COME,' I SAYS, 'YOU SHALL HAVE HIM FOR FIVE POUND, CAGE AN' ALL!'"

the jemmies. An' cheap it was, too. So he stood the cage up on the top o' where a partition joined the bar-screen, where everybody could see him, an' said he'd have a proper shelf made for him to-morrow. I didn't hang about much arter that, you may guess. But as soon as I got into the street who should I see but the clerk from the coal-office, the one that had sprung the five bob, talking to a chap as was pointin' to the pub. Of course, the fust thing I thought of was a bolt, but afore I could make up my mind he caught sight o' me; so up I went as bold as brass.

"'Halloa!' says I, 'that there parrot o' yours 'as led me a pretty dance. Got out o' the cage an' kep' me all the arternoon chasin' him.'

"'Yes,' says old gig-lamps, 'I wondered where you'd got to, but when I shut the office I heard about a parrot bein' loose, an' that man told me you'd brought it in here.'

"'Quite right,' says I,' 'an' so I did. Come in yourself an' see it. But the cage ain't settled for yet,' I says, 'an' it'll cost you five bob more at least, though the chap's askin' ten more.'

"So I led him into the compartment on one side o' the partition, an' showed him the bird an' the cage.

"'What are you goin' to stand?' says I. 'You can see what sort of a cage it is — two quid's nearer its real price than ten bob.'

"Old gig-lamps calls for whisky an' soda for two, an' says 'Pretty Polly!' to the bird, same as what any customer might do, and then he hands me over another five bob.

"'I think he'll take ten bob,' says I, 'an' I'll just run round an' see, if you'll wait here.'

"I was in a extra hurry, you see, for a very good reason. He was sittin' down, but I was standin' up an' keepin' a weather eye on the street outside; an' there who should I see, starin' up at the pub front, but the clerk from the other coal-office! 'What-ho!' thinks I; 'this tale o' the parrot hunt's got about, an' things is warmin' up!' So I skips out quick, an' ketches the chap by the arm.

"'Halloa!' says he; 'what about that parrot?'

"''Ain't you heard?' says I. 'He got out o' the cage an' led me no end of a dance. But he's all right,' I says, an' I led the chap off to another compartment, away from his pal.

"'I did hear about it,' says he, 'an' that's why I came here. I began to wonder where you'd got to.'

"'All right,' says I; 'he's safe enough—I left him in charge o' the landlord an' was a-comin' along arter you, 'cos I wanted to tell you something private. The fact is,' I says, whisperin' in his ear, 'the landlord's took a great fancy to that parrot. He's fair mad on it. O' course, the parrot's yours, an' you can sell it or not, just as you please. But if you *do* sell it, don't take less than ten pound; an' if you get ten pound—well, I think I ought to have a quid or two out of it, oughtn't I,

seein' as I give you the bird? That's fair, ain't it?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'that's all right. If I get a tenner for it, I'll see you afterwards.'

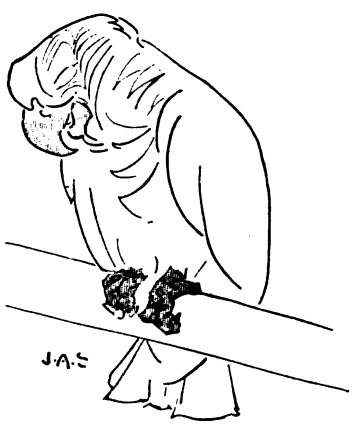
"'All right,' says I. 'You come in an' sit down, an' don't say nothing about it. You mustn't seem anxious to sell. I told the landlord I was goin' to see the owner, an' I'll go round the back way an' talk him confidential into givin' a good price. You lie low till I give you the tip.'

"So he goes in an' sees his cage there all safe with the parrot in it, an' he orders his drink an' sits down quiet. I thought o' rushin' round into the private bar an' tellin' the landlord he was a chap comin' to offer a price for the bird, just to mix things up a bit while I got away. But when I got outside there was another surprise, s'elp me. It was just gettin' dusk, an' there was the poor old lady as had lost her parrot, with a handkerchief over her head an' the cage in 'er 'and, comin' down the road disconsolate, lookin' up at the houses after her bird!

"When you've got a run o' luck, foller it up. That's my motto. It was a bit of a risk, but I skipped across the road an' said, 'Beg pardon, mum, but was you a-lookin' for a parrot?'

"'Oh, yes,' she says. 'Have you seen it? If you'll only help me find my poor bird I'll be *so* grateful! I didn't know he'd got out till I went to bring the cage in. Several people told me he'd come along this road an' been caught,' says she. 'Is that true? Do you know who's got him?'

"'Yes, mum,' says I. 'I can put you on the track at once. Your parrot's in that public-'ouse opposite, havin' been took there by the man as caught it. I'll see about it for you, mum,' I says. 'You come across an' sit down in the hotel entrance, mum. It's quite respectable there, mum. The man what's got it is a low sort o' chap, mum—a coalheaver, name o' Dobbs, a-sittin' in the jug department. You can see your bird from the hotel entrance, mum, stood up on a partition. O' course, a rough feller like that Dobbs wouldn't be allowed in the hotel entrance, an' a lady like you couldn't go into the jug department. *I'll* see about it. I expect he'll cut up rough an' want to claim the bird, mum, but *I'll* see you git your rights, mum!'



"'Oh, thank you,' says the old gal; 'I *shall* be so grateful if you will! I've been *so* distressed at the idea of losin' my dear Polly! If you will get him back I'll be *most* grateful. Of course, I'll pay a reward.'

"'Jesso, mum,' I says, 'jesso. But not more'n half a sovereign. I'll see you ain't swindled, mum,' I says. 'That chap Dobbs 'ud be extortionate, but not a farden more'n half a sovereign, mum,' says I, 'if you'll allow me to advise you. *I'll* see to it for you, mum. You just sit down in the hotel entrance, mum, an' give me the half-sovereign, an' I'll talk to him firm. It's the only way with these low characters. I'll talk to him firm, an' mention the p'lice. *I'll* see about it for you, mum!'

"So I sits the old girl down with her bird-cage on the settee in the hotel entrance, takes her half quid, an'—well, I left 'er there an' hooked it round the first turnin' an' travelled straight ahead, fast, for the next half-hour.

"That made pretty near four quid altogether, raised on credit. In my business a chap as can't start very well on four quid ain't fit to start at all, an' I done very well, startin' on credit, like I'm a-tellin' you."

"And you've never met any of your creditors since?" I asked.

"No, sir, I ain't. My business don't seem to take me that way. It's just a book debt, you see—just a book debt. *They* can't complain. What they was all arter—the two coal clerks, the landlord, an' the old lady—what they paid for, was nothin' but the parrot an' the cage, an' there it was for them, with them all round it. They couldn't expect more'n that, could they?"

For the first time during the story I could detect an indistinct chuckle from somewhere deep in Bill Wragg's throat.

"There's just one thing I was sorry for," he said, "but then you can't 'ave everything. I *should* 'a' liked to 'a' seen the shindy when them respectable parties got tired o' waitin', an' began to start in an' try to settle it all among 'emselves! I'd almost 'a' give a quid back to 'ear 'ow they *did* settle it! But that 'ud be a luxury, an' a man o' business starting on credit can't afford luxuries!"

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.

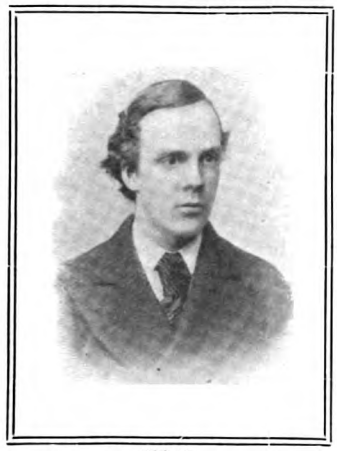
"GIVE me my books, my golf-clubs, and leisure," wrote Mr. Balfour to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf, and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire to-morrow without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty, I would gladly do so."

It is a proof of Mr. Balfour's great abilities that, in spite of his innumerable activities in politics and his known sense of duty, he yet finds time to do what he wants. He reads a lot, writes a little plays plenty of golf, and, if we may trust what we hear of his disposition, has nothing to worry about. In many ways he is a veritable child of the fairies. He is the happy possessor of the four F's—fortune, family, friends, and fame—any one of which should make easy the path of an ordinary man's life. In addition to these, he owns an intellect which, had he possessed neither of the first three gifts, would still have gained for him the last.

Anyone can obtain from a handy book of reference the main facts of Mr. Balfour's life—his birth in 1848, his successful University career, and his appointment as private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, which carried him by quick, successive periods to

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

the Irish Secretaryship, the leadership of the House of Commons, and, in twenty-eight years from the time he entered Parliament, to the Premiership. The very dates in that career speak volumes.



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

Of more immediate interest, however, is the man himself. What, you ask, is the real Mr. Balfour like? For reply you need only glance at the pictures taken from his boyhood to the present to discover a genial softness of nature which has made him so well liked personally even by his bitter political opponents. As the late Dr. Tanner, M.P., once said, referring to Mr. Balfour's work in the House during the stormy days of the Irish

Secretaryship: "He tells us with exquisite politeness that we are fools when we meet him here, and he sends us to jail when we are in Ireland. But he has such a charming way with him that nobody can help liking him." This comment, to a large extent, sums up the personality—we might almost say the dual personality—of Mr. Balfour. His is a nature seemingly

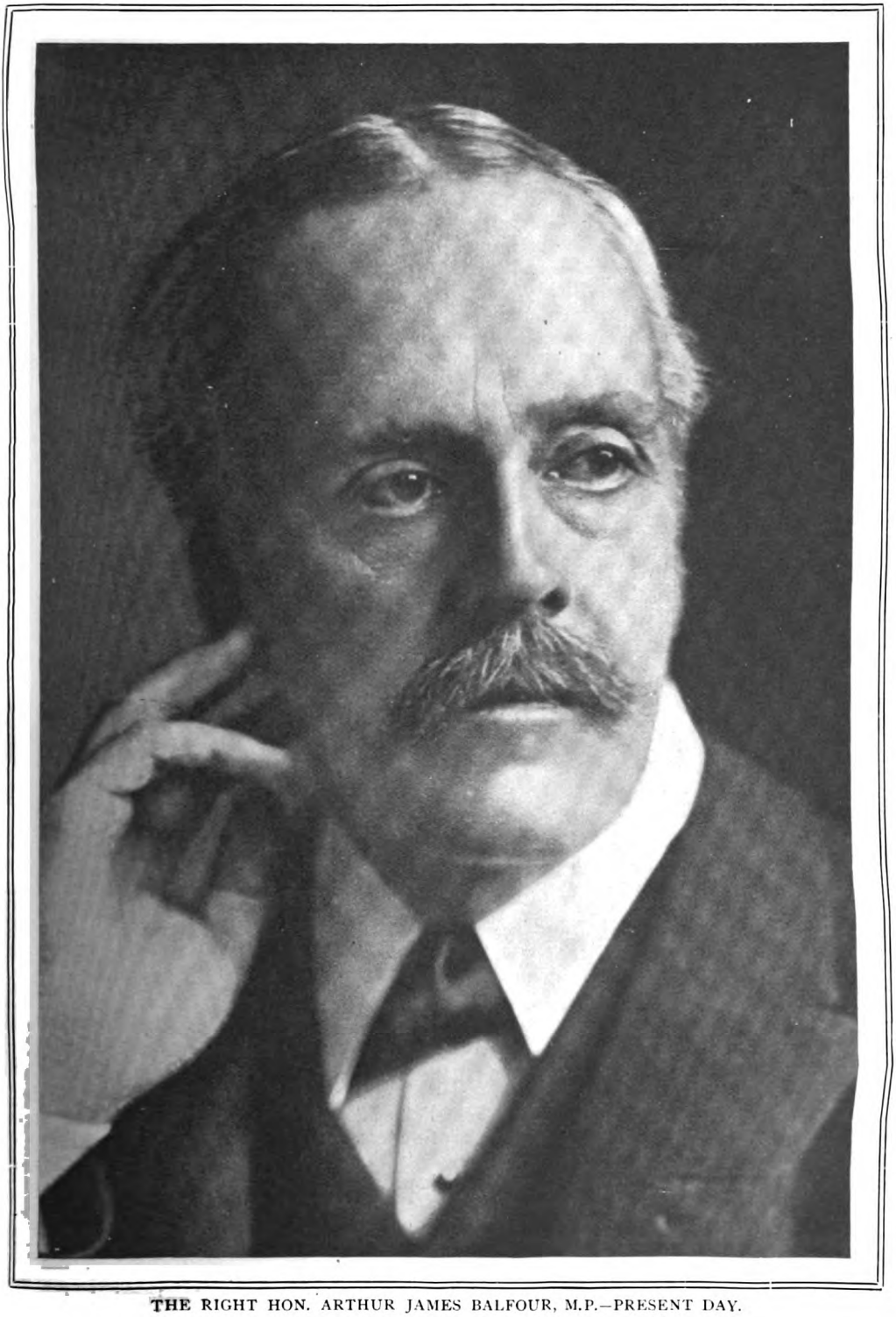
AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Prümm, Berlin.

AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

full of contradictions. He gives you to understand that his indolence is profound, yet he works like a slave. He calls himself a "child" in many matters of State, yet handles these matters with a remarkable knowledge of statecraft and a surprising foresight of results. His very bearing suggests a languid unfitness for the performance, at decisive moments, of great tasks, yet he has come through several trials triumphantly which demanded dogged courage and an iron hand. Even at the present day, when he has been thirty-two years before the public, he remains a puzzle. Some say, so far as his literary work is concerned, that he is not a great philosophic thinker, but a mere controversialist. In regard to his political abilities, some say he is merely an aristocrat in politics, not a constructive statesman with originality of method, and they call him "breaker," not "maker." And, it may be added, the publicists who have quarrelled over this particular puzzle have been very able men.

There is no better speaker in the House of Commons than Mr. Balfour. Our old friend "Toby, M.P.," says that his range "is exceptionally wide. He can, and frequently does, make the House roar with laughter, and upon meet occasion is capable of simply touching the chord of pathos. He has the gift, valuable to a Leader of the House of Commons, of being able to speak on almost any subject without laboured preparation. The great majority of his speeches are delivered without notes." This power of speech, be it noted, is not a gift, but an acquisition through hard work and continual practice. In his early days Mr. Balfour was a distinct failure as a speaker, so that his success to-day should be a stimulus to effort in every timid orator.

From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[W. & D. Downey.*



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by H. Walter Barnett

THE GREAT JOURNEY.

By J. J. Bell.

I.

"COME awa', Peter," said Mrs. Peebles, a little sharply. "Ye're late for yer tea again! Whaur ha'e ye been since denner-time? Eh?"

The old man entered the kitchen smiling, and seated himself at the table without reply.

"Ha'e ye been doon at the docks again?" his wife inquired, as she removed the brown teapot from the hob to the bright green woolly mat on the table.

"Jist that," said Mr. Peebles, mildly.

Mrs. Peebles made an impatient gesture, but checked an impatient remark. "Ask a blessin', Peter," she said, quietly.

Peter obeyed, and then attacked the buttered toast with a hearty appetite.

Presently he looked at his wife, still smiling, and observed:—

"It's an ill thing to manage is a young hert in an auld body, Bess. Is it no?"

"Tits!" muttered Mrs. Peebles. "You an' yer auld body!"

Mr. Peebles finished his slice of toast and helped himself to another.

"I suppose ye've been thinkin'," he resumed, "it wis a peety I ever retired frae wark. I used to be as reg'lar as the clock, but noo I'm aye late for ma tea, as ye say. Ay, I doot I'll ha'e to try an' get anither job, Bess. Whit think ye?"

"I think ye're jist a haver!"

"I doot I wudna get anither foresman's job, an' I'm feart Maister Harvey wud think it gey queer if I wis to wark for ither folk an' draw a pension frae his firm—an' a guid pension forbye. But it'll never dae for you to ha'e a man that's drappin' intil irreg'lar habits, as they say; an' so ye've jist got to say the word, Bess, an' I'll——"

"Oh, haud yer tongue, man, haud yer tongue!" cried Mrs. Peebles. "But—but I ken ye're no serious."

"I'm no sae shair aboot that. I'm maybe three-score an' ten, but I've better health an' mair strength nor mony o' fifty. 'Deed, ay! I wis helpin' some lads doon at the docks the day at a big vessel that wis dischairgin' wudd, an'——"

"Ye wis whit?"

"Och, naethin'. Never heed."

"'OH, HAUD YER TONGUE, MAN, HAUD YER TONGUE!' CRIED MRS. PEEBLES."

"Whit wis ye daein' at the docks the day, Peter?" his wife demanded, with great firmness.

"Oh, jist—a—jist gi'ein' some lads a haun', ye ken," said the old man, unwillingly.

"Liftin' wudd?"

"'Mphm! That wis aboot the size o' 't. I maun dae something, ye ken. I'm ower strong to dae naethin'."

Mrs. Peebles threw up her hands in horror. "Liftin' wudd at the docks!" she wailed. "Peter Peebles, whit am I to dae wi' ye?"

"Dinna fash yersel', Bess," he returned. "I'm no that easy hurtit. Some o' the lads wis tellin' me stories aboot their traivels, an'——"

"Lees, I suppose! I wudna believe onything I heard doon at the docks."

"Wis ye ever there?"

"Never! An' I hope I'll never be!"

"Och, wumman, ye needna be that severe," said the old man, reproachfully. "Ye ken I like to hear aboot furrin pairts. Books is guid enough in their wey, but there's naethin' like the story frae the mooth o' the man that has seen the strange places and the strange things."

"But ye needna be liftin' wudd doon at the docks, Peter," said his wife, more gently. "I ken ye're daft to hear aboot strange places an' strange sichts, but—but—liftin' wudd! Oh, dearie me!"

"Aweel, I'll no dae 't again," Mr. Peebles returned, with an effort at cheerfulness. "I wis speakin' to a captain the day, an' he said he wud tak' me hauf roon' the warld an' back for twinty-five pound."

"I wud like to ha'e three words wi' that captain!" murmured Mrs. Peebles.

"He said he wud tak' the twa o' us for forty," continued Peter, mildly. "Eh! but it wud be a graun' thing to see the warld, Bess! Wud it no?"

"Ye're lettin' yer tea get cauld. An' whaur's yer forty pound?"

Peter smiled rather sadly.

His wife softened. "'Deed, Peter, ye may weel talk o' a young hert in an auld body—I'll no say a young heid on auld shoothers. Ye've havered aboot seein' the warld since I first kent ye; an' that's near fifty year back. I'm shair we've been rale happy in Glesca. Aye plenty to eat, an' a warm wee hoose to bide in; bairns that ha'e growed up to mak' us prood—a' daein' weel, an' happy mairrit; guid health for us baith, an' wur auld age providet for. Whit mair dae ye want, Peter?"

"I suppose ye're richt, Bess, I suppose ye're richt," he replied. "I suppose I'd better stop gaun doon aboot the docks. It's the ships that gi'e me the cravin', nae doot. I wisna as bad when I hadna time to hing aboot the docks, wis I?"

"Ye maybe didna speak sae often aboot seein' the warld," she admitted. "But ye dinna mean to tell me, Peter, that ye wud gang doon to the sea in a ship noo—if ye had the siller?"

"I wud gang roon' the warld," he said, slowly, "if ye wud come wi' me."

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "Wud ye ha'e us leave wur hame an' maybe never come back—at wur time o' life?"

"We're no that auld. We're no ower auld to enjey wursel's."

"Weel, I never! Fancy twa auld buddies like us yins gaun roon' the warld! I yinst gaed roon' the warld wi' a maygic lantren in the kirk ha'—an' that wis enough for me."

Mr. Peebles laughed good-humouredly. "Ye wud shin come wi' me if we had the siller. Weel, dae ye want me to stop gaun aboot the docks, Bess?" he asked.

"Havers! But dinna get cairrit awa' in yin o' the ships, Peter. An' nae mair liftin' wudd, if ye please! See's yer cup, an' eat up yer toast. Dearie me! Talkin' aboot gaun roon' the warld, an' him jist seeventy! Aw, ye'll ha'e to bide wi' me a whiley yet, Peter—till ye grow up."

Mrs. Peebles laughed at her own little irony, and her husband took it kindly.

"But it's a peety," he said, thoughtfully, "to leeve in a fine, big warld an' see hardly onything furder nor yer ain doorstep. I'm thinking the Lord'll be a wee thing vexed at the Day o' Judgment wi' the rich folk that aye stoppit at hame. We'll ha'e a guid excuse, Bess; but I doot some rich folk, unless they're blin' or lame, 'll feel gey sma' when the Lord speirs at them hoo they liket the wonders in Ameriky an' Jamaicy an' Fiji an' Greenland an' Australia an' Japan an'——"

"Ye've been readin' ower muckle aboot furrin pairts," said Mrs. Peebles, severely. "An' ye sudna talk o' the Day o' Judgment as if it wis gaun to be a time for jography clesses an' the like. Ha'e some jeelly."

II.

ONE spring evening a little less than six months after the foregoing conversation Peter came home—rather late, as usual—from the docks, to learn that he was the legal heir to a sum of nearly two thousand pounds. He could but faintly remember the brother whose death abroad had brought him the wealth, but any doubts he had as to his good fortune were speedily cleared away by the firm of lawyers acting in the matter. The money was clearly Peter's, and he could have it almost immediately.

Mrs. Peebles, after the first emotion, accepted the windfall calmly. She and Peter had already enough to live on; the money would be a fine thing for their children and grandchildren. Peter agreed with her entirely—or almost so.

"But whit in a' the warld dae ye want to

keep fower hunner pounds for?" asked Mrs. Peebles, one night, some weeks after the advent of the fortune. "We canna dae onything wi' it. I'm no sayin' ye've dealt onything but generous-like wi' the bairns, but they micht as weel get the hale thing, fur it's nae use to you an' me."

Peter chuckled.

"Is't no?" he said. "D'ye ken, wife, that ye can gang roon' the warld, first-cless, for twa hunner pounds? An' twice twa is fower—that's you an' me! Eh?"

Mrs. Peebles regarded him with a stunned expression. She had no words.

"They say," went on Peter, "that everything comes til him that waits, an' I'm no gaun to deny it. I've waited since I was a laddie at the schule, an'—an' the thing has come at last. We're gaun to see the wunnerfu' warld, Bess; we're gaun to gang richt roon' it an' enjey it in wur auld age. It'll gi'e us anither ten year o' life. It wull that! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" whispered his wife, in a tone of awe.

"Is't no a great notion?" he exclaimed, exultantly. "It kin' o' taks yer breith awa' at the first, nae doot; but that's jist because it's sic a great notion. An' we've time to dae it. We're no like some puir rich folk that daurna leave their business in case they'll no be jist as rich next year as they wis last year. You an' me's independent, Bess! We'll gang roon' the warld wi' lichter herts nor ony millionaires! Wur wark's done, an' we're gettin' wur holiday! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered once more.

He looked at her. "Whit's ado?" he asked, suddenly.

"'THEY SAY,' WENT ON PETER, 'THAT EVERYTHING COMES TIL HIM THAT WAITS.'"

"Oh, Peter, ye're no in earnest?"

"Ay, I'm in earnest. You an' me——"

"But, oh, Peter, I—I couldna gang; I couldna gang roon' the warld!"

Mr. Peebles looked his astonishment. "Arc ye feart, auld wife?" he inquired, with a laugh. "Of course, it's a big job, but ye'll fin' everything rale comfortable an' commodious." He had already been studying pamphlets on World Travel.

She shook her head. "I couldna gang," she repeated, tearfully. "I couldna leave wur hame. I'm ower auld, Peter."

"Wha's haverin' noo?" he cried, struggling against a feeling of dismay. "Ye wis never in better health. Ye're jist in splendit——"

"It wud kill me," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Aw, ye'll shin get used to the notion," he said, after some hesitation. "We'll think ower it, Bess. But—but I wud like if we could mak' a stairt shin—next month, maybe. I wudna gang my lanesome, ye ken," he added, rising and patting her shoulder.

"Ye wudna get!" she cried, indignantly. "D'ye think I wud let an auld man like yersel' gang doon to the sea in a ship, an' maybe get wannert on some cannibal island?"

"Weel, I daursay I'll be gled if ye'll tak' care o' me, Bess. But—but we'll jist think ower it for a day or twa. An' if it's gaun to vex ye, we'll say nae mair aboot it. Eh?"

"I doot we wud be jist rideeclous amang a' the swell folk on the ships," she remarked later.

"We ken hoo to keep wursel's to wursel's," he replied. "An' we can pey wur wey. Ye needna be ashamed o' yer man, Bess."

"That's a stupid thing to say. Whit aboot gettin' sea-seeck?"

"That's a sma' risk on thae big steamers. Ye needna pretend ye're feart—you that yinst gaed to Cam'eltown on a bad winter day. But ye'll think ower it?"

"Ay; I'll think ower it," she returned, sadly.

And she did think over it; indeed, she could think of little else. The thing was so tremendous. It haunted her by night; it was with her ere she was fully awake, while she went about her household labours; while she knitted in the afternoon, when her man

"I kent ye wud," he said, with a gratified chuckle. "It'll be the time o' yer life!" he added, with enthusiasm.

"I doot—I mean I'm shair it wull," she replied, bravely.

"Oh, I'll guarantee ye enjey yersel', Bess. I jist wish I could mak' up ma mind aboot the best rout. There's that mony folk anxious to tak' ye roon' the warld. An' I'm disappintit aboot Greenland. I wantit to get a keek at Greenland's icy mountains, ye ken. But the boats dinna seem to gang that road. Ower cauld, maybe. But never heed. I'll

"SHE WATCHED HIM IN THE EVENING PORING OVER HANDBILLS AND BRIGHTLY-COVERED BOOKLETS."

was down at the docks; while she watched him in the evening poring over handbills and brightly-covered booklets, which he marked here and there with his pencil. She almost wished the money had never come to Peter, or, at least, that it had come twenty years earlier. . . . And yet Peter was hale and hearty, and the great journey was one that many weakly beings took for their health's sake. Perhaps she was a selfish old woman. Was her foolish fear to stand in the way of Peter realizing the dream of his life?

And so it came to pass that on the fourth evening she made up her mind and expressed it very simply.

"I'll gang, Peter."

Peter looked up from a tourist's guide.

gang roon' the offices the morn an' get information. An' ye'll get yer claes ready. I'm thinkin' ye'll need white claes for the het places."

"White claes? Ye dinna mean that, Peter," she exclaimed, in an agonized voice. "Whit wud I dae wi' white claes? I wud be a—a perfec' sicht—a perfec' scandal!"

"Na, na. Ye'll jist be fine. I'll ha'e to get white things masel'!"

"You, Peter! Are ye gaun to play the buffoon at seventy?"

"Ye get roastit alive if ye dinna weer white claes," said Mr. Peebles, easily. "A' the ither folk'll be weerin' them, so ye needna fash yersel'. Ye canna weer a black dolman at the Equator."

Mrs. Peebles collapsed, speechless.

"Ye'll shin get used to the notion," said her husband, reassuringly.

But the "white claes" seemed to be the last straw to Bess. "I've aye been respectable, onywey," she said to herself, bitterly.

A week passed ere Mr. Peebles could decide upon the details of the journey. Then, one afternoon, he announced that, instead of going down to the docks, he would proceed to the tourist agency and engage passages. His wife heard him with averted face. She looked pale and worn, but he was too excited to observe it.

"Peter," she whispered, as he left the kitchen, eager as a schoolboy on the first hour of holidays.

He did not hear the whisper. He took his hat from the peg in the little lobby and opened the outer door. Then he remembered that the latch-key was hanging in the kitchen. He closed the door again and retraced the few steps to the kitchen. He had left the kitchen door open about an inch. A sound made him halt. Then he peeped in, his hand on the door. Then his hand fell to his side.

His wife was on her knees, her face in her arms, leaning upon her man's chair.

"Oh, Lord," she was saying, brokenly, "his hert is set on the notion. Dinna let me spile it for him. Dinna let me be feart ony mair, oh, Lord. Dinna let——"

"HIS WIFE WAS ON HER KNEES, HER FACE IN HER ARMS, LEANING UPON HER MAN'S CHAIR."

Peter Peebles turned away and left the house noiselessly.

When he returned two hours later it was with a nervous and ashamed expression of countenance.

"Weel, Peter," said his wife, cheerfully, her face shining from vigorous washing, "I suppose ye've did the deed. The tuckets'll be a mile lang, I'm thinkin'."

Mr. Peebles smiled feebly.

"I couldna dae it," he stammered at last. "I doot ye'll never forgi'e me, Bess, but—but I couldna dae it. When it cam' to the bit I took fricht."

"Whit's that ye're sayin', Peter?"

"Jist that I'm feart to tak' the great journey. I turned at the office door. It wis like gaun to the dentist, an' ringin' the bell, an' rinnin' awa'. I lost a' ma courage. I couldna face the furrin pairts. I wantit to bide at hame," he faltered.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried, chokingly. "Ye're no gaun to gi'e up the notion?"

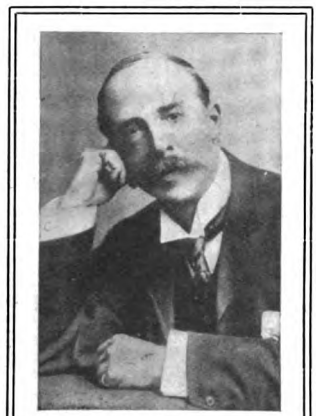
"If ye say we're to gang, we'll gang," he replied, vainly endeavouring to remember the rest of the speech which he had so carefully rehearsed. "But—but—I doot I canna face it, Bess. I'm ower auld I'm——"

He sat down, and Bess put her arm about him.

His studied words failed him, all except the peroration. "Wud ye like a month at Rothesay, Bess?" he blurted out.

LONG HAIR AND MUSIC.

By Dr. FREDERIC COWEN.



DR. FREDERIC COWEN.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

WHY is it that so many musicians, foreign musicians especially, wear long hair?

The question often puzzles me, and the more I think about it the less able am I to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the mystery. I should like it to be understood, before proceeding with my remarks, that I do not wish to denounce the custom *per se;* it is purely a matter of taste, and I will even confess that I have sometimes had feelings of regret that Nature has for many years past precluded the possibility of my ever being in a position personally to gauge the amount of additional success obtainable by luxuriant locks.

It is the *reason* for the prevalent custom that I have tried so long to get at. Is it because musicians are, as a rule, impecunious in their youth, and grudge the cost of a periodical visit to the hairdresser, and that the habit, once acquired, remains with them in later life? Or is it that the high artistic sense fills those who possess it with an abhorrence of barbers and barbers' shops—even when the latter are run on strict L.C.C. lines?

Or are they afraid that, like Samson, if once shorn of their locks, they may fall into the hands of the musical Philistines?

Or, again, is it a sort of trade mark of their art, imitated from their masters, who imitated it from *their* masters, and so on backwards? If this be the case, who was the first musician to set the fashion, why did he do so, and when did he do so? gives us more food for thought and further cause for research.

We know that in earlier ages nearly all mankind wore long hair, and it may be presumed that the musical people of the time did the same—one can hardly, for instance, imagine a bald-headed King David, or Blondel, the minstrel, without long, fair curls descending to his shoulders.

But the world has since gone through a long period of wigs of all sorts and sizes, and from the portraits extant of the time it would seem that musicians generally were content to abide by the prevailing custom. The moment the wig period ended, however, long hair seems to have claimed musicians for its own again, although ordinary mortals were content to cut their locks.

There are undoubtedly some types of head and feature that seem naturally to require an abundance of hair to put the finishing touch to them, and the knowledge of this fact may be intuitive in their owners. Look at Beethoven's massive head, to quote but one striking instance.

Although greatness, or even ordinary talent or merit, can scarcely be said to exist in an artiste in proportion to the length of his hair, yet there is no doubt that to the executive musician who is in personal contact with the public (provided, of course, that he has the requisite artistic ability) an abundance of hair

is an important, I may say almost a necessary, factor for his success upon the concert platform, or at all events for his immediate popularity.

All the great executive artistes I can call to mind who have possessed the power to attract, unaided, large audiences all the world over, and to fascinate and rouse them to great enthusiasm, have been the proud possessors of luxuriant heads of hair.

VERDI.

TSCHAIKOWSKI.

WEBER.

BELLINI.

CHOPIN.

SCHUBERT.

ROSSINI.

SCHUMANN.

The portraits of eminent composers on this page show their tendency to short hair rather than long. The exceptional cases of Schumann and Chopin are dealt with in this article.

Paganini, Liszt, and Rubinstein, not to mention others of more recent date whose names will easily recur to my readers, are good examples. That these men would have been equally great without this additional attraction (shall I say "capillary attraction"?) can hardly be denied, but would they have had the same charm and fascination for their audiences?

I almost doubt it, and in proof of this I could name other artistes, equally gifted, who, eminently successful though they may have been in many ways, have quite failed to exercise this extraordinary and indefinable magnetism over the public through having elected, from choice or necessity, to appear like ordinary every-day mortals so far as their hair was concerned.

Is this because the public look for

WAGNER.

GOUNOD.

something out of the common or abnormal in the personality of the artistes they go to hear? Or is it (I hope my readers of the fair sex will not feel hurt) because the feminine portion of an audience, which without doubt contributes to the largest extent towards an artiste's success and popularity, is generally impressed with the beauty and singularity of a style of

coiffure which they seldom see indulged in by their own male acquaintances?

Under any circumstances there is undoubtedly some subtle connection between music and long hair, at all events so far as the executive side of the art is concerned; for if we examine the question closely throughout the generations which have passed since the wig period, during which period it was, of course, impossible to trace any hirsute eccentricities on the part either of players or composers, we find an exceedingly interesting and curious state of things existing among musicians as regards the fashion in hair.

The first point which attracts one's notice is that all, or nearly all, of the men who won fame chiefly as composers appear to have been short-haired men, while those who were equally or entirely famous as executants have favoured long hair.

A glance at contemporary portraits of the great masters of musical composition will show that this is no mere haphazard assertion based upon the personal appearance of only two or three composers. I have before me as I write portraits of such master-composers as Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Verdi, and Tschaikowski, and, with perhaps the exception of Chopin and Schumann, all of these were short-haired men.

Chopin, it is true, appears in his prime to have been blessed with locks of more than ordinary length, but it may be that he was only following the fashion prevailing at that time; while even if this was not the case, was he not almost as great an executant as he was a composer? If he rarely performed in public it was certainly not because he lacked the power to attract large and appreciative audiences, for Mendelssohn himself pronounced him to be "a truly perfect virtuoso" as well as a thorough musician, with a faculty for improvisation such as, perhaps, no other pianist ever possessed.

As regards Schumann, the only other long-haired composer of note, and, therefore, a seeming exception to the rule, it is, I think, merely sufficient for me to remind my readers that Schumann was an exceptional individual in many ways. That he allowed his hair to grow long was in all probability due more to carelessness and general eccentricity than to anything else. Absent-mindedness, spiritualistic tendencies, and eventually madness claimed this brilliant composer for their own. I must, therefore, ask my readers not to rely too strongly upon Schumann as a lever wherewith to upset the theory that short-haired composers are the rule and not the exception.

I could, of course, extend my list still further. In my imagination I see before me the keen, intellectual face of Bellini, with the forehead high and broad as befits the composer of such masterpieces as "La Sonnambula" and "Norma." The hair is short and curly. "Short and curly" describes also the hair of Rossini, whose "Guillaume Tell," "Semiramide," and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" will live as long as music has power to sway the hearts of men.

With the features of Gounod probably most of my readers are acquainted. If so, they cannot have failed to note that in him also we find a type of the short-haired composer. Indeed, in the later years of his life, Gounod was perfectly bald, save for the fringe of white hair which, together with his snowy beard and moustache, added to the beauty of a countenance which in other respects also was unusually handsome.

It is, from the standpoint of this article, somewhat unfortunate that the "short-haired" test cannot be applied to all those who are numbered among the greatest composers the world has ever known. Unfortunately, I cannot call upon Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Haydn to substantiate my theory, for they all lived during a period of wigs, which ranged from the majestic full-bottomed variety, as worn by Handel and Bach, to the somewhat "skimpy" bob-tail which was in vogue at the time of Mozart, Haydn, and also of Glück. Under the circumstances it is impossible to speculate as to the coiffures which these men would have favoured had they lived at a period when wigs were unknown or unfashionable. We can, however, surmise with some degree of correctness in the case of Handel, for we know that in his later years he was perfectly bald, so that presumably he could not have worn long hair even had he wished.

Again, if we turn to eminent composers in the present day, I think we shall find that most of these also, though "big-wigs" in their profession, are but very ordinary individuals if judged by the standard of their hair. Names will no doubt readily occur to all who are conversant with the personalities of the modern musical composers. Indeed, it would be no easy matter to name off-hand a living composer of note whose hair could, except by the exercise of vivid imagination, be described as long. In some cases the hair is curly, in others thick and stubbly, and in a few cases it is wavy, but in none

can it be said to be long, especially if judged by the standard set by the locks of contemporary pianists, violinists, and instrumentalists generally. Before, however, I proceed to discuss the case of executant musicians pure and simple, I would like to direct the attention of my readers for a few moments to that interesting group of musicians who have not only been eminent composers, but active and prominent exponents of their art as well, who have, in fact, in their own day, at any rate, been just as famous as executants as they were as composers.

It is interesting to note that in this division we can place without hesitation some of the greatest names in the history of music.

MENDELSSOHN.
From a Photo. by Bruckmann.

with which I am familiar depict him as the possessor of locks so luxuriant that they may well be described as shaggy.

Mendelssohn, according to his portraits, appears to have been endowed with hair that—even if we cannot describe it as "shaggy," or even as "thick"—was decidedly long.

As for Liszt, his patriarchal mane once seen must have been a thing to remember for all time; while in the case of Rubinstein, his hair alone would have made him a marked man in any assembly of ordinary mortals.

I trust I have now made clear the point which I indicated as to the "composer-executants" possessing long hair to such a

BEETHOVEN.

LISZT—IN AGE AND YOUTH.

RUBINSTEIN.

Such names, for example, as Beethoven, Rubinstein, Liszt, and Mendelssohn are but a few of the many that suggest themselves to me as I write.

If I base my remarks upon the "fashion in hair" adopted by these men, and by the others of their class whom I have in mind, I am irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that practically all great composers who have been at the same time equally great executants apparently adopted the fashion of wearing their hair long.

Let us examine the individual cases I have mentioned, and we shall see whether my argument is supported by the facts or not.

All the portraits of Beethoven

GRIEG.

The above portraits show that composers who are also great performers display a tendency to long hair.

marked degree that they are in quite a different class, for the purposes of this article, to the composers with their short hair, so that long hair would appear to be the inevitable accompaniment of great executive skill.

Such being the case, and assuming the soundness of my previous argument, we should expect to find, in the only remaining class—that of executants pure and simple—the same, or an even greater, development of hair which apparently attends the composer-executant as a class. And what do we actually find? When I contemplate the portraits of the most eminent of living players, be they pianists or violinists, I find heads of hair of

PAGANINI.

such appalling luxuriance that I can only stand aghast and, like the small boy on the occasion of his first visit to a conjuring entertainment, wonder mutely "how on earth they do it"! The aureole-like effect of the hair which adorns the heads of some of our great pianists is striking to an extraordinary degree.

PADEREWSKI.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

Virtuosi of the violin exercise, I admit, greater restraint upon the expansive tendencies of their hair, but I cannot think of one, in spite of this, who, even after his periodical visit to the barber—for I presume that even a musician occasionally submits himself to be tonsorially tortured—could honestly be described as even "shortish-haired."

Ole Bull and Ernst were two violinists who particularly delighted in the length of their hair, while Paganini is an exceptionally good example of the same thing, for he coupled luxuriant locks with extraordinary artistic ability in a manner which drew huge audiences and made him a target for the shafts of the caricaturists of his day.

JOACHIM.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

YSAYE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Musicians such as those whose portraits appear on this page, better known as performers than as composers, are almost invariably long-haired.

Run through for a moment the names of all the living executants you can think of. It will puzzle you to discover a single one who is short-haired. Indeed, I very much doubt whether anyone who was not intimately familiar, at any rate by hearsay, with practically every living executant of the day could think off-hand of a solitary exception to the rule.

I must confess that the more deeply I probe into this question of "long hair and music" the more mysterious and puzzling do I find it. I have already, at the beginning of this article, hinted at various solutions of this musical marvel, but the answers I have up to now suggested are, to my mind, not by any means exhausted. Can it be that all the would-be Paganinis and Rubinsteins adopt the fashion of long hair on the principle that it is good to be equipped from the outset with all the apparently necessary physical attributes of an artiste on the chance of what success Fate may have in store for them at some future time? Or is it possible that an artiste finds in his spreading locks a ready means of displaying certain little mannerisms which he could not otherwise "work off" effectively upon his admiring audiences?

Of course, all this is mere conjecture on my part, but that there is some subtle connection between long hair and the executive

SAUER.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

KUBELIK.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

SARASATE.
From a Photo. by C. Gerschel, Paris.

side of music is, I think, made plain by what I have already written, though from what that mysterious connection comes, and from what period of the world's history it dates, it is difficult exactly to state. That the custom is of hoary antiquity seems to be certain, for we have incontrovertible evidence from the classics that, even in those early days, long hair was the distinguishing feature of the bards, who, of course, stood for our pianists and violinists. Furthermore, was not Apollo himself, the very God of Music, almost invariably dignified by the appellation, "long-haired"?

And what of the bards of a later date than that of which Homer and Virgil sang? Can we conceive a close-cropped Druidical bard, or, worse still, a bald-headed one? We might just as well imagine Robinson Crusoe without his umbrella, or Chamberlain without his eyeglass!

One final reason for the custom I will put forward. It is a serious one this time, and is, I believe, the true solution of the mystery.

Religion and music have always been closely connected, in so far as the priests themselves in all countries were in every case the first to introduce music and to use it for religious purposes. Now, as long as any record exists, old-time priests have been long-haired men. To allow the hair to grow has been an accompaniment to religious vows from the world's earliest history. In the Bible itself many cases are mentioned of men who swore not to cut their hair until some religious vow had been accomplished. That is to say, they made their vow for God's sake and it was a sacred thing. Thus, in the case of Samson, when he lost his hair he lost his sacredness, and so his power.

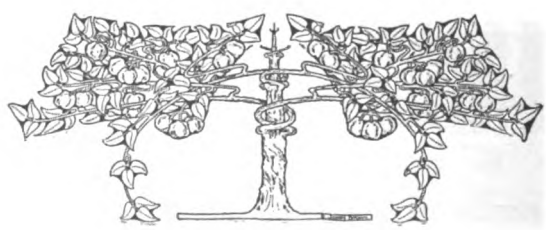
Thus priests of all nations used to wear long hair because they considered themselves, so to speak, dedicated to God, and therefore sacred. It was these priest-musicians who set the fashion for our long-haired musicians of the present day, for they taught their pupils and their imitators that music itself was a sacred thing, and that those who were exponents of it were, so to speak, high priests of music, and, therefore, under a sacred vow.

Nor when we look even more closely into the matter is music the only art whose "high priests," so to speak, wear long hair. There have been many cases of great artistes, great writers, and so on, who have gone about with their locks unshorn—in fact, long hair may almost be said to be the hall-mark of virtuosi generally, no matter what direction their talent takes.

At any rate, account for it as we will, we cannot get away from the fact that those executant musicians who have extraordinary heads of hair draw by far the largest audiences. Many, of course, will meet me with the objection that it is the magic spell of the music and the exceptional skill of the artiste which alone are responsible for these large attendances. But I opine that perfect mastery of an instrument and exceptional skill in playing are of themselves not sufficient to draw a huge audience. Something else is needed, and careful analysis and studious comparison of various artistes of practically equal calibre lead me to believe that long hair is what is really required.

It is, in fact, a case of drawing, as the poet sings, "by a hair," only from my point of view the poet's single hair must be raised to the "*n*th" power, till it assumes the proportions of a mane. In no other way can I satisfactorily account for the seemingly freakish penchant of so large a proportion of music-lovers and concert-goers for particular artistes.

Whatever the reason for the custom, I have no doubt that musicians will continue, to the disadvantage of the hairdresser and the delight of the street urchin, to wear long hair for many generations to come—perhaps until wigs once more become the fashion; and I will only add—what I hinted at in an earlier stage of my remarks—that, had Nature only been kinder to me, I might at this moment be numbered among long-haired musicians.



"PHOTOGRAPHY," remarked Garry, apropos of nothing in particular, at the last meeting of the Strand Club, "has now been raised to the level of the fine arts; consequently it takes a dilettante—a man of a poetical and artistic temperament — properly to appreciate it."

The Club looked sympathetic, and Garry continued his narrative.

"Some of you may know, "he said, "that I am not wholly unversed in the secrets of photography; but few are aware that, with me, it was not always a hobby—a mere pastime. There was a time when the fascinations of this mystic and elusive art had twined themselves inextricably around my very ego, until it became an all-pervading passion —the be-all and end-all of my existence. That, however, was several years ago.

"You may remember in one of the recent photographic exhibitions an exceedingly beautiful picture. It represented a species of primeval man (rarely met with nowadays) — a man who worked with his hands under the blue vault of heaven, with the fresh breezes of the country around him—a man who worked and was not ashamed of his labour. Beside him stood the trusted companion of

MCCORMICK'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE GARRY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STORY.

his toil — his faithful mule. Need I say, gentlemen, that I was the artist?

"To the original I presented a copy of the picture. He received it in becoming silence, and a smile of intense gratification spread itself over his bucolic countenance. Presently I observed him showing it to a companion—a fellow labourer. An intense curiosity to overhear their remarks took possession of me, and I stealthily approached them. Is it possible, thought I, that the divine spark of intelligence within them will be vivified by this triumph of artistic skill? If so, what effect will it have upon them? What form will their emotion take? Will they weep, or go into æsthetic raptures, or — or perhaps wash themselves?

DAVID WILSON'S IDEA OF THE CORPULENT LADY AND THE AMBIGUOUS SLAVEY.

"This, gentlemen, was their conversation as I overheard it:—

"'What d'ye think on it, mate?'

"'Aye, aye, well; surely now, it do be loike you, bain't it? But, I say, 'Erbert, 'oo's the bloke a-holding you by the bridle?'"

To McCormick was entrusted the task of providing a fitting delineation of the scene. How he availed himself of the opportunity may be seen by the sketch on the previous page.

Boyle: Have you heard this? A lady of ample and generous proportions had occasion to engage a new kitchenmaid. Shortly after her arrival Bridget was told (through the medium of a speaking-tube) to tell her mistress that she was wanted upstairs. "Hi, mum!" she gasped, "you're wanted oopstairs *through the poipe!*"

David Wilson's delineation of the portly dame and the ambiguous slavey is reproduced herewith.

Wornung: I was watching some recruits being drilled the other day. The men were very raw, and the sergeant's patience was being taxed to the uttermost.

"Attention!" he roared. "Throw your shoulders back! Farther — farther —as far as you can go."

One of the recruits thus admonished — a fellow somewhat older than the rest — began to bend himself back at an extraordinary angle. The sergeant beheld him and glowed with pride. "That's right, me lad," he purred; "put some beef into it."

The process of bending, however,

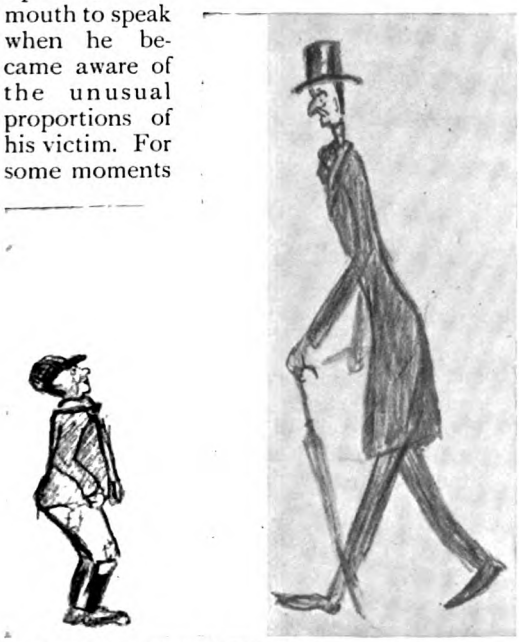
FRANK REYNOLDS'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE WORNUNG'S STORY OF THE ACROBATIC RECRUIT.

slowly continued. Presently the head disappeared altogether from view. The sergeant grew manifestly uneasy. Then the head appeared again, this time between its owner's legs, and a choking voice proceeded to address the sergeant: "'Ow will this do, guv'nor?" The sergeant nearly had a fit, and had to be carried off the field. The man was an ex-professional acrobat.

Frank Reynolds volunteered to illustrate Wornung's narrative, and the characteristic design on the preceding page shows the result of his labours.

At this juncture Shirley advanced to the drawing-board and laboriously produced the appended rough diagram.

"I must apologize," said he, "for the crudeness of my draughtsmanship, but I am, as you are doubtless aware, no artist. However, I think this little sketch may serve to explain a not unamusing incident of which I was the chance spectator the other day. A street gamin had approached an extremely attenuated and ill-proportioned individual with the object, I presume, of asking the time. He had barely opened his mouth to speak when he became aware of the unusual proportions of his victim. For some moments



SHIRLEY'S DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN STORY OF THE WITTY URCHIN.

he stood speechless—admiration and astonishment struggling for mastery over his features; and then, cautiously retreating from this terrifying apparition, he gurgled softly: 'Lor', sir! Did they make you *all in one piece?*'"

Booth told a story of the tramp who had applied at a wayside cottage for a little temporary assistance. "My good man," queried the housewife in amazement, as she became

BOOTH'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE HOUSEWIFE AND TRAMP STORY.

aware of her guest's indescribable filth and raggedness—"my good man, *did* you ever take a bath?"

"No, mum; no, mum," replied the vagrant, as he hastily crammed another chunk of bread into his capacious maw; "I never took anything bigger than a silver spoon."

When the artist had left the easel, after illustrating his narrative, Muttle was called upon by the Chairman for a contribution.

Muttle: Here is a story which may be new to you. An elderly gentleman, of a venerable and benign appearance, was walking one day in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road, when he was accosted by an excited individual of the female gender.

"Oh, sir, come quick!" she cried, breathlessly. "There are three rough men jumping on an organ-grinder round the corner."

"Is he a big organ-grinder?" queried the gentleman, gravely.

"No, no; a small man—a very small man. Come quickly, or it will be too late."

"Then in that event," was the suave reply, "I don't see why I should interfere. The others won't need any assistance."

E. J. Clarke was selected by the Chairman

CLARKE'S BLACKBOARD DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE MUTTLE'S ORGAN-GRINDER STORY.

for a pictorial rendering of the foregoing story, and the rapid sketch which that clever artist forthwith produced upon the blackboard may be seen above.

Lorrison: I wonder if Irish stories will ever lose their popularity? Here is the latest absurdity to be foisted upon that much-maligned and long-suffering country. Scene: A railway station. *Dramatis personæ:* Two jovial sons of Erin.

"Bedad," remarks one, "an' Oi've chated the ould railway company foinely now."

"Arrah, now," replies his companion, "an' how did ye do that same?"

"Why, Oi've taken a return ticket, an' Oi've no intention of comin' back at all, at all!"

Harry Furniss then proceeded with much celerity to execute the accompanying sketch.

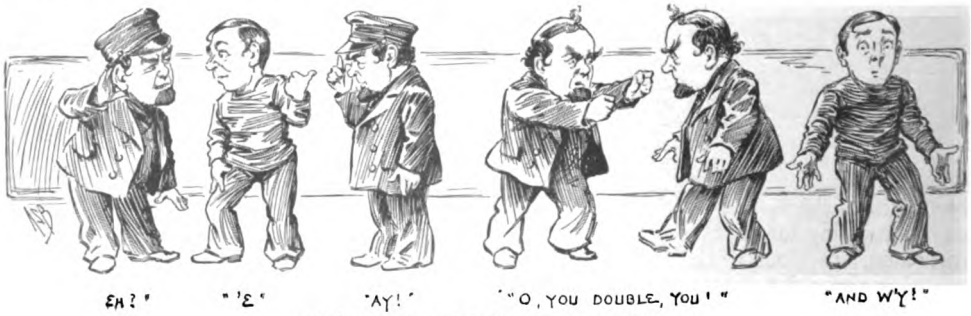
Boyd's punning propensities are at once the terror and admiration of his friends. When, therefore, it was announced that he was prepared to provide the company with an entirely new and original specimen of his peculiar art there was some commotion, during which several members took occasion to slip unobserved from the room.

There was an electrical thrill in the air as the accomplished artist was gravely escorted to the drawing-board. Members trod upon each other's toes and visibly palpitated with excitement, and when the masterpiece was with all due pomp unveiled by the Chairman, even the coldly-reserved, if not to say lugubrious, waiters

HARRY FURNISS'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE IRISH ANECDOTE RELATED BY LORRISON.

could "scarce forbear to cheer." As may be seen, the picture represents a clever play upon the vowels—a, e, i, o, u, w, and y.

And so ended the latest meeting of the Strand Club.



BOYD'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN HIS VOWEL PUN.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

I.—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

By Walter Kruse.

MR. DAVID WILSON occupies a unique position. Not only has he had what may be termed a record for accidents, but also for coincidences, the remarkable thing being that they always happened on the same day of the year.

He was born on the Banwen Mountains, near Glyneath, in Wales, in 1846, and pursues the occupation of a coal-miner. On August 26th, 1857, at the age of ten, he fractured the forefinger of his right hand. When twelve years old, on August 26th, he fell from horseback and broke his left leg below the knee. On August 26th of the next year he broke both bones of his left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick. On August 26th of the following year, when he was fourteen, he again broke his left leg above the ankle, by his foot being caught under an iron rod, his body pitching forwards. Next year, on August 26th, he varied the fractures by breaking both legs, the right one being injured so badly that it had to be amputated. This accident was caused by a horse running away underground when hitched to a tram of coal, which caught him in a narrow passage and crushed both legs severely.

MR. DAVID WILSON.
From a Photo. by W. Kruse, Truro.

He had had, therefore, five fractures in six years, and the last four accidents were in four consecutive years. All of these had occurred on August 26th. After this he thought there must really be some connection between the date and the accidents, and resolved to leave off working on August 26th, and accordingly abstained from work on that day for twenty-eight years, though working at other times of the year. But in the year 1890 he forgot the date and went to work as usual. The result was that he broke his remaining (left) leg for the fourth time. This was caused by a portion of the roof of the tunnel falling in while he was at work in Risca Collieries.

After considerable trouble I succeeded in tracing the man, when I carefully questioned him about his accidents and previous history. I found that he had lost the tip of his right forefinger, and he showed me the scars on his left leg below the knee, resulting from the last fracture, which was very severe, both the tibia and fibula being broken.

Since his last accident he has carefully avoided working on August 26th. He is still employed at the colliery.

The man is stoutly built, and must have had remarkable vitality to go through so many accidents and still retain good health. He is temperate in habits, and has been an abstainer for twenty-five years. He is intelligent, and able to give a clear account of himself and his family.

The number of accidents the man has had is wonderful, but by far the most remarkable fact in connection with his history is their all happening on a certain day in the year. If this had only occurred twice it might be simply a coincidence, but after occurring three times this idea is dispelled, and for an accident to occur six times on the same day and be a mere coincidence becomes almost a mathematical impossibility. It is only explainable on the supposition that some natural law is at work, and that this law is in some way connected with the earth's revolution around the sun, because the accidents always happened precisely when the earth reaches the same position in its orbit around the sun. It is very evident we have not arrived at the summit of our knowledge, and that there are causes and influences at work which are not noticed by the casual observer,

II.

The Story of a Landscape During Twelve Months.

By John J. Ward.

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

(The Scene Depicted is Finham Bridge, near Stoneleigh, Warwickshire.)

JANUARY.—A heavy snowstorm has covered the roads and fields with a mantle of white, which the rapid thaw is dissolving almost immediately, while the brown remnants of last year's vegetation are again asserting themselves on the river's banks. The branches of the trees look black and grim against the sky, and show no signs of returning life. The one cheering note of the scene is the music of the robin, which sings sweetly from the ivy cluster at the side of the bridge.

FEBRUARY.—The scene has changed; irregular patches of fresh green now begin to decorate the water's edge, but fields and trees remain very much the same as they appeared before the snowstorm, and a bleak, cold wind blows that ripples the water and makes the pedestrian hurry along.

MARCH.—The water-current is not so swollen, and a delicate green tint enlivens the branches of the large willow tree at the back of the bridge, throwing into relief the dark-coloured branches of the alder in the foreground. Sunlight (the great engine which provides the motive power of all life) has commenced to play its part in the scene, and the little hawthorn bush that has been sheltered by the ivy clump and bridge throughout the winter months has been tempted to put forth some of its leaves, which shadow upon the bridge and remind us that the sun is really shining.

APRIL.—The oak and elm trees down the road begin to show their young leaves and blot out some of the white sky, while the willow goes on increasing its show of delicate green. The cold winds, though, restrain the developing buds from responding too freely to the occasional bright glimpses of sunshine. The lark, however, cannot resist them, and with every one it soars aloft from the neighbouring meadow and makes its sweet music heard. The yellow stars of the lesser celandine and the pale mauve blossoms of the ladies' smock, together with the wide-eyed dandelions, brighten the river's banks.

MAY.—The ash tree (which is much later in leafing than the oak lower down the road), on the extreme left, has begun to put on its summer finery, and the alder has awakened to the fact that it is time to be up and doing. The flowers of the ladies' smock by the water's edge are continually visited by the handsome orange-tip butterfly, which sips their nectar and then ungratefully deposits its eggs beneath them—which, later on, means that the caterpillars will feed upon their seed-pods. The predominating music is the bleating of young lambs.

JUNE.—The background of sky so conspicuous in January and February is now almost obliterated by the rapidly-developing leaves. In the foreground a fine plant of one of the wild kecks has developed and added beauty to the picture. The strong smell of the may-blossom pervades the atmosphere, and a busy hum from a daily-increasing host of insects produces a new kind of music. The nightingale (too impatient to wait until nightfall) indulges in some notes that startle us by their variety and sweetness.

JULY.—The scene has now reached the height of its glory. The ash on the left and the alder in the foreground are now both in full leaf; the keck plant has thrown up its umbels of white flowers high above the willow-herbs and grasses, and its blooms look handsome against the shadow in the stream. The music of the birds is comparatively quiet, but the humming of insects is greater than ever.

AUGUST.—The keck's flowers are over, and their stalks have turned brown while the seeds ripen. Rank nettles jostle with the water figwort, whose meat-coloured flowers the wasp is never tired of visiting. Minnows throw the surface of the water into tiny ripples. Tortoiseshell butterflies flitter by the roadside, while the humming of the bees is incessant as they move amongst the rich blooms of the sweetly-scented meadow-sweet. But the atmosphere seems heavy and languid, and the rumbling of thunder foretells an approaching storm.

SEPTEMBER.—Much foliage has now more than completed its development, and many leaves are already showing their autumnal colours. Above the stream fluffy thistledown blows, and about its banks the mole has been busy throwing up many heaps of fine mould. The flowers by the water's edge have almost disappeared, strong clusters of nettles with tiny and unbeautiful green flowers predominate, and the few wasps that search amongst them for the late blooms of the water figwort seem sluggish, for the morning air is chilly for them.

OCTOBER.—Red haws and hips now brighten the hedgerows where once the blooms of the may and wild rose were found. Leaves have become browned and shrivelled, and here and there one flutters to the ground. About the river hang hazy mists that lift suddenly when the sun appears, leaving the grasses on the banks and the spiders' snares amongst them bespangled with glistening drops of moisture.

NOVEMBER.—In the photograph the landscape has now almost reproduced the May picture, but in reality it presents a very different appearance. In May a fresh, bright green enlivened trees and grasses, and everything was full of music and the joyousness of life; now that cup of life is draining out its last dregs, while a mournful quietness reigns around, broken only occasionally by the strong wind that shakes the branches and showers down the brown leaves to thicken the leafy carpet that covers the ground. Heavy rains have swollen the stream, and near the water's edge deposits of clean sand mark the line to which the river reached the previous day. Strangely-coloured and weird-looking toad-stools haunt the river's banks where once the celandine and dandelion showed their golden yellow; but with all the changes that sweet musician, the robin, remains.

DECEMBER.—Once again the bare branches stand out against the sky. The only green leaves now visible are those of the ivy clump, which during the leafy months seemed to sink into insignificance. Now, however, they have reasserted themselves; indeed, the richness of their green makes the ivy clump the bright and attractive centre of a landscape otherwise dull, for everything around looks cold and dead. Even the green of the grass has become so confused with brown stalks and fallen leaves that it has almost disappeared. The December sunlight has for a few moments smiled and cast weak shadows of the branches upon the bridge, which now are but rarely seen. The musical robin is absent, but two young male birds are vying with each other in praiseworthy emulation, though they yet have much to learn.

III.—PIANO-PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

MR. LESLIE POGSON, of Anwick, Sleaford, who is represented in the following photographs as an executant on the piano under various strange and trying conditions, is certainly well justified in calling his performance by the title of "Music under Difficulties." When exhibiting his abilities for the entertainment of his friends Mr. Pogson begins, as the first six photographs make sufficiently clear, by performing a difficult piece of music in attitudes with which most pianists are quite unfamiliar, going even so far, in one instance, as to dispense with the keyboard altogether and, removing the piano front, to play direct upon the hammers. An assistant then enters, and pretending that he wishes to write a letter, and that he is greatly annoyed by the musical solos, he shouts to the performer to cease playing. This having no effect, he throws two pieces of stick at the player, who picks them up and goes on playing with them instead of with his fingers, even when a table-cloth is spread over the keys. A quilt used in the same way fails to diminish the variety of his attitudes, and even when his hands are handcuffed and he is placed with his back to the instrument the flood of music still flows forth as volubly as ever.

Mr. Pogson states, among other interesting facts, that his most difficult feat is that in

AN EARLY VARIATION.

PLAYING WITH THE FEET.

PLAYING WHILE LYING ON THE FLOOR.

BACK TO PIANO AND HANDS OVER SHOULDERS.

OVER BACK OF PIANO.

PLAYING ON THE HAMMERS.

which he is enveloped in a sheet, as shown in the last illustration. His next most difficult performance is playing with the feet, as shown in the second illustration. "My feet," says Mr. Pogson, "seem to want to go anywhere but where *I* want them to, and altogether behave in a most exasperating manner." One night Mr. Pogson was passing unobserved through the crush of his late audience when he overheard the somewhat loudly-expressed opinion that "The whole thing was a fake, my dear. The man never played a note in his life; the piano is an automatic one!" The photographer did not succeed in portraying Mr. Pogson at that stage of the proceedings.

PLAYING WITH TWO STICKS THROUGH A TABLE-CLOTH.

PLAYING THROUGH A QUILT.

BACK TO PIANO, THROUGH A QUILT.

OVER BACK OF PIANO, THROUGH A QUILT.

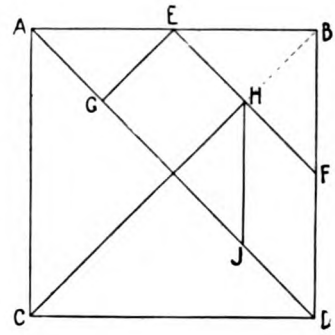
BACK TO PIANO, WITH HANDS BOUND AT THE WRISTS.

ENVELOPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN A SHEET.

IV.—EUCLID INEBRIATED.

ILLUSTRATED BY PECULIAR PROPOSITIONS BY LOUIS NIKOLA.

FOR the purpose of demonstration, all that is required is a square of blackened card, divided as in the diagram herewith, in duplicate. Having accurately cut the square, which may be of any size from three to twelve inches, mark the diagonals A D and C B. Find the middle of the two adjoining sides A B and B D, and draw the line E F. Mark a point midway between the corner A and the centre of the square, and draw the line E G. Mark a similar point midway between the centre of the square and the corner D, and draw H J. If the square is now cut upon the firm lines shown in the figure, it gives two large triangles, one triangle half the size, two others half the size of that, and a square and a rhomboid. It is to be noted that the portion of the triangle diagonal H B, marked in the diagram by a dotted line, is not to be cut through. With the segments of the square so provided it is possible to construct an astonishing variety of figures, the discovery of which provides a fund of amusement in itself.



Let me begin by illustrating a touching story, with a moral: "The Story of the Unjust Lodger and the Virtuous Landlady." You will please suppose that the landlady has provided a bloater for the breakfast of the lodger. The lodger complained of the bloater. He said he respected antiquity, but did not admire that quality in relation to food. I regret to put on record that both parties so far forgot the natural dignity of their respective positions as to assume in their subsequent behaviour the mutually aggressive attitudes depicted in Fig. 3.

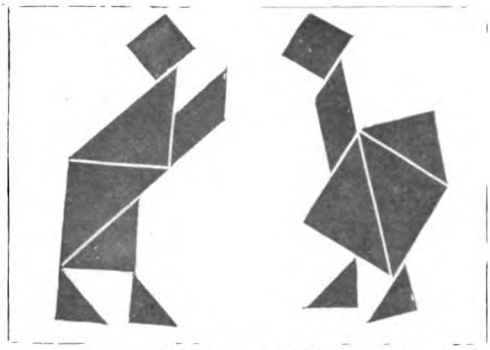


FIG. 1.—THE LODGER AND THE LANDLADY.

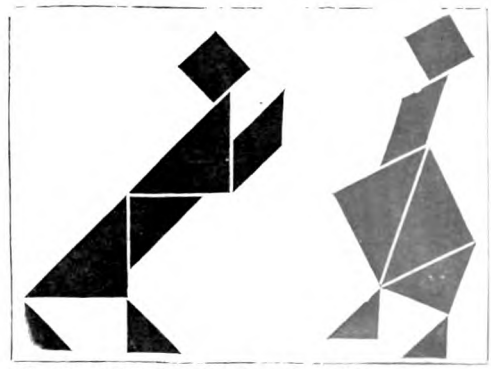


FIG. 2.—THE LODGER EXPRESSES DISGUST WITH HIS BLOATER.

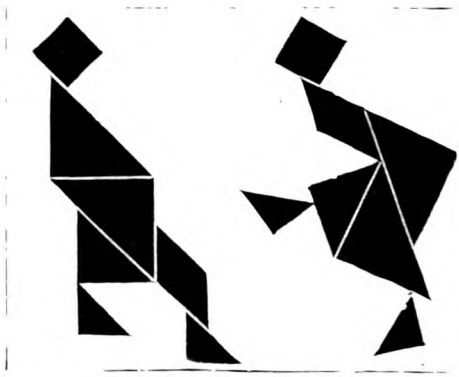


FIG. 3.—OFFENCE AND DEFENCE.

This is the policeman called in—a type of all that is beautiful and noble in human nature; and the lodger was politely shown downstairs by "The Machinery of the Law," leaving a picture of tyranny chastised and virtue triumphant.

I will next endeavour to represent geometrically a short series of pleasing types of English sentiment.

4.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

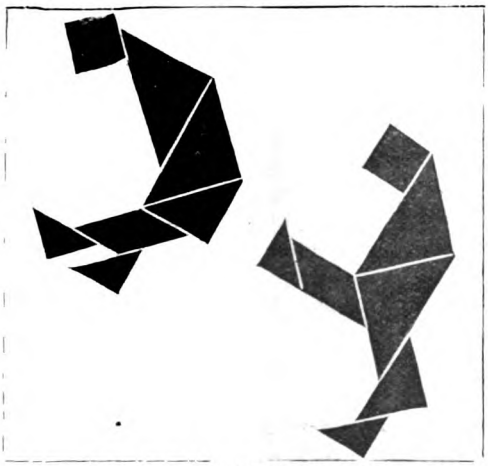


FIG. 5.—THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW.

In all cases, I feel sure, the underlying sentiment will directly appeal to sympathetic

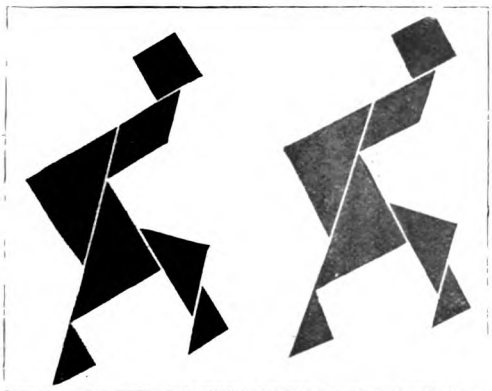


FIG. 6.—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

natures and speak for itself. Here (Fig. 6) is a popular ballad pictorially illustrated, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Then comes (Fig. 7) a tableau from a murderous melodrama, "The Guileless Maiden and the Dreadful Duke."

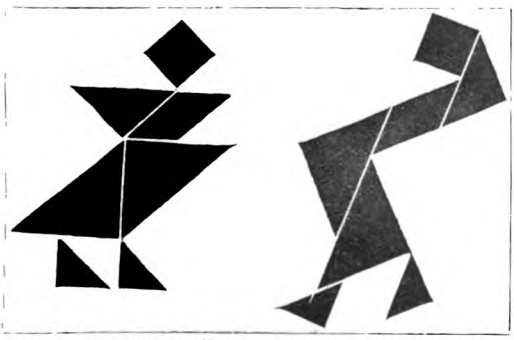


FIG. 7.—MELODRAMA: "THE GUILELESS MAIDEN AND THE DREADFUL DUKE."

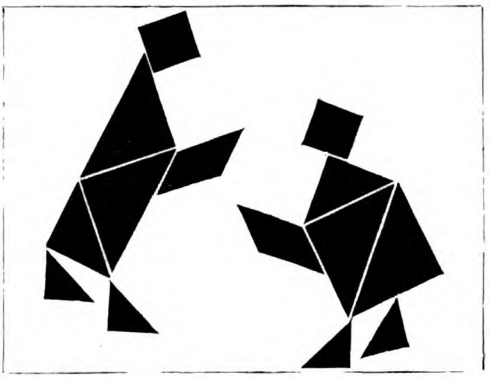


FIG. 8.—THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

Then we have two gentlemen engaged in a quiet, friendly discussion on the subject of the "Fiscal Policy" (Fig. 8), and next (Fig. 9) "Two ladies absorbed in discussing the interesting subject of dress during a lucid interval of a shopping expedition."

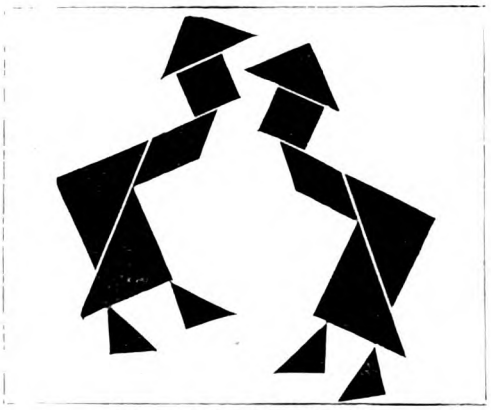


FIG. 9.—A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT.

Finally, we have perhaps the most successful of our series—two graceful modern dances (Fig. 10), the "Skirt Dance" and the "Cake Walk."

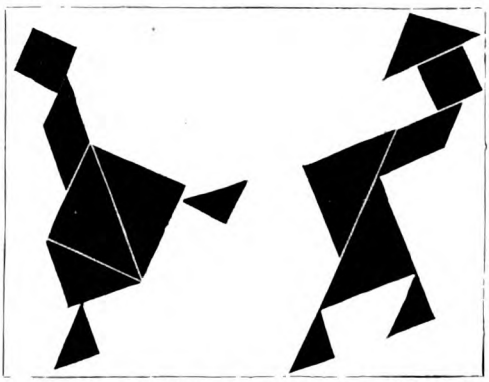
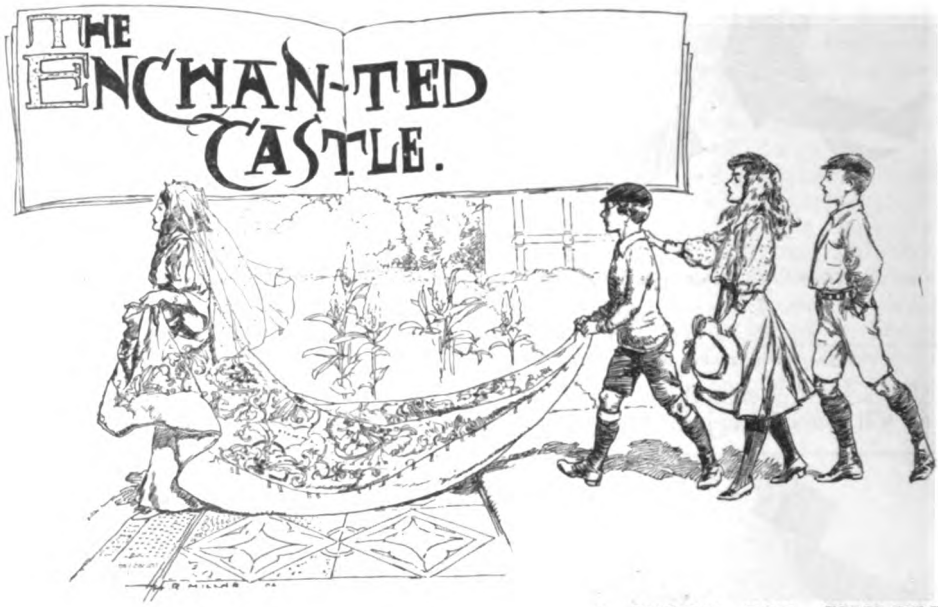


FIG. 10.—A SKIRT DANCE AND A CAKE WALK.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN you are young so many things are difficult to believe, and yet the dullest people will tell you that they are true. Such things, for instance, as that the earth goes round the sun, and that it is not flat, but round. Yet the things that seem really likely, such as fairy-tales and magic, are, so say the grown-ups, not true at all. Yet they are so easy to believe, especially when you see them happening. And, as I am always telling you, the most wonderful things happen to all sorts of people, only you never hear about them because the people think that no one will believe their stories, and so they don't tell them to anyone except me. And they tell me because they know that I can believe anything.

When Jimmy had awakened the sleeping Princess and she had invited the three children to go with her to her palace and get something to eat, they all knew quite surely that they had come into a place of magic happenings. And they walked in a slow procession along the grass towards the castle. The Princess went first, and Jimmy carried her shining train; then came Kathleen, and Gerald came last. They were all quite sure that they had walked right into the middle of a fairy-tale, and they were the more ready to be sure because they were so tired and hungry. They were, in fact, so hungry and tired that they hardly noticed where they were going, or observed the beauties of the formal gardens through which the pink silk Princess was leading them. They were in a sort of dream, from which they only partially awakened to find themselves in a big hall, with suits of armour and old flags round the wall, skins of beasts on the floor, and heavy oak tables and benches ranged along it.

The Princess entered, slow and stately, but, once inside, she twitched her sheeny train out of Jimmy's hand and turned to the three.

"You just wait here a minute," she said, "and mind you don't talk while I'm away. This castle is crammed with magic, and I don't know what will happen if you talk." And with that, picking up the thick, goldy pink folds under her arms, she ran out, as Jimmy said afterwards, "most unprincesslike."

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showing as she ran black stockings and black strap shoes.

Jimmy wanted very much to say that he didn't believe anything would happen, only he was afraid something would happen if he did, so he merely made a face and put out his tongue. The others pretended not to see this, which was much more crushing than anything else they could have done.

So they sat in silence and Gerald ground the heel of his boot upon the marble floor. Then the Princess came back, very slowly, and kicking her long skirts in front of her at every step. She could not hold them up now because of the tray she carried.

It was not a silver tray, as you might have expected, but an oblong tin one. She set it down noisily on the end of the long table and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it ***was*** heavy," she said. I don't know what fairy feast the children's fancy had been busy with. Anyhow, this was nothing like it. The heavy tray held a loaf of bread, a lump of cheese, and a brown jug of water. The rest of its heaviness was just plates and mugs and knives.

"Come along," said the Princess, hospitably. "I couldn't find anything but bread and cheese; but it doesn't matter, because everything's magic here, and unless you have some dreadful secret fault the bread and cheese will turn into anything you like. What *would* you like?" she asked Kathleen.

"Roast chicken," said Kathleen, without hesitation.

The pinky Princess cut a slice of bread and laid it on a dish. "There you are," she said, "roast chicken. Shall I carve it, or will you?"

"You, please," said Kathleen; and received a piece of dry bread on a plate.

"Green peas?" asked the Princess, and cut a piece of cheese and laid it beside the bread.

Kathleen began to eat the bread, cutting it up with knife and fork as you would eat chicken. It was no use owning that she didn't see any chicken and peas, or anything but cheese and dry bread, because that would be owning that she had some dreadful secret fault.

"If I have, it is a secret even from me," she told herself.

The others asked for roast beef and cabbage—and got it, she supposed, though to her it only looked like dry bread and Dutch cheese. "I *do* wonder what my dreadful secret fault is," she thought, as the Princess remarked that, as for her, she could fancy a slice of roast peacock. "This one," she added, lifting a second mouthful of dry bread on her fork, "is quite delicious."

"'IT'S A GAME, ISN'T IT?' ASKED JIMMY."

"It's a game, isn't it?" asked Jimmy, suddenly.

"What's a game?" asked the Princess, frowning.

"Pretending it's beef—the bread and cheese, I mean."

"A game? But it *is* beef. Look at it," said the Princess, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, of course," said Jimmy, feebly. "I was only joking."

Bread and cheese is not, perhaps, so good as roast beef, or chicken, or peacock (I'm not sure about the peacock. I never tasted peacock; did you?), but bread and cheese is, at any rate, very much better than nothing when you have had nothing since breakfast except gooseberries and ginger-beer, and it is long past your proper dinner-time. Everyone ate and drank and felt much better.

"Now," said the Princess, brushing the breadcrumbs off her green silk lap, "if you're sure you won't have any more meat you can come and see my treasures. Sure you won't take the least bit more chicken? No? Then follow me."

She got up and they followed her down the long hall to the end, where the great stone stairs ran up at each side and joined in a broad flight leading to the gallery above. Under the stairs was a hanging of tapestry.

"Beneath this arras," said the Princess, "is the door leading to my private apartments." She held the tapestry up with both hands, for it was heavy, and showed a little door that had been hidden by it.

"The key," she said, "hangs above."

And so it did—on a large rusty nail.

"Put it in," said the Princess, "and turn it."

Gerald did so, and the great key creaked and grated in the lock.

"Now push," she said; "push hard, all of you."

They pushed hard, all of them. The door gave way, and they fell over each other into the dark space beyond.

The Princess dropped the curtain and came after them, closing the door behind her.

"Look out!" she said, "look out! There are two steps down."

"Thank you," said Gerald, rubbing his knee at the bottom of the steps. "We found that out for ourselves."

"I'm sorry," said the Princess, "but you can't have hurt yourselves much. Go straight on. There aren't any more steps."

They went straight on—in the dark.

"When you come to the door just turn the handle and go in. Then stand still till I find the matches. I know where they are."

"Did they have matches a hundred years ago?" asked Jimmy.

"I meant the tinder-box," said the Princess, quickly. "We always called it the matches. Don't you? Here, let me go first."

She did; and when they had reached the door she was waiting for them with a candle in her hand. She thrust it on Gerald.

"Hold it steady,' she said, and undid the shutters of a long window, so that first a yellow streak and then a blazing, great oblong of light flashed at them, and the room was full of sunshine.

"It makes the candle look quite silly," said Jimmy.

"So it does," said the Princess, and

"SHE WAS WAITING FOR THEM WITH A CANDLE IN HER HAND."

blew out the candle. Then she took the key from the outside of the door, put it in the inside keyhole, and turned it.

The room they were in was small and high. Its ceiling was of deep blue, with gold stars painted on it. The walls were of wood, richly carved. And there was no furniture in it whatever.

"This," said the Princess, "is my treasure chamber."

"But where," inquired Kathleen, politely, "*are* the treasures?"

"Don't you see them?" asked the Princess.

"No, we don't," said Jimmy, bluntly. "You don't come that bread-and-cheese game with me—not twice over, you don't."

"If you *really* don't see them," said the Princess, "I suppose I shall have to say the charm. Shut your eyes, please, and give me your word of honour you won't look till I tell you."

Their words of honour were something that the children would rather not have given just then—but they gave them, all the same, and shut their eyes tight.

"Wiggadil yougadoo begadee leegadeeve nowgadow?" said the Princess, rapidly; and they heard the swish of her silk train moving across the room. Then there was a creaking, rustling noise.

"She's locking us in!" cried Jimmy.

"Your word of honour!" gasped Gerald.

"Oh, do be quick!" moaned Kathleen.

"You may look," said the voice of the Princess. And they looked. The room was not the same room; yet—yes, the starry, vaulted blue ceiling was there, and under it half-a-dozen feet of the dark panelling, but below that the walls of the room blazed and sparkled with white and blue, and red and green, and gold and silver. Shelves ran round the room, and on them were gold cups and silver dishes, and platters and goblets set with gems, ornaments of gold and silver, tiaras of diamonds, necklaces of rubies, strings of emeralds and pearls—all set out in unimaginable splendour against a background of faded blue velvet. It was like the Crown jewels that you see when your kind uncle takes you to the Tower, only there were far more jewels than you or anyone else has ever seen together at the Tower or anywhere else.

The three children remained breathless, open-mouthed, staring at the sparkling splendours all about them; while the Princess stood, her arm stretched out in a gesture of command and a proud smile on her lips.

"My word!" said Gerald, in a low whisper.

But no one spoke out loud. They waited as if spellbound for the Princess to speak.

She spoke.

"What price bread-and-cheese games now?" she asked, triumphantly. "Can I do magic, or can't I?"

"You can—oh, you can," said Kathleen.

"May we—may we *touch?*" asked Gerald.

"All that is mine is yours," said the Princess, with a generous wave of her brown hand, and added, quickly: "Only, of course, you mustn't take anything away with you."

"We're not thieves," said Jimmy. The others were already busy turning over the wonderful things on the blue velvet shelves.

"Perhaps not," said the Princess; "but you're a very unbelieving little boy. You think I can't see inside you, but I can. *I* know what you've been thinking."

"What?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, you know well enough," said the Princess. "You're thinking about the bread and cheese that I changed into beef and about your secret fault. I say, let's all dress up, and you be Princes and Princesses too."

"To crown our hero," said Gerald, lifting a gold crown with a cross on the top, "was the work of a moment." He put the crown on his head, and added a collar of SS and a zone of sparkling emeralds which would not quite meet over his shirt. He turned from fixing it by an ingenious adaptation of his belt to find the others already decked with diadems, necklaces, and rings.

"How splendid you look!" said the Princess, "and how I wish your clothes were prettier! What ugly clothes people wear nowadays! A hundred years ago——"

Kathleen stood quite still with a diamond bracelet raised in her hand.

"I say," she said; "the King and Queen."

"*What* King and Queen?" asked the Princess.

"Your father and mother," said Kathleen. "They'll have waked up by now. Won't they be wanting to see you after a hundred years, you know?"

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Princess, slowly. "I embraced my rejoicing parents when I got the bread and cheese. They're having their dinner. They won't expect me yet. Here," she added, hastily putting a ruby bracelet on Kathleen's arm, "see how splendid that is!"

Kathleen would have been quite contented to go on all day trying on different jewels and

looking at herself in the little silver-framed mirror that the Princess took from one of the shelves, but the boys were soon tired of it.

"Look here," said Gerald, "if you're sure your father and mother won't want you, let's go out and have a jolly good game of something. You could play besieged castles awfully well in that maze. Unless you can do any more magic tricks."

"You forget," said the Princess, "I'm grown up. I don't play games. And I don't like to do too much magic at a time—it's so tiring. Besides, it'll take us ever so long to put all these things back in their proper places."

It did. The children would have laid the jewels just anywhere, but the Princess showed them that every necklace, or ring, or bracelet had its own proper place on the velvet—a slight hollowing in the shelf beneath so that each stone fitted into its own little nest.

As Kathleen was fitting the last shining ornament into its proper place she saw that part of the shelf near it held, not bright jewels, but rings and brooches and chains, as well as queer things that she did not know the names of, and all were of dull metal and odd shapes.

"What's all this rubbish?" she asked.

"Rubbish, indeed!" said the Princess. "Why, those are *all* magic things! This bracelet—anyone who wears it has got to speak the truth. This chain makes you as strong as ten men; if you wear this spur your horse will go a mile a minute; or, if you're walking, it's the same as seven-league boots."

"LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE LITTLE SILVER-FRAMED MIRROR."

"What does this brooch do?" asked Kathleen, reaching out her hand. The Princess caught her by the wrist.

"You mustn't touch," she said; "if anyone but me touches them all the magic goes out at once and never comes back. That brooch will give you any wish you like."

"And this ring?" Jimmy pointed.

"Oh, that makes you invisible."

"What's this?" asked Gerald, showing a curious buckle.

"Oh, that undoes the effect of all the other charms."

"Do you mean *really?*" Jimmy asked. "You're not just kidding?"

"Kidding, indeed!" repeated the Princess, scornfully. "I should have thought I'd shown you enough magic to prevent you speaking to a Princess like *that!*"

"I say," said Gerald, visibly excited. "You

might show us how some of the things act. Couldn't you give us each a wish?"

The Princess did not at once answer. And the minds of the three played with granted wishes—brilliant, yet thoroughly reasonable—the kind of wish that never seems to occur to people in fairy-tales when they suddenly get a chance to have their three wishes granted.

"No," said the Princess, suddenly, "no; I can't give wishes to *you*—it only gives me wishes. But I'll let you see the ring make *me* invisible. Only you must shut your eyes while I do it."

They shut them.

"Count fifty," said the Princess, "and then you may look. And then you must shut them again, and count fifty, and I'll reappear."

Gerald counted aloud. Through the counting one could hear a creaking, rustling sound.

"Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty!" said Gerald, and everyone opened their eyes.

They were alone in the room. The jewels had vanished and so had the Princess.

"She's gone out by the door, of course," said Jimmy, but the door was locked.

"That *is* magic," said Kathleen, breathlessly.

"Maskelyne and Devant can do *that* trick," said Jimmy. "And I want my tea."

"Your tea!" Gerald's tone was full of contempt. "The lovely Princess," he went on, "reappeared as soon as our hero had finished counting fifty. One, two, three, four——"

Gerald and Kathleen had both closed their eyes. But somehow Jimmy hadn't. He didn't mean to cheat. He just forgot. And as Gerald's count reached thirty he saw a panel under the window open slowly.

"Her," he said to himself. "I *knew* it was a trick!" And at once shut his eyes, for he was an honourable little boy.

On the word "fifty" six eyes opened. And the panel was closed and there was no Princess.

"She hasn't pulled it off this time," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you'd better count again," said Kathleen.

"I believe there's a cupboard under the window," said Jimmy, "and she's hidden in it. Secret panel, you know."

"You looked; that's cheating," said the voice of the Princess so close to his ear that he quite jumped.

"I didn't cheat." "Where on earth——" "Whatever——" said all three together. For still there was no Princess to be seen.

"Come back visible, Princess, dear," said Kathleen. "Shall we shut our eyes and count again?"

"Don't be silly," said the voice of the Princess, and it sounded very cross.

"We're *not* silly," said Jimmy, and his voice was cross too. "Why can't you come back and have done with it? You know you're only hiding."

"Don't," said Kathleen, gently. "She *is* invisible, you know."

"So should I be if I got into the cupboard," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes," said the sneering tone of the Princess, "you think yourselves very clever, I dare say. But *I* don't mind. We'll play that you *can't* see me, if you like."

"Well, but we *can't*," said Gerald; "it's no use getting in a wax. If you're hiding, as Jimmy says, you'd better come out. If you've really turned invisible you'd better make yourself visible again."

"Do you really mean," asked a voice, quite changed, but still the Princess's, "that you *can't* see me?"

"Can't you *see* we can't?" asked Jimmy, rather unreasonably.

The sun was blazing in at the window; the room was very hot, and everyone was getting cross.

"You can't *see* me?" There was the sound of a sob in the voice of the invisible Princess.

"*No*, I tell you," said Jimmy, "and I want my tea—and——"

What he was saying was broken off short, as one might break a stick of sealing-wax. And then in the golden afternoon a really quite horrid thing happened; Jimmy suddenly leant backwards, then forwards, his eyes opened wide, and his mouth too. Backward and forward he went, very quickly and abruptly, then stood still.

"Oh, he's in a fit! Oh, Jimmy, dear Jimmy!" cried Kathleen, hurrying to him. "What is it, dear, what is it?"

"It's *not* a fit," gasped Jimmy, angrily. "She shook me."

"Yes," said the voice of the Princess, "and I'll shake him again if he keeps on saying he can't see me."

"You'd better shake *me*," said Gerald, angrily. "I'm nearer your own size."

And instantly she did. But not for long. The moment Gerald felt hands on his shoulders he put up his own and caught

them by the wrists. And there he was, holding wrists that he couldn't see. It was a dreadful sensation. An invisible kick made him wince, but he held tight to the wrists.

"Cathy," he cried, "come and hold her legs; she s kicking me."

"Where?" cried Kathleen, anxious to help. "I don't *see* any legs."

"This is her hands I've got," cried Gerald. "She *is* invisible right enough. Get hold of this hand, and then you can feel your way down to her legs."

Kathleen did so. I wish I could make you understand how very, very uncomfortable and frightening it is to feel, in broad daylight, hands and arms that you can't see."

"I *won't* have you hold my legs," said the invisible Princess, struggling violently.

"What are you so cross about?" Gerald was quite calm. "You said you'd be invisible, and you *are*."

"I'm not."

"You are really. Look in the glass."

"I'm not; I can't be."

"Look in the glass," Gerald repeated, quite unmoved.

"Let go, then," she said. Gerald did, and the moment he had done so he found it impossible to believe that he really had been holding invisible hands.

"You're just pretending not to see me," said the Princess, anxiously, "aren't you? Do say you are. You've had your joke with me. Don't keep it up. I don't like it."

"On our sacred word of honour," said Gerald, "you're still invisible."

There was a silence. Then, "Come," said the Princess, "I'll let you out, and you can go. I'm tired of playing with you."

"BACKWARD AND FORWARD HE WENT."

They followed her voice to the door and through it, and along the little passage into the hall. No one said anything. Everyone felt very uncomfortable.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Jimmy, as they got to the end of the hall. But the voice of the Princess said:—

"Come out this way; it's quicker. I think you're perfectly hateful. I'm sorry I ever played with you. Auntie always told me not to play with strange children."

A door abruptly opened, though no hand was seen to touch it. "Come through, can't you?" said the voice of the Princess.

It was a little ante-room, with long, narrow mirrors between its long, narrow windows.

"Good-bye," said Gerald. "Thanks for giving us such a jolly time. Let's part friends," he added, holding out his hand.

An unseen hand was slowly put in his, which closed on it, vice-like.

"Now," he said, "you've jolly well *got* to look in the glass and own that we're not liars."

He led the invisible Princess to one of the mirrors and held her in front of it by the shoulders.

"Now," he said, "you just look for yourself."

There was a silence, and then a cry of despair rang through the room.

"Oh, oh, oh! I *am* invisible. Whatever shall I do?"

"Take the ring off," said Kathleen, suddenly practical.

Another silence.

"I *can't*," cried the Princess. "It won't come off. But it can't be the ring. Rings don't make you invisible."

"You said this one did," said Kathleen, "and it has."

"But it *can't*," said the Princess. "I was only playing at magic. I just hid in the secret cupboard—it was only a game. Oh, whatever *shall* I do?"

"A game?" said Gerald, slowly; "but you *can* do magic—the invisible jewels—and you made them come visible."

"Oh, it's only a secret spring and the panelling slides up. Oh, what am I to do?"

Kathleen moved towards the voice and gropingly got her arms round a pink silk waist that she couldn't see. Invisible arms clasped her, a hot invisible cheek was laid against hers, and warm invisible tears lay wet between the two faces.

"Don't cry, dear," said Kathleen; "let me go and tell the King and Queen."

"The——"

"Your Royal father and mother."

"Oh, *don't* mock me," said the poor Princess. "You *know* that was only a game too, like——"

"Like the bread and cheese," said Jimmy, triumphantly. "I knew *that* was!"

"But your dress and being asleep in the maze, and——"

"Oh, I dressed up for fun, because everyone's away at the Fairwich Fair, and I put the clue just to make it all more real. I was playing at Fair Rosamond first, and then I heard you talking in the maze, and I thought what fun; and now I'm invisible, and I shall never come right again—never. I know I sha'n't. It serves me right for lying, but I didn't really think you'd believe it—not more than half, that is," she added, hastily, trying to be truthful.

"But if you're not the Princess, who *are* you?" asked Kathleen, still embracing the unseen.

"I'm—— My aunt lives here," said the invisible Princess. "She may be home any time. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Perhaps she knows some charm——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the voice, sharply; "she doesn't believe in charms. She *would* be so cross. Oh, I daren't let her see me like this," she added, wildly. "And all of you here too. She'd be so dreadfully cross."

The beautiful magic castle that the children had believed in now felt as though it were tumbling about their ears. All that was left was the invisibleness of the Princess. But that, you will own, was a good deal.

"I just said it," moaned the voice, "and it came true. I wish I'd never played at magic—I wish I'd never played at anything at all."

"Oh, don't say that," Gerald said, kindly. "Let's go out into the garden—near the lake, where it's cool, and we'll hold a solemn council. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Oh!" cried Kathleen, suddenly, "the buckle: that makes magic come undone!"

"It doesn't *really*," murmured the voice that seemed to speak without lips. "I only just *said* that."

"You only 'just said' about the ring," said Gerald. "Anyhow, let's try."

"Not *you—me*," said the voice. "You go down to the Temple of Flora, by the lake. I'll go back to the jewel-room by myself. Aunt might see you."

"She won't see *you*," said Jimmy.

"Don't rub it in," said Gerald. "Where *is* the Temple of Flora?"

"That's the way," the voice said; "down those steps and along the winding path through the shrubbery. You can't miss it. It's white marble with a statue goddess inside."

The three children went down to the white marble Temple of Flora and sat down in its shadowy inside. It had arches all round, except behind the statue, and was cool and restful.

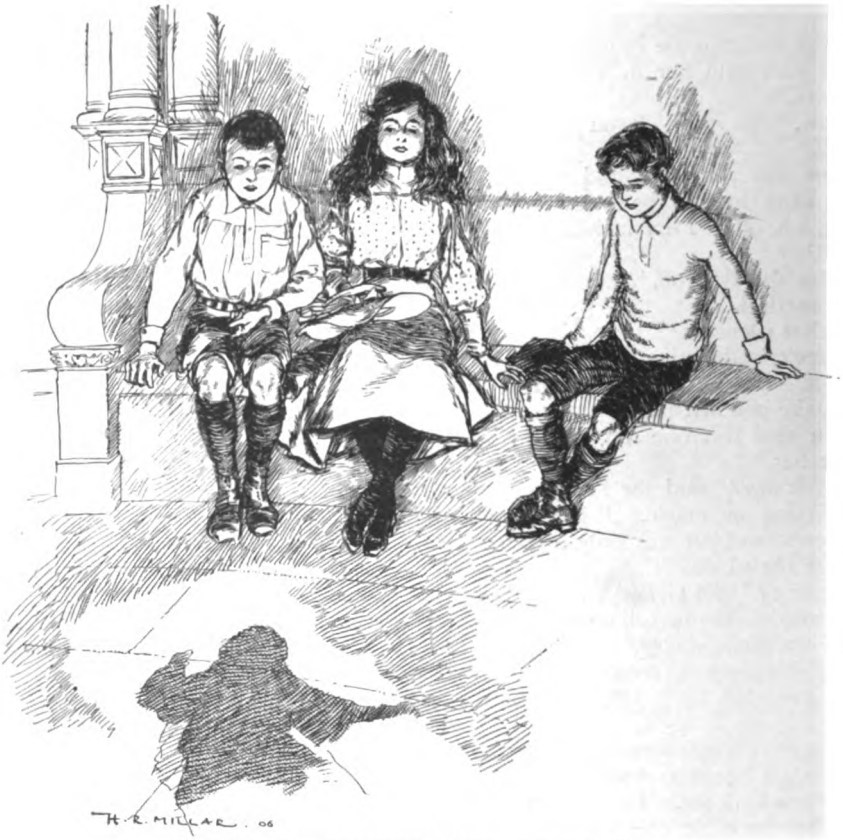
They had not been there five minutes before the feet of a runner sounded loud on the gravel. A shadow, very black and distinct, fell on the white marble floor.

"Your shadow's not invisible, anyhow," said Jimmy.

"Oh, bother my shadow," the voice of the Princess replied. "We left the key inside the door, and it's shut itself with the wind, and it's a spring lock."

"I'm—I'm——" said a voice broken with sobs, "I'm the housekeeper's niece at the castle, and my name's Mabel Prowse."

"That's exactly what I thought," said Jimmy, without a shadow of truth, because how could he?



"'YOUR SHADOW'S NOT INVISIBLE, ANYHOW,' SAID JIMMY."

There was a heartfelt pause.

Then Gerald said in his most business-like manner:—

"Sit down, Princess, and we'll have a thorough good palaver about it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy, "if we were to wake up and find it was dreams."

"No such luck," said the voice.

"Well," said Gerald, "first of all, what's your name, and if you're not a Princess, who are you?"

The others were silent.

It was a moment full of agitation and confused ideas.

"Well, anyhow," said Gerald, "you belong here."

"Yes," said the voice, and it came from the floor, as though its owner had flung herself down in the madness of despair. "Oh, yes, I belong here right enough, but what's the use of belonging anywhere if you're invisible?"

(To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

THE BAREFOOT DEVOTEE CLIMBING SLOWLY FROM ONE KEEN KNIFE-EDGE TO THE NEXT, WHILE THE GREAT CROWD WATCHED IN AWE-STRUCK SILENCE.

CLIMBING A LADDER OF KNIVES.

AMONGST the Chinese there are still in existence various forms of self-torture and methods of voluntarily inflicting bodily pain and discomfort to atone for the sins of others and to make peace with the powers that be. The rungs of the ladder employed in climbing the ladder of knives consisted of twenty-four long, keen blades, edge uppermost. I can guarantee the sharpness of every rung, for each was critically examined by me before the ladder was hoisted into an upright position. The devotee completed the journey to the top and down again without apparent injury.—F. KNOCKER, F.Z.S., IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

A JUDGE WHO JOKES.

MR. JUSTICE MAULE, one of the most notable of the Victorian judges, is the prince of judicial wits. "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," exclaimed a witness when cautioned by the judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Justice Maule; "but the question is how long you have been a widower."—L. TEMPLE GRAY, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

LEAD MINING IN DERBYSHIRE.

IN that piece of country known as the King's Field, comprising the Wapentake of Wirksworth, anyone has a right to prospect for lead when and where he pleases, with three exceptions — he may not prosecute his search in a garden, orchard, or on the high road. This curious right came to light some years ago, when a descent of prospectors was threatened on a big estate, and the owner, to protect himself, was obliged to plant one of his meadows with fruit trees. Needless to say, when all danger of the invasion had vanished the fruit trees quickly followed suit.—"COUNTRY LIFE."

BARGAINS AT AUCTIONS.

THE auction-room is the prime place for bargains if you can find the time to watch and attend sales. Some of the finest gems that have fallen to my share have been spotted in mixed lots herded away with common stamps.

E. J. NANKIVELL, THE WELL-KNOWN PHILATELIST.

Once I found a very great rarity lotted as an ordinary rare stamp, and I felt sure, as it was known only to a few of us, that it would fall into my net. So I kept in the background and gave my commission to a dealer to start it at shillings, but to go as far as twelve pounds if forced to do so. But, alas! I was not the only Richard in the field. It was started, not at shillings, but at thirty pounds. I was not so fortunate as a fellow-specialist who, on a similar errand at another sale, got for eighteen shillings a rarity he was prepared to bid for up to twenty-five pounds.—E. J. NANKIVELL, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

"RANJI'S" ROMANCE.

IF I understand the matter rightly, it will be a case of poetic, as well as real, justice should the Indian Government sanction Ranjitsinhji's succession. It will certainly be a decision extremely popular with the other Princes of Rajputana, and naturally with the British people at home. People in England possibly regard Ranjitsinhji as a cricketer and nothing more. We who know him intimately know him as a man admirably fitted to rule.—C. B. FRY, IN "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."

A LION-SHOOT WITH THE RAJSAHIB OF WANKANER. RANJITSINHJI HAS HIS FOOT ON THE LION, ON HIS LEFT IS THE RAJSAHIB, AND ON THE LATTER'S LEFT IS RANJITSINHJI'S ELDEST BROTHER.

CURIOSITIES.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A "HAM AND BEE" SHOP.

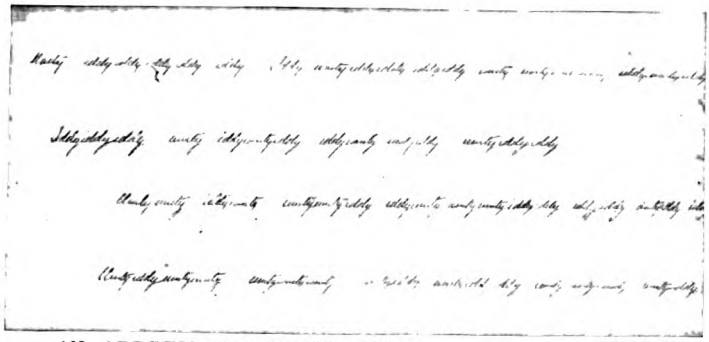
I SEND you the photograph of a shop at Herne Bay. The window offered the invitation shown in the print during the whole of last season, to my own knowledge. Herne Bay trippers are evidently careless of what they eat, for the photograph represents the principal "Ham and Bee" shop in the place.—Mr. John T. Day, 80, Elmbourne Road, Tooting Common, S.W.

A PLANT WHICH FLOWERS WITHOUT EARTH OR WATER.

THE weird bulb reproduced here, and known as Saumoratum Guttatum, or more familiarly "Monarch of the East," has the extraordinary power of being able to sit on a table or mantelpiece in mid-winter and, without earth or water, produce a huge flower eighteen inches high. Its only necessity is something to sit on. It belongs to the same family as the white arum lily, and the flower is like a tall, narrow edition of its white cousin, but is of a splendid yellow, richly spotted with velvety crimson. The bulb (which is not expensive to buy) is not unlike a large halfpenny or a small penny bun, and must be placed, without earth or water, on a mantelpiece. In an incredibly short time the flower will appear; when it has faded the bulb should be planted in the garden, where in spring it will throw up a stout stem two feet high, covered with dark purple spots, and bearing at the summit a huge umbrella-shaped leaf. Dig up the bulb in autumn, wash it and make it tidy and put it on the mantelpiece, and it will bloom just as before; in fact, the fascinating formula may be repeated year after year.—Mr. Clarence Elliott, White Webbs, Hadley Common, Herts.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

SOME time ago I met with a very serious accident. I was riding a bicycle from Heidelberg to my residence, when I was struck by lightning. The current made a hole in the back of my head and passed over my back and arms. My clothes were nearly burned off my body; one shoe was taken clean off. The drums of both ears are broken. The consequence is that I am very deaf. I send you a photograph of myself taken after the accident. I am fairly well now, although I had to keep my bed for six months. The only thing that troubles me is deafness and noises in my head. I consider it a most wonderful escape from sudden death. Photo. by F. W. Drirselmann, Heidelberg, S.A. — Mr. Herbert Bowker, Nigel, near Heidelberg, Transvaal.



AN ADDRESS IN THE MORSE CODE.

A CORRESPONDENT, name unknown, has sent us the curiously-addressed envelope which we reproduce here. The strange words, we are informed by the Post Office authorities, represent the sounds as made by the key of the modern Morse instrument. "Idely iddy" stand for "dots" and "umpty" for a dash. The envelope reached us as easily as if it had been addressed in the orthodox way.

A DIAMOND IN A POTATO.

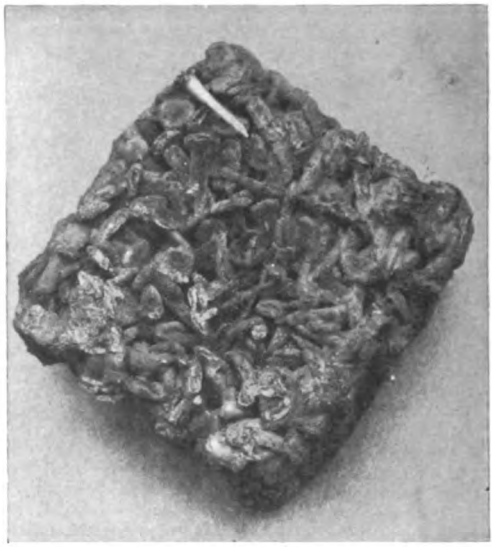
HIDDEN safely in an ordinary potato there reposed for over a year, undiscovered, a pure white gem valued at something over six hundred pounds. The fortunate possessor of this unexpected treasure is Mrs. John P. Riche, of Portland, Oregon. One day she received through the post a mysterious package with the South African post-mark. On unpacking she found that the parcel contained what looked like an ordinary lump of clay. The subject offering no more interest for the time being the spherical lump was placed on the drawing-room mantelpiece. Over a year afterwards, by some lucky accident, let it be said, someone knocked the clay ball to the ground, whence it rebounded and split in two halves, revealing a white, flesh-like substance which subsequently turned out to be an ordinary white peeled potato. This latter again split in half, and lo, out rolled a peculiar hard substance! Not knowing what it was, Mr. Riche submitted what looked like a pebble to a scientific friend of his, and to everyone's astonishment the pebble proved to be nothing less than a diamond of great value. Upon mature reflection Mr. Riche remembered that some years back, when prospecting in Alaska, he had run against a man very much down on his luck. Mr. Riche shared his provisions with him, and together the two endured the hardships of the place. The Riches are naturally anxious to get some news from this man, who they believe has sent them this magnificent present, and should these lines meet his eyes or those of anyone who knows him, Mr. Riche and his lady will be glad to hear from them.

A "SPEAK-PIPE."

THIS curious contrivance is built on to the rectory garden wall at Stockton, near Rugby, and illustrates an original method of education. The notice explains the objects of the "speak-pipe," and reads as follows: "Boys and Girls speaking up this Pipe the sayings and texts taught by the Ven. Archdeacon Colley (Dio. Natal), Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, will, as a First Reward, have roll down to them (in an Orange or an Apple), a Penny on holding their hands below the mouth-piece of the Pipe up which they speak. And when twelve sayings have been said each speaker — shewing by good behaviour that what is learned has been outwrought in daily life—will then have One Shilling, and know how much more than Pelf, Pence or Pounds, shall further follow the doing of what the wisdom spoken through the Speak-Pipe teaches should be done."—Mr. W. Wilson, 16, Parade, Leamington.

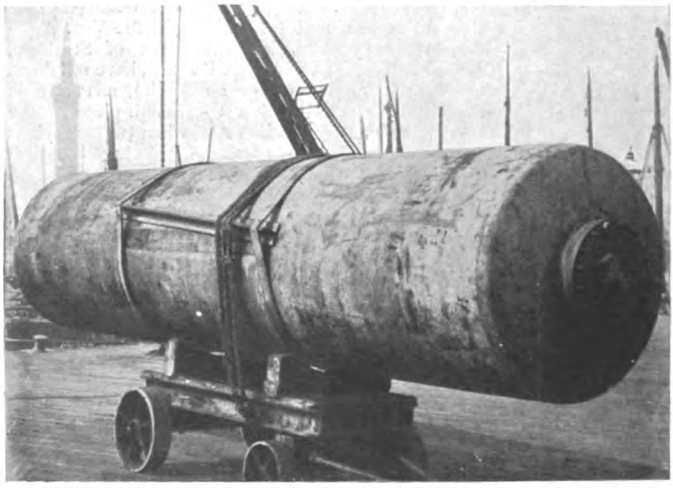
A STRANGE RELIC OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

I SEND you a photograph taken by myself of a box of tin-tacks which were fused together in the great fire of Chicago. The white-looking one in the top corner is an ordinary tack. The photograph is full size. — Mr. C. E. Bromilow, Ravenslea, Rainhill, Lancs.



A CURIOSITY OF FLOTSAM.

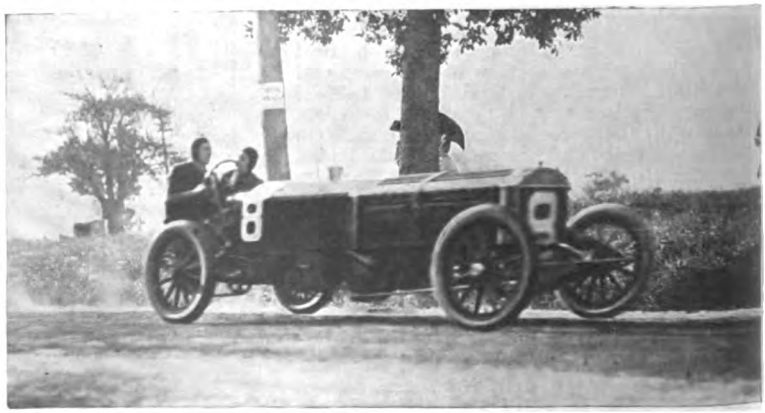
CURIOUS things are sometimes lost and found on the sea, as well as on the land, but surely few more remarkable than that shown in the photograph given below. Your readers will, perhaps, be interested to know th t, whilst fishing in the North Sea sixty miles from Spurn Point, in April last, I found this peculiar-looking object floating on the water. As it was very dangerous to vessels fishing in the vicinity, I decided to pick it up and bring it home to Grimsby. To get it on board my ship, the *Mercia*, however, proved more difficult than I at first imagined; much precious time was lost, and almost every rope we possessed was broken before success crowned our efforts. What a sensation we created when we arrived in port with this extraordinary "catch"!

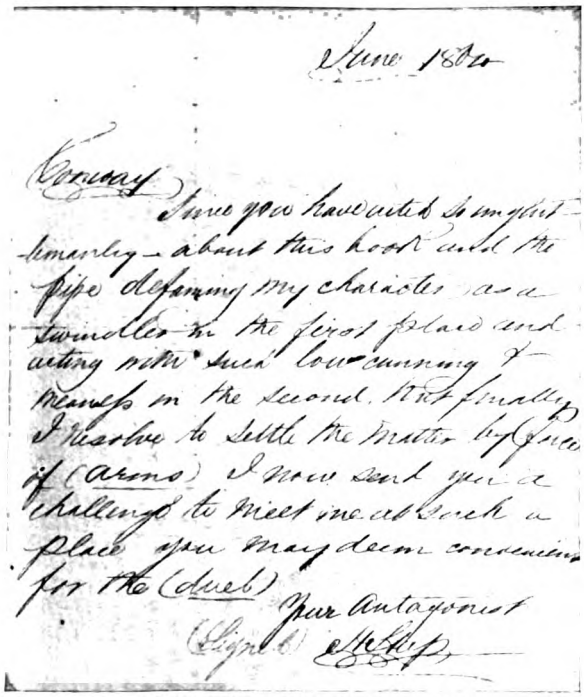


The structure is of iron, length nineteen feet, diameter four feet six inches, and weight three tons. I wonder if any of your readers can say what it is, or explain how it came to be adrift on the open sea. Photo. by A. Forster, Grimsby,—Captain Underhill, 333, Wellington Street, Grimsby.

DOES THE TOP OF A WHEEL MOVE FASTER THAN THE BOTTOM?

OVER a year ago I noticed in your "Curiosities" a photograph of an automobile omnibus which was just starting to move. In the picture the upper halves of the wheels were blurred while the lower halves were not, illustrating the fact that the top of a wheel running on a surface moves with a greater rapidity than the bottom. I enclose a picture of Robertson, the American driver, in a Thomas flyer, while travelling at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour in the recent Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. It can easily be seen that the upper parts of the three wheels visible are blurred and indistinct, while the lower portions are clear, proving the phenomenon is not caused by the act of starting, but can be observed at any speed. The fact of course is that any point at the top of the wheel is moving forward with two motions: (1) Its own round the axis; (2) that of the car itself. On the other hand, a point at the bottom of the wheel, while moving forwards with the car, is also moving *backwards* by its motion round the axis—so that it appears stationary. —Mr. C. W., Newark, N.J.





June 1804

Conway

Since you have acted so ungentlemanly about this hook and the pipe defaming my character as a swindler in the first place and acting with such low cunning & meanness in the second. Not finally I resolve to settle the matter by force of (arms) I now send you a challenge to meet me at such a place you may deem convenient for the (duel)

Your Antagonist

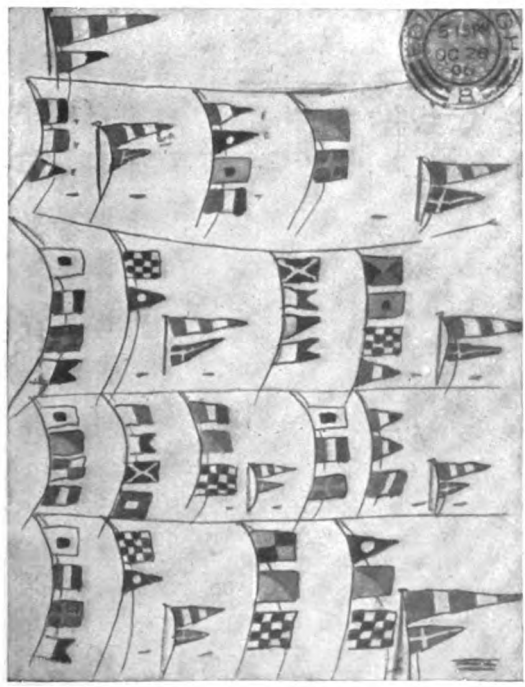
(Signed) H Stap

AN ACTUAL CHALLENGE TO A DUEL.

I SEND you a copy of the original paper requesting a gentleman to name place, etc., to fight a duel: "June, 1804. Conway,—Since you have acted so ungentlemanly about this hook and the pipe, defaming my character as a swindler in the first place and acting with such low cunning and meanness in the second, that finally I resolve to settle the matter by force of arms. I now send you a challenge to meet me at such a place you may deem convenient for the duel.—Your antagonist, (signed) H. Stap."—Mr. A. A. Blunden, Ranelagh Road, Sheerness-on-Sea.

AN INTERNATIONAL CODE ADDRESS.

I NOTICED a curious address in THE STRAND some months ago, and am sending this as an example of the international code applied to addresses. I hope it will reach you safely, as the Post Office people are wonderfully clever and very painstaking.—Mr. C. A. Merrillees, c/o Milne, 10, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.



A SELF-TIED STEEL KNOT.

THE following photograph is taken from a knot, self-tied in a steel-wire rope, seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. The rope referred to is in use in the Running Lode Mine at Black Hawk, Colorado, which is owned by the Gower

Mines Syndicate, Ltd., 155, Fenchurch Street, London. This rope, while detached from the ton bucket which is used for hoisting ore, was raised two or three hundred feet before it was discovered that the bucket was detached. When the discovery was made the rope was lowered, and while this was being done the end must have caught on something in the shaft which held it and formed a loop through which the end of the rope dropped after freeing itself. When the rope was attached to the bucket, the weight of the latter tightened the knot, which was not noticed until it reached the sheave-wheel above the shaft.—Mr. S. E. Fowler, Agent, 415, Charles Buildings, Denver, Colorado.

ONE EXPOSURE AND ONE SITTER.

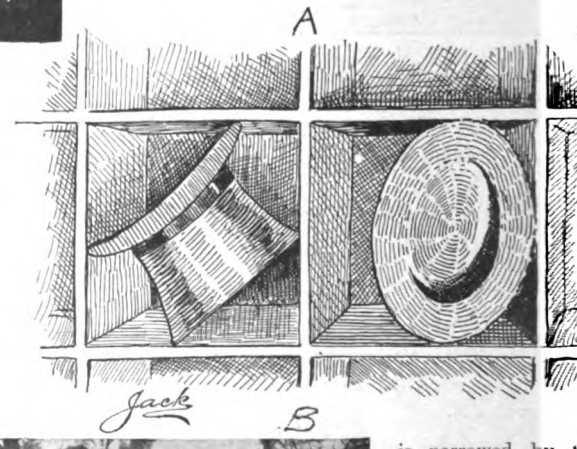
I TOOK the foregoing photograph through a glass ornament lent me by a schoolfellow of mine named H. Jenner. The glass gave sixteen separate images of the same object, with the curious result shown.—Mr. H. Howard, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

A "RIVER-SERPENT."

ALTHOUGH even now there remains some controversy as to the reality of the "sea-serpent," no opinion has so far been expressed as to the existence or otherwise of the "river-serpent." The original of the photograph I send is what remains of a tree which some years back overbalanced into the Wyong River, N.S.W. Struck with its resemblance to a serpent, a local resident, with the aid of a tin of white paint, turned out a creature of a somewhat terrifying aspect. With the exception of the teeth, which are made of zinc, the "river-serpent" is entirely original.—Mr. L. B. Boardman, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

I SEND you a drawing wherein I have created an optical illusion artificially. Seen from point B you see the outside of the straw hat; from point A you see the inside. Perhaps a humorist would say that when you turn a hat upside down you must see the inside. The top hat in the picture has no other object than to support the general idea of a compartment hat-rack, since the straw hat, if alone in its particular though usual position, might be mistaken for a dish or something else. You notice I do not continue the line of the inner circumference all round, but leave its position to the imagination, which is easily assumed by the inference of the shaded portion. That line continuation was omitted for the reason that its position is not the same in both cases. From point B the hat is an inclined plane in perspective necessarily, for here the shadow also indicates the outer hat-band, and part of the upper left-hand brim



is narrowed by the imaginary crown edge as well as diminishing perspective lines. From point A the hat is a vertical plane no longer in perspective, and so the brim has equal width everywhere, and what was formerly the outer hat-band has now become an inner shadow; so in this case the imaginary line shifts its position from where it was in the former category.—Mr. W. H. Jack, jun., Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

"THE MOORISH GARDEN." By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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A CLUSTER OF MASTERPIECES.

"SHALL it be," wrote Lord Leighton, "'The Moorish Garden' or 'A Dream of Granada'?" He had just finished one of the most beautiful of his pictures, and one which may be said to be the spontaneous outcome of Leighton's deep affection for the country in which the scene is laid. The whole picture seems imbued with the spirit of old Moorish romance, and depicts the time when the Moors, monarchs for a thousand years, still ruled over the land. "Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills."

A stately garden—this it is the painter shows us—through which, overhung with arches of twining creepers and bordered by cypresses and rose trees in full bloom, a stream of water ripples and purls. Its course is an avenue of luxuriant foliage, its boundaries of whitest marble, and in the distance the towers of the palace rise in Oriental magnificence. A young maiden, sumptuously clad, is pacing the cool court, while after her strut, with almost conscious pride, a number of magnificent peacocks, whose rainbow plumage fills the whole foreground with a wonderful effect of mingled form and colour.

"OPHELIA." By SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

How skilfully has the artist checked the long and monotonous line of white, that extends from the neck of the white peacock to the margin of the picture, by introducing the single slender feather that stands out clearly against the shadows of the stonework! How naturally, too, is the full plumage of the other bird depicted; not a feather but contributes its share to the harmonious whole!

It is interesting to recall how the picture came to be painted for its original owner, the late Sir Joseph Pease. In the early spring or summer of 1873 Sir Joseph and Lady

"SOLDIERS GAMBLING." By J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

From a Photo. by Mansell.

Pease were invited by Leighton to call and see his Spanish sketches. Among the drawings was one of the old Moorish palace at Granada, with the River Ebro running through it, and *another* showed a small girl feeding peacocks in a garden.

"Why," inquired Lady Pease, "don't you put the little girl and the peacocks in the garden of the palace?"

Leighton was much struck by the idea and promised to do so. "Will you do it for me?" queried Sir Joseph. "With all my heart!" was the instant response, and by the next May the picture was duly finished and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

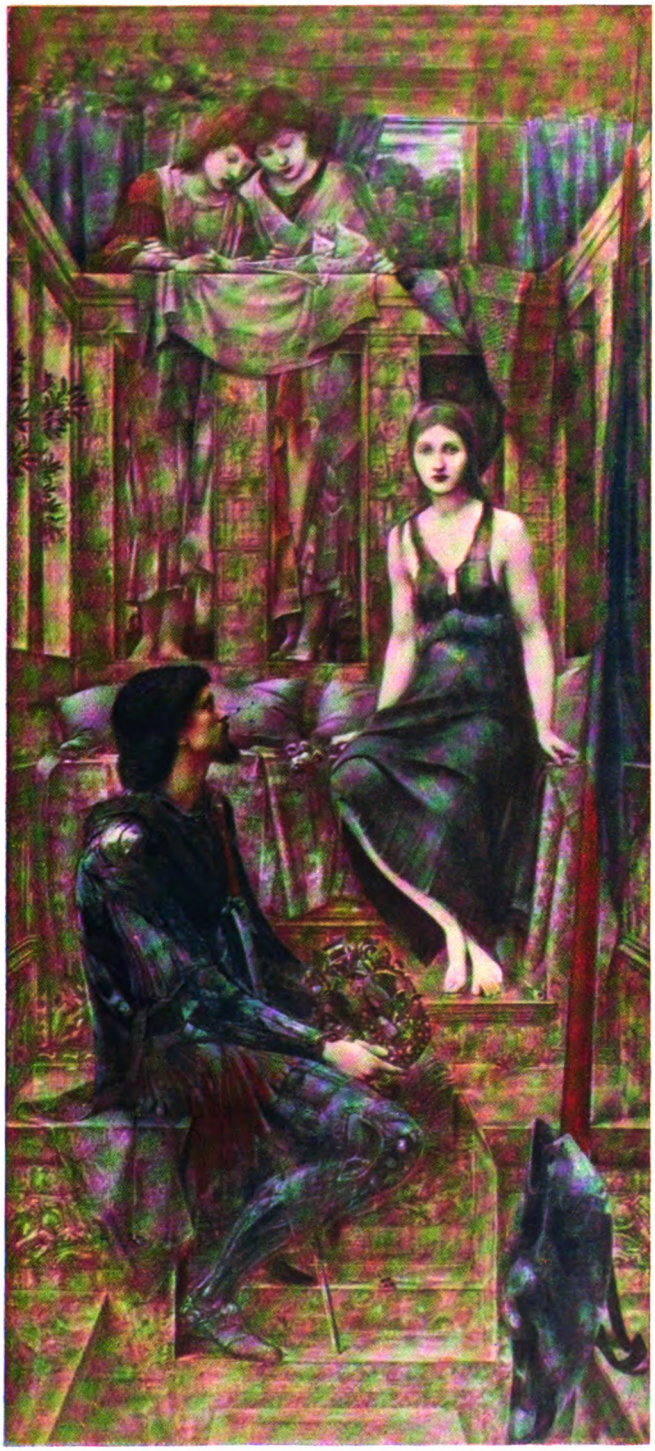
The "Ophelia" by Sir John Everett Millais has been widely acclaimed by many eminent critics as the great English painter's masterpiece. One admiring critic does not hesitate to say that it is one of the most marvellously complete and accurate studies of Nature ever made by the hand of man.

When Millais lit upon the famous passage in "Hamlet":—

> Her garments, heavy with their drink,
> Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
> To muddy death,

he summoned all his powers to paint such a picture of the dead Ophelia as had not before been attempted. He was a member of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood—that little band of zealous and hopeful young painters whose work is signalized by infinite pains in craftsmanship. They were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions—as became youth. Never did they let their visions become obscured by the quality and incoherence of their paint. Every line, every hair, every blade of grass was depicted with scrupulous care.

No sooner had the idea of the dead Ophelia flashed across the painter's brain than he bethought him of a model—the only model. Some time before, an artist friend had discovered behind the counter of a bonnet-shop a young woman of striking mien and features. A wealth of hair like burnished copper hung above her pale brow. This was Elizabeth Siddal, daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. Her discoverer introduced her to his fellow-artists, and she frequently sat as model to Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To Rossetti she was a "beautiful, pure, and lovable creature." She was his ideal—the fulfilment of all his æsthetic longings. He taught her to paint, and she proved herself an apt and



'KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID."
By SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

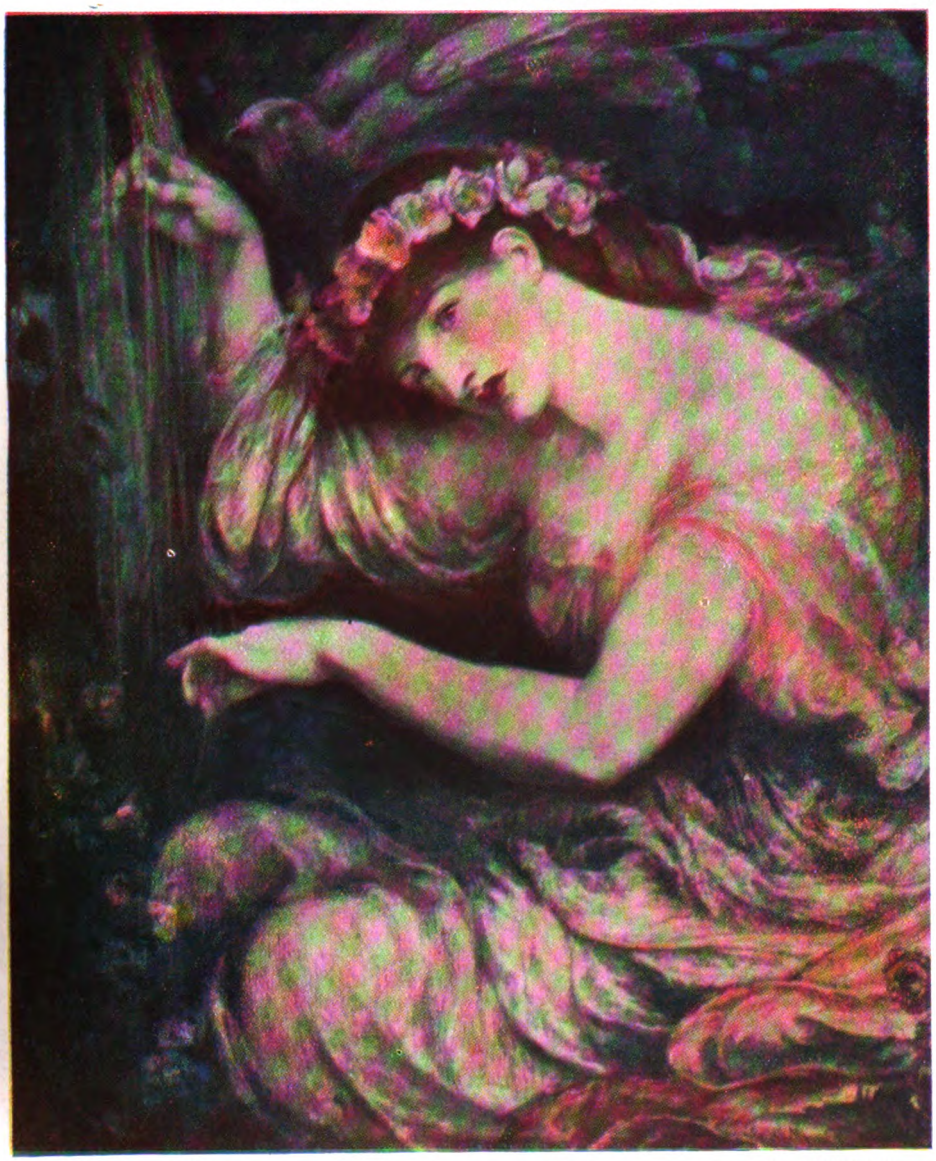
accomplished pupil. Eight years later they were married, but, alas for their hopes! their connubial bliss proved only too short-lived. Within two years the beautiful model was stricken down with a mortal illness. A few days later she died. Rossetti became almost frantic with grief and despair. In a touching farewell scene he placed the manuscript of all his unpublished poems inside his dead wife's coffin. "You were the inspiration of my work," he cried. "To you only does my work belong."

In the spring of 1852 "Ophelia" was finished by Millais and sent to the Royal Academy. There, strange to say, it met with almost universal condemnation. It was so different from the art of the day. People could not understand it, and were therefore incapable of appreciating it. Tom Taylor, of *Punch*, was the only critic to appraise it at its true worth, and, it is said, Millais cared more for the praise of Tom Taylor than he did for the censorious bickerings of all the rest of the critics put together.

Six years after the young English painter who was afterwards to become so famous painted his "Ophelia," on the other side of the Channel, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who had already attained celebrity, was at work on one of those precious canvases in which his genius seemed to find its widest scope. Meissonier, of all the world's painters, was *facile princeps* master of *genre* painting. For him, as for Millais, in the first flush of his pre-Raphaelite zeal, nothing was too minute to notice, too difficult for transcription. His critics state that he painted all his pictures under a magnifying glass, but, although there may be many who are not lost in admiration of the French painter's handiwork, there are none who deny him overmastering genius in technique. His was the art of taking pains; accuracy was his aim, and to obtain accuracy no sacrifice was too great, either on his own part or on the part of his models. He nearly killed them with fatigue. They had to pose in postures which made every fibre of their bodies twinge in agony. Many stories are told in Paris of the sufferings of Meissonier's models.

"ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS." By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Of his own work Meissonier wrote: "I am perhaps the most impossible for all living painters to copy, for I have no method, no settled formula. Face to face with Nature, I know nothing beforehand; I look at her, I listen; she carries me away, suggesting what I must do, how I must seize her and make her my own. I begin just where the spirit moves me, and so nearly all my drawings have pieces of paper pasted on to them, on



"THE SEA SPELL." By D. G. ROSSETTI.

one side or the other, to say nothing of the strips of wood added to my painted canvases."

Meissonier was essentially a painter of men. To him man was much more beautiful than woman. "I have," he remarked, "neither aptitude nor desire for the tenderness of the brush." "Let well alone" he thought a motto fit only for the sluggard. He himself was always altering; never satisfied. "Whenever," he wrote, "I have tried to paint a given subject, every detail of which has been decided upon in advance, the work has become uninteresting, odious, to me. My touch is very rapid. You see the luminous paint at once in my canvases; my sketches are written studies."

In the picture of "Soldiers Gambling," purchased by the late Sir Richard Wallace, now at Hertford House, the artist has given us a truly dramatic theme. We see the rough interior of a typical guard-room. Two men have been gambling, but the game is now at an end. It is easy to see how the luck has gone. The victor leans forward on the table, a smile of insolent triumph on his lips. He is asking a question.

"THE COUNTESS POTOCKA." By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.
From a Photo. by Hanfstaengl.

"Well, have you had enough?" he seems to say. His opponent hangs back, scowling, moody, and irresolute; while their barrack-room companions press eagerly forward to catch the as yet unspoken answer.

But if we may detect a resemblance between the great Frenchman and Millais in his youth in certain qualities of colouring and technique, is there not a certain kinship between the painter of "Ophelia" and Sir Edward Burne-Jones? Only the latter's mysticism never once deserted him, but followed him all through his artistic career. "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" was painted at the very height of his renown, and is perhaps the most complete of all Burne-Jones's works. Since its exhibition in 1884 it has never lost its popularity with picture critics and the public. The theme is one that has often been treated by painters, but surely never treated with such overwhelming splendour of craftsmanship and gorgeous detail as here. The painter seems to have poured all his wealth of fancy and splendour of colour into its composition. All the accessories of insignia of Royalty and wealth—the costly

marble, rich drapery, blue and purple, rose and violet—only throw the more into relief the figure of the low-born but beautiful maiden whom King Cophetua has seated upon his throne. It has been remarked that the chased armour of the Royal lover and the crown which he bears in his hand are very marvels of the goldsmith's art. Standing behind and above the curiously wrought throne are two fair and stately children; behind and beyond a glimpse of blue sky and woodland is revealed.

But nothing in the picture attracts the attention from its central, supreme idea—the self-abasement of the warrior-king in the presence of the woman he loves. Even though she, whom he has raised to share his throne, be a shrinking beggar maid, yet he is lost in her worship.

It is a singular coincidence that in the very year of Sir John Millais's birth a picture was hung in position in the Royal Academy which has been held to be the masterpiece of its author in its higher degree as the "Ophelia" is the masterpiece of Millais. It is related that Rogers, the poet, one day presented a copy of Pope's "Odyssey" to the great Turner. The volume was afterwards carried about for a matter of two years by the painter, with the following passage heavily marked in the margin:—

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear, ungracious host,
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?
Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare,
Laertes' son of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Thus I; while raging he repeats his cries
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.

The picture limning forth the scene conjured up by the poet was begun, arrested, and begun again, and Turner seriously set about the production of a masterpiece. But so high was his ideal that for a long time it seemed as if "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" would never have an existence. But at last, in a frenzy of inspiration, the painter found the masterpiece looming suddenly, almost miraculously, one day from the canvas. The golden and crimson light of a brilliant sunrise illumined it. We see the gorgeous galley of Ulysses on the point of embarking from the island where dwelt the terrible Cyclops. On the top of the cliff the monster is seen writhing in his blind, impotent rage, while close inshore are the remains of the fire in which the fatal olive-staff was heated by Ulysses and his companions preparatory to putting out the Cyclop's eye.

Still more mystic, even more romantic than the painter of "King Cophetua," was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The Sea Spell" is not considered one of his finest works, although it bears the stamp of the artist's peculiar genius in its every brush-mark. Yet he himself, doubtless owing to the conditions under which it was painted, esteemed this canvas as amongst his most cherished works. He penned a sonnet especially for it, and inscribed it on the base of the frame:—

Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple tree,
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
Between its cords: and as the wild notes swell
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?
What nether-world gulf-whispers doth she hear
In answering echoes from what planisphere,
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell; and when full soon
Her lips move and she soars unto her song,
What creatures of the midmost main shall throng
In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune;
Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,
And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die!

One of the most famous, as well as one of the most charming, pictures in the galleries of Europe is the portrait of the Countess Potocka in the Berlin Gallery. To high workmanship is added an extreme charm possessed by few, if any, paintings of equal merit. For a century the name of the artist has rested in obscurity, although it has been generally attributed to Angelica Kauffmann. This supposition, however, rests upon a very slender basis. Count Potocka, so the story goes, was once deeply infatuated by the charms of the fair yet gifted painter. What more natural, therefore, than that she should paint the portrait of the lady who ultimately became his wife?

The Scarlet Runner.

III.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASKED BALL.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

CHRISTOPHER RACE drew up Scarlet Runner before the door of the new Athenæum Restaurant, and beckoned a tall porter, in dark green and gold lace, to take a note which he held up. But as the liveried giant would have obeyed, with a dignified regard for his own importance, another motor drew up in front of Christopher's. It contained two ladies, and as one was getting out the porter's services were due. Christopher resigned himself to wait until good-byes were said, a kiss given and taken, a forgotten word spoken at the instant of descent, and as he waited he was conscious that two men, who were talking in the doorway, discussed him—or his car.

One of the men he knew slightly as a crony of his rich uncle's. The other, who was young, exceedingly well dressed, and so good-looking as to be almost picturesque, had pale olive features which seemed vaguely familiar to Christopher. Probably the elderly major was explaining Scarlet Runner and Scarlet Runner's owner—from the uncle's point of view. At least, this was the idea which jumped into Christopher's mind, and kindled a flash of amusement mingled with a little sulphurous smoke of annoyance. But just then the lady who was leaving the motor in front of his contrived to disengage herself from her importunate hostess, and Christopher saw her face. It was so striking that for a few seconds he forgot that he was being discussed, forgot that he was stiffly and mechanically holding up a letter. Christopher Race had always an eye for a beautiful woman.

This one was beautiful; but it was not only her beauty which Christopher found arresting, nor was it in the very least the fact that she was perfectly dressed, though he knew the difference between a woman who was well dressed and one who was not.

"That girl can't be more than twenty-four, if she's that; yet the whole history of the world seems looking out of her eyes—anyhow, all the art, and music, and drama of the world," was the curious thought that tumbled awkwardly into his head.

It was curious, yet there was something of truth in it. Christopher, who could be imaginative and impressionable—especially when he was hungry or a little tired—had a feeling that here was the type which had inspired artists and musicians and lovers—if lovers, then also soldiers—since civilization seethed out of chaos. She was the kind of woman who ought always to have a soft *leit-motiv* playing as she moved upon the scene—like a heroine of melodrama. Yes, she was distinctly the heroine. Wherever she appeared, things would begin to happen.

"Yes, sir; you called me, I think, sir?"

It was the voice of the green and gold porter. He had handed the lady out of the motor-car; the motor-car was gliding away; the lady was bowing to her friend; the major was shaking hands with the picturesque young man. In another moment there would be "How do you do's" to say, and, "Is it long since you heard from your uncle?"

"Oh—er—yes," Christopher answered the giant, briskly. He thought that he would not be sorry to escape a broadside from the retired officer. "I want to leave this letter for Lord Arrowdale. He's to lunch here, I believe, and will be inquiring for a letter."

"Very good, sir," said the porter, and took the envelope. But he was not quick enough to save Christopher from the major, who came forward and said all the things that Christopher had known he would say—given the chance. The young man answered civilly, and even explained without petulance his mention of Lord Arrowdale's name, which the elderly gossip had caught. "No, I don't know him; never met him in my life. A friend wanted him to try my car. Promised to leave a note here making an appointment."

As he talked on, from the tail of his eye he watched the progress of the lady. She had been met in the doorway by the picturesque young man, and they were speaking together now with a kind of suppressed eagerness. If it had not seemed too ridiculously conceited to fancy such a thing, Christopher would have had the idea that he was the subject of their conversation.

"Well, ta, ta. Next time I write old Jamey I'll tell him his nephew's looking prosperous," said the major, and sidled off without a backward glance. As he did

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so, before Christopher could guide Scarlet Runner away, the picturesque young man had left the girl standing in the door and hurried forward.

"I beg your pardon, but may I speak to you?" he exclaimed.

Christopher paused, a foot on the clutch-pedal. Another car lurked ready for Scarlet Runner's place, or must slip in ahead.

"What I want is to ask if you will lunch with us," the stranger rushed on, by way of holding the motorist's attention.

"Lunch with you?" echoed Christopher, astonished. "You mistake me for someone else——"

"No, no," said the other. "Major Norburn has told me everything. You like adventures? You are invited to arrange one."

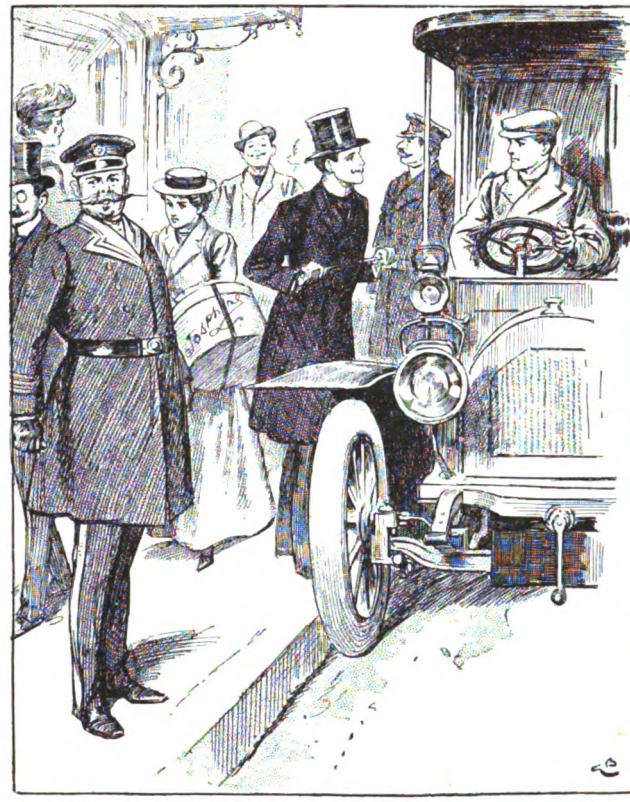
That caught Christopher, as it was meant to. "Very well, I'm with you," said he. And perhaps he thought of the lady, hoping to be with her as well. "I'll get out of the way here, drive my car to the garage close by, and come back."

"Without fail?"

"Without fail."

Five minutes later Christopher returned, walking so rapidly round the corner that he took his host and hostess unawares. They were still standing in the wide doorway of the fashionable new restaurant, and had not expected him back so soon, for they were deep in conversation. The young man appeared to be urging something upon the girl with great earnestness, while she shook her head, refusing to be convinced. As Christopher drew nearer, hesitating to intrude upon the pair, so intent upon each other, she shrugged her shoulders and threw out her hands slightly, as if yielding the point at last. "Oh, very well, I promise," Christopher heard her say; "if it must be, it must."

Her voice was American, soft and sweet, with the oddly childish intonations of the Southern girl. Yet Christopher had thought that she looked French, or Spanish perhaps, and the delicate chiselling of her features had reminded him of early portraits of the Empress Eugénie in her days of girlish beauty.



"YOU LIKE ADVENTURES? YOU ARE INVITED TO ARRANGE ONE."

It was only as Christopher came close upon them that she looked up and saw him, with a start of surprise, evidently not wholly agreeable, though she half-smiled, civilly. The start warned her companion, and he turned to welcome his guest with an impulsive air which was rather engaging. Yes, certainly, he was extremely good-looking. Christopher would barely have guessed it possible for an Englishman to be so picturesque in ordinary frock-coat and silk hat; yet this man was English. "You'll think I'm mad," he said, smiling. "But even that's better than to be commonplace, isn't it?"

"Assuredly," said Christopher.

"I thought you'd be of that opinion, Mr. Race."

"You know my name?"

"From Major Norburn. Even the name of your splendid car. It's the same as an introduction. And now I will introduce you to Miss Dauvray. Then I'll introduce myself. My name is Ponsonby Fitzgerald; and if someone else were introducing me, he'd probably tell you that I don't do anything in the same way as other people."

Ponsonby Fitzgerald! The young man's handsome face and figure appeared upon its own background now. He had written a queer novel, which made a sensation on the strength of its queerness; and out of the novel he had woven a play which owed its success to the same quality. People knew him and talked of him still, though he had not since written another novel or another play. There were things about him in the papers sometimes. He went to country houses, and was said to be entertaining. Christopher knew now that he had seen the pale olive face bowing and smiling in response to a call for "Author!" on the first night of the queer play, three or four years ago—in the palmy days when Christopher always went to first nights, generally took stage boxes, and gave suppers afterwards.

"We're in a dilemma, Miss Dauvray and I," Fitzgerald went on, "and we want you to help us out of it."

The girl raised her long, beautifully-pencilled eyebrows. They seemed to say, "Oh, please count me out of this. It is your affair; I am passive." And yet Miss Dauvray did not look like one who took life passively. There were curious depths in her eyes, capable of tragedy, which interested Christopher. And his interest made him enter the more readily into the spirit of the adventure—comedy or drama, or whatever it might turn out to be.

"Help you?" he repeated, smiling. "To the half of my kingdom!"

"Or the whole of your motor-car?"

"That *is* my kingdom," retorted Christopher. But he was faintly disappointed as he realized that, after all, he had merely captured a client.

They went in to luncheon. Mr. Fitzgerald had engaged a table which was laid with two covers, but in an instant it was rearranged for three. "And now for business," exclaimed Fitzgerald, in his lively, enthusiastic way, which made him seem very boyish, though his years might have been twenty-nine or thirty. "Miss Dauvray and I have an important job on for the 1st of April, and we're going to propose that you shall be the 'Co.' in our partnership."

The Southern girl neither assented nor protested, though Fitzgerald challenged her with his great, daring black eyes. She trifled with a bunch of violets beside her plate, her lovely face unsmiling. It occurred to Christopher that she had scarcely spoken at all, yet to him, at least, she dominated the scene. It was like being in a play, he thought, where everybody spoke except the heroine, and thus emphasized her muteness. He guessed she was displeased that Fitzgerald's impulsive indiscretion had dragged a stranger into their friendly confidences, for no matter what reason, and he felt uncomfortable and guilty.

"'WE'RE IN A DILEMMA, MISS DAUVRAY AND I,' FITZGERALD WENT ON."

"I'm to be a sleeping partner?" asked Christopher, wishing himself elsewhere, though his interest was entangled.

"On the contrary, you're to be very wide awake. But I'll tell you all about it. Of course you've heard of the Van Bouten ball next week?"

Of course Christopher had, and said so. For the past fortnight the papers had rained paragraphs about the Van Bouten ball. It was to be a masked ball, and was planned to rival in magnificence the historic affair at Devonshire

House in Diamond Jubilee year. Miss Van Bouten, a patent yeast heiress, was as renowned for her beauty as for her millions. She and a carefully-selected aunt had taken and restored a fine old abbey of Henry VII.'s day, conveniently near London. A year ago the young heiress had been presented and captured society; also she had captured, or was on the point of capturing, the Marquess of Arrowdale. Now she and the aunt were giving this ball, at which, it was said, after the unmasking, her engagement to Lord Arrowdale would perhaps be announced.

Nowadays Christopher Race did not take so keen a personal interest in social matters as he had when his position as his uncle's heir was thought to be assured, and he had nothing better to do than to amuse himself. Now he was very busy trying to win back his uncle's respect and—incidentally—his own self-respect. Still, he knew all about the ball, and had read the paragraphs with a certain interest, because it was on the cards that he might be engaged by Lord Arrowdale to motor a party of people from town to St. Ronan's Mount.

"We have a scheme for the night of the ball which will be the sensation of the century, if we can only carry it out," Fitzgerald went on. "It falls on April 1st, you know. But that gives you no hint of our brilliant idea—though it *did* give us our inspiration. We had reason to believe, up to last night, that the plan was in the best working order; but—the schemes of mice and men! One of our best mice suddenly failed us—influenza or something obvious. The wheels wouldn't go round without him—literally; because he's a motorist. I was upset; but I reflected, 'When in doubt, always consult an American girl,' so I called Miss Dauvray into consultation. 'No chaperon,' I said; and, having the courage of her convictions, she consented to a lunch at the ultra-respectable Athenæum. While I waited for her I saw you—and your car. 'What a beauty!' I said to myself. (Don't blush; I mean the car.) 'Now, if only *we* had a motor like that to do our trick!'

"Just then came along Major Norburn. In six words he told me your car's history. Your audacity and originality captivated my imagination on the instant. I felt you were the man for us, if we could secure you. And I lost no time in trying to secure you, did I?"

Christopher laughed responsively. The man's gaiety was contagious, and he had that illusive quality, magnetism, which draws followers.

"*Have* I secured you?" he dashed on, encouraged.

"I must hear the scheme before pledging myself," smiled Christopher.

"Unfortunately, that's just what you can't do. You see, it's to be a great joke. We trust you, of course; one knows one's man instantly in some cases. But still—well, we're pledged not to let out the secret to anyone unless he is first enlisted as one of us. This much I can say, though. We want you to take us—Miss Dauvray, myself, and several friends—to St. Ronan's Mount for the ball in your ripping motor-car. We don't mean to stay late; in fact, we can promise that you'll be back in town before most of the guests have stopped dancing. Now, what do you say, when, in addition to 'short hours,' you'll be in for a splendid adventure—just the sort of thing to appeal to you?"

"It's rather odd," said Christopher, "but my errand here this morning was to leave a note for Lord Arrowdale, making an appointment for a talk about motoring a party of *his* friends to St. Ronan's for the ball."

Miss Dauvray looked up suddenly, and was nobly beautiful with the ivory curve of her cheeks stained a deep rose-colour. Still she did not speak. She was supposed to be eating plovers' eggs, but she had not shown much appreciation of them, considering the amount they would probably add to Mr. Fitzgerald's bill. Christopher had always understood that American girls were sparklingly fluent in conversation. This lovely, dramatic-looking creature appeared to be an exception to the rule, however; or was it only by way of marking her disapproval of the stranger?

Christopher was glad when she looked up. It gave him his first real chance to see what her eyes were like. No; it was not necessary for a woman with such eyes to say much with her lips. Still, what *did* the eyes say? Something, very expressively, very ardently—but what? Was she pleased to hear that there was a chance of his being engaged to take another party to the ball? Why did she flush when he mentioned an appointment with Lord Arrowdale?

"Is Lord Arrowdale lunching here?" inquired Fitzgerald, glancing about.

"At half-past two, I believe—so said the friend who asked me, by Lord Arrowdale's request, to leave a note for him here. It's not yet half-past one. But even if he were here I shouldn't know it, for I've never seen him. My friend recommended me and my car, as Lord Arrowdale's biggest one has had

a bad accident, and he'd promised it to friends whom he didn't want to disappoint. So it's not for him exactly. I fancy he's to be a member of the house-party at St. Ronan's."

"Yes; he is. I know him slightly. So also does Miss Dauvray. He's never seen you?"

"Never."

"Well, then, as you're strangers to each other, and you and I have known each other, man and boy, for at least half an hour, I do think you might give me the preference over Arrowdale. You aren't pledged to him in any way yet?"

"No," Christopher admitted.

"When you keep that appointment couldn't you tell him you are engaged, but could recommend him some ordinary chauffeur with a fine car, which would suit his purpose just as well?"

"What if I recommended such a chauffeur and such a car to you?"

"Ah, but an *ordinary* chauffeur wouldn't suit our purpose at all. We must have a gentleman. Mr. Race, we want *you*—don't we, Miss Dauvray?"

He appealed to her with an insistent eagerness. His eyes seemed almost to flash light to hers across the little flower-decorated table.

"Yes," she said, softly. Christopher noticed now that she was looking tired. Her eyes were gentle and sad, and oddly wistful, as she turned them to his in support of her one word. It was as if she appealed to him. But—did she want him to consent or refuse? He felt suddenly a passionate desire to understand her. The way to do so was to see more of her. He *would* see more of her. "In that case," he said, "I am at your orders."

"It's settled—you're one of us!" exclaimed Fitzgerald.

"Yes," said Christopher.

"Then you *shall* hear the whole thing. This is, of course, in strictest confidence."

"Of course."

"It would spoil all the fun if it got out."

"Need I assure you it won't get out through me?"

"No, you needn't. Well, as you've heard all about the ball, you know that Milly Van Bouten—or her aunt, who poses as hostess—has offered the Scrope blue diamond as a prize for the greatest sensation of the evening."

"Meaning the handsomest costume?"

"Not exactly that, for it can even be won by a party. Indeed, I think it will be won by *my* party. What she means is to give the diamond to the person or group of persons whose appearance and manner of entrance creates the greatest sensation. That's the sort of offer to excite original invention and make talk and excitement, and talk and excitement will boom the ball—save it from dullness—help it to go down into history as *the* masked ball of the twentieth century. That's why she's having it masked; it can be so much more sensational, rouse so much more fun and speculation, than even the best fancy dress dance."

"I should have thought it rather risky to let masked guests into such a house, and among such jewels as are sure to be worn," said Christopher.

"Of course, that danger was discussed," returned Fitzgerald, "and Mrs. Appleton, the aunt, opposed the idea of masks at first, but Milly overruled her, as she always does, and it was arranged for the general safety that a 'society detective' sort of person should see the face of at least one member of each party as that party entered. Also, everyone must show his card of invitation. You see, that gives protection enough, and, besides, there are sure to be lots of detectives hovering about in disguise, watching every door. You're not afraid of losing your pearls, are you, Miss Dauvray?"

"Not at all," said the girl, absent-mindedly, as if she were thinking of something else.

"'IT'S SETTLED—YOU'RE ONE OF US!' EXCLAIMED FITZGERALD."

"Naturally everybody wants to get that diamond, which Milly Van Bouten bought at Christie's on purpose to offer in this way. Myself, I rather think she hopes Arrowdale may get it, as it would please him, and then there'd be a chance of its coming back to her in the end—though I know for a fact that he hasn't proposed yet, in spite of all the talk. For my part, *I* want to get it. I discovered that Miss Dauvray had also set her heart on annexing it. This suggested our putting our heads together. Milly got the diamond a bargain, and the day after she was offered three times what she paid by the American millionaire, Jim Scrope-Saunders, who fancies himself to be an offshoot of the real Scropes. She wouldn't sell it; what was twelve thousand pounds to Milly? But it's something to us; and if we get the prize, as we shall, our idea is to sell to Scrope-Saunders and divide among our assistants—the biggest portion for ourselves, as is only fair, since we're the originators of the idea. There'll be five in it, including yourself now, and two men who are friends of mine. Whatever happens, you're sure of adventure, and whatever you like to charge for your car and your services. *If* we get the diamond, your share will be five hundred pounds. How does that strike you?"

"As most generous—too generous for me to accept," said Christopher.

"We'll force you to accept. But never mind that part now. I told you that a friend with a motor had failed us. A motor is necessary because, when we've made our sensation, we must be able to dash away, as up-to-date highwaymen should. But, oh, perhaps I forgot to mention that we're to be highwaymen?" And he laughed out, boyishly.

"You did forget that part." Christopher laughed too. "And Miss Dauvray"—he could not resist bringing her in—"is she to be a highway woman?"

"She's to be an abbess," Fitzgerald answered for the girl, without giving her time to speak. "We're all to be monks at first, we four men. At the right moment we're to throw off our cowls, but she's to remain an abbess. She's to be out of it then, except that she's coming away with us, lest they should tease the secret from her, and eventually she's to restore all the stolen jewels to their owners."

"The stolen jewels!" echoed Christopher, bewildered.

"I don't wonder you're growing woolly. I never could explain anything lucidly, except on paper. I can do it all right there. In fact, I'm a nailer at it. But therein lies the sensation—our hope of winning the prize. Everybody will have racked his and her brains for eccentric and magnificent costumes; people will be walking about crusted with jewels. We can't rival the millionaires on their own ground, but we can make our own effect, which we warrant will beat theirs—and get off the best of jokes on them at the same time. We shall walk in as Miss Dauvray's party; she will be responsible for the four of us; she will lift her veil and show her face to the man at the door who's taking stock of features. She's pretty well known, and, besides, she's an old school friend of Milly Van Bouten's, and could have been included in the house-party if she hadn't chosen to help us instead. As I said, she'll be an abbess, dressed in the dark blue and white of the Sister House which used to exist within a stone's throw of St. Ronan's Monastery, in the good old days before Henry VIII. was King. We'll be in the St. Ronan garb, of course, which will at once excite interest, as there's a terrible ghost story still extant at St. Ronan's, which concerns four monks who were found walled up in the oldest part of the house, when a room was added, and who haunt the place to this day—usually accompanied, for some reason, by the figure of an abbess from the Sister House, who weeps and sobs and wrings her hands."

Miss Dauvray shivered faintly, and said the words over again in her low, vibrant voice, as if they had impressed her fancy grimly: "*Weeps and sobs and wrings her hands.*" But Fitzgerald hurried on, and did not seem to hear the murmured repetition.

"Then, when we've made our effect," said he, gaily, "we suddenly throw off our monkish robes and appear as masked, top-booted, belted highwaymen from the Wild West of America. We shall be bristling with bowie knives and big revolvers (not really loaded, of course), and while two of us—you, perhaps, and one other—guard the exits, the other two will hold up the crowd and make 'em hand over their valuables in the most realistic manner."

"Won't it rather frighten timid women?" Christopher ventured to protest.

"There are no timid women in these days—anyhow, not in our set. All that 'went out' as long ago as the seventies, I should say. Besides, nobody will be frightened that night at anything that anybody else does. Eccentricity will be the order of the evening.

People will give us their things like birds; they'll expect us to shuffle them up like numbers in a hat, and offer them round again, or something of the sort. But this is where the real surprise comes in. We won't do anything so tame."

"What will you do?"

"We'll make off with the whole boodle as fast as we can in your motor-car."

"By Jove!" said Christopher, looking blank.

"Ha, ha! If *you* don't understand, prepared as you are, how much less will they? It will be the great April fool trick of the world."

"For you. But won't it spoil Miss Van Bouten's ball?"

"Make a guess as to what we mean to do next."

"I swear I'm in the dark."

"All this will happen just before supper. There's to be a grand sit-down supper, and unmasking. People will be in the most awful quandary. By that time they won't know whether they've been the victims of a grand joke or whether they've been robbed of their little all; but—they'll go in to supper, except the poor detectives, who'll be scurrying round like mice for news of the mysterious motor. Then will appear a great dish—a pie, with a wonderful cover. It will be set down by a servant (he'll be in *our* pay; not Miss Van Bouten's, by the by) on the principal table, with a request for Miss Van Bouten herself to cut it. She will do so; and in that pie will be all the stolen jewels, with our visiting-cards on top, and a sort of round robin claiming the prize for ourselves. Your name needn't be there unless you like, as you don't know Miss Van Bouten and aren't one of her invited guests; but you'll get your share all the same. Everyone will vote us the prize—or be voted without a sense of humour. Now, there's an adventure for you, *n'est-ce pas?*"

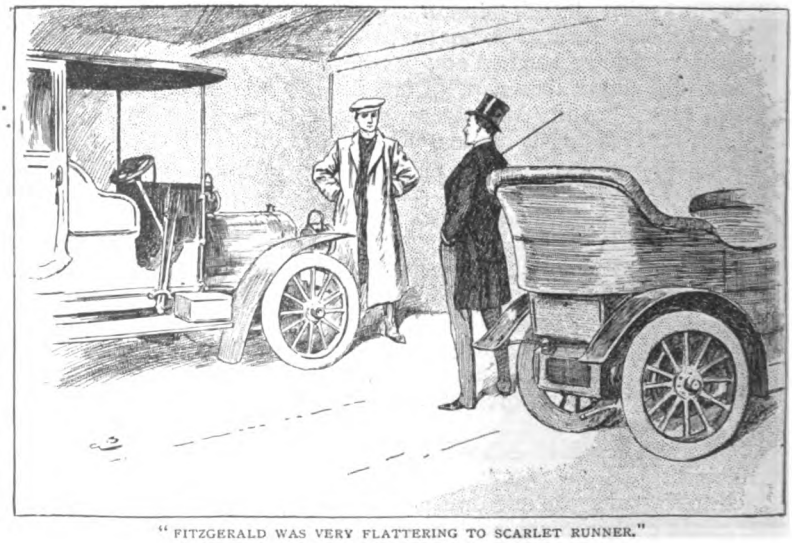
"It's a regular boy-and-girl adventure—nothing grown-up about it," said Christopher, surprised and amused at the childishness of the "great game."

"That's the charm," retorted Fitzgerald; and Christopher admitted that perhaps he was right.

In any event, he was committed to the affair now, and he was so eager to find out whether the beautiful Miss Dauvray were bored with it all, or vexed with him for being in it, that he would not have backed out even if he could. When they had finished luncheon—and it was only a quarter-past two—he volunteered to scribble another note to await Lord Arrowdale's coming. In it he said that, since writing the first, he had been obliged to change his plans—that it would not be worth while to make the proposed appointment, as he could not conduct Lord Arrowdale's friends to St. Ronan's Mount; but he would recommend a good chauffeur, with a good car. And thereupon he added name and address.

This little matter was finished in five minutes, and then the ever-impulsive and restless Fitzgerald hurried him off to the garage for a "good look" at Scarlet Runner, Miss Dauvray having bidden them both farewell from the window of a hansom cab. Thus all three were away before Lord Arrowdale appeared upon the scene.

Fitzgerald was very flattering to Scarlet Runner, but regretfully refused a run in her. He had an engagement, he said, with an actor-manager at a theatre in the neighbourhood, to talk in the man's dressing-room between acts of a *matinée* performance. But



"FITZGERALD WAS VERY FLATTERING TO SCARLET RUNNER."

it was arranged before he and Christopher parted that Race should call upon him at his rooms next evening and get his costume and all necessary instructions.

"Is it worth while for me to have a costume?" asked Christopher, at the last. "It's different with me from the rest of you, who'll know everybody at the ball. I'm not even invited, and should feel rather out of the joke, saying 'Your money or your life!' to fat old ladies I didn't know from Eve."

"Choose young ones, then, whom you'd like to know," laughed Fitzgerald. "Oh, you must go in with us. You see, we couldn't do with less than four desperadoes. We shall have to be a formidable band and guard the doors and all that sort of realistic business, or there'll be no fun. You aren't going to back out, are you?"

Christopher assured him that if his services as a highwayman as well as a chauffeur were actually needed he would give them—he might be counted upon. And then he and Ponsonby Fitzgerald went their separate ways.

When Christopher had driven Scarlet Runner home to her own garage (after a short spin for the purpose of composing his mind) he went round to his club, where he seldom had time to show himself now.

It was a club frequented by men of Upper Bohemia rather than of Mayfair; but it had a few young members who combined literature or some artistic pursuit with the life of society, and one of these Christopher asked casually if he had ever met a Miss Dauvray.

"What, Miss Eloise Dauvray, of New Orleans?" was the quick question in return. "Beautiful, slender creature, chestnut hair and corking grey eyes?"

When Christopher had accepted this description, information concerning Miss Dauvray came volubly out. It really was odd that he had never met her before. In her way she was a kind of celebrity—had been a celebrity in New York before becoming one in London a couple of years ago. What sort of celebrity? Why, a beauty, of course, and something of a wit when she chose. She was a cousin of the Duchess of Maidenhead, and was tremendously smart, though a bit—well, emancipated; went about alone sometimes, and did odd, original things that might make other girls talked about. But nobody said anything particularly horrid of her, except that she was most awfully unlucky at bridge and played rather too high for a girl. Who chaperoned her? Oh, a deaf old thing with gorgeous white hair—grandmother or something; came of old family; proud of it; liked England better than America; too rheumatic to run about with the granddaughter, visiting at country houses. Girl generally went with friends; everyone admired her, and she hadn't lost her popularity when she lost her expectations of a pot of money she ought to have got. Some relative or other promised it, then went and died without a will—so inconsiderate! But the girl must have something; she was always beautifully dressed and never seemed disgustingly hard up. That pretty Milly Van Bouten was no end of nuts on her, though everybody thought that Miss Dauvray had been trying for Arrowdale before Milly came over from the other side and swept him off the board.

Later, Christopher questioned his well-informed acquaintance about Ponsonby Fitzgerald, and heard just what he expected to hear—that the young man was immensely popular, though no one quite knew why, except that he was better-looking than most others.

"I suppose there's a glamour about him still from that book and play of his," the young man went on, "though he's never brought anything big off since. Has written things, but they fell flat. He, too, used to be a great friend of Miss Van Bouten's."

"Isn't he now?" asked Christopher.

"Oh, perhaps; I can't say. A chap I know told me that he went for her for all he was worth when she was making her first success in society; but apparently he didn't bring that off, any more than the second play, or the books."

Christopher smiled at his own thoughts. Miss Dauvray was said to have "wanted" Lord Arrowdale, Ponsonby Fitzgerald to have "tried for" Miss Van Bouten—and both in vain, since Miss Van Bouten and Lord Arrowdale were probably going to be married. It was rather comic—or tragic; he wasn't quite sure yet which. But no wonder the two disappointed ones came together in their wish to obtain something from that firm—if it were only a blue diamond.

There were four days and nights still before the 1st of April, the occasion of the Van Bouten ball; but lest any alterations should be necessary in the costume to which he had fallen heir, Christopher was asked to call on Fitzgerald the evening after the making of their queer partnership. Fitzgerald had pleasant rooms in Half Moon Street, delightfully though simply

decorated, and crowded with photographs of charming women of society and of the stage. There were good books, too; and a piano at which Fitzgerald was playing and singing deliciously when Christopher was announced. Altogether Christopher was as favourably impressed with the man's surroundings as with the man himself.

The monk's robe and the highwayman's costume were both produced, and the latter tried on. Christopher rather fancied himself in it. He was to wear it, bowie knives and pistols and all, under his chauffeur's coat, throw off the coat in the car (which must not be put up in the garage, but left at a certain place that Fitzgerald knew), and don the monk's robe and cowl over mask and soft felt hat. The whole party was to assemble at the house where Miss Dauvray lived in Regent's Park, and Christopher was to pick them up there with Scarlet Runner at nine o'clock on the great night. It was he who named the hour, calculating that, even allowing for a burst tyre, he would thus have plenty of time to reach St. Ronan's Mount well before eleven, the time arranged for the *coup* in the ball-room.

It was curious how often Christopher thought of Miss Dauvray between the day of their first meeting and the night of the ball. He was not falling in love with her. Indeed, he could not decently have done so, as it was not yet a month since he had vowed himself in love with another girl not less beautiful. But as, without speaking, she had dominated the scene at the Athenæum, she dominated Christopher's mind, though out of his sight. He found himself continually wondering about her, and he even dreamed of her at night once or twice. It was as if she were calling him from a distance, and he could not hear what she said.

When the great night came Christopher could have laughed at himself for the boyish excitement which ran through his veins. He was thoroughly in the spirit of the adventure at last—as thoroughly as Fitzgerald. As he was putting on his belt, and sticking it full of weapons effective in appearance but theatrical in nature, he remembered that not all the details of the grand joke had been made clear to him. It had not yet been mentioned where he must stop the car, after the *coup* had been accomplished, to allow of the collected jewels being carried back. He did not know who was to be the welcome bearer of the wondrous pie, nor had he been told anything about the other two male partners in the undertaking. But these things were details. In only one of them had he an active concern, and he would doubtless learn all about that in plenty of time.

He arrived early at the rendezvous, but not early enough to be the first on the scene. There was a garden, with rather a high wall, and as Scarlet Runner teuf-teufed round the corner of the quiet street the gate opened, and Fitzgerald looked out from under a dim, hanging light. Stopping the car, Christopher saw that there were two other men with him, both already wearing motor goggles, which disguised them enough even for an appearance at the masked ball.

"We've all been dining here," said Fitzgerald, "and are so impatient to be off we've been ready for the last ten minutes. Mrs. Dauvray, our friend's grandmother, can't bear the smell of smoke, so we've had a cigarette apiece in the garden, expecting you. I'll call Miss Dauvray. Oh, here she comes now. She must have heard the car."

The opening door threw out a stream of light, and the cloaked figure of a tall girl appeared, attended by a maid. Miss Dauvray had covered her face with a thick chiffon veil as a protection against wind (there was no dust), but under the hanging lamp at the gate he caught a gleam of eyes that searched for his.

Fitzgerald would have helped her into the tonneau of the car, but somehow she slipped past him, and Christopher had an odd yet strong conviction that she wished him to put her in. Without an instant's hesitation he held out his arm as a support for her hand, and she laid her fingers lightly upon it. At the same time, with her other hand, hidden under a loose cloak, she thrust something as far as she could up the young man's sleeve.

It was a thing that felt large and singularly cold, but, surprised as he was at the girl's act, Christopher kept his countenance perfectly. By a movement of his wrist he held the thing—whatever it was—well concealed, and prevented it from slipping down. Fitzgerald, suspecting nothing, introduced "Mr. Rawdon; Mr. McClellan," and suggested to his two friends the honour of sharing the tonneau with Miss Dauvray. "I'll sit with you in front," he said: and Christopher agreed, making a feint of trying to start the car in vain.

This was an injustice to Scarlet Runner, but he must find some excuse for a look at the thing which lay cold against his arm. "I'll just take a peep under her bonnet and make sure that everything's as it ought to be before we get off," he said; and then, with

"SHE THRUST SOMETHING AS FAR AS SHE COULD UP THE YOUNG MAN'S SLEEVE."

Fitzgerald safely in his seat, and the bonnet as a screen, he contrived to slide out of his sleeve a Smith and Wesson revolver. A folded bit of white paper was kept in place on the barrel by means of an innocent little red rubber band. As he slipped the revolver from his hand into a deep pocket of his motor-coat Christopher pulled off and unfolded the paper. On one side a few words were written, which he absorbed in a second in the eye of Scarlet Runner's blazing lamp.

"To use instead of your unloaded one, *in case anything should go wrong*," were the instructions flashed into his mind before he crumpled up the paper into a ball and dropped it into his pocket after the revolver.

"In case anything should go wrong." What could she mean? What could possibly go wrong which would excuse his substituting a loaded revolver for the harmless toy he had in his belt? There was little time to think, as Ponsonby Fitzgerald at his side kept up a running fire of chaff, and there would be no chance to ask questions. If Miss Dauvray had hoped for any later opportunity to communicate her secret ideas to him she would have said so in her note. He might take it that this was her final word, and he must trust to luck and his own wit to find the clue.

Had she been an ordinary, laughing, chattering girl he might have taken her mysterious gift for a part of the joke or a new "April fool" game, but he knew, whatever it meant, it did not mean that. And as he drove on through the spring night he was spurred more and more by a mingling of vanity and chivalry to try and understand—to do, when the time came, the thing that Eloise Dauvray believed him the man to do.

St. Ronan's Mount—a "mount" only in name—lies near the Thames and not far from Cliveden, and Christopher had allowed himself nearly twice the time he would actually need to drive there. This was because Fitzgerald's trick would be spoiled if any accident should delay them until the unmasking, and, besides, once inside the St. Ronan grounds the party would need a little leisure to get themselves in order for the *coup*.

Fitzgerald had sketched for Christopher a plan of the ball-room and the hall through which the guests must pass to reach it. He had studied this at Fitzgerald's rooms, and knew exactly what was expected of him; but now, as Scarlet Runner brought them swiftly near the place, Fitzgerald repeated each detail of the programme.

Having passed through the entrance gates, the car was to bear to the right, instead of to the left, in the direction of the front door. It was to be driven along an avenue which circled round beneath the ball-room windows, and stopped under a big glass door at the end of the room. This door would be curtained and, no doubt, fastened, but the key would be in the lock; and after the trick had been played, the four "highwaymen," accompanied by the fair abbess, were to escape through this door, run down a short flight of stone steps, and find themselves close to their waiting motor-car. Then they were to be off before the astonished guests could follow or give an alarm; and, Ponsonby added, they would "scorch on" for a bit before being signalled by the "pastrycook," who would take back any stolen valuables they had secured.

"Not a real pastrycook?" ventured Christopher, laughing, but secretly curious as to this part of the programme.

"Ha, ha!" responded Fitzgerald, boyishly. "A real pastrycook? As much a real pastrycook as we're real highwaymen. All the same, that pie of his will be a 'dish to set before a king,' if our 'haul' is only half as good as I expect it will be."

Christopher asked no more questions. After all, he was but a hired understudy, and had no right to go beyond his part, sticking a finger of curiosity into that pie which would be Fitzgerald's crowning triumph.

The three in the tonneau were as silent as if they were on their way to a funeral instead of to a ball. Christopher did not hear them once speak to each other, but, if they were nervous or apprehensive of missing the prize, Fitzgerald was merry enough for all five. He was in the best of spirits, and made Christopher laugh often, never giving him time to think.

The young moon had gone to sleep long ago when Scarlet Runner wheeled through the open gates at St. Ronan's Mount, past the smiling lodge-keeper; and a thin, milky haze veiled the stars. With so much time to spare, they had not travelled fast, and a distant church clock told them, as they spun round the drive, that they had arrived at a quarter before eleven. The music of the White Hungarians in the ball-room drowned the thrumming of the motor, and it was as if Scarlet Runner made no sound as she ran under the ball-room windows and turned a corner.

"We're here at exactly the right time," said Fitzgerald. "Every soul but ourselves has come and is in the ball-room. We shall make our sensation! Now, Mr. Race, can you turn your car round, ready to get away on the instant? That's it. There's our door, you see, through which we have to make our dash when we come out, laden with spoils. The light looks pretty, coming through those gold-coloured curtains. Now to get out of our motor-coats and into our monks' robes."

Five minutes later a procession of five dark figures was flitting on foot round a short cut to the front door. They were admitted by footmen, and in the oak-lined vestibule a civil gentleman in evening dress asked to see their invitation cards.

"I have one for myself and party of four friends," said Miss Dauvray, lifting for an instant, as required, her abbess's veil, and also showing an illuminated square of pasteboard.

"'I HAVE ONE FOR MYSELF AND PARTY OF FOUR FRIENDS,' SAID MISS DAUVRAY."

So Fitzgerald had had no separate invitation! was the thought which slipped into Christopher's mind, as they were allowed to pass on without question. Well, what of that? . . . But what of Miss Dauvray's gift, which he wore in his belt now? He had had no inspiration yet. He was no nearer guessing than at first what she had meant him to do with it.

The last guests were ushered into a fine hall, where the two hostesses had stood to receive their friends earlier in the evening. Now they had gone into the ball-room, and the hall was empty.

"There's the door," said Fitzgerald. "There's only that one, and the glass door at the far end, through which we go when

all's ready. McClellan, you must keep this door. I want Race at the other, as he's chauffeur, and should be first out to start the car for us. The minute we get in see if there's a key in the lock of your door, McClellan, and, if there is, turn it and pull it out if you can, so that we shall have everybody penned before the fun begins. You all three remember the signal for throwing off our robes?—when I say '*Pax vobiscum*' to Miss Van Bouten, who'll be Undine, in pale green, with showers of diamonds and pearls—as we know for certain, thanks to Miss Dauvray."

At the sound of her name the girl stopped on her way to the door as if to answer. But she did not answer. She simply touched Christopher's arm with her arm, as if by accident, and went on.

A moment after they were inside the ball-room in a blaze of light, Christopher's eyes dazzled by a scene of enchantment. All the fairies of fairyland and the kings and queens of earth since the world began wove themselves into jewelled patterns as they danced. It was the end of a waltz, and the music died as if in reverence for the monkish band who entered, the last guests, with the last note.

One monk lingered by the door. The other three and the abbess wound through the brilliant crowd towards the gold curtains at the far end of the room. Christopher went on, answering jests that were tossed to him as he passed; and he reached the glass door and turned just in time to see Fitzgerald accost Undine. She, a charming, girlish figure, shook her head and pointed to a Louis XIV., gorgeous as a sun-god.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" cried the discarded monk, raising aloft his rosary. And with that there were suddenly four highwaymen—masked, belted, and slouch-hatted—where four reverend friars had stood.

Now was Fitzgerald's great chance, and with all that was in him of dramatic talent he made the most of it. He had but one assistant in the blithe game of holding up the company, for McClellan kept one door and Race the other; but Jack Sheppard himself could not have cut a braver dash than gay Fitzgerald.

The giggling, excited cries of women and the laughter or attempted protests of men drowned the music of a new waltz, which stopped almost as soon as it had begun. Ordered by two tall, masked highwaymen to give up their jewels, some people yielded lightly to the humour of the jest, while others, disliking it, would have slipped from the

"'PAX VOBISCUM!' CRIED THE DISCARDED MONK, RAISING ALOFT HIS ROSARY."

room had not another masked robber held the door. Here and there ran forward a conscientious man whom Christopher took for a detective, but Undine herself checked their zeal. "We must yield to the bold highwaymen!" she cried, unlooping from her white neck a triple rope of pearls. Then, recognising their hostess's voice (she had worn a domino when receiving them), her guests laughed more loudly and followed her example, free from all lurking fear. Fitzgerald and his masked follower were reaping a rich harvest, dropping necklaces, dog-collars, bracelets, and tiaras into the big leather pouches that hung from their belts.

There was no longer any thought of resistance or escape, and from afar off Christopher saw McClellan leave his post at the door, from which he had doubtless taken the precaution to remove the key. In a few minutes now the play would be over and the actors would be running off the scene. Nothing had gone wrong, Christopher was saying to himself, when suddenly the blood mounted to his head in a wave that, for a second, turned him giddy. *Had* nothing gone wrong?

What if this were not a joke, but deadly earnest? What if these laughing women should never see their jewels again? By this time the contents of those leather pouches might be worth two hundred thousand pounds. If, under his charming airs of *bonhomie*, Fitzgerald were a rogue — well, the game would be well worth the candle for a man in financial troubles of any sort. And that poor, happy child, the hostess—what a humiliation for her if at her house, led on by her example, all these people lost their dearest treasures! She would never be forgiven—could never live down such a calamity. She might even lose her lover through it.

"*In case anything should go wrong!*" If Miss Dauvray had meant this—meant him to guess, meant to give him something by which, if his wits were quick and his courage high, he could stop the game!

Suddenly his head was clear as a bell. If he did the thing which had sprung into his brain he would not spoil Fitzgerald's chance of the prize, in case the play were a genuine frolic after all. But if it were earnest he might save the situation for Miss Van Bouten, save the jewels, and—unless Fitzgerald were a fool—no one need ever know the truth.

He decided to act, and the moment had come.

Fitzgerald had finished. He and his assistant were beginning their dash towards the glass door. But instead of unlocking it, as Christopher had been told to do, he tried it quickly, found it fastened, and slipped the key into his pocket. Then, with his back to the gold curtains, he fired one barrel of Eloise Dauvray's revolver at the ceiling.

This was to let Fitzgerald know that he was formidable—that he carried no harmless toy at his belt; and the effect was overpowering. All the women screamed (he hated frightening them, but it was for their own good), and even Fitzgerald and his follower were taken aback for an instant.

It was but for an instant, though. Then they sprang forward; but Christopher stopped them with his cocked revolver, before they could touch the triggers of theirs.

"Hands up, or I fire!" he shouted.

Their weapons had death in them, too—he was sure of that—but his could speak first, and if it spoke there would be an end of one man. The danger was that he could not be sure of covering two at a time, and the third was not far off now; but that was the risk he had been ready to run, and on the instant he was called upon to face it. From behind Fitzgerald the other man would have taken the chance and fired, but someone knocked up his arm (no one but Christopher saw that it was a veiled abbess), and Lord Arrowdale, as Louis XIV., alert and grave enough now, took advantage of the fellow's brief confusion to seize the revolver from behind.

With that Fitzgerald burst into a loud laugh and tucked his weapon in his belt. (Was it because he knew the game was up, and the only hope lay in saving appearances, or was he merely ready to end his harmless play for the prize?) "Don't be frightened, anybody, and spoil sport," he cried, his voice breaking with laughter. Then, snatching off his mask and looking handsome and gallant in his slouch hat, he ran and knelt at Undine's feet, calling his comrade to follow.

"Our leather pouches, and all that in them is," he exclaimed, "in exchange for the prize, fair lady."

And Miss Van Bouten took off her mask also, smiling and beautiful, though a little pale.

"Shall he have the prize, my friends?" she cried aloud.

And the company, unmasking, answered with many voices that the prize must belong to the highwayman.

"It's to be put to the vote, you know, at supper," she said.

Fitzgerald and his friend, having given up

"WITH HIS BACK TO THE GOLD CURTAINS, HE FIRED ONE BARREL OF ELOISE DAUVRAY'S REVOLVER."

their bags of spoil to their hostess, rose from their knees.

Then Fitzgerald came to where Race still stood by the door. Everyone was listening, but all he had to say was to thank Christopher for his "dramatic conception of his part."

"Your one slight mistake," he finished, "has proved a blessing in disguise, for it enables me also to change my mind at the last minute. I and my friends will stay to supper and hear our fate—in the matter of the blue diamond. You are free to do as you choose."

"I must be getting back to town."

"With your car? Very well; we will meet later."

Fitzgerald was the hero of the occasion; and one of the young men of Miss Dauvray's party presently slipped away unnoticed. Perhaps two others did the same—Christopher did not know. But when he reached Scarlet Runner, to his intense surprise there sat Miss Dauvray in the seat next the driver's.

"Will you take me home?" she asked.

"With pleasure," he said.

"And quickly?"

"If you wish."

They started, and for a few moments neither spoke. Then Christopher asked, "Did I do the thing you wanted?"

"Yes," she said. "I thought you would do it."

"You hypnotized me, perhaps. But — *was* it a game, or——"

"Oh, a game, if you like. But a terrible game. I would have given my life to stop it, or—yours. You've saved both. I can live now, I think. If he wins the prize he'll let me alone for awhile. But if he'd succeeded to-night I—couldn't have borne it. What would there have been for me? Only to disappear, as he meant to do, or—disappear in another way, a *quieter* way. I should have chosen that. I'm so very tired, you see."

"Tired of what?" Christopher questioned her, almost fiercely.

"Of playing cat's paw to him. I'm a coward. I'm horribly afraid of him. He could ruin me. I've helped him several

times—in country houses where I've been staying. It's nearly killed me, but I had to do it. This would have been worst of all, though. I love little Milly Van Bouten. I bear her no grudge for taking Arrowdale from me, because I *didn't* love him. It was only his money and title I wanted—*needed*, if you like. Fitz thought I'd be glad of revenge, but I'm not vindictive. I helped only because I was forced to."

"Why?"

"Oh, it all began with the most awful losses at bridge, and a hundred outside debts to drive me half mad. Once—I *was* mad then, I think—I cheated. Fitz saw, and saved me, for—*this* kind of thing. He's in awful straits, too. But the blue diamond will save him, if he gets it. For your sake I hope he will, as well as for mine. He doesn't forgive easily."

"How did he mean to rid himself of me to-night?" asked Christopher, quietly.

"You can guess, I think. Of course, the story of the pastrycook and the pie, and giving back the jewels, was a fiction for your benefit. But you would have been asked to stop your car at a certain place, I believe, as if to meet the 'pastrycook,' and then—then—they wouldn't have killed you, for Fitz was going to disappear and you couldn't have identified the other man. But you would have had a knock on the head, and Fitz would have driven your car where he liked. He can drive one or two makes of car, and he's been taking lessons with *your* kind for the last three days. But now don't ask me any more questions, will you? I'm so tired. If you're kind, let me rest."

Christopher obeyed and sat silent, driving fast. Neither spoke again until he had brought her to her own door, in Regent's Park.

Then, as he stopped Scarlet Runner, he broke out: "All this time I've been thinking of what you've said. I——"

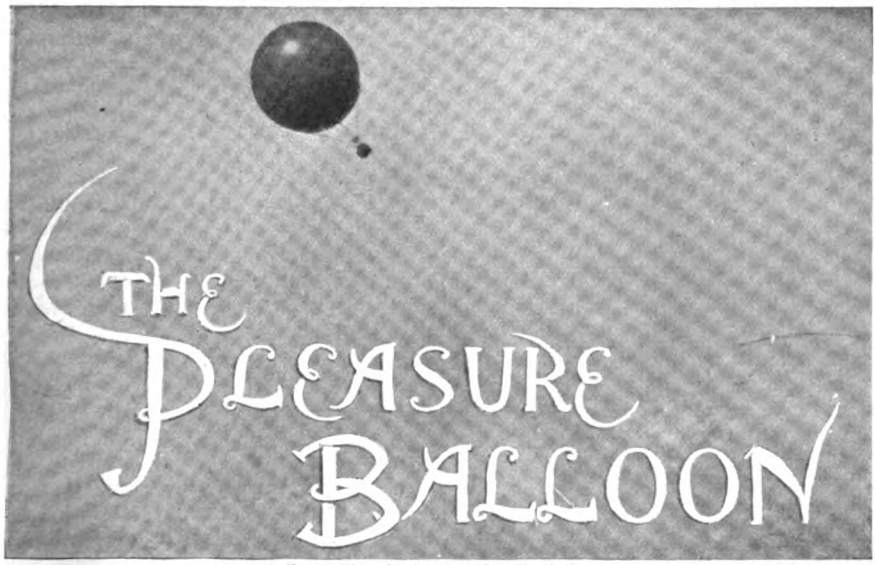
"NOW DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE QUESTIONS, WILL YOU?"

She burst into merry, if nervous, laughter. "What I've said? *Surely* you didn't take all that wild nonsense seriously! *Of course* I was joking. It was a fairy-story from beginning to end, believe me."

"I can't," said Christopher.

"Then you are the April fool after all, aren't you? But thank you, nevertheless, a thousand times, for bringing me home. And take care—Fitz won't be too pleased with you for changing the end of his game."

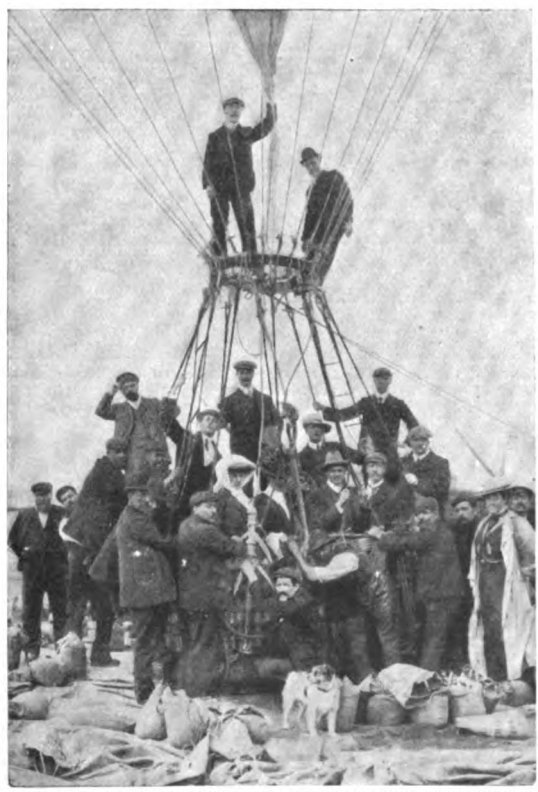
Stunned, Christopher let her slip away from him. *Had* it been a joke, then, the whole thing? He would never quite know, it might be. But he had a very strong theory; and that theory did not prevent him from wishing to see Eloise Dauvray again.



From a Photo. by Argent Archer, Kensington.

By Princess di Teano.

THE first thing that strikes one after becoming a convert to ballooning is the extraordinary ignorance of everybody in general concerning the sport. To begin with, an idea firmly rooted in the human mind is that whichever way the wind is *blowing*, and at whatever rate, you must immediately and inevitably be carried out to sea and drowned; the only other alternative is that the balloon should burst in mid-air, and that forthwith you are landed in fragments on Mother Earth. There seems no middle course available. If you are of an argumentative turn of mind you will point out that on a tolerably calm and clear day there is no reason why you should not descend before you are on the brink of the sea, for possessing eyesight and maps you can scarcely come on it unawares, and if you start in a gale you know what to expect and are willing to risk it. Balloons do not burst through pure contrariness, and only a suicidally-inclined aeronaut would tie up the neck of his balloon and thus court disaster. If you succeed in arguing out these two points, your friends will fall back on the minor horrors of ballooning. They will say they are bad sailors and would certainly be ill all the time; besides which they suffer from giddiness, and would no doubt jump overboard. Of giddiness I know nothing, having never



READY TO ASCEND—PRINCESS DI TEANO IS THE LADY WITH A WHITE VEIL ROUND HER HAT.
From a Photo. by Argent Archer, Kensington.

experienced it, either when ballooning or otherwise; but as to seasickness I can speak with assurance, for if anybody was likely to feel it in a balloon I should be the first sufferer. No, it is all comfort and peace and perfect rest. From the moment that the signal "Hands off!" is given and you have cleared the roofs of the adjoining houses you may settle down among the ballast-bags for a happy day. The air is absolutely still, for you travel with the wind, and therefore do not feel even the faintest breezes. There is no sense of motion, of course—how could there be? for there is nothing to jar or shake the car. The world is stretched beneath you as a large unrolled map of which you cannot see the corners.

A few well-known places indicate your course, and are an ever-changing interest. In London, whence I have done nearly all my ballooning, Hyde Park is a splendid landmark, the Serpentine showing up well for miles and miles. The Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, Whitehall, the Big Wheel of Earl's Court, the Crystal Palace, are all familiar figures to the English aeronaut. At one's first ascent from London one is surprised at the trees and water the Metropolis contains—ponds and lakes form gleaming streaks all over the scene, while the green patches of the squares and parks are almost more prominent than the houses. The immense city ceases very gradually, the houses become scarcer and the green patches more numerous, till the country begins almost before one has time to realize it. At a good height the view is not particularly interesting, the uniform fields and hedges of England forming a kind of gigantic chessboard, which palls after a while. The country looks weirdly flat from a great height, and it takes quite a big hill to make any kind of show. The railway line seems to break off short all of a sudden for no apparent reason, and begin again a little farther on. Only by thinking it out does one realize that there must be a hill, and consequently a tunnel between the two pieces.

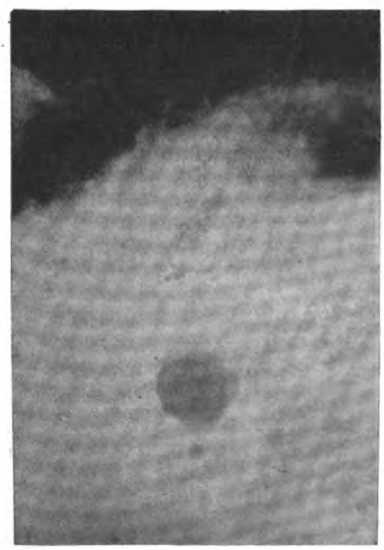
Sounds reach one from the earth with curious distinctness. Even at a considerable height I have often heard a dog barking from what seemed startlingly near, when we were really several thousand feet up, and a man on a road would only seem a tiny black speck at that distance. The toot of a motor-horn and church bells are other sounds that carry very far, and constantly bring back to one's memory the existence of life on earth. Personally I do not care for the middle course in ballooning, and my tastes are divided between "trailing" and getting above the clouds. In the second case, there, indeed, the magic charm of ballooning grips you in full, and you feel in another world and another life. The sun shines hotly in a blue sky, while beneath your little car and all around it is a wonderland of clouds, over and through which you gently sail, the shadow of the balloon distinctly outlined on the white mass of vapour. Some of the effects are marvellous; every cloud has a different colour and a different shape. I have seen some purply-blue ones lying perfectly horizontally across the sky, and great, spiked, craggy, white ones coming down on the top of them, for all the world like the glaciers of Spitzbergen descending to the sea. Then little detached white clouds, like small icebergs, would float across the darker mist, completing the illusion perfectly. The balloon would sail round the edge of some huge, solid-looking mass, that offered such delightful peeps of smooth stretches, mysterious caverns, and untrodden heights that one longed to anchor in one of its many little bays, and land in this

PRINCESS DI TEANO, THE HON. MRS. ASSHETON HARBORD, AND LORD ROYSTON. [*From a*] [*Photo.*

wonderful new country to explore its beauties. If you have once been in cloud-land you can never forget its charm, and even from solid earth and amongst life's prosy occupations you look at the clouds with new eyes, for they are all old friends. You have been amongst them and know what they look like from the other side. I feel quite a sadness when it is necessary to leave cloud-land, and sink through the mist to see the world, with its white roads and clumps of trees, becoming visible once more.

IN MID-AIR.
From a Photo. by Argent Archer, Kensington.

I am often asked what "trailing" means. The trail-rope, or guide-rope, that hangs from the balloon is generally two hundred and fifty feet long, so that when you are two hundred feet from the ground you have fifty feet of rope trailing over the country behind you. As soon as the end of the rope touches the ground you are "trailing." It slackens your speed, but steadies the balloon enormously, keeping her always at the same height and enabling you to travel for quite a long time with very little expenditure of ballast. Trailing is grand fun, but it has its drawbacks. To begin with, people you meet imagine that, having descended so low, you wish to alight altogether, and chase the trail-rope in hopes of capturing the balloon. A good deal of shouting is necessary to explain that is not your intention, and some individuals get quite huffy at the idea that you do not wish to alight in their field. The long, wriggling line of rope does no damage in the open country, but over houses and flower-beds it is a different matter, and it is often wiser to sacrifice a little ballast and rise above other people's chimney-pots. On a calm day it is very pleasant to be able to descend gently to the ground by simply opening the valve; and after you have stayed there long enough and wish to go on, by discharging a small quantity of ballast you can easily rise again to quite a good height. Mr. F. H. Butler told me that in one of his recent ascents he came down no fewer than eight times during the trip. Of course, no one must leave the car when it is resting on the ground, for, relieved of the weight of one person, the balloon would soar away immediately to any height. At first it is difficult to realize the enormous difference a little ballast makes; a small shovelful of sand causes quite a perceptible rise.



"THE SHADOW OF THE BALLOON DISTINCTLY OUTLINED ON THE WHITE MASS OF VAPOUR."
From a Photo.

To return to trailing, I am told on good authority that it is becoming a serious problem to deal with, and an international meeting of the various aero clubs of the world is to be organized, for the object of discussing and laying down stringent rules about that part of ballooning. In a gentle summer breeze practically no harm is done, but in anything like a gale enormous damage can be caused by the guide-rope racing over land and houses at fifty miles an hour, to say nothing of the danger to life and limb. As it is very difficult to rely on the balloonist's discretion where trailing is concerned, it is probable that a rule will be made forbidding it, except, of course, just before landing, when it becomes absolutely necessary. When this rule comes into force, though undoubtedly it may be more prudent, balloonists will be deprived of what is certainly a great pleasure, for nothing is more amusing on a fine summer's day than skimming gently over the land, just grazing the tree tops and house roofs.

Even when you are rising or sinking very rapidly it is impossible to realize it merely by your own

sensations. If the descent is very quick indeed you may get a distinct pain in your ears; some people are more sensitive in this way than others. Sometimes, when falling rapidly and throwing out ballast to check the descent, I have seen the sand that was thrown overboard a few seconds before fall in a rain on the heads of the occupants of the car, with the most curious effect. But as a rule you cannot guess your movements unless you consult the instruments.

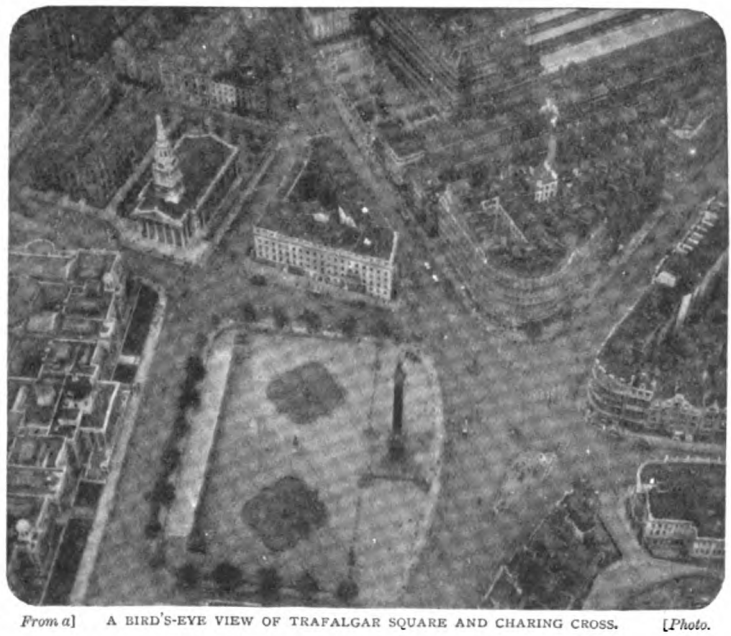
In former years, before instruments were used in ballooning, aeronauts would throw out small pieces of paper or feathers as a guide. There are some who still use this system, but with anything so clear and so easy to use as the statoscope and the aneroid the old way seems far inferior. The working of the instruments is the most interesting part of ballooning, and the movement of the good little needle is absorbing at every moment of the ascent. You rarely keep at the same height for any length of time; the sun may suddenly shine out hotter and expand your gas, sending you up several hundred feet in a few seconds; then a cloud may cool the air and send you shooting earthwards, when ballast has to be nicely managed to check your descent. This happened to us in one of our summer ascents, and illustrates aptly one of the drawbacks of ballooning. We started in blazing sunshine, and if anything the heat of the car was almost unpleasant. We went up higher and higher without using any ballast, till we were, as far as I can recollect, at over four thousand feet and still steadily rising. Then, all at once, we noticed a large black cloud approaching the sun, and as soon as the latter was darkened down we began to go, the gas in the balloon having contracted till her sides were quite shrivelled. Several precious bags of ballast were hastily sacrificed, and we only recovered our "equilibrium" at about two hundred feet, and with only three bags of ballast left at our disposal. This was too little to attempt another rise, for at least a bag and a half (prudent people say two bags) must be kept for emergencies that may occur at the descent; so there we were, obliged to come down after less than an hour's journey. Of course, we might have trailed for an hour or so, but the country, thickly wooded and studded with houses, was scarcely suitable, so down we came in the first convenient field we found.

I think that rain is the greatest enemy to ballooning, and it is really hopeless to struggle against a heavy downpour. The rain increases the weight of the balloon to an enormous extent, and is for ever forcing her downwards. You throw ballast overboard in the most hopeless manner, for a rise of a few hundred feet is immediately followed by a proportionate sinking, and you are lucky when, having got rid of your store of ballast in an incredibly short space of time, you find a safe spot for a descent. The system of throwing out a large quantity of ballast, so as to rise above the rain-clouds and keep at that altitude for the rest of the day, is only possible in a country so far removed from the sea that there is practically no danger from that source. In an island like England, with anything of a wind, you cannot afford to be out of sight of land for several hours—the risk is too great; and my only advice to those who wish to balloon on a rainy day is, "Don't."

From a] ST. PAUL'S, AS SEEN FROM THE BALLOON. *[Photo.*

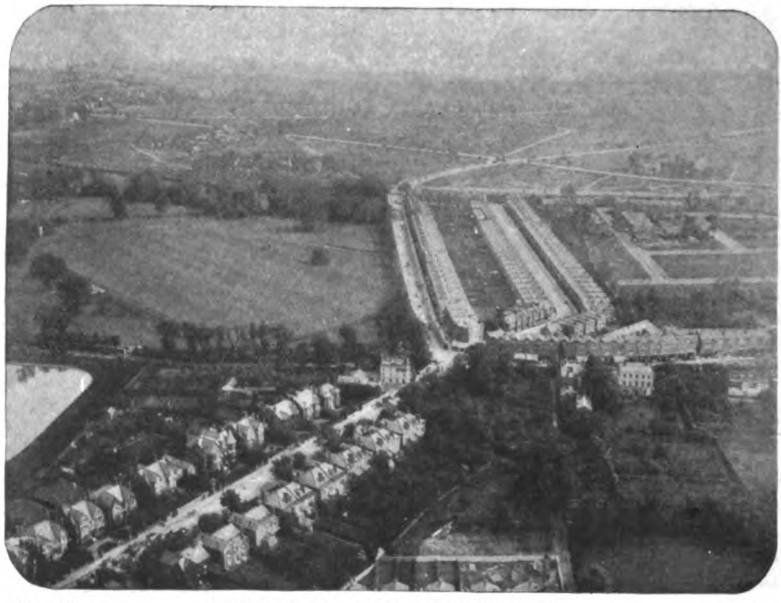
People imagine that the descent is full of terrors, and that every time you risk several limbs, if not your life. Given always a fairly calm day, with a good aeronaut, the descent should be nothing to speak of. Of course, you may get a bump or two,

but people who can't stand a bump should stay at home in a comfortable arm-chair. You hang on to the ropes, raising yourself slightly off the floor of the car and tucking up your feet, so that when the bump comes its shock is considerably lessened, and all that happens is that you find yourself seated with remarkable suddenness at the bottom of the basket, which has evidently sprung up to meet you. Before you recover your breath the balloon is off the ground again and rising to quite a considerable height. As I have already said, a hideous and unpardonable offence is to jump out the moment the car touches the ground. The veriest novice should know that a balloon always bounces twice before settling herself for the third and last time on the ground, and you must stick to her till it is all over. This seems quite simple, but I am told it is surprising how often a novice will forget this golden rule and wish to spring the moment he sees the earth at a comfortable distance. Sometimes at the first or second bump the car will tip over on one side, and the passengers find themselves in the ridiculous position of dogs in a kennel. But all is well so long as a strong wind is not blowing. Then only does the real excitement of ballooning come in. Opening the valve does not immediately release all the gas, and thus the balloon may go floundering wildly across the country, cannoning into trees and fences, and dragging her little car-load of passengers behind her. It is then that the "ripping-line" comes in—that comparatively new invention that has done so much for the safety of aeronauts. By pulling the thin red cord the silk envelope is torn and the whole balloon collapses, its wild career being, therefore, brought to an abrupt standstill. The utility of the ripping-cord was brought home to me with considerable force in a recent ascent. We started from London in gusty weather, though at no time was the wind particularly strong. Almost at once we got into thick rain-clouds, with the usual maddening result already mentioned, so that we realized that our trip could only be a very short one, and all we could hope for was to get clear of London before a descent became inevitable. This we managed to do, and at the first convenient field down we came. A fairly strong wind was blowing at the time, so we hit the ground with considerable force and the car overturned. For some time the ripping-line failed to act, and therefore the balloon began to fly across the field on a level with the ground, the car dragging and bumping along behind. The importance of holding on to the rigging is illustrated by the fact that, the jerk on hitting the ground having made me lose my hold, my left arm and right hand got caught between the car and the ground, and in this unpleasant position I was dragged across a ploughed field, with my face only a few inches above the ground. Fortunately the field was very muddy and soft, and we encountered no obstacles, for we dragged seventy-five yards before the balloon stopped, and I did not enjoy the idea of taking the thorny hedge face foremost without a free hand. But this was an exceptional occurrence, and must not be taken as a typical balloon descent, though I suppose it would have been an everyday matter in the good old days before the ripping-line was invented.



From a] A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND CHARING CROSS. *[Photo.*

Up to the present I have only spoken of fine-weather ballooning, and I can confidently say that on a calm summer's afternoon there is no more pleasant, safe, and



From a] BARNES, FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 1,500 FEET. *[Photo.*

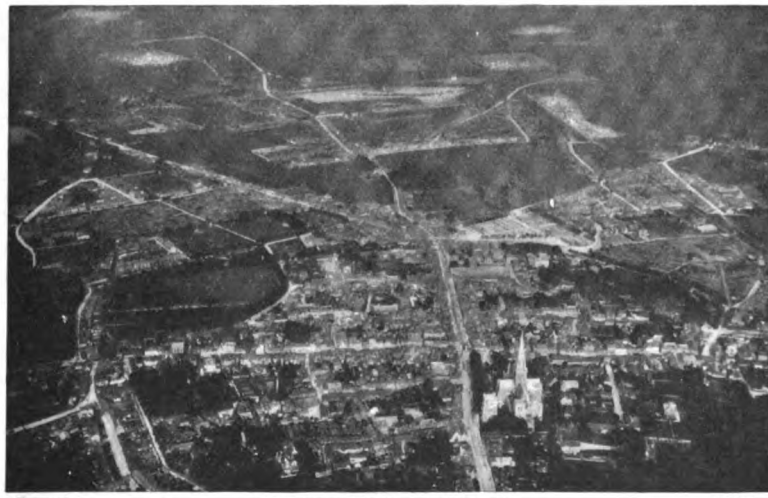
lazy occupation. But, of course, such days are not made for record-breaking. All the splendid long trips of the Comte de la Vaulx, M. Jacques Faure, and M. Balzan have been made in gales. Few people can hope to emulate the deeds of the daring French aeronauts, so their ballooning must be considered a thing apart from that of more ordinary mortals.

My most exciting trip was one accompanied by a certain amount of risk. We started from St. Cloud, Paris, in half a gale, M. Jacques Faure as aeronaut in charge, the other two passengers besides myself being Mrs. Assheton Harbord and Lord Royston. We chose six in the evening as the time of departure, our intention being to travel all night and land in Germany some time in the morning. This proves how little one can really calculate the exact direction in which the wind may take one. A word about travelling at night. I am so often asked why we choose to make ascents in the dark, when it is so much more difficult to grasp one's direction. The reason is simple. On account of the uniformity of the atmosphere practically no gas escapes at night, and in consequence one is able to travel for several hours without throwing out ballast. As the length of one's trip entirely depends on the amount of ballast one has in reserve, how much is to be gained by starting in the evening instead of the morning is obvious. In this case, however, night proved most unfavourable to us. Darkness came on very quickly, being greatly increased by the heavy rain-clouds that surrounded us on all sides. The wind became stronger and stronger, veering round to a regular south-westerly gale. The prospect was scarcely pleasing, and the next hours were somewhat critical ones. We could not tell whether we were already out of France, but the compass indicated that we were being driven towards the north. The night was intensely black, and our skilled aeronaut judged that we were travelling at the tremendous rate of a hundred kilomètres — about sixty-three miles—an hour. Every now and then we dashed into some thick cloud that enveloped us like a fog for a few moments. The only sounds we could hear were the wind roaring in the trees beneath us and the patter of the rain on the balloon. Personally we were in the greatest possible comfort. There was not the slightest apparent motion, not a breeze fanned our faces, for, of course, we were travelling with the hurricane, and the big balloon overhead kept the rain from us nicely. Under these circumstances we dined with a very good appetite, the only drawback being that, as ballast was running short and a descent in such a hurricane not to be desired, we were obliged to hurriedly throw overboard the remainder of our dinner and our provisions for the morning meal. Every now and then we passed over a conglomeration of lights that denoted the presence of some small town or village, but no answer came to our shouts of "Où sommes-nous?" and the gale whirled us on into the night. A faint glow on the horizon indicated the vicinity of some large city, and in a few minutes brilliant lights came in sight. We had a moment's thrill when we thought we saw the sea on the outer fringe of the city towards which we were travelling, but it was a false alarm, and as we recovered

our breath we left the cluster of lights far behind us and found the open country on the other side. We only knew afterwards that we had passed over Antwerp. By this time we had thrown overboard everything that could possibly be dispensed with, yet all the same at moments our guide-rope touched the ground, jerking the car so violently that we had to cling to the rigging to avoid being thrown out. The question of the descent was becoming problematic, for presumably the sea could not be far off, and we were all on the *qui vive*. Then two extraordinarily lucky things happened. The wind slightly decreased, and at that moment Lord Royston, helped by his long experience of the sea, noticed a light on the horizon that flashed in a particular way. He at once called M. Faure's attention to it, remarking that he thought it was a light-house. M. Faure agreed, and immediately pulled the ripping-line, though we were at least sixty yards from the ground. The balloon parachuted and came down comparatively gently. Another instance of extraordinary luck. It was impossible, owing to the darkness and the haste with which we were obliged to descend, to choose our spot for landing; all the same, we came down in the softest of ploughed fields, the car upset, and we scrambled out in a veritable quagmire. The sea was a hundred yards off and we had landed on the coast of Holland, near a small village not far from Dordrecht, having accomplished the journey from Paris in four hours and a half.

The rest of our trip illustrates the rough side of ballooning. Lost in an unknown land in the dead of night, for we did not even know in which country we were, soaked by the rain and buffeted by the wind, we had to walk two miles before finding shelter of any kind. But of that part of ballooning it is not my object now to speak.

The fact of being with M. Jacques Faure on that trip saved our lives. He is the first aeronaut who had the courage to experiment with the ripping-line in mid-air. Till he made his first attempt about two years ago, all balloonists thought that to pull the ripping-line anywhere but on the ground meant suicide. Faure demonstrated that by ripping part of the balloon at a certain height you descend promptly and safely, the balloon forming a parachute, and the rest of the ripping must be done when the car touches the ground. This experience of his proved invaluable on our trip, for had he relied solely on the valve for our descent we must inevitably have been carried out to sea and drowned before sufficient gas had escaped from the balloon to enable us to reach the ground.



From a] TOWN AND COUNTRY FROM ALOFT. *[Photo.*

But this sort of trip is exceptional, and need never be taken except by those who are willing to risk something for the sake of a new sensation. There is no sport that depends more on the weather for safety than ballooning. All can choose their own day and its consequences—the so called "ladies' day" with its calm pleasures, or the record-breaking gale with its indescribable excitement.

The "Honorable's" Last Crack.

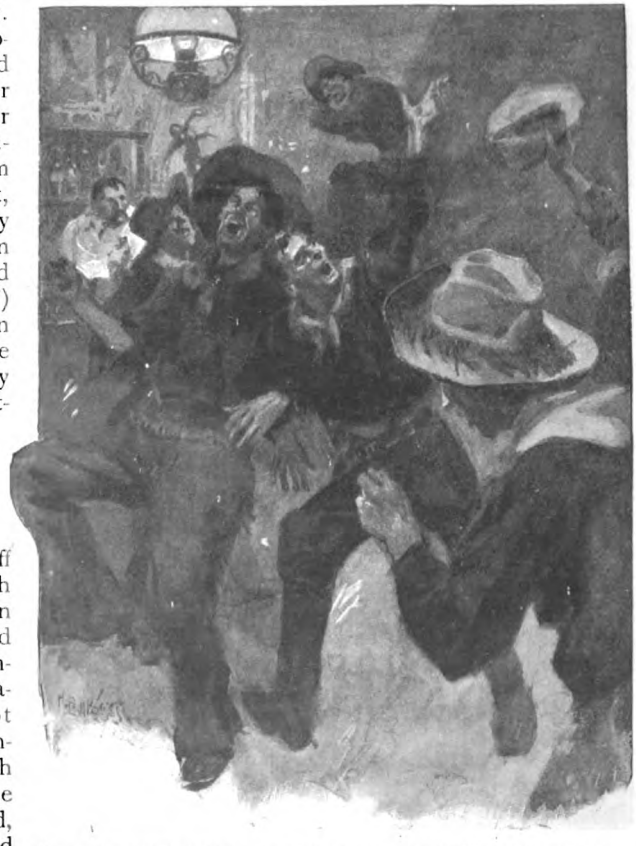
By Francis Walsingham Mather.

HIGHHILL had pretensions to fame and to a claim on the world's notice. The new patent steel fire-and-burglar-proof safe was the costliest in any county court-house for many, many counties round—and counties in Texas are as big as States up East; and the citizens of the big subdivision of the big State were intensely proud of this burglar-defier, as they also were of the capture by their own steady-nerved sheriff of the most notorious safe-breaker, train-robber, and all-round "bad man" who had blazed a red path through that section of country for many years.

Therefore, the crowd celebrated hilariously with assorted drinks and loud shouts, for they were proud, and, after the manner of their kind, they wanted all the world to know it. The capture of the *Hon.* Westley Compton (he had been a member of some frontier State Legislature in the dim and misty past, and strenuously insisted on being addressed as "Honorable") would have been enough excuse for a two-day celebration in itself, but when he had been taken single-handed by the sheriff, after an hour's stiff fight, in which both had been wounded, and after a most insolent, braggadocio attempt on the new Highhill safe—which had failed—the joy of the booted, spurred, and wide-hatted burst all bounds, and they whooped, drank, and danced in an outburst that would have been riotous elsewhere. But Jim, the little treble-voiced town marshal, who had cut four notches on his gun, had just said:—

"No gun play, boys. Take the town, but don't do no promiscuous shootin', or I'll take a hand."

Now, the way these things were brought to pass was by the combination of judicious advertising on the part of the agent of the company that had sold the safe to the county, and a lot of brag advertising on the part of the officials and people of Highhill. The county had, three years before, voted bonds and built a fine brick court-house, but the parties to the contract on the part of the county, in a fit of economy, had resolved to let the old safe remain, with the result that expert cracksmen had robbed it of valuable papers, indictments, etc., presumably at the instance of certain cattle-rustlers. Incidentally they had cleaned up all the cash in the money-drawer at the same time. Thereat the papers of the neighbouring counties had poked fun at Highhill and her people, until the one local editor was moved to journey to a near-by town and, after passing the time of day in a warm manner with that town's local editor, to shoot him. The whole population of Highhill rushed to defend him, and the money put up for court fees was more than



"THEY WHOOPED, DRANK, AND DANCED IN AN OUTBURST THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN RIOTOUS ELSEWHERE."

his subscription list footed up, but he got five years, and when he requested a last talk with some of the citizens of Highhill he said:—

"Boys, I don't mind saying it's tough, 'cause you all tried to keep me out of the pen, but, as you couldn't do that, I want you to promise to do two things: keep the old rag going until I get out and buy a new safe by that time, or I may have to shoot another of those doddering fools that don't know enough to shut a barn door."

They promised, and the "rag" in its next issue made a solemn assertion that Highhill court-house should have the finest, most complete, up-to-date safe and vault that money could buy. They got it, and hauled it forty miles across country from the railroad, and stood round and watched the skilled mechanics put up the massive steel doors, with their huge complication of locks and bolts and bars, and heard with delight their learned talk of time-locks that had baffled every burglar that had tackled them. The hearts of the Highhillers waxed glad at seeing and hearing, and the "rag" faithfully chronicled every step of the work; while the local correspondent for the big paper published on the sand-bar down on the gulf sent in such a glowing account of the enterprise of the people of Highhill, and made such a brag about the safe, that it was a dare to every burglar and bad man out of bars.

One man took up the dare—the Honorable. With cool effrontery he wrote to the sheriff that he proposed to try conclusions with that safe at an early date. Whereat the sheriff laughed, but he took no chances on a bluff game.

"This fellow is a square sport," said he to his chief deputy, Andy Cummings—"a square sport, Andy, and if I catch him square I'll kill him, but it wouldn't be square in me to give him away to the crowd. He's given me fair warning that he's coming, and I'll give him all the show he wants for his game."

For this reason the sheriff and Andy bided close to the court-house, turn about, night after night, and watched. Not that they entertained the faintest treasonable suspicion that the Honorable could break into the big safe; but they wished to bag him—not to kill him unless it was necessary—but to bag him fair and square, and what happened was as they planned.

"Sleepy," as his intimates called Sheriff Redsands, looked sleepy, but they knew that no more wideawake man held office in Texas.

When one morning about four o'clock, after the moon had dropped below the distant horizon and a dim mist cloud had sunk down over Highhill like a big, grey, wet sweater, Sleepy was hung up under the shelter of Jakey Cohen's Mammoth Emporium, chewing steadily and watching the court-house. His pinto, wise old cow-pony, with loosened reins and drooping ears, stood close by.

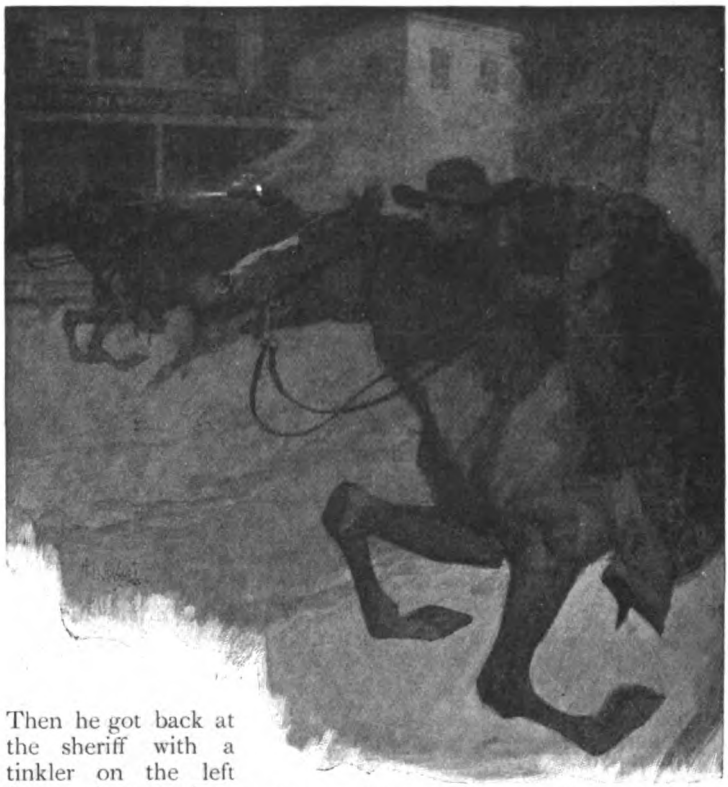
"What's that?" said Redsands, quick and soft to the pinto, as he threw up his head and sniffed down the street.

"Looks like a blue ghost—or the Honorable," commented Sleepy, as he slid into the saddle and pushed his pony out into the street.

"Sort of damp this morning, Honorable," said Redsands, cheerfully; "hands up!"

Things happen quickly out there on that hot prairie, even on a damp, cool morning, and the cracking of six-shooter answering six-shooter was punctuated by hoof-beats as the two cow-ponies broke down the street in a dead run, knocking up the damp dust and rendering good shooting impossible. The Honorable was down over his horse's neck, one foot showing a spurred heel back over the cantle of his saddle. Redsands was leaning forward pitching shot after shot at the pony dashing away in the dust-ladened atmosphere before him. His chances for being missed, with the Honorable shooting back over his shoulder, were good; and directly he sat up straighter, dropped the reins over two fingers of his left hand, *forty-four* over the crook of his left elbow, and pumped two more shots at the flying cayuse.

Then he ducked under the smoke to see his game side-jump, and he knew he had touched him up for one hit. But that one hit was like a hot spur to the little cayuse, and Redsands jabbed in his spurs savagely as he suddenly realized that the Honorable was gaining. There were sounds behind them that let both know that Highhill had waked up and was following, or rather in the direction the excited crowd thought was the right one. It was good for one of the followed that it was so, and the Honorable pushed for the "motte" of timber that he knew lay far out on the prairie, with an energy that bespoke a knowledge of comparative safety. Once there and down behind a post oak, little trouble would it be for him to knock that sheriff out of his saddle and lope off to safety sure enough. That touch-up of hot lead that his cayuse had got from Redsands's gun, and another scrape, set the pony squealing and taking jumps like a prong-horn.



"THE CRACKING OF SIX-SHOOTER ANSWERING SIX-SHOOTER WAS PUNCTUATED BY HOOF-BEATS AS THE TWO COW-PONIES BROKE DOWN THE STREET IN A DEAD RUN."

Then he got back at the sheriff with a tinkler on the left funny-bone that fetched a screech out of him that a ball through the body would never have got, and caused him to drop the muzzle of his gun just as he had drawn a dead bead on the head of the Honorable's cayuse. But it landed nearly as well, for it raked Compton's leg and head so close that he lost grip and fell stunned to the ground, while his last bullet smashed into Redsands's left shoulder.

The cayuse kept right on, the sheriff's pinto thrust out his fore feet stiffly and stopped short, while his rider, faint and dizzy from his wound, had just strength enough left to fall on the Honorable, snap the cuffs on his wrists, and then roll over in a half faint that lasted until someone pulled up his head and poured half a pint of whisky down his throat. Then he sat up.

"Hi! Honorable—open that safe?" grinned Redsands, and the prisoner laughed back as he answered :—

"Maybe I'll open it yet. One of you fellows rope my cayuse, I'm too lame to walk back," and the good-humoured crowd rolled in the saddles, roaring and slapping their thighs in appreciation of his pluck. Just as cheerfully would they have shot or hanged him if they, instead of the sheriff, had made the round-up. But no mobs meddled with the sheriff's prisoners—not since he put two men out for trying that game two years gone.

The sun jumped up hot and blazing, while the procession formed itself and trailed after two men who went hot-foot after the doctors to aid the wounded men. Meanwhile the Honorable remarked casually to Redsands, "What's the row, Sleepy? What's you chasing me for?"

"Can't tell till I look over the warrants, Honorable. You can take your pick out'n six"; while the crowd shouted with fine appreciation of the joke, and chaffed the Honorable, who took it all as cool as a pot of beer.

Presently there was another procession that heaved itself out of the town and, with much hilarious profanity, dashed up and joined unto the other. Some of the last recognised the Honorable as one whom they suspected of having made free with certain horses and horned beasts that were not in his brand, and therefore they greeted him with profanity that was not hilarious, but deep and Texan. But the cussed one made no sign nor winced as the rush closed in; just glanced at Redsands, who drawled out—a little quicker than he usually spoke: "Don't crowd us too close, boys. Honorable and I is both hit hard," with a comical word on the pain that racked his shoulder that furnished fresh amusement for the crowd.

"I'm sure glad I didn't hurt you worse, Sleepy," said the Honorable, two weeks later. "And what's all the trouble?"

"Well, I picked up the top one, and it was for hoss-stealing, so I let it go at that. What the county attorney'll do, don't know; but we haven't got nothing worse than hoss and cow stealing against you here."

"Well, you let it go at that, Sleepy; let it go at that. I'm satisfied."

The sheriff regarded his prisoner steadily out of his sleepy brown eyes for a moment ere he dropped the comment:—

"There's a big reward for somebody who held up the *Katie*." The Honorable laughed. Redsands kept on in the same tone. "And a bigger one for the man who busted the bank up in that Kansas town." It must have sounded funny, for Compton fairly shook with laughter. "And two or three other banks that had good safes elsewhere. Looks like your work, Honorable; but why you want to monkey with a safe and you so handy at a lone hold-up beats me. They're all chasing you over the wire; the papers are coming and it's plumb sure they'll send you up for long keeps. Don't," he added, with a sharpening of his voice like steel on stone, as he noted the peculiar expression in the Honorable's eyes as he glanced at the sheriff's stiff arm—"don't; Andy's got you covered. I'm not taking no chances on you getting out, so I don't tote my gun when I come in this cell."

"Never thought of it," said the Honorable, coolly, as he cast an eye up at the forty-four Winchester that Andy held on him; "never thought of it, and you are dead wrong on the bank business"; but he sighed as his glance wandered momentarily to the window and he saw the blue vault under which the hot air wavered and fanned as the gulf breeze blew, that men and beasts could live on that hot, bald prairie. "When does court meet?" he added, suddenly.

"Monday."

"Two days, and one a holiday. Well, say, do you think the county attorney will run in that whole bunch of hoss warrants on me this round-up?"

"Can't tell, Honorable; but you've been a mighty hard steer to rope, and I reckon the outfit'll try to brand and mark you both. Got a lawyer?"

Compton nodded. "Not as it matters much, if you've got your branding-irons hot, as you say. Say, Sleepy, what kind of a safe is that you've got over there?" and he jerked his head toward the court-house.

"Time-lock," said Redsands, shortly; "that's why I said you was a fool to go bucking up against that thing."

The Honorable whistled. Said Redsands: "When did you take up that trade? Don't think I want you to squeal on yourself, but I didn't think a handy man with his gun like you, with sand too, would go sneaking in a house and busting a lock," and the sheriff had a half-disgusted look in his eyes; "always looked on burglars as a mean lot, myself."

"You don't bust them, Sleepy. It takes art, high art, science, nerve, thought, and skill to open a modern safe, especially if it's one of those modern time-locks."

"You do it?"

The Honorable, regarding his jailer quizzically, laughed; "Of course not; people who know say I can't do nothing but bust broncos and brand mavericks. But don't you think I'm all fool."

Both fell silent; then the sheriff got up: "Grub all right? Well, I'll see you don't want for nothing while I've got you to keep, Honorable, drinks nor nothing; for I reckon as them as will get you won't be specially anxious to furnish cocktails every morning."

The laugh with which both men greeted this sally showed that each understood the other; a moment later the heavy doors of the cell clanged open as the sheriff of the law passed out, and crashed to behind him on the tall, well-built, and rather handsome man who stood back in the centre of the cell alone. He looked up; Andy smiled down on him through the grating and said, pleasantly:—

"I'm on till nine; then Jim. Sleepy says two deputies and a sheriff is racing here with requisition papers and he's bound to hold you."

The Honorable Westley Compton turned sharp on his heel with never a word.

A bird sat on the sill of the cell-window, twittered and chirped, with now and then a pause to preen its feathers, while the Honorable stood inside and watched the little fellow until the clank of the door brought him round to face the sheriff. There was a look on the latter's face that caused Compton to say, eagerly:—

"What's up?"

"Just this," and Redsands leaned back against the closed door and looked at the prisoner for a moment with a slow smile on his lips that caused a wild heart-beat for a moment to flutter like hope imprisoned in the outlaw's breast.

"Just this. That train with the requisition papers has been wrecked—lot of people killed, train burnt up, and this is Monday. Say, Honorable, you stand with a small dose here——" He stopped, looked keenly at the Honorable, and then glanced back through the bars of the door. There stood

a little tot of five or six years, whose innocent blue-brown eyes and brown-gold hair were pathetically out of keeping with her hard surroundings, as she stood smiling up at the two men, who stared at her until Redsands broke out with :—

"Hi ! Dimple, how'd you get up here ?"

"Followed you, papa," answered the tot, with a charming lisp, her face breaking into dimples as she smiled, and gave reason for the love-name that her father called her.

"REDSANDS BROKE OUT WITH : 'HI ! DIMPLE, HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?'"

"Say, Sleepy, let her in, old man ; let some sunshine into this blamed hole !"

"Sure," and the sheriff swung open the great door while miss walked in, truly like a little bundle of animated sunshine and a breath of air from the gardens of Heaven, law-defender and law-breaker watching her as she ran peeping about the cell until she spied the window.

"Lift me up," she cried, with a clap of her dainty hands, and in an instant the Honorable had swung her up on his shoulder, where she sat with one dimpled hand clutching his curls and the other shaking at a window-bar, while her whole body leaped and wriggled and jumped from sheer love of life and animal spirits. The sheriff stood by, laughing silently as he watched the two.

"Sleepy, I want to kiss her," and the Honorable held the baby between his face and Redsands.

"Of course," replied the sheriff, in the same breath that Dimple fixed her other bunch of pink fingers in Compton's hair, and gave him a smack that might have been a thousand-baby-power kiss, to judge from the way the frame of the big outlaw shook.

"Redsands," he cried, in a hoarse, choking voice, "if I pull out of this round-up all right, I'll be a square man from now on" ; and he pulled Dimple down from his shoulder and crushed her up against his breast until her wide, frightened eyes stared at her father over Compton's shoulder. Then he took her from him, walked to the door, turned and nodded back ere he shot bolt and bar.

The Honorable leaned forward as if to glimpse the last of his little visitor, ere the turn of the corridor shut her from view. For a moment the sound of her cheerful chatter came echoing back to him, and then silence fell, the silence of the prison, and with it the knowledge of the impotency of his strength struck his spirit full, and roused him to a frenzy of passion that drove him to rush at the barred door and tear and shake at it like a caged beast. In a bit the gust of rage had passed, and pale and trembling he lay on his cot with twitching fingers and trembling limbs that told what a storm was shaking the strong man's soul. Then he grew calm again.

Hundreds of restless feet had worn a fine dust from the hard, sun-baked streets of Highhill, and hundreds of other restless feet kept the dust stirred and hanging over the heads of the crowds that swarmed into the saloons to quench their thirst, and streamed out again to stand in the hot sunshine, and talk, and swear, and joke, with all eyes turned toward the court-house and jail. A constantly recurring question thrown from the early arrivals to those who came in later was, "Have you seen him ?" or, "Have you seen her ?" and at the word troops of booted, spurred, and broad-hatted tramped off to stand outside the cell that held the Honorable, or to crowd into the clerk's office and squeeze as close as possible to the rail

that kept the crowd back from the sacred precincts of the room, and stare with awe-filled eyes at the great steel safe, whose doors now stood open and showed on their inner surfaces the complication of bolts and bars and locks. Loud, exultant laughs and congratulatory remarks passed through the crowd, which unanimously and profanely defied any safe-blower to open "her." "She" was the triumph of honest mechanical art that would bluff any bad man's game. Why the feminine gender was selected as the proper one for the safe, no one stopped to think or question; except that "she" was a "daisy," and, *per contra*, all daisies were shes, according to the rough gallantry of the prairies.

Presently another question began to float on the froth of the crowd's talk.

"Was the Honorable to be tried to-day, or was he to be held for some of the numerous train-robberies or safe-breakings that were laid to his account?" and rumours flew as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and they whirled and eddied and finally spun into one accepted statement—that the officers with requisition papers had no right to be wrecked and killed, and Highhill was bound to try the Honorable and send him up. Presently the outer fringes of the crowd began to drift upstairs, and quickly the mass removed in the direction that seemed to offer the most excitement. A deputy-sheriff pushed his way through the crowd, leaped over the rail, and made a short speech to the clerk of the court, who rushed through the gaping doors of the big safe and came back with a bundle of papers. His deputies got in motion as the late-comer said, loudly:—

"LOUD, EXULTANT LAUGHS AND CONGRATULATORY REMARKS PASSED THROUGH THE CROWD, WHICH UNANIMOUSLY AND PROFANELY DEFIED ANY SAFE-BLOWER TO OPEN 'HER.'"

"Better shut her up on the time-lock, Jim."

"Right you are," answered the clerk, as he paused to cast an admiring glance at "her"; "and as there are a lot of cases to come up, I'm going to set the lock for five o'clock. Hustle up, boys, and get these papers together. Halloa, Dimple!" He caught the little one in his arms and tossed her in the air, adding, "Stay over there in the corner, Dimple, till your pa comes." Then he rushed over to the other side of the room to answer some question, while from above, out of the open window, boomed the voice of a big deputy sheriff, "Oyez! oyez!" calling the court to order. There were hurry and rush and calls for the clerk, and none noticed the little restless figure who had left her corner and was tripping closer and closer to the great steel doors. None noticed her as she peeped in, none saw her as her little feet strayed farther and farther into the dark, cool, silent vault.

The crowd opened as the clerk of court came hastily forward, proud of his authority over the big safe, and the crowd that gave him passage and then pressed closer to the rail hung on his every move as he pushed the ponderous doors to. They closed so

smoothly, pivoting on the great hinges without a creak or a jar. The clerk stood for a moment to enjoy his triumph and the admiration of the crowd; then he called loudly to his deputies: "Got all the papers? Well" —he set the time-lock, stepped back, and waved his hand to the throng—"no one can get in or out till five o'clock."

His friends drew a long breath and then swarmed after him up the stairs, leaving the clerk's office to three or four busy men who wrote and wrote in big books, and gave no heed to what was passing.

"A COATLESS MAN DASHED DOWN THE AISLE."

The crowd that gathered itself in the court-house at Highhill was keenly alive to all that transpired, and, although all the business of the court was carried on with decorum, there was a breeziness as of the prairies and a snap in the actions and speech of the principal actors that was eloquent of the free, manly life of the great State whereof they formed a small part. The sheriff and his deputies slung their six-shooters to their belts openly, and no man wondered. When there was an interval of rest a man pushed out of the throng and up to the judge's desk to light his stogie at his honour's cigar, and no man commented.

There were some important cases up, but all interest seemed centred in the Honorable. He had come out from the jail and stood within the rail talking with his attorney, and urging something whereat his adviser shook his head. Then the judge went back upon the Bench, and the crier called to order, and with shuffle of feet and rustle of body the spectators sank back on their seats or leaned against the walls, intent to see and hear all that passed.

A man with a yellow envelope in his fingers came hastily down the aisle. His glance ran hither and thither until he caught the sheriff's eye, and into his hands thrust the envelope. The crowd watched him as he tore it open, read it hastily, and then held it up before the face of the county attorney. The latter smiled and frowned all at once, then leaned back, beckoned to the Honorable's attorney, and whispered: "I shall try your case next."

The clerk was swearing a juryman; someone had caught the whispered words, and like a flash their import flashed back through the crowd, which moved itself and murmured satisfaction and interest. Then the doors flew open; a coatless man dashed down the aisle, throwing the bystanders against the ends of the benches. His face was white and his eyes were wide open and staring. With a gasp he fell up against the rail, and, as the indignant judge called for the sheriff to arrest this disorderly person for contempt of court, he cried out:—

"Redsands, Dimple's shut up in the big safe!"

One might have cracked a whip twice, or taken one's hat off and put it on again, ere men realized just what this cry meant. Then through the brain of every man who had watched the clerk of court close those massive doors shot the words: "No one can get in or out till five o'clock!" Redsands gazed dumbly at the man who had told him of his child's terrible peril, but it was the quick brain of the man who presided over the

court that took in the whole horror of the thing, and it was his "God help her!" that started the sheriff into life again. One leap fetched him over the rail, and like a demented man he tore through the crowd with a cry on his lips that rang above the rising murmur like the cry of a lost soul above the rustle of a storm. Men followed him in a sudden crush that packed the mass in the doors and momentarily stopped all egress, and as they panted and pushed the stern voice of the court broke on their ears and taught them where they were. Standing up he menaced them with hand and eye and voice; a human life was in danger, but the law must be respected and the decorum of his court preserved. At his word a deputy-sheriff called the court to order, and when this had been obtained the judge spoke: "Secure the prisoners; in the face of the terrible thing that has happened this court will stand adjourned till six o'clock this evening. Stop!" as some rose hastily; "remain seated until the prisoners are removed."

Swiftly was this done, and then the human wave swept out of the room, down the stairs to the clerk's office below. There the excited men had packed themselves in a solid mass from the door to the centre rail, over which a few of the earliest comers had scrambled. In front of the vault stood Sheriff Redsands, tearing at the doors with his hands, frantically jerking at the knobs and handles, while he raved at the impotency of his efforts to effect an entrance; cursing, praying, begging for help, until he leaned limp and panting against the grim steel doors which shut in his darling, and behind which she lay, possibly at that very second gasping out her last breath. Over the crowd in the room hung a hot steam, and strong men began to gasp and struggle for air. They roared and yelled, swaying backward and forward—calling out advice that none heard or heeded, until a strong, masterful figure passed through the private back door and stood by the wretched father in front of the closed vault. It was the judge.

He spoke, but his voice was lost in the din of other voices. Catching several officers as they thronged and pushed about him he shouted orders in their ears—they turned and, drawing their weapons, dashed on the mob, shouting, "Keep back! keep back! Get out! get out!"

Their rush carried the foremost ranks back a foot—no more. The crowd behind was too great; they simply could not give back farther. The judge tore a pistol from the hand of the nearest deputy, pointed the weapon upward—the shots rang out, the smoke eddied over the heads of the struggling mass of humanity, and under the sudden impulse of fear those nearest the doors rushed out; the press thinned, and the officers cleared the room. Then the panting, howling, wild ruck of men flung themselves out of the building and on to the ground, some bruised and hurt. The weaker fled on a short distance, the stronger stood for a moment at gaze and then tore back to the windows, around which they pressed eagerly to watch what passed within.

The action there was rapid and decisive. Pointing to the private back door, the judge said, "Bring Compton! Bring him like lightning!"

Two deputies tore out of the door, then one flew back—"The keys! the keys!" and with the words he snatched them from the side-pocket of Redsands's coat. Those who remained stood staring at the judge as he drew the sheriff from before the vault. How the seconds dragged! Redsands began dimly to understand the call for the Honorable, and a hot resentment swept over him that he was so long in coming. A big blue fly lighted on the front of the safe, and the wretched man watched it as it crawled up and down the scarcely-discernible crack between the two doors. He was conscious of crying out something, and at the same instant was vaguely wondering if the blue-bottle would prise open the doors with its tiny feet. Thereat he laughed, and at sound of his voice some of the men about him went white to the lips and turned scared looks at each other. The crowd outside had grown strangely silent, and the little bunch of men inside were pressing up to the vault doors. Was it a cry?

"Thank God, she lives yet!" burst from the lips of the judge, and his words were caught up by the watchers outside. Now there was sobbing, for women had gathered with the men, and their moans stilled for a while the louder tones of their mates about them.

There was a rush of feet, and two jumps ahead of the deputies came the Honorable, his face aflame and his hands outstretched.

"I'll crack this safe or blow myself to pieces!" he cried, for he knew the work that was cut out for him. Then he fell to work, issuing his orders for tools, powder, and dynamite.

"My saddle-bags"—they seemed to fall through the stone walls at his bidding, with

the deadly explosive that men of his criminal craft use in their operations. Strange it was to see this hunted outlaw kneeling before the vault, surrounded by officers of the law who jumped to do his bidding, and aided to crack the very safe they had sworn to guard.

"Give me a drink; I must steady my nerves," and it came without question. Then—"Take him away, outside!"

"No, no!" screamed Redsands, but his fellows forced him to the rear of the room, and there held him.

The diamond drills bit and bit into the hardened steel until the outlaw could blow the powder through the cracks. Then he placed the stick of dynamite and prepared to light the fuse.

"Stand back!" and at the word all but the firm man of the Bench fell back from the Honorable's side. There were a sparkle, a hiss, a terrific explosion that shook the building.

In a moment the Honorable was up from the floor where he had flung himself, dashed at the doors, and was tearing at the combination lock. Then he looked round with a hopeful smile.

"Once more, judge!" and again he fell to work. Men had edged in through the door of the room, and had been pushed farther and farther, until they again almost filled the space to the rail. But none noticed. All were too intent on the work before them. Once more the bits were biting and grinding, once more the powder was blown into the vents, and again there were the sparkle, the hiss, and the detonation of the bursting dynamite. Through the dust and smoke the half-stunned spectators could dimly see two men pull open the doors that leaned drunkenly apart, and lift a little white burden from the floor, and the yell they raised rivalled the voice of the dynamite cartridge. What a rush followed Redsands as he bore the insensible form of Dimple in his arms to the open air, with his friends whooping and the women laughing, crying, and striving to get at the object of all this noise!

While she lay so white and limp and apparently dead in her father's arms, someone jerked the Honorable by his arm—"Quick! through the back door!" Someone shoved a roll into his pocket, and he felt the belt of a six-shooter drop and clasp around his hips. Outside two men held a bronco that leaped and strained as the Honorable went to them, running. From off in the distance came the screech of a locomotive whistle as he sprang to saddle.

"HE BORE THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF DIMPLE IN HIS ARMS."

"Cut it fast, old man!" cried one. "That's the special with the requisition papers for the hold-up on the Santa Fé!"

The bronco, that looked so much like the sheriff's pinto, gave two great bounds and then spun round on his heels and came back.

"This is my last crack, boys. I'm off!" And back out of the cloud of dust came the frantic beat of spur-driven hoofs.

The Art of Training IN FOOTBALL

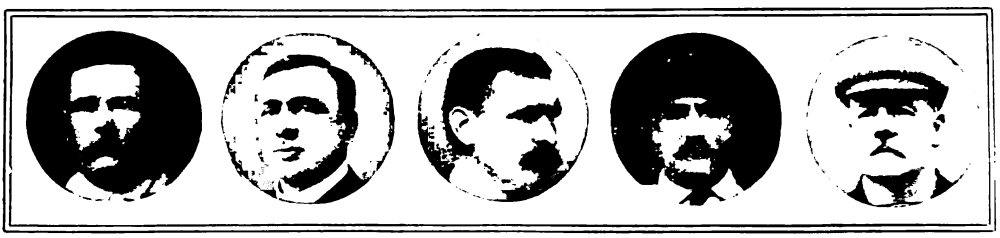
A. BIRCH,
CRYSTAL PALACE.
Photo. Russell & Sons.

EVERY year sees football taking a firmer hold of the affections and the leisure of the British public, and never was more attention paid to the science and morale of the game. But, as with all organized effort, whether of work or play, there is behind the skilful players, out of sight of the tumultuous crowd of spectators—unknown even to the cheering man-in-the-grand-stand—a great deal of hard work and machinery. All footballers, even geniuses, have to learn the game; it is the last game in the world to play itself. In cohesion, unity, *esprit de corps*, lies the secret of success. But there is more than that. When a great match is to be played, when two sides are pitted against one another for the championship, there is discipline to be exercised, self-denial, endurance; and the mainspring of all these virtues is the trainer. He has, in the opinion of one of the Association trainers whose portraits appear in the course of this article, to watch over his men as a hen watches over her chickens, and upon the skill with which he plays his unseen part depends the issue of the match.

The trainer is responsible for his team's state of health, and on him the managing committee rely, to no slight extent, for a prosperous season. The position is no sinecure, and the labour involved calls for great judgment and discretion. Many readers who take a most acute interest in football, both as players and spectators, have little notion of what training a team of professionals is like.

"We begin every morning at ten o'clock," remarked Mr. Robert Hunter, the popular trainer of the Millwall football team, than whom, perhaps, no more skilful coach is to be found in English athletic circles, "and if

Photo.] OUT FOR A LONG WALK. [*Russell & Sons.*



W. BARBER, WEST BROMWICH ALBION. *Photo. Coulson.*

J. BINGLEY, MIDDLESBROUGH. *Photo. T. Cummings.*

R. HUNTER, MILLWALL. *Photo. R. Thiele & Co.*

S. MOUNTFORD, TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR. *Photo. Jones Bros.*

R. DUNMORE, WOOLWICH ARSENAL. *Photo. E. Elbourne.*

it is not a match day, or the day after a match, a long walk is prescribed for the morning's exercise. This is varied by a series of sprints, according to the weather. From one to three o'clock a respite is allowed for rest and refreshment, and in the afternoon Indian clubs, dumb-bell exercises, ball-punching, and the like occupy our attention.

"Of course, the form of exercise that suits one man does not necessarily suit another, and we have to study closely individual requirements. Moreover, the condition of a player is bound to fluctuate considerably. The man who has for a week been doing, say, three sprints of fifty yards, three of a hundred, and a run right round the field each day, would the next week probably require only half this amount of exercise.

"As a matter of fact, we only train on three days during the week. But, training or no training, the men come to the field every day, as the regulations are that each man shall have a shower-bath daily, which is followed by a brisk and invigorating rub down. Hot baths, too, are very beneficial, especially if a man has any wounds or bruises.

"During the first three weeks of the season half an hour daily is devoted to shooting at the goal, but after this period matches become so frequent that practice with the ball is unnecessary.

"Some players," continued Mr. Hunter, "consider it a good thing to indulge in lengthy runs—four or five miles daily. For improving the wind this is all very well, but if repeated constantly has the effect of considerably reducing the runner's speed. There is, in my opinion, no greater mistake than to overtax your strength—overtraining is worse than no training at all.

"Another important consideration in connection with football is the condition of the player's boots. It is absolutely essential to

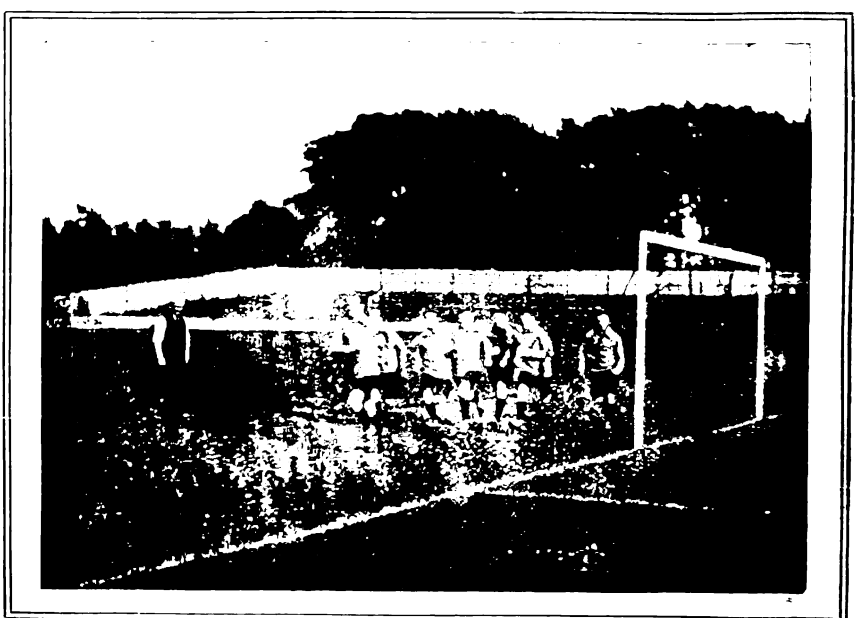


Photo.] SPRINTING. *[Russell & Sons.*

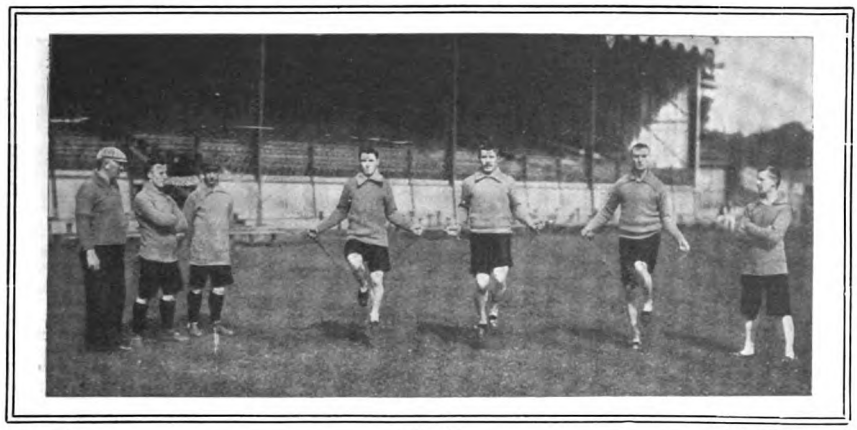


Photo.] SKIPPING. *[Russell & Sons.*

keep the bars and studs on the boots in proper order, as defective boots are liable to cause strains, which may later on have serious consequences.

"As to diet, the men may eat precisely what they please, except on the day of a match, when a certain amount of care has to be exercised. For breakfast, which is served at nine o'clock, each man has a mutton chop or a steak. For dinner there is nothing better than a boiled leg of mutton, which is not only the lightest meat you can get, but is also free from fat or grease. Tea, by reason of its stimulating properties, is beyond all doubt the best drink a footballer can have—both after the match and at half-time. We have no hard and fast rules with regard to smoking, but a man is not expected to light up within an hour of a match. Of course, it would be wiser to abstain from the use of tobacco altogether."

Mr. Robert Crone, thanks to whose efforts the Brentford team have made such rapid strides of late, looks at the matter from another standpoint.

"A cold logical study of the art—for it is an art, and a most difficult one at that—forces me," he observed to a representative of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "to arrive at the conclusion that in the method of many men responsible for the training of football teams there is a regrettable tendency to 'cram.'

"I believe in looking after the mental easiness of the men under my charge quite as much as their bodily welfare. I am never so confident in the abilities of the Brentford Bees as I am when they step on to the field with contented minds. The hard, gruelling process which makes a man physically fit is apt to make him mentally unfit, and this, as I have said, is fatal to good play. To train a football team successfully, the trainer should be, as a general rule, sparing in the amount of work he sets his men to perform. Give them just enough to keep them in good bodily condition, but try to see that each man is happy.

"When the Bees were about to meet Liverpool in the English Cup competition last season, I strove might and main to keep every man's mind absolutely free from worry. I tried to interest them and keep them from dwelling too much on the terribly hard fight before them. They had never had to meet such a powerful organization as Liverpool, and I was anxious to keep down any tendency to the equivalent of stage-fright. Therefore, I made it my business to make the men happy.

"The discipline exercised should be

F. PALEY, READING. *Photo. H. Aldridge.*

T. ROBINSON, WEST HAM UNITED. *Photo. J. E. Reeves.*

R. CRONE, BRENTFORD. *Photo. Wakefield.*

G. DRUMMOND, PRESTON NORTH END. *Photo. G. Tod.*

G. CRADDOCK, NEW BROMPTON. *Photo. Charlesworth & Morten.*

B. C. CHATT, MANCHESTER CIT.. *Photo. Bowser & Rogers.*
W. DRAPER, QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS. *Photo. J. Avery.*
C. MILES, NORWICH CITY. *Photo. R. J. Brown.*
J. ELLIOTT, EVERTON. *Photo. Mowll & Morrison.*
J. GRIERSON, ASTON VILLA. *Photo. Whitlock & Sons.*

strong, but I never believe in introducing any bullying or overbearing methods. When this is done no trainer can expect good results. Treat the men gently but firmly, and never allow them to forget that you are paid to train them and that you are to all intents and purposes master.

"It is unwise before a big match to give any player a sort of curtain-lecture, and to ply him with instructions as to what should be done and what should be left undone. The better policy is to laugh and joke with a man who you are particularly anxious should do his best, and keep his mind from a too morbid contemplation of the struggle in front of him.

"The tendency of the professional footballer nowadays is to play with his brains as well as with his feet, and it is for this reason that I advocate the paying of some attention to the mental side of training."

"I consider," remarked Mr. W. Draper, the able trainer of the Queen's Park Rangers, "that the hardest time for a trainer is before the season commences, when he has to get the men fit enough to get through a game, and still have a little left to work on. After the season has once commenced, however, very little training is needed, especially for a man who is accustomed to take care of himself. A little ball-punching, skipping or sprinting, and short country walks are quite sufficient to keep a man thoroughly fit during the season. When a man shows signs of staleness, I find a couple of days' rest and a Turkish bath bring him up as fresh as ever on Saturday."

Mr. J. Elliott, who has been associated with the Everton Football Club for seventeen years as player and trainer—the last eight as principal trainer—has his own views as to what is required to keep men fit for the arduous eight months of the football season. "It must never be forgotten that it is not like getting men ready for one event, and so a trainer has to guard against overtraining, which makes a man stale and unable to give of his best.

"In the first place, the player has to be studied individually. Some men require hard training, and can stand it the whole season through. Others need little beyond the necessity of living a regular life and taking

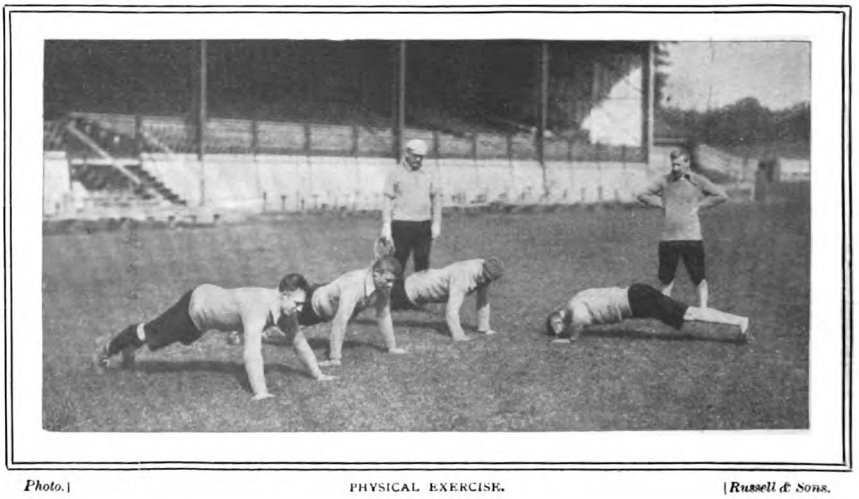


Photo. PHYSICAL EXERCISE. [*Russell & Sons.*

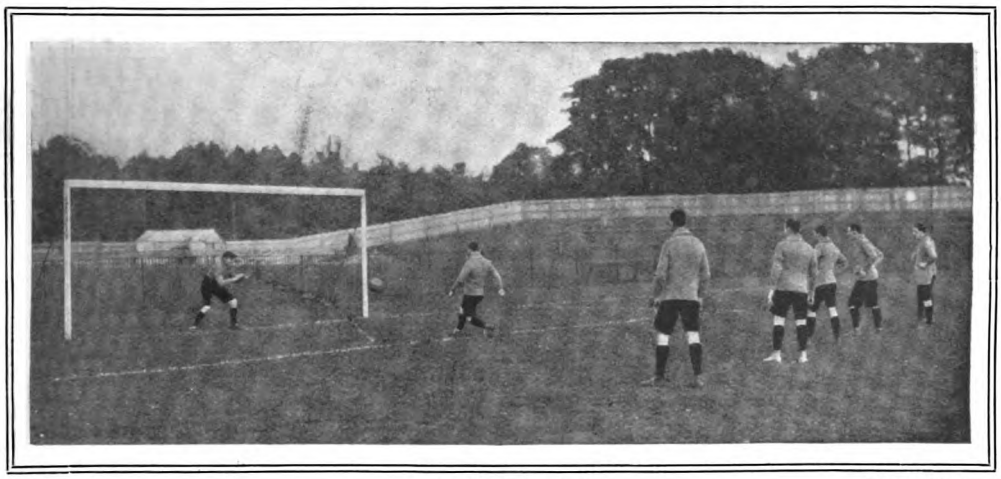


Photo. SHOOTING AT THE GOAL. [*Russell & Sons.*

that amount of exercise necessary for the well-being of every man.

"Players are called together about a month before the season commences. Those who have during the recess put on an abnormal amount of tissue have to be brought down to their normal weight, while others who are not given that way have their muscles stiffened to put them in trim.

"After the season's opening training should not be hard. Twice a week walks are arranged, the limit being eight miles each time, but some men are not sent so far. Occasional sprinting is good, but pumps should not be donned more than twice a week. Light gymnasium work is indulged in, but no strong-man business is required. A swim in salt water once a week (not oftener) is good and to be recommended; and now and again the players have a certain amount of practice with the ball. Of course, in special cases a harder *régime* is followed, but no two men follow exactly the same lines.

"The greatest aids to a player are a regular, steady mode of living and a reasonable quantity of good plain food, well cooked. There should be no late nights, and a man should rise at a fixed time in the morning after enjoying eight to nine hours' sleep. Smoking is permissible, but only in the strictest moderation, and the same may be said in regard to intoxicants."

Mr. G. W. Pay, who has trained the Bristol Rovers during the last ten seasons, thus describes his method of work:—

"Our men report themselves about three weeks before the season opens. Hard work is then indulged in to decrease the weight of some and to harden those who have not filled out so much during the close season.

"In the opening weeks a trainer has to get to know the temperament of the men under him; then he can use his own judgment as to the way to act with each. A great point in football training is to have confidence in your men, and they in return will have confidence in you. Another thing, and the most important, is to be firm, fair, and just.

"All hard work ought to be as good as over when the season starts, for with a match

W. DAWSON, SOUTHAMPTON. *Photo. F. G. O. Stuart.*

W. LAWSON, LUTON. *Photo. W. H. Cox.*

G. W. PAY, BRISTOL ROVERS. *Photo. Beer & Sons.*

G. WALLER, SHEFFIELD UNITED. *Photo. J. Redfern.*

J. MARSTON, BARNSLEY. *Photo. F. Bedford.*

G. COE, BURY. *Photo. T. Barbour.*

J. Q. MCPHERSON, NEWCASTLE UNITED. *Photo. J. Taylor.*

A. BURROWS, NORTHAMPTON. *Photo. W. Philtrip.*

A. LATHAM, DERBY COUNTY. *Photo. Dereské.*

every week, and sometimes two, players only want light work. Running, ball practice, and plenty of good field work for the opening training; then, for the lighter, a mixture of punch-ball, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and skipping-ropes. A little sprinting every week is also beneficial. But always bear in mind, do not kill a man to keep him fit; what will make some men will cripple others. There is such a thing as overtraining, which will make a man stale, languid, and unable to play his usual game.

"If a player will only look after himself, take good solid food, good sound sleep, tobacco (if he uses it) in moderation, and stout for dinner and supper, it will be a pleasure to himself and his employers."

One of the oldest, if not the very oldest, Association football trainer in the country, Mr. William Dryden, writes from Brighton: "According to some people, football is played with the feet; according to others, it is played with the hands. In my opinion it is played with the head. In no game is a quick intelligence and co-operation so necessary. A man can go to sleep at cricket, but he ought to have no time to wink at football. Anything, therefore, that will make a man alive—keenly alive—is good; and anything, on the other hand, that dulls him is bad. But a single man is only a single part of the machinery. I believe there is less art in training your men than in choosing your team. Every piece of the machinery ought to fit into its right place; unless it does this all the oiling in the world won't make smooth and efficient running. The trouble with many of the teams nowadays is that they are ill-fitted and over-oiled."

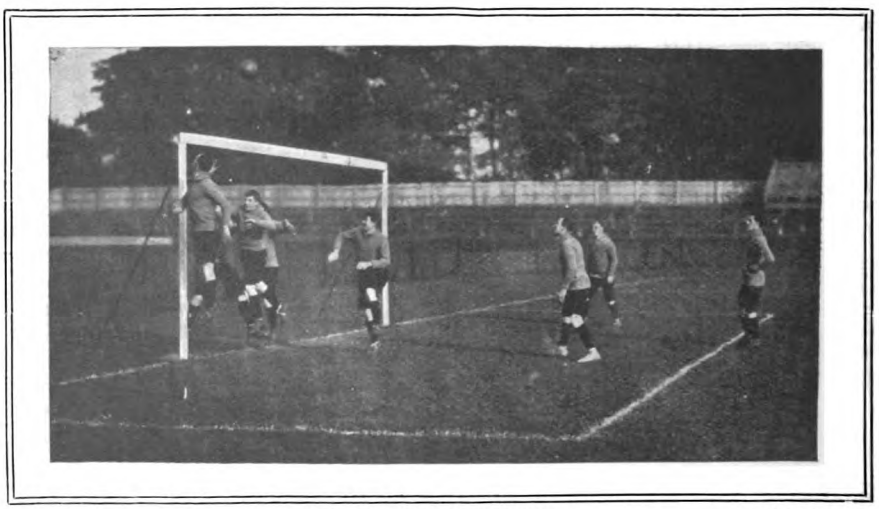


Photo.] HEADING THE BALL INTO GOAL. [*Russell & Sons.*

NOTE.—To Mr. A. Birch, the able trainer of the Crystal Palace team, we are indebted for the photographs of football practice which accompany the foregoing article. As Mr. Birch points out, they illustrate very clearly the exercises he considers necessary in training successfully a team of footballers.

BOY.

By J. M. Hay.

I.

IN town Bibi went to University Monday lectures open to the public, to discussions on universal suffrage, and despised babies. There were clubs where kindred girls read papers on the emancipation of women by way of a golf-stick, a vote, and a blouse.

"Bibi," said her aunt, "has been educated within an inch of her life, can't sew or cook, hates crowds and dancing men; she doesn't hate all men; she simply doesn't consider them."

With a petulant prettiness that was the envy of older girls, the ambition of younger who wished they had her daring, her beauty, and her "simply lovely things," and was maddening to young men, she airily dismissed her popularity.

"Oh, yes; all these boys are very nice; I couldn't bear any that weren't, but——"

To less fortunate girls the "but" meant that she could nod to any of the nice boys, and the avenue of marriage was opened up.

She had two brothers, one older than her twenty summers, and one a child, Boy. The older one said of her, "Our Bibi has the important and difficult job of appearing charming—a sort of princess; but if she doesn't look out she'll remain a princess or a queen without a kingdom."

Plainly he referred to marriage. Bibi sniffed in subtle scorn. She liked to dream of herself as one who lingered on the edge of the steep cliff of love, peering curiously over; a pioneer of emotion, standing on the hinterland of desire; a Venus Cortez on Darien eyeing the Pacific of affection. It was a sea always warmed with the sun of men's regard.

Further, she thought she knew all other deeps of life, though her outlook on life was really that of a young girl's on war who hums a martial air in a garden of roses, and has never seen the dust of the trampling of an army.

Many young men looked on afar off, and were troubled with longing of the gracious fragrance of her face, the wonderful beauty of her, and loved her for her lips, her eyes, her abundance of soft, gold-coloured hair. Not a few of them, greatly daring, were presented, and so crept nearer, and wondered still more from this little way off—"a sure-enough temptation" they all swore to touch her—even her hand. By this they did not mean more than reverence, and worship for her beauty. She was made to be adored, and all paid tribute to her as they would to the Elgin marbles, a Botticelli, or the intolerable glory of a sunset. Several of the young men had read Keats; one had been to the Louvre, Paris; all had seen in what manner evening was beautiful.

Her aunt was a sort of Greek chorus to her, and explained her in every way.

"These," and she indicated young men in flannels who carried tennis rackets and hovered within eye-shot, "these do not attract her; personality and intellect appeal; she complains of their lack; she sits with pouting mouth and laughing eyes before them, and they think she's laughing at them. You see," went on her aunt, out of her vasty store-house of femininity and wisdom, "it's a girl's business to amuse men, not to bore or repel them, or at least not to make them think she's making fun of them. Besides," she added, crisply, "these young men come and tell me things; they make themselves heroes or martyrs, and I'm supposed to tell Bibi; it is a nuisance."

The aunt should have added that at times Bibi relaxed into raillery with such as she knew. She said she did not easily get acquainted with men or they with her; in the eyes of other girls there was the proof of a legion of admirers and acquaintances. She fobbed them off. Douglas Robertson, a gilded youth whose father had made much money in scrap-iron, and who called on her in town, was amongst others of a crowd who at the coast town worshipped her. Visibly he got thinner and paler.

She sailed with him on a day and he uttered the innocence of his soul before her. He was all but prostrate in body and in spirit.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied. "I see you every day—passing; you're always before me; always in my vision; the apple of my eye." He became limp and pulled wildly; followed her tart observations on the rowing as she toyed with the tiller-ropes. "You'll put us on the rocks; really you should learn

to swim, Douglas." She chided him as a child, and regarded him with untroubled eyes.

"It *is* a pity," her aunt had once observed of her, "a great pity, for she's a splendid girl, and if the right man comes along and knows how to take her he shall be as a god."

II.

MOWBRAY PAULIN went down to the sea to paint, and painting on the foreshore made quick friends with Boy. Now Bibi hunted for Boy and ran him to cover by the side of Mowbray Paulin. Boy had the enthusiasm and impetuosity of childhood, and as soon as he saw the girl in white dress and straw hat he ran to her and dragged her forward.

"This is our Bibi; she doesn't like men, but she's got to like you 'cause I do."

"THIS IS OUR BIBI; SHE DOESN'T LIKE MEN."

Both were embarrassed, and both laughed simultaneously—he breezily, she with little sound, but with mirth. Then she held out a frank hand and reproved Boy.

The man, coatless and collarless, stood at his easel; she peeped to see a wonderful representation of the bay with all its circumstance of sea-life.

"I heard of you," the man said, abruptly, "from a friend of mine here; you are from Glasgow."

His eyes danced.

"Yes, from Glasgow—a city of many inhabitants."

He admitted it with a laugh.

"Yes, but you'll not get lost there; a friend made is a friend to keep. I'm of there too—of the Glasgow School."

This was different from her daily dole of flattery; besides, the man was stanch in friendship, it appeared.

"I've heard further that yours is a name to conjure with; of course, this has been from ardent youths. I wonder how much admiration has coloured their views?"

She certainly wanted to be angry with his directness. He had only spoken a few words, and yet he was pretty personal. But there was something lurking in the corner of eye and mouth—humour and a fine toleration—as she studied him an estimating moment. Instead of a rebuff, she said:—

"Let me give you a dispassionate view, then."

He broke in: "You are too much like an Oriental poet - philosopher there; none but them judge beautiful women dispassionately; you must not Omar Khayyám yourself."

This was a check, but there was a subtle and delicate flavour of pleasure in it; to her, too, he meant to attribute beauty.

She continued, hastily:—

"She has good health, good spirits; is afraid of becoming fat——"

"Too modest by far; allow me the inventory, please," he said.

"Item—Grey eyes with a hidden seriousness."

He checked off each item on his fingers with a brush, and she saw they were lean and brown.

"Item—A face that would have launched a thousand ships.

"Item—Hair like Rossetti's golden corn.

"Item—A heart worn on a sleeve.

"Item—A figure that the wasted gods of Greece would have fought over.

"Pardon," he continued. "I vouch for all the items save the fourth, which I've heard by the idle rumour of the bazaar. For it I substitute my own: Item—A heart as beautiful and rare as—as—edelweiss."

"All guesses, and the most of them wrong. A thousand ships, indeed! One poor little boat of Douglas Robertson's. Flatterer!" She held up a warning finger. "Gross flatterer!"

"At least I am great in my flattery."

"Come, Boy," she said, and walked slowly off. Going, she called over her shoulder: "Do your fingers never get tired painting?"

As she went up the gravelled walk to the villa where she lived she carolled.

III.

THE friendship grew and deepened. To her all others were boys with fresh faces. Nor passion, nor pain, nor any knowledge of life or death had set its hall-mark on them, but peace sat quiet as a dove and was ruffled only by pleasure.

Here was another man; here a face scored with lines; hollow, though she didn't know why; curves begot of vigil about the shadowed corners of the mouth; a face that was a battlefield in her eyes. Interest in him grew upon her as she watched the deft brown hand with its brush place the scenery around on the canvas. She knew nothing of art; was no more clever that way than the flannelled youths who wooed her mincingly. But the lean brown fingers of the man, the patient face and tired eyes, stirred what she deemed was pity in her. His face, too, had in it much unlooked-for sweetness.

He was altogether different from the other men of her "set"—no hesitancy in life any less than in the steady look of his eyes. He was seasoned, sure; together with the tan and breadth and depth of a roving life there was a lift in his head, a soaring lift, which she cherished as being beautifully boyish and unconquerable.

The thought of him, as the summer deepened, dwelt with her, followed her, dogged her in dreams, a sweet pain. Sometimes she wondered what his home hours were—if he were solitary over his pictures, if he brooded upon his paintings, and saw visions; or was but a mere prosaic individual of a filthy pipe and slippers out at heel, as her own elder brother.

But in any case she knew his strength just where she herself was weak. With her boyish admirers, where she was feeble they were feebler, in the hope of gaining the grace of her glance. They had none of them his grave tones and eye of rebuke. This unobtrusive person who often spoke to her in a way she did not understand was essentially a man.

"You're making eyes at fate," he said once (she did manage to find opportunites of visiting his part of the beach). "There's Ralston quite off his batting form because of you, and that young whelp Robertson, with several bags of gold, is ardently burning to lay them at your feet." He regarded a moment musingly the peeping toe of her shoe. Then came one of his sudden changes which attracted and puzzled her. The dalliance died in his eyes.

"Your smile's as good as flowers; wish I could paint it; p'r'aps you're right; p'r'aps it is not good you should be married soon; let's all have a share yet awhile. It will be a woeful day for our world when you become wise with love, but—but," there was delicate hesitancy; she felt he was moved, and she thrilled to the tones of his voice, "but it will be heaven for the one man; he shall be as a god." He had used her aunt's very words. For a moment his eyes were embattled; his mouth was pleading; the stern mail which covered his passion was cast aside, and she saw with widened eyes a beauty break from his face. She was troubled and felt his face perilous.

"I am afraid of myself when you speak like that," she said.

In the secrecy of her chamber that night she fought no fight, but allowed the conqueror to enter. But still she knew not it was love. In a little while the touchstone came and she knew.

IV.

BOY was not as one without hope—he did not exactly know why; but perhaps it was because Bibi was wont to whisper to him now in a shy way about Big Boy Chum—a way not used of her.

He clasped little hands round plump little knees, swaying, and regarded Big Boy Chum, whom he wanted to tell that he had been lonelier than usual to-day. He was often a lonely little boy, for mother and nurse were careful and severe, and commanded him not to play with other nasty village boys.

This man was his Big Boy Chum, for though he didn't play with him he allowed him to squeeze the wee tin tubes of paint. Big Boy Chum had, as well, "hundreds of pockets," Boy told Bibi, full of strange things, and the top right-hand one was for toffee.

He carried him on his high shoulders, walked down the beach and placed him in the boat; he taught him to row and to fish; to hold the tiller when it was almost a calm.

But especially last week he took his "photo," he whispered to Bibi, with brushes out of "the hundred pockets," and he had to sit very still on a rock with his toffee—a long, long time—and he was to come another two, three—oh, ever so many days before it could be finished. So had he come to-day.

"Halloa, Boy!" greeted Big Boy Chum.

"Halloa!" and Boy, with disquieting suddenness, turned and sat on his rock.

Big Boy Chum looked up.

"What's up, Boy; aren't you coming to speak to me to-day?"

"I'm being good," said Boy, politely.

Big Boy Chum looked at the swaying figure, the little hands round the brown knees, the little grave face, and forbore to laugh. He searched for and held aloft toffee.

"Boy, come here."

"Is it safe, Big Boy Chum?"

The man looked puzzled, crossed over to the rock, and hoisted Boy on his shoulders. Boy felt the strength of that *camaraderie*, for he had been excessively lonely that day. Near upon tears, he cried from his starved soul:—

"Bibi says I must be awf'ly good an' sit still and not bother you"—the lips quivered—"else I'll—I'll not get my photo. But I'd nearly rather be on your shoulder, Big Boy Chum, nor get my photo," he went on, with brave confiding.

The man took him from his shoulder and drew him between his knees.

"Yes, Boy, it's safe. Don't you mind Bibi." He felt great pity for the lonely child; children above others should never be lonely. "I'll tell you what, Boy; let's go out in the boat to-day—we'll have a regular lark."

And Bibi stepped down from behind the rock.

"Salaam, monsieur! And so you dare call me Bibi — and before Boy. Oh, shame!" she pouted. "Really, I quite believe you've been calling me that all along to him."

"THE MAN CROSSED OVER TO THE ROCK AND HOISTED 'BOY' ON HIS SHOULDERS."

The man snuggled Boy closer to him, and asked:—

"Boy, isn't Bibi a glorious name?" Then he became very daring and looked at her in the eyes.

"Some time, Bibi, I should like to call you that to yourself." The name sounded very pleasant and sweet from his mouth.

"H'm! It's hypothetical; and it seems you have already done so." Her eyes wavered before his, and his heart leapt at the look in them; he saw victory and godship afar off.

So Boy on Big Boy Chum's shoulder went down all glorious to the sea sucking toffee, and by reason of a gentle south-west wind the day was excellent in quiet. As they drifted out of the bay the glance of the man and the woman struck across, met, and held, and they knew that in a measure love had leapt between them.

V.

"PUFFICKLY certain?" asked Boy.

"Puffickly," replied the man, gravely, "puffickly; you'll carry the photo home at the end of the week."

"Big Boy Chum, I love you 'most better'n anybody."

Boy was sitting drowsing, his arm about the tiller, and the man was forward painting him, and dreaming.

The loch is not steady in its calm, but broken with treacherous hill squalls. Far in the south the horizon crinkled and darkened; unsteady puffs came slatting the sails, and the water began to sing alongside the yacht. Big Boy Chum called directions how to steer as he packed up.

"Over for a day, Boy," he said.

Presently, like a beast, a squall leapt off the hills and smothered the yacht. She heeled, quivered, the wind whistling and screaming in her cordage.

"Steady, Boy, s-t-e-a-dy!"

Boy was unused to the weight of the tiller; he let it go, and the boat went nose down on the wind. On the tail of the first a second squall came with a white roar. The boat was reaching as if in deadly fear. The wind throttled her on the beam, and before Big Boy Chum could leap aft to the tiller she sagged forward, broken-kneed, as the spindrift rose in a cloud, filled, and went sailing on under the water.

When the man came to himself he was paddling about in a flat calm. The wind, as if its work had been done, whimpered and sighed away.

A little on his right a head bobbed up; he saw the whites of two eyes rolling in terror; and again Boy went down. The man seemed to wait an eternity as he peered into the dark-green water below him. Again the head came to the surface and he clutched at it.

"Boy, Boy, get your arms round my neck."

Boy lay with closed eyes and blue lips.

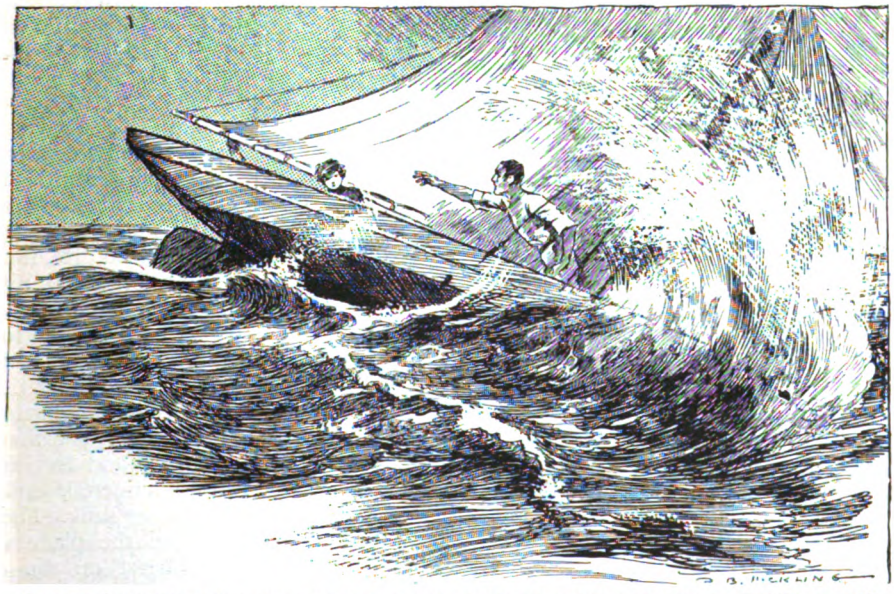
The man, treading water, held Boy afloat, and searched the sea for wreckage. It was empty.

"Boy, Boy!" and his voice trembled in spite of himself. Boy's eyelids fluttered, opened, and closed in a sigh.

"Boy!" he whispered, almost fiercely. The clear blue eyes opened again, stared at the sky, and a smile stole over the face.

"I t'ink," he lisped, "I—I t'ink I was dleamin'."

The man looked at the puckered little face and, in spite of their situation, smiled.



"BEFORE 'BIG BOY CHUM' COULD LEAP AFT TO THE TILLER SHE SAGGED FORWARD, BROKEN-KNEED, AND WENT SAILING ON UNDER THE WATER."

"Boy," he said, gently, "put your arms round my neck—so."

Big Boy Chum had been working coatless and collarless; he wore light deck-shoes. All seemed well as he settled down to a long, steady breast-stroke. He purred in laughter.

"Marching, Boy, oh, marching; we'll be home for tea yet."

Boy lay somnolent, a dead weight, and his teeth chattered with cold. He had infinite trust every way in Big Boy Chum.

The man swam for a long time in silence, swam easily, strongly. At a flashing thought he half-heaved himself out of the water and saw the shore far off. He went hot and cold. The tide was on the ebb, too, he knew. Boy was sobbing gently, grieving because of the immediate water and the cold. He had no fear of death. "I'm awf'ly sleepy," he said once.

"Cheerily, Boy, cheerily," was the answer. "Home and Bibi soon," and with set teeth took up again the steady breast-stroke.

The evening sun poured in his eyes, blinding him; it made his temples ache, and there was a beat, beat, beat throbbing inside his ears. A cloud came over the sun, shutting out its furnace-like rays, and the man struggled out of the water and looked.

"My God! Oh, my God!" he moaned, and saw death in the sea. The stroke now was not so fresh, yet he was steadily gaining; he saw the curve of the shore. Hope, like a strong river, poured through him.

"Coming in, Boy," he whispered; "slogging home."

"HE HAD HALF-HEAVED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER AND SAW THE SHORE FAR OFF."

Boy's head hung limply, and his arms were like bands of steel round the man's neck. In a little he began to feel the ebb-tide, slowly yet, but steadily fighting him. To stop in the stroke was to lose ground. Sun and sweat were blinding him.

"Boy—we—mustn't go out—this tide." The words came in gasps, for he now seemed pushing as against a wall, and his easy breathing was gone. A thought took being in him that the two of them could never reach against the tide; without Boy it would be fairly easy for himself.

"I mustn't! O God, I mustn't!" He fought against it as against an enemy seeking his life.

The awful ebb was grinding the strength out of him; his arms felt like lead. As he started every fresh stroke he wondered if he could finish it. His head drooped with sheer exhaustion, and he took a mouthful of water. The stinging salt revived him, and he struggled for a few strokes. Boy was strangling him, choking him to death; but for him he was sure of sweet life, and there was so much in life to be done. A limit seemed to come to his powers of endurance; it was excessive pain to move his arms; the enfeebled stroke jerked, twitched, fluttered — he seemed to have been swimming for years—the arms stiffened, stopped; the greedy tide drove them back. With a terrific effort he lunged forward. In the blinding sweat and sun he saw the pleasant shore.

"O God, I mustn't; she'd say I killed him. I mustn't, I mustn't," he kept on repeating to himself; his arms fluked badly, spluttered, beating the sea. In a last despairing remedy he tore Boy's arms from his neck and let him go. Boy floundered, and with a whimper sank. The man watched the place like a wild beast on the scent, and lay panting, gasping. Heaven! how sweet the rest was!

"I mustn't," he repeated, fighting desire, and somehow to his dull brain came back Boy's words:—

"Big Boy Chum, I love you 'most better'n anybody."

A dark head bobbed up and he grasped it.

"Boy," he gasped, "round—my—neck," but Boy was past hearing. The tide was

carrying them seaward; again in a surge the appalling thought to save himself came upon him. He thought himself going mad now, and felt he had not strength to resist the thought much longer. There was a roar as of a cataract in his ears, and the antiphon of that thunder unceasingly repeated: "Let Boy go! Let Boy go!"

"Mustn't, mustn't!" he kept saying, and took Boy's hair in his mouth, as a dog catches a drowning man. He had ceased swimming now, and they were drifting seaward in a broad band of golden sunset.

Even now Boy was threatening his life, so weak had he become, but he only set his teeth the firmer in Boy's hair.

"Mustn't! O God!—mustn't—Bibi—mustn't!"

Lights were dancing before his eyes; the water was over his chin.

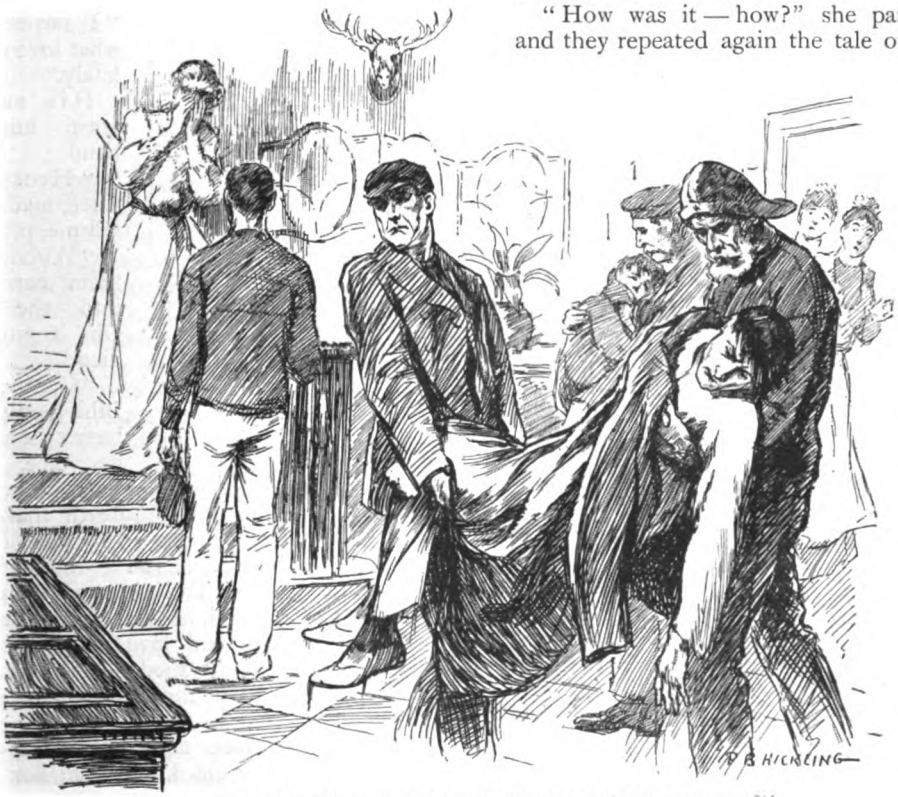
They were carried up from the boat by tall fellows of the sea, and the maid-servants in the hall stood aghast, curious. Down the stairway came Bibi, and she gave a squeak of sick dismay at the sight of Boy. When she saw the withered, wet face and dripping hair of Big Boy Chum she put up her left hand to her breast and moaned; then she put her hands before her face and whispered:—

"Are they dead?"

One, a capable, grave fellow in a jersey, said no, but it was a near shave; a few seconds more and it would have been all up with them; and he told her of the struggle his crew had seen as they rowed to the rescue. She dropped her hands and her eyes shone down on the two limp figures, and as she looked Big Boy Chum opened his eyes and saw her passion of grief.

They bore them up the stair and laid them each on a bed.

"How was it—how?" she panted, and they repeated again the tale of the



"SHE PUT HER HANDS BEFORE HER FACE AND WHISPERED, 'ARE THEY DEAD?'"

"'Love you 'most better'n anybody'—I can't!" he gasped. "Mustn't!" he spluttered, "mustn't—Bibi—honour——" The tired head drooped on the sea as on a pillow, man and boy went under, and bubbles rose and burst above them into sun-wrought jewels. . . .

struggle, and one said he had to cut Boy's hair, so dead-set were the teeth bitted into it, and so ended, "Ah! but he is a man."

The doctor was sent for; restoratives were brought, and she was left alone with the man. Under the restoratives Big Boy Chum opened

his eyes and knew he was at the door of heaven, for Bibi was leaning over his couch, and one arm was underneath his neck.

Again the dim eyes closed, and as the blackness of unconsciousness came upon him he put out his hand to her as a child, and she sobbed tearless over him.

For days Death stood in the doorway and the man's mind wandered, and Bibi, terrified at the blazing eyes, heard the broken tale of the struggle; and there was a splendour upon his face.

"Mustn't go out this tide—there's something I've to tell her; must see her face to face; for my soul's sake I must." He tried to cry out, and raised his arms, but there was no strength in them.

"Mustn't let go, Boy; mustn't—she'd say I killed you, and I'd rather face death than that—Boy," he whispered, fiercely, and she sobbed brokenly at the tortured depths of gloom in his eyes. "Boy, Boy, it would kill her." She leaned over, her tears falling upon his face, and kissed him twice upon the lips. He struggled up.

"The shore; a wee bit now." He fell back on the bed, and the swelling in his voice died to a whisper. "Going home, son; going—home—going—Bibi."

There was a great light in his face.

"Going, Boy — Bibi — mustn't let go — mustn't—Bibi—honour." He was silent; it seemed as if he were blind; and she put her arms about him and sobs pierced in her throat like daggers.

"SHE TOOK HIS HAND, AND THEY SPAKE AS LOVERS USE."

"Oh! Oh! don't—don't die without me," she cried. . . .

On the evening of that day he muttered her name, smiling; the doctor came and said the fever was gone. The man and Boy were safe; he went off whistling. Evening crept like a haze and lightened on Big Boy Chum's eyes, as Bibi came like a rose to the bedside, and he saw love unutterable in her eyes. She took his hand, and they spake as lovers use.

Once she said: "I never knew what love was till lately."

His sudden grasp hurt her hand.

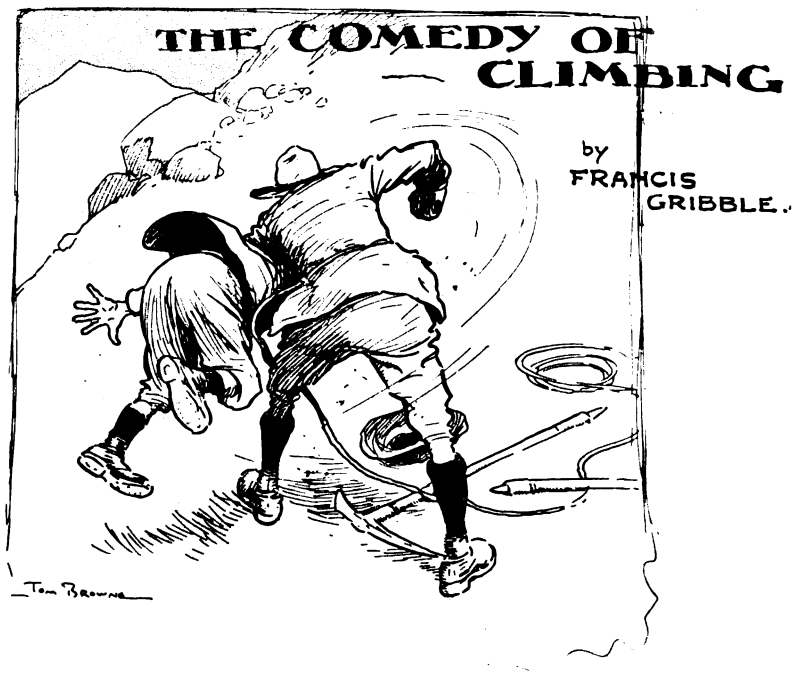
"How long since, madame—tell me, please?"

"When I saw them carry you into the hall. Oh, if you had died!"

"Gently, my Bibi, gently," for he felt the tears in her voice. "We went down to death that time, Boy and I, and it refused us, because of you"—the voice was not quite steady—"and when you saw Boy and me and our helplessness, the springs of motherly passion and love were unloosed, and broke forth and bathed me"—he stopped and looked at her—"they shall heal me," he ended simply.

Her averted face turned slowly towards him: illumination was kindling in her soul; she gave a little sob of pleasure.

"Oh! Mowbray," and she blinded his face with her hair as their lips met. He was still weak, and relaxed to her arms about him, his head on her bosom; to her low tones of consolation and tenderness. She was mothering him with a hungry love.



IT is generally of the tragedies of climbing that one hears—of the race to escape the avalanche, the terrible fall on the face of the frozen precipice, or the blizzard in which travellers perish from exposure. The consequences of a slip or an error of judgment are mostly too serious for laughter. Moreover, the modern climber takes himself very seriously even when he is not in difficulties. He is an explorer, and a man of science. Very likely he has taken a course of instruction at the Royal Geographical Society, where he has learnt, among other things, how to calculate altitudes and how to draw maps. A man may easily get out of the habit of laughing when he spends three months, as Sir Martin Conway once did, in drawing a mountain map.

Perhaps that is the reason why the best jokes about climbing have been made by the non-climbers. There is the remark, for instance, of the scoffer who declared that the Alps must by this time be greasy from climbing; and there is the case of Mark Twain, who instructed his secretary to ascend a mountain on his behalf, arguing that the chief use of a secretary was to take that sort of trouble off his employer's hands. This is on a higher plane of humour than the jests which mountaineers print in their books about the fleas in the club huts, and the snores of the companions with whom they camp out. But climbing itself, like all the other pastimes, has its humours.

To the unsophisticated inhabitants of mountain regions it seems a joke—too good a joke to be true—that anybody should want to climb at all. Walking uphill, they know by experience, is more trouble than walking on level ground. They conclude, therefore, that the man who climbs must either be mad or have some ulterior, and perhaps sinister, motive. Many and many a climber has been supposed to be a prospector looking for gold. That, the South Americans always said, was what Mr. Whymper was doing in the Great Andes of the Equator. A peasant came to him and offered to show him a gold-mine, proposing to work it on the half profits system, and a similar story was brought home by the first English climbers who visited Dauphiné. The peasants there were specially puzzled by the fact that the climbing party included a lady, but they solved the problem to their satisfaction.

"The men," they said, "are gold-seekers. The woman is a witch whom they have brought with them to show them where the gold is hidden."

Of the ways of guides, again, some amusing stories are related. They are not allowed to ply their calling without certificates, which are only granted to men of good character

who have passed examinations; and these examinations, no less than those of our own elementary schools, have their legends of amusing howlers. We hear of a guide who inferred the points of the compass from the fact that "the sun is always in the North"; of another who said that the best way of getting over a wide crevasse was to "build a bridge across it"; of a third who, being asked how he would deal with a traveller who collapsed from fatigue, replied that he would punch his head.

To the uninitiated the last answer may sound the most preposterous of the three; but the plan which it propounds has sometimes been tried with good effect. Zurbriggen, Sir Martin Conway's guide in the Himalayas, once tried it, though not upon Sir Martin Conway. He was on the Matterhorn in bad weather with Mr. Fison. Mr. Fison, thoroughly exhausted, sat down in the snow and declared that he would go no farther. He was given brandy, but the spirit failed to stimulate his energies. Zurbriggen tried to roll him along like a log, but the risk of rolling him over the cliff was too great. He also tied a rope round his waist and tried to tow him; but the places on which you can tow a man on the Matterhorn are few and far between. So Zurbriggen felt that there was nothing for it but assault and battery. He belaboured his patron soundly with his fists, and his patron leapt to his feet, pouring out torrents of abuse, and threatening to report the guide for misconduct. Zurbriggen was young enough to feel alarmed. There seemed more than a chance that his certificate would be taken away from him. But on the morrow the patron slapped him on the back and said, "Bravo, Zurbriggen!" and added a liberal donation to the stipulated fee.

Happily, however, the need for such violent methods is rare, and the guide who escorts ladies is almost invariably gentle and gallant. The great Melchior Anderegg was once asked by Leslie Stephen how he persuaded nervous ladies to cross crevasses. "First I step over myself," he said, "and then I hold out a sugar-plum, and they follow." And this may bring us to the more striking story of the gallantry of the guides who escorted Mlle. D'Angeville to the summit of Mont Blanc in 1838. They lifted the lady on to their shoulders, so that she might be able to boast that she had ascended higher above the sea-level than any other climber, and then they proceeded to make a somewhat unusual request.

The circumstances, they said, were exceptional. They had never climbed the mountain with a lady before; they did not expect ever to climb it with a lady again. Might they be permitted to pay homage to her intrepidity by kissing her? And Mlle. D'Angeville consented. There were twelve guides, and each of them kissed her on both

"THERE WERE TWELVE GUIDES, AND EACH OF THEM KISSED HER ON BOTH CHEEKS."

cheeks, so that there were twenty-four kisses in all. It is said that the sound of the salutations was heard in the valley of Chamonix; but that may be a poetical exaggeration.

It must be admitted, of course, that not all guides at all times exemplify all the virtues. Most of them are sober men. They tell you that beer "cuts the legs," and they sometimes say the same of wine, both white and red. But one does sometimes hear of guides who support themselves in perilous places with the courage commonly called Dutch. There was a case of a guide who did so on the Dent Blanche. He was the only guide whom the party were taking; and he had his flask of Kirsch in his pocket, and he sipped at it steadily as he went. It helped his nerves for the time, but the reaction followed in due course. When at last he scrambled up on to the summit of the mountain, he fell upon his knees and invoked the Virgin. If the Blessed Mother of God, he cried, would only help him safely down into the valley, never, so long as he lived, would he climb a mountain again. He did get down, thanks to the skill of his employers, who wrote some very outspoken observations in his Führer Buch.

"HE DID GET DOWN, THANKS TO THE SKILL OF HIS EMPLOYERS."

Another story of a guide who loved the bottle too well is told by Leslie Stephen. The man in question was descending the path from the Eismeer to Grindelwald in a convivial condition. He blundered off the path at a point where it skirts a precipice, and fell vertically for about a hundred feet on to a bed of rock. "It would have been a less dangerous experiment," Leslie Stephen says, "to step from the roof of the tallest house in London to the kerbstone below." But Michel merely lay all night where he had fallen, and in the morning shook himself, got up, and walked home, with no broken bones. Whence Leslie Stephen draws two morals. The first is, "Don't get drunk if you have to walk along the edge of an Alpine cliff"; the second is, "Get drunk if you are likely to fall over an Alpine cliff."

Morals apart, the story proves that Alpine guides are men of marvellous physical strength, and many stories illustrative of their strength are told. The best is that of the Oberlander Lauener, who was leading his patron up a steep ice slope in which they had to cut steps. There was a huge stone embedded in the ice, and Lauener thought that he could safely tread on it. To his horror it moved, and began to fall in the direction of his comrade. Quick as lightning, he stepped back into the ice step which he had just left. Then, standing on one leg, he jerked his companion out of his foothold and swung him aside, like the weight at the end of a pendulum, while the rock descended in his track.

This is an example, of course, not only of strength, but also of competence and ready resource. We come nearer to the comedy of climbing when the guide—or the porter, as it may be—is not so competent. There are stories of porters whom rough guides have impatiently kicked over bergschrunds which they were too nervous to jump; and there are stories of porters who, presuming to act as guides without authority, have made a queer use of the rope.

Parties crossing glaciers, it may be explained, in case any reader does not know, tie themselves together at intervals of five

THERE ARE STORIES OF PORTERS WHOM ROUGH GUIDES HAVE IMPATIENTLY KICKED OVER BERGSCHRUNDS."

yards or so in order that if one of them falls into a crevasse the others may promptly pull him out of it. But Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond tells a delightful story of two Germans who were taken up the Cima di Jazzi by a beginner. The beginner knew that he had to bring a rope, and he knew that he had to make some use of it; but that was the limit of his knowledge. He hesitated, hoping that the Germans would give him a hint, but they were just as ignorant as he was. At last he took a desperate resolution. At the two ends of the rope he made two slip-knots. He passed the two nooses round the necks of his two patrons, and, taking the cord by the centre, walked along, holding it in his hand. Luckily no one fell into a crevasse that day, or somebody would assuredly have been hanged by the neck till he was dead.

On the way back the guide met another party whom a friend of his was leading. He nervously asked his friend whether his method of roping was correct. Stifling his laughter, his friend assured him that every thing was in order. "I'm glad of that," was the reply, "for I assure you these gentlemen have been cursing and swearing at me all day long."

Happily it is not always in such perilous style that the clumsiness of guides contributes to the comedy of climbing.

An experience of my own is amusing to look back upon, though it was anything but amusing at the time. We were going up a small mountain in the Saas-thal; we were very thirsty, but decided to postpone refreshments until we reached the top. The lunch, including two bottles of wine, was in the guide's ruck-sack. "Now for a drink," he said, with enthusiasm, swinging off his burden in a hurry. But alas! and alas! There was a "stone man" on the top of that mountain, and the careless fellow knocked the ruck-sack against it. The bottles smashed; the red wine soaked the comestibles and then trickled down the mountain side. And oh! what a long, long descent we had before we came to water! How gladly would we even have eaten frozen champagne, as Aloys Pollinger boasts that he did on the summit of Aconcagua!

There are stories, again, of the peremptory and domineering guide who figures as He Who Must Be Obeyed. The story, already told, of Zurbriggen punching his patron's head belongs to this category. A similar feat stands to the credit of Joseph Imboden; and there is also the story of Joseph's treatment of a traveller who funked, not daring to quit a position of security on the rocks. "Take him by the feet and pull him down," called Joseph to the attendant porter; and it was only when this indignity was actually offered to him that the climber recovered his courage. And, finally, there is the story of the guide who was discovered by another climbing party, not dragging a traveller down a mountain, but driving him up it, against his will and in spite of his protests. "Herr, he must go," was the answer to the obvious question. "He must go, for he has paid me in advance."

Sometimes, again, the comedy of climbing has its origin in the superstitions of the climbers. It has been mentioned that climbers have been mistaken for mining prospectors; they have also been mistaken for evil spirits. A case occurred when Mr. Whymper made his first ascent of the

Matterhorn. There was another party on the mountain the same day on the Italian side. Mr. Whymper and his friends saw them and triumphed over them from the top, and his guide, Croz, yelled at them demoniacally and rolled boulders down in their direction.

They were frightened and turned back, and told a strange story when they came to Breuil. "The legends are true," they said. "The Matterhorn is indeed the abode of devils. We saw them; we heard them; they threw stones at us."

"THEY WERE FRIGHTENED AND TURNED BACK."

Even the awful avalanche may sometimes contribute towards the gaiety of mountaineering. Mr. Girdlestone, who once boasted that he could climb without guides, had trouble with one on almost the first of his guideless excursions. He sat down to lunch in the track of an avalanche, and the avalanche interrupted his meal. He had just time to get up and jump out of the way, and when he looked round his lunch had disappeared for ever.

Nor is the climber's lunch the only part of his equipment that an avalanche has sometimes carried away. Mr. Girdlestone, when the avalanche carried away his bread and meat, may have felt less embarrassed than a celebrated lady climber did when an avalanche carried away her skirt. She had taken it off in order to negotiate some difficult rocks, and intended to resume it before returning to her hotel. But Fate decreed otherwise, and she had to return to the hotel in knickerbockers.

The wind caused by the falling of the avalanche is also capable of producing ludicrous results. It is as violent, for the moment, as a cyclone, and operates much in the same way. There is an accredited case, for instance, of an old woman whom such an atmospheric disturbance blew into the top of a pine tree. She clung to the branches and saved herself, but she had to sit in her pine tree for several hours, until the neighbours found her and helped her down.

Nor should an account of the comedy of climbing omit some mention of the proceedings of Professor Angelo Mosso on Monte Rosa. Professor Mosso is the greatest authority in the world on mountain sickness. Nobody knows for certain what mountain sickness is, or how it is caused; but Signor Mosso has taken more trouble than anybody else to find out. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*," was his motto. He borrowed some soldiers from the Italian Government, and made them go through exercises with dumb-bells and other gymnastic appliances in the midst of the eternal snows. No doubt he has established valuable conclusions as to the effect of high altitudes upon the human physique; but the spectacle of a row of military men "doing Sandow" on a glacier is not without its humorous aspects, and must have a very cheering effect upon those who witness it.

THE SHORT CUT.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

IT was Phene's fate always to have brilliant ideas which somehow came to grief when she started to carry them out.

For instance, it had been a fine idea to buy her rich cousin Gwendolen's nearly new bicycle second-hand for half price; but she had not foreseen the cost of bringing it over from Ireland. Gwendolen sent it in a crate, "Carriage forward"; and when it arrived at Colwyn Bay, where the Nevilles were spending their brief, cheap, carefully-calculated holiday, Phene shed scalding tears, and had to borrow half a sovereign of the housekeeping money from her mother.

It was the repentance following upon this ill-considered action which prompted the next fine idea.

Phene was out of work. She was twenty-seven years old, and the family of children whom she had taught had all now been sent to boarding school. She was taking her holiday sadly, feeling that a struggle lay before her—that new work, among strangers, must be sought immediately on her return to Liverpool. The borrowed half-sovereign seemed to demand desperate remedies. She conceived the bold idea of not going back at all—of getting a post in Wales, and saving her return fare.

She bought a local newspaper, and from several advertisements selected the following:—

Miss Mostyn desires to meet with cultivated and competent young lady, liking a secluded country life, to undertake the education of her niece, aged nine.—Tan-y-Pont, Hebron, Nantfestyn.

She knew quite well where Hebron was, along the celebrated Nantfestyn Valley. If she cycled to Bettws-y-Coed, and over the pass, she could go and interview Miss Mostyn in person. Then the bicycle might cease to be a white elephant in her mother's eyes, and become a domesticated, even a useful, animal.

Phene was great on maps. She had the Reduced Ordnance; and when she came to study it, she found a short cut. If she left the main road at Llanrwst, instead of going on to Bettws, she could strike the Nantfestyn road higher up. It was marked in red dots—possible for cyclists; and in any case it was only three or four miles, and would save eight or nine.

It was more than fifty miles there and back; but the ride home was mostly downhill, she could take her time, and if she were home by ten her mother would not be anxious. She wrote to Miss Mostyn, asking for an appointment. A prim little letter came back, fixing a day, and Phene started in high spirits, only damped by a fast-falling barometer.

And now?

She and her bicycle were wandering in darkness and rain, hopelessly lost!

The storm began it, She had to take shelter for long from its pelting violence—from the thunder that rolled like artillery among the mountains, from the swishing cataract of hail that accompanied it. When it was over the sun broke out radiantly, and on she went, to discover, after a muddy mile or so, that her back wheel was punctured. By the time this was mended it was already two o'clock, and she was no farther than Llanrwst. Into her short cut she plunged, and for one mortal hour pushed her machine up a hill that was almost a precipice. Hot, panting, weary, she yet forgot herself completely in the beauty of the fern-lined woodland and magnificent blue mountain distances. Then came a parting of the ways—three roads before her in actual fact; only one in her treacherous map.

She could only choose by the direction in which the tracks appeared to run, and went patiently on until her path was level enough for her to mount and ride; only to find, after a mile or two, that she had again punctured.

The fates seemed hopelessly against her.

Search revealed the fact that she had left the thorn which had caused her first mishap embedded in the outer cover. She was an expert puncture-mender; but by the time this job was done thoroughly the sun was beginning to dip westwards in a most annoying manner. It was very vexatious that she must show herself hopelessly unpunctual in keeping an appointment; but two punctures and a storm will account for much. She set her teeth and pushed on.

And then, behold, her road vanished! That is, it ceased to be a road close to a deserted quarry, and became merely a grassy track. She must inquire her way at the first cottage she came to. On she went, but slowly, for owing to the nature of the ground she could not ride; and then, to her joy, a labourer approached her. Full of thankfulness, she begged for directions. He shook his head with an embarrassed smile.

"*Dym Sasnaeg*," he muttered.

This was despairing. She said the words Hebron, Nantfestyn, distinctly, pointing forwards. His eye lit up; he repeated the words, making signs that she must go back the way she had come. He pointed to the cycle, as though saying she could not ride it along the road she was following; and after urgently waving her back let himself into an adjacent gate and disappeared among the trees.

"HE REPEATED THE WORDS, MAKING SIGNS THAT SHE MUST GO BACK."

She must return to the cross-roads, and great slow tears gathered in Phene's luminous hazel eyes. She must go home; it was too late to keep her appointment now. Back she went as far as the quarry, but when she got there she spied a road she had not previously noticed—a good wide, promising path, passing right over the hill in the required direction. She thought it would be quicker to take it and ride down to Bettws than to go back to Llanrwst. She had not gone far along her new route when the second storm burst upon her devoted head. Fortunately she was near a big rock which overhung the path and gave her shelter. But when the tempest had raged with violence for some time she grew chilly and stiff; and after another period of waiting she realized that, though the fury of it had gone by, the rain did not mean to cease; it had set in for a wet evening.

However, she must now push on steadily, wet or fine, and ignominiously take the train when she got to Bettws.

The rain beat in her face, the gloomy, grey dusk deepened around, the low clouds blotted out the hills from view. After a while she knew that she must have again gone wrong. Once more her road trailed off into a hesitating track across a boggy meadow. She had been told there was much swampy ground in these hills, and in the gathering night she felt nervous. Leaving her machine a moment she went onward a little to explore, and discovered to her joy that beyond the field her road revived. Again she wearily tramped forward, hoping against hope. But now at last the road made up its mind to finally desert her. When she found that it had decided upon becoming a foot-track, and ascending the huge flank of the great mountain that loomed by fits from the blanket of vapour about her, she knew she was hopelessly lost and benighted and must seek shelter till dawn.

With the knowledge her courage returned. She retraced her steps a little to the mouth of a grim cavern she had passed, overhung by tufts of fern.

Lighted by her cycle lamp, she ventured to scramble over the heaps of *débris* that lay in the cave's mouth. Her light glanced over a vast space—a huge, abandoned slate quarry, the roof here and there upheld by mighty columns of the living rock. Its extent was far beyond the compass of her sight; at her feet were terrifying pits of unknown depth. But away to the left a firm path led to a kind of shed, built against the beetling edge of the cavern. Cautiously advancing and peeping in she saw an old rusty stove, some benches, and a pile of dry, fragrant bracken, possibly stored there by some shepherd.

This was the refuge for her! She had the

scanty remains of her lunch with her to avert the pangs of hunger; and the soft song of falling water guided her to a spring close by. She ate, drank, said her prayers, pulled off her wet skirt and hung it up, wriggled herself deep into the warm, soft fern, then, extinguishing her lamp, entrusted herself, with beating heart, to the darkness and the profound silence; and in five minutes was soundly asleep.

She could not have said why she woke up, widely and completely awake, all in a moment. The darkness about her was absolute, the stillness unbroken, but in her consciousness was the idea that she had heard a sound. It seemed to her that she had slept some hours; she was all in a glow of warmth, her bracken bed as comfortable as could be. What had awakened her? Holding her breath, she lay perfectly still; and after a minute a sound, a distant tap, tap, tap, fell upon her ear. It was like the sound of miners at work. Was the quarry haunted by the spectres of men long dead, who worked by night? She listened with shaking pulses; tap, tap, tap, then a rasping scrape, something that sounded like a muffled exclamation in a human voice, and a ringing noise of metal falling on stone, as though the worker had dropped his tool.

Almost immediately a vague, quivering circle of light was shot out over the upper portion of the vast roof; and then Phene had well-nigh cried out in fear, for the colossal shadow of a man was thrown upon the light, and he was apparently walking down a perpendicular wall. This awful portent had driven her to the extreme limit of her powers of self-control, when she saw, by the shadow, that he had a rope tied about his waist.

The light bobbed and glimmered, then was hidden from her sight by some vast, intervening buttress; and then she heard fall distinctly on the silence the sound of the man's footsteps as he came to earth with a little run, and walked along—in what direction?

It must be one of the miners come to work. Then the quarry was not deserted, and it must be morning. But, glancing round to the place where she knew the cave's mouth to be, she saw only pitchy blackness. One thing at once presented itself to her mind as urgent and essential. Springing up she felt in the gloom for her damp skirt, and put it on as one on a sinking ship may snatch a lifebelt, while all the time that footstep rang in her ears.

The miner was whistling, stumbling along among the pits with heedfully lowered lamp: he was certainly approaching; he rounded a corner; he headed straight for the shed where Phene crouched.

There was nothing for it but to await his coming. She was not frightened, but the notion that he too might have no *Sasnaeg*, and she in consequence be unable to explain herself, filled her with embarrassment.

She sat up as erect as might be on her fern couch; and as he appeared in the doorway, lit up by the rays of his powerful lamp, she said, with dignity:—

"I hope I do not startle you?"

"What the—— Good Lord!" said the astounded new-comer. "Who in the world are you?"

"HE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY, LIT UP BY THE RAYS OF HIS POWERFUL LAMP."

Phene's cheeks were suddenly aflame. She became dreadfully, acutely conscious of the bits of fern in her hair, of the whole impossible situation; for this was no miner, but a man of her own class—a man with a hard jaw, a short black beard, and cynical eyes, much tanned, and dressed in rough clothes, with a handkerchief knotted round his throat, but unmistakable.

"I'm — I'm sorry. I'll go," she said, weakly, taking up her motor cap and picking wisps from her white golf jersey.

"No, no; I'll go, of course; that's my part —unless"—he paused—"unless I could be of any use. Could you tell me what's the matter?"

"I got lost," said Phene, "and it rained so hard I couldn't get on, so I was benighted too. I came in here to wait till it grows light. I thought there was nobody here."

"Quite right," he said; "there is nobody but me, and I don't want it known that I am. Is it impertinent to ask where you were going?"

"To Hebron."

"To Hebron? Then why in the world——"

"Oh, I told you I had lost my way. You need not rub it in. I was trying a short cut," said Phene, petulantly.

He laughed a little. "Well, anyhow, you can't find your way there in the dark," he said, rather as one soothes a fractious child. "You must be cold and hungry, are you not?"

"I was sound asleep until you woke me," said the injured maiden.

His lip curved again in a sort of smile; he seemed to smile reluctantly, to laugh with difficulty. "See here," he said; "I know I look a pretty average ruffian, but I'm quite respectable, really. Won't you let me light you a fire and make you some cocoa?"

She stared. "Have you Aladdin's ring?"

"That's it. I'm the genie of the cave. Let me look after you. Don't I strike you as a harmless kind of person? I'm really quite domesticated and warranted quiet with children. You may trust me."

Something in his lack of embarrassment was most reassuring. She unbent visibly. "My skirt *is* very damp," she said, longingly.

"Right-ho! You wait a moment." He vanished round the corner, to return with plenty of chopped wood and kindling. Raking the ash from the rusty grate, he soon had a blaze, produced a tin-kettle and other treasures from behind a slab of slate which, to Phene's bewilderment, he called a Duchess, and set water to boil.

It was astonishing how the warmth and the company raised Phene's spirits. She toasted her feet by the fire, and set her shoes to dry.

"My word! Did you walk here in those things?" asked her new friend, contemptuously.

"Walk? No! I cycled."

"Oh, come; *cycled!* *Cycled* up here?"

"Don't laugh at me! Of course, I had to walk mostly. I thought I could get out on the main road, somewhere near Capel Curig."

"I see; and you lost your way. Are you taking a cycling tour through Wales alone?"

"Certainly not. I am staying with my people at Colwyn Bay. I was going to Hebron to interview a lady who wants a governess. I *am* a governess," said Phene, gravely explanatory.

"Indeed!" he said, a little derisively. "Fond of children, I suppose?"

"No, I don't know that I am, particularly."

"Halloa! Don't be so candid with the lady at Hebron, or your chance won't be worth much."

Phene sighed. "One of the hateful parts of earning your own living is that you mustn't be candid," she said, impatiently.

"Well, you may be candid with me. We are ships that pass in the night, you know. I shall not even ask who you are. You may speak, therefore, with freedom, for it interests me to know that a young lady has to earn her bread by looking after children when she doesn't even like children."

"Other people's children," said Phene, with a sigh. "That is very different from—from one's own," she went on, in a hurry. "I mean other people's children are so unsatisfactory—like a tale you begin in monthly parts, and never know the end. I've been at it seven years—teaching, I mean. The children I taught are all too big to need me now, and, you see, I had got fond of them. I saw them every day, all those years! The littlest boy was a darling! He loved me, and I taught him from the first. Now all his curls are cut off, and he is too big to sit on his governess's lap. I have sometimes thought that one's own boy would never outgrow his own mummie's lap. And now, you see, I have to begin taking an interest in someone else's child. She is nine. When she is twelve her people will send her to school, and I shall be adrift again. That was what I meant. It is all rather dreary."

The man had sat very still, his head on his

hand, listening to this speech. Something in his silence magnetically conveyed the idea of sympathy. Phene was a little ashamed of having said so much. She stole a look at him, and his hard eyes seemed to have melted and to glisten in the firelight.

"I didn't mean to talk all that nonsense," she hurriedly said. "It is only when I get moped that I become a growler. Don't take any notice."

"Do you easily get moped?" he asked. "Because, if so, I shouldn't advise you to come to Hebron."

"I'm never dull," said Phene, "if that is what you mean, and I simply love the country—especially these mountains. And now I have told you so much I think you ought to tell me why you were hammering in these caves in the middle of the night."

"Certainly. Your confidence has been so interesting to me, I shall be glad if I can interest you in return. I am the owner of a quarry not very far from here, and our slate is pegging out. This place where we now are was worked out and abandoned a century ago, but I am a bit of a geologist, and I have always fancied that there is something much better worth having than slate to be found on the south side of these workings." He opened a little leather pouch that hung by his waist, and laid out upon his hand some flat, feathery things that looked rather like dried seaweed. Touching them with her finger, she found they were thin sheets of metal, showing a pinky glint here and there in the firelight. "Copper," he said, "and the price of copper rising every day! It might not have paid to mine in so far, on the bare chance; but those old slate-hunters cleared my way for me nicely. As it is"—he broke off, with a laugh—"I've been pursuing my solitary investigations for a month past. When I saw you I thought I had been spied upon and followed, and I was not pleased."

"You didn't look pleased," observed Phene, after a pause, "I was not pleased, either."

"I hope," he ventured, "that your change of mind is as complete as mine?"

She looked up shyly and then she laughed. Her face broke into the gladness which was natural to it. He smiled back; in fact, when Phene laughed, it was always difficult to refrain from joining her.

"Please tell me the result of your investigations," she said.

"TOUCHING THEM WITH HER FINGER, SHE FOUND THEY WERE THIN SHEETS OF METAL."

"I am going to acquire the place to-morrow. Next time you think of cycling over the top of Carnedd Newydd you will know that a welcome awaits you at this hotel. I will give you an open invitation."

"I shall be able to write something very flattering in the visitors' book," said Phene, with a fascinating little chuckle, as she laid down her empty cup. "Cooking and attendance alike excellent."

They both laughed at that.

"How is it that you come to be governessing?" he asked, abruptly. "Is your father dead?"

"Long ago. He was a parson; there was a smallpox epidemic in the village. He took it."

"What, Neville? Neville of Dainslay? Was he your father? I knew him. He was a grand sort." He pondered a moment, and added: "He seems to explain you a little."

"Oh, dear," said Phene; "he had much more common sense than I have. I am always getting into scrapes, and at my age I ought to know better. Just think of to-night, for example! If Miss Mostyn knew of it, she might not consider me at all a fit person to have the training of a child."

"But surely there is no need to tell her?" He asked the question intently.

She hesitated; and after a moment hazarded, "*You* might."

He seemed displeased. "I am sorry you can think so," he said, stiffly.

"Well, I didn't really think so," said Phene, growing scarlet.

"Reflect," he said, in a different tone—a tone that for the first time that night conveyed to Phene the reminder that they were of different sexes, and alone together under unconventional circumstances. "Apart from the fact that your misadventure is, of course, safe with me, is it likely that I, condemned to live in a place like Hebron, would say one word that could prevent your coming to lighten our darkness?"

Phene's face hardened; she drew herself up. "It is dawn," she said, stiffly. "I can get on now, if you will direct me."

The mouth of the cave was flooded with a marvellous blue dawn-light. Phene went along the pathway and stood looking out, while the quarry-manager watched her expressive face and tense, graceful form, with the delicate, cold radiance on it.

When he had hidden his kettle and cups he joined her.

"We keep fairly early hours here," he said, "but it might, perhaps, be wiser not to pay a call before nine o'clock. It is now a quarter to five. I will show you the way as far as the lake. I have left my own bicycle there, and on the shore there is a cottage where you can have breakfast and rest awhile. Thence the road is plain, and you can reach Tan-y-Pont in about an hour."

"Thank you—you are very kind," she said, simply; and together they stepped out into the glimmering mystery of the new day, no hint of rain in the clear sky. As the light grew broader they looked at each other with eagerness, each scanning the new comrade with veiled anxiety, lest colours seen by candle light should not bear the light of day.

Phene's shoes were apparently the only cause he found for criticism. "If you come to live in Hebron you'll have to be differently shod," he told her.

"I suppose," said Phene, hesitatingly, "from what you say, that you know Miss Mostyn?"

"I know something of her—yes."

"And the child?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I—should——"

"Suit? Yes."

"I was not going to ask that," said Phene, warmly. "How could you answer such a question except by a conventional compliment? I was meaning to say, do you think I should like them?"

A light of cordial approval shone in his eyes, but he answered soberly. "I don't know. The child has no mother; she might satisfy some of your maternal instincts. Her mother died when she was born."

"Oh, poor child!"

"No," he answered, absently; "I think—I am afraid it was a good thing for the child."

Phene looked horrified for a moment, but as he spoke they found themselves at the lake-side; and, looking at him, she knew the moment of parting had come.

"The cottage is up there, by the big tree," he said, surrendering to her the bicycle, which he had carried during a great part of their traverse of the flank of Carnedd Newydd. "Tan-y-Pont is straight away down this road. I shall pass a post-office; would you like me to send off a wire to your mother?"

"How kind of you to think of that!" Hastily she scribbled her message and handed it to him, together with a sixpence which he gravely accepted. Then she looked him full in the eyes.

"I want to say," she said, "that if Miss Mostyn thinks of engaging me, I shall tell her exactly what happened last night. I should not be comfortable else."

"But," he broke in, "I do not wish people to know that I was there."

"Well, they won't," said Phene, bluntly. "I don't know who you are. I only know that you are a gentleman."

He stood still. He seemed moved, for dark colour mounted to his very brow. He took off his cap, bent low, and, taking up her small brown hand, kissed it, his head uncovered.

"Do just as you think right—your fine feeling cannot lead you wrong," he replied. "Had my own sister been in your circumstances last night I could have wished her to bear herself just as you did. I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh," cried Phene, with a sudden sweep of emotion of a quite unexpected kind, "I

do *hope* we shall!" She caught a glimpse of a remarkably intense expression in his dark eyes as he sprang on his own bicycle and rode away.

All her life long Phene remembered just how she felt during her walk by the shore of the lovely Llyn in the splendour of the summer morning. She remembered the blaze of gold at the water's edge, soaring up, up away to the blue, where the early sun burned upon the gorse-covered hill-side that rises sheer from the bosom of the lake.

"IN THE COOL, LOW, LONG DRAWING-ROOM SHE FOUND AN ELDERLY LADY WHOSE CAP AND SPECTACLES GAVE HER AN AIR OF STERNNESS."

All her life she remembered the cosy cottage, the Welsh dresser with its copper lustre ware, its old pewter, its gallant dishes; the delicious breakfast, the odour of the wood fire.

Over all things a consciousness of inner excitement, some new, wonderful feeling which, she thought, was the buoyancy of the mountain air, or perhaps the thrill of adventure.

The kind little woman tended her well, showed her to a tiny white chamber, and let her rest and refresh herself until it should be time for her to go on.

Soon after ten o'clock she came forth, neat and trim, mounted her bicycle, and flew down the pass with glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, and some apprehension as to the direful sound of her story when repeated to a prim maiden lady.

Tan-y-Pont was a charming house, standing in well-kept grounds. The fact depressed Phene; they would want a more impressive person than herself.

In the cool, low, long drawing-room she found an elderly lady whose cap and spectacles gave her an air of sternness.

Her greeting was kind, however.

"I was very sorry the storms of yesterday prevented my seeing you," said she. "I ought to have invited you to stay the night; distances in these mountains are greater than they sound."

"Yes, I notice that," was Phene's timid response.

"You are in excellent time this morning—perhaps you spent the night in Bettws?"

"No."

The word was hardly breathed. The girl felt rather like tears. To have come so far and to be disappointed seemed very discouraging, but how dared she speak of her escapade to so staid a lady as this?

"My niece," said Miss Mostyn, "whose education I should wish you to undertake"—Phene fairly jumped at the sudden and welcome change of subject—"has been under my charge for nearly three years. She is, I think, a lovable child, but I should frankly

tell you she is wayward. Her father died when she was about four, and it is only fair to you to add that her mother, who died at her birth, was a person whom we could not receive into the family. My brother lived in the Colonies, and his little motherless girl was mismanaged and neglected. When Marjorie came to me there was much to alter in her character and habits, baby though she was. I say this to prepare you for the fact that now and then the remains of this mismanagement crop out. I think she may be more likely to show her worse side with a stranger. You look rather young—are you firm?"

"Oh, I am not *at all* young," cried Phene, so earnestly that a slight smile crossed the face of Miss Mostyn. "I have had *years* of experience! If you write to Mrs. Stokes she will tell you that I had all four children."

"That is well," said Miss Mostyn, gently, her gentleness seeming to reprove Phene's vehemence. "I have so far taught Marjorie myself, but she is getting beyond my antiquated knowledge now, and, moreover, I want a companion for her on her long walks. You are a good walker, I hope?"

"Oh, very!"

"It is a thing her uncle is most particular about — that she should have plenty of exercise. He is devoted to his little niece."

"Her uncle?" murmured Phene.

"My brother, Mr. Hugh Mostyn," said Miss Mostyn, with dignity. Phene did not reply. She had not thought of there being a male member of the household, somehow.

More questions as to her attainments, character, and habits followed. Finally, Phene produced Mrs. Stokes's card, with her address upon it, and awaked to the fact that, subject to that lady's favourable reply to inquiries, her engagement was a settled thing.

It was done; and no awkward questions had been asked. Surely there was now no need for her to mention her nocturnal pranks? Why should she risk the chance of securing this good post, simply in order to be so extremely candid? Nobody knew but one man, whose name was unknown to her. If she should meet him she must treat him as a stranger. Surely that was very simple?

The temptation to smile and depart without further explanation was strong. But she could not. Her own invincible candour stood between herself and the door.

"I will call Marjorie," said Miss Mostyn, her hand on the bell.

"Wait just a moment," said Phene, feeling positively faint. "I have something to tell you first. I—did rather a mad thing last night. I would not be warned by the storms, but tried to push on, meaning to go back by the Bettws road, and I was benighted. There was no road I could take. I was just obliged to shelter for the night in an old quarry."

Miss Mostyn stood up very straight, staring at her.

"Indeed! That must have been very inconvenient."

"It—it was all right," said her prospective governess, feebly. The lady's quiet reception of her confession made it seem doubly unnecessary, and filled her with foreboding. "It was not uncomfortable, and I did not mind until I was awoke by a noise, and—and—I found there was a—man—in the mine."

"A man? A tramp?" gasped Miss Mostyn.

"I was horribly afraid for a minute or two," said Phene, hurrying on regardless of consequences. "Then I saw he was a gentleman—and he was kind. He made me some cocoa and lit a fire, and—took care of me. Of course, I do not know who he was."

There was a silence, in which she heard her heart thump, thump.

"A gentleman! Incredible! What could he be doing there?"

Silence.

"What did he pretend to be doing?"

Silence.

"Did he say nothing to excuse his appearance?"

"Yes; but he did not wish it to be known what he was doing."

"Do you not think you had better tell me, in confidence?"

Phene shook her foolish head. "I promised him I would not. He was kind, and I should not like to do him any injury."

Miss Mostyn sat down.

"Are you aware that by refusing to speak out you arouse suspicion?"

"Yes," said Phene, with the boldness of desperation; "but I expect you to believe me, because, you see, I need not have said a word of this if I had not chosen. I only spoke because, somehow, I hate to keep things back. It was ill-advised and headstrong of me to put myself in such a position, and I thought you ought to know I had done it."

"Should you know the man again if you were to see him?" asked Miss Mostyn, suddenly.

"Oh, yes," replied Phene, in tones of entire conviction. As she spoke there rose before her the picture of her friend, with the softened look in his eyes, as he bent towards her, holding out the precious bits of ore.

"Is that he, out there on the lawn?" said the lady, abruptly.

Phene's heart bounded, then stood still. She grew white as death. Outside in the garden two people were approaching the window, a long-legged, long-haired little girl, skipping and jumping, holding the hand of a tall man, whose well-cut clothes, spotless collar, and neat tie formed a great contrast to the appearance of the midnight miner who had so unceremoniously intruded upon her solitude.

The girl was in a sore dilemma. What was she to say? She must lie, or she must betray him. It was possible that he most particularly wished his sister not to know his errand in the quarry.

She took only a moment to make up her mind

"I do not know that gentleman," she said, steadily, drawing a deep breath.

"No; but I will make him known to you," said Miss Mostyn. She approached the astonished girl and laid her thin hand upon the round young arm.

"The fact is, he has already told me all about his curious meeting with you. I knew from him that you intended to relate the affair to your future employer, and I confess I was curious to know whether you would have courage when it came to the point. Had you, as I half thought you intended, left me without mentioning it, I should have felt disappointed. My brother was most favourably impressed by your behaviour in a difficult position. He begged me to engage you unless there were some strong reason to the contrary. I am bound to say I have found none. I hope you will come to us."

"May we come in?' said Hugh Mostyn at the window. "Marjorie and I are most anxious to make the acquaintance of our preceptress."

They all made friends during luncheon in the old panelled dining-room; and afterwards the motor-car was ordered, and Mr. Mostyn and Marjorie escorted Phene back to Colwyn Bay. Her bicycle was left behind—"to be ready when you come," as Marjorie gleefully remarked.

As they shot down the road to Bettws, Mostyn humorously remarked, nodding his head towards a steep lane, "That's where your road should have brought you out yesterday, if you had gone right."

"If I had gone right!" said Phene, reddening. "But I always go wrong. However, I think I ought to be cured now of my taste for short cuts."

"Well, I don't know," said the man, turning to her with a very kind smile. "After all, your short cut took you exactly to the right place, didn't it? In fact, I am half inclined to believe it was the shortest cut you ever took."

"I AM HALF INCLINED TO BELIEVE IT WAS THE SHORTEST CUT YOU EVER TOOK."

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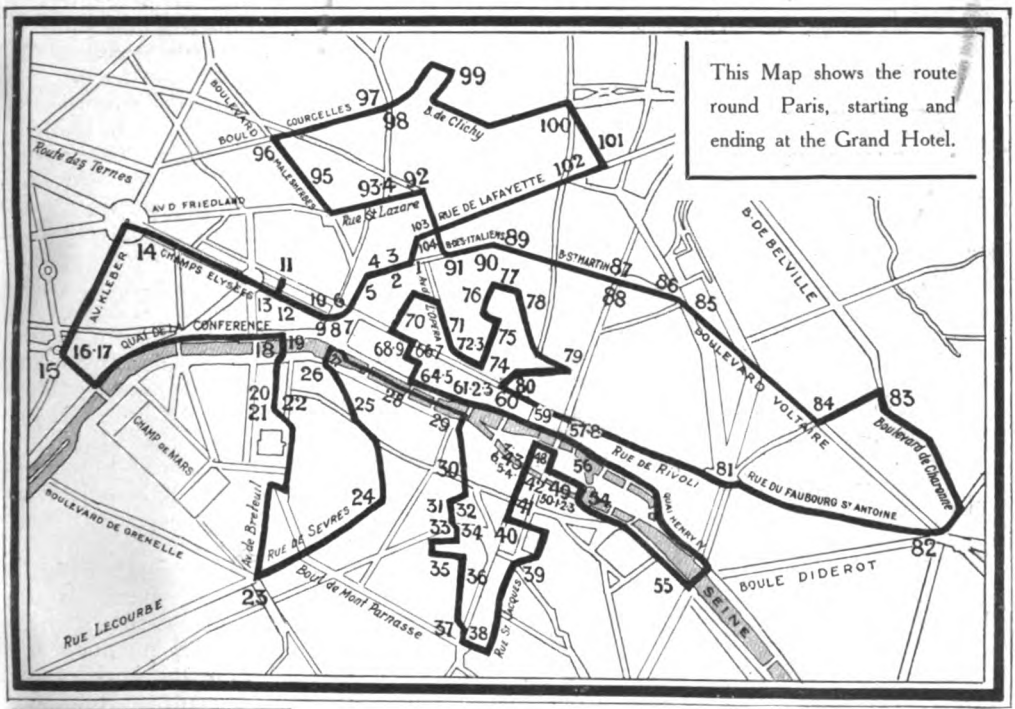
No. V.—ROUND PARIS.



1. The Grand Hotel

2. Boulevard des Capucines

3. The Madeleine

4. The Madeleine: Interior

5. Rue Royale

6. Rue de Rivoli

10. "Les Ambassadeurs" Café Concert

9. Avenue des Champs Elysées

8. Place de la Concorde

7. Ministry of Marine

THE enterprise of the railway companies has brought a day in Paris within the range of practical possibilities to thousands of Britons, and in the course of a day, as this article will demonstrate, most of the sights of the Gay City can be seen, and seen with ease if a taxameter cab is taken over the route indicated on the above map.

Starting from the Grand Hotel we pass along the Boulevard des Capucines—which is at the western end of what are known as the Grand Boulevards—and in a few moments reach the great church of La Madeleine, the most fashionable of all the places of worship, where two or three minutes should be spared for a

11. The Elysée Palace

15. The Trocadero

12. Petit Palais

16. Gardens of the Trocadero

13. Jardin de Paris

17. The Trocadero Aquarium

14. Arc de Triomphe

18. Pont Alexander III.

glance at the beautiful interior. Facing the Place de la Madeleine is a short but well-known street—the Rue Royale—which leads to the renowned Place de la Concorde, "the finest site in Europe." At the corner of the Rue Royale, as we enter the Place de la Concorde, the Ministry of Marine may be seen on the right, and on the left the Tuileries Gardens and the long vista of the Rue de Rivoli. In crossing the Place, where Louis XVI. was guillotined, to the Avenue des Champs Elysées, we can pass the Egyptian Obelisk—the Cleopatra's Needle of Paris—and the allegorical figures of great French towns, as well as other monuments.

19. Grand Palais

20. Hotel des Invalides

In driving through the Avenue, which may be described as a glorified Rotten Row, we pass close to "Les Ambassadeurs" and the Jardin de Paris, the two most celebrated places of *al fresco* entertainment of the *café concert* kind; the Petit Palace, a survival of the Exhibition of 1900, now utilized as the municipal art gallery of the city; and the Elysée Palace, the official residence of the President of the French Republic. At the Arc de Triomphe, the magnificent monument of Napoleon's victories, we turn into the Avenue Kleber—one of twelve avenues radiating from this point—which leads direct to the Trocadero, a palatial building erected for the International Exhibition of 1878, with an interesting Aquarium and Gardens sloping down to the Seine.

We pass along the riverside until we reach the beautiful Alexander III. Bridge, named in honour of the Russian alliance and opened at the time of the Exhibition; and the Grand Palais, another permanent survival of the great show of 1900, now the home of the Paris Salon. Crossing the bridge we have before us, at the end of a spacious esplanade, the magnificent façade of the Hôtel des Invalides, with its sumptuous golden dome, within whose walls a few old soldiers are still maintained. Its great attraction is the tomb of Napoleon in the elegant chapel.

21. Chapel of the Invalides

22. Tomb of Napoleon

A short distance to the south, in the boulevard bearing the same name, is the Pasteur Institute, which honours the memory and carries out the work of the great scientist. Returning by the Rue des Sèvres, we pass the famous shops of the

23. The Pasteur Institute

27. Pont de la Concorde

24. The Bon Marché

28. On the Seine

25. Ministry of War

29. The Institute

26. Chamber of Deputies

30. Church of St. Germain-des-Près

31. Place St. Sulpice

33. Gardens of the Luxembourg

39. The Pantheon

41. The Cluny Museum

32. St. Sulpice Church

36. The Watteau Monument

38. Val-de-Grace Hospital

40. The Sorbonne

34. The Senate, Luxembourg

37. The Carpaux Fountain

24. Luxembourg Picture Gallery

spacious residence of the French Kings is now partly used as the meeting-place of the Senate and partly as the National Gallery of Modern Art. The Gardens, with their decorative sculpture, including a statue of Watteau, will be much admired. We leave the Luxembourg by the Avenue de l'Observatoire, at the end of which is a fine sculptured fountain by Carpeaux.

We turn to the left into the Boulevard Port Royal, soon quitted, however, for the Rue St. Jacques, which is traversed until the Place de Panthéon is reached, the old church of the Val de Grace being seen on the way. Almost a stone's throw from the Panthéon, the last resting-place of many great Frenchmen, is the Sorbonne, in the Rue des Ecoles, where some of the greatest living Frenchmen discourse on science and philosophy; it is the principal building of the Paris University and takes its name from that of its founder. By the Rue des Ecoles we enter the Boulevard St. Michel, known to the students of this, the Latin Quarter, as the "Boul Mich"; and in a little street to the right of this—the Rue du Sommerard—will be found the entrance to the Cluny Museum, noted for its tapestries and other articles of domestic art. At the end of the students'

Bon Marché and make our way to the farther end of the Boulevard St. Germain, the former centre of fashion, in order to view the French House of Commons, noticing just before it is reached the Ministry for War. The Chamber of Deputies faces the river, close to the Pont de la Concorde, from which bridge, if change of locomotion is agreeable, a short trip may be made on one of the popular steamboats to the Pont des Arts. The Institute—the head-quarters of the French Academy of Arts and Sciences—is on the Quai Conti, close to this bridge.

A short turning away from the river takes us into an old part of the city, known as St. Germain-des-Prés, and proceeding in the same direction we cross the Place St. Sulpice, with its picturesque old church, and reach the Luxembourg Palace. This

45. La Sainte Chapelle

47. La Conciergerie

50. Entrance to Notre Dame

43. Palais de Justice

48. Tribunal of Commerce

42. Fontaine St. Michel

44. Cour de Cassation

46. La Sainte Chapelle—Interior

49. Notre Dame Cathedral

51. Notre Dame—Interior

52. View from Notre Dame

71. Avenue de l'Opéra

70. Vendôme Column

69. Lion and Tiger: Tuileries Gardens

53. One of the Dogs of Notre Dame

54. The Morgue

55. Jardin des Plantes

56. The Seine at the Hotel de Ville

57. Hotel de Ville

58. Courtyard, Hotel de Ville

59. Tour St. Jacques

boulevard we pass the Fountain of St. Michel, and, crossing the bridge of the same name, reach the Ile de la Cité, with its group of historical buildings. The first of these is the Palais de Justice, including the Cour de Cassation, the highest tribunal in France, which finally vindicated the cause of justice in the Dreyfus case. At the other side of this vast building is the Conciergerie, the prison in which Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and other heroes of the Revolution were immured. A vast inner courtyard gives access to La Sainte Chapelle, a church dating from the thirteenth century, with a richly-decorated interior. In appropriate proximity to the law courts is the Tribunal of Commerce, quite a modern building, where disputes are settled by arbitration. At the other end of the little island we reach the most historical of all the Paris churches, the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. This noble edifice must delay our progress for a few minutes; note the splendid old carving of the door in entering, gaze in subdued wonder at the magnificent interior, and ascend the towers for an inspiring view, in company of the famous dog and other gorgons, of the centre of Paris.

From Notre Dame we make our way by the Pont de l'Archevêché, where we pass the Morgue and the Quai Montebello, to the Jardin des Plantes—the Zoo of Paris—and the Natural History Museum. Crossing the Pont d'Austerlitz we return on the other side of the river to the Hôtel de Ville, a building which splendidly embodies in marble and stone the municipal solidarity of Paris. Continuing along the riverside we pass the lofty Tour St. Jacques—the only remnant of an ancient church — and the finely-restored church of St. Germain-

60. Church of St. Germain-L'Auxerrois

61. The Louvre

62. The Louvre: Pavillon Sully

63. In the Louvre

64. Place du Carrousel

65. Gambetta's Monument

66. Palais des Tuileries

67. Magasins du Louvre

68. Tuileries Gardens

l'Auxerrois. Then we are brought to a standstill as the magnificent range of the Palais du Louvre comes into view, although its full beauty cannot be comprehended until the Place du Carrousel is reached.

A hasty walk through one of the *salles* will satisfy us that the interior is no less beautiful than the exterior of this former Royal palace, now the "National Gallery" of France. Leaving the Place du Carrousel, with its Triumphal Arch and monument to Gambetta, we reach the site of the Palace of the Tuileries, of which the only remaining vestige is the Porte Jean Goujon. A few yards to the right brings us to the middle of the Rue de Rivoli, where on the right we have the most celebrated of the Paris shops, the Magasins du Louvre, and on the left the Tuileries Gardens, with their sculptured lion and tiger.

Leaving the Rue de Rivoli by the colonnaded Rue Castiglione, we have in front of us the Vendôme Column (Napoleon is at the top in the costume of Cæsar) and the Rue de la Paix. We turn off from this latter street into the Avenue de l'Opéra for the Palais Royal, passing *en route* the Théâtre Français, the national playhouse, with its interesting Gallery of Busts. The Palais Royal, now a mere shadow of its former self, need not detain us, but hurrying through the Place des Victoires, with its statue of Louis XIV., we reach the National Library ("Bibliothèque Nationale") and the Stock Exchange ("La Bourse"), the quiet environment of the one contrasting with the bustle of the other. Thence we make our way to the farther end of the Rue de Rivoli—the old Fontaine des Innocents and St. Eustache Church may be noted *en route*—and so to the Place de la Bastille, with its bronze column commemorating the capture and destruction of the prison-fortress which once stood on the site. A short drive along the same main thoroughfare, now

called the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, takes us to the Place de la Nation, where a fine group of statuary by Dalou celebrates the "Triumph of the Republic."

Before returning to the Grand Boulevards a short *détour* enables us to obtain a glimpse of "Père la Chaise," the largest of the Paris cemeteries, containing the graves of a host of the famous dead. Regaining the Boulevard Voltaire we are soon at the Place de la République, with its Monument de la République, and in the full tide of boulevard life, passing the Théâtre de la Renaissance and other well-known places of public resort. The Porte St. Martin, a triumphal arch dating from 1674, marks the beginning of the Boulevard St. Martin, which gives place to Boulevard Montmartre and then Boulevard des Italiens.

At the Vaudeville Theatre we turn off into the Rue de Chaussée d'Antin, a somewhat narrow thoroughfare, which, as far as the well-known Trinity Church, is full of traffic on its way to the Western or St. Lazare Railway Station. This station, at which arrive English passengers by the Newhaven-Dieppe route, has a fine hotel attached to it according to the London fashion. We are now close to the Boulevard Malesherbes, the most conspicuous feature of which is the modern church of St. Augustine, and at its farther end we reach the Parc Monceaux, a large public garden, much decorated with statuary, which was planted by Philippe of Orleans just before the Great Revolution. From this open space we proceed along the Boulevard des Batignolles to the Place de Clichy, near which is the long flight of steps or the penny funicular railway, which will take us up to the great Sacré Cœur Church on the heights of Montmartre. The recent building of this church as a protest against the worldliness of the great city is dealt with, some readers may remember, in Zola's novel, "Paris."

We continue our way along this main line of boulevards until Boulevard Magenta is reached, and soon after turning into this important thoroughfare we see another great railway terminus —the Northern Company's, for the Calais and Boulogne route from England.

At the top of the Rue de la Fayette is the Church of St. Vincent and St. Paul, and, traversing this long street, nothing else of much interest meets the eye until the Opera House and the Grand Hotel are reached and our peregrination is at an end.

The whole of the photographs in this article were taken by Messrs. Levy & Sons, Paris.

The Fortune of War.

By C. C. Andrews.

BURNING hot as the weather was, the early morning at least was cool. As Priscilla Kirton stood on the north porch of the old house she almost shivered in the sharp chill of the breeze that blew from the sea—a breeze strong enough to flap the straight, scanty folds of her high-waisted, flowered chintz gown about her ankles. But the unclouded sky was already of a blue so intense and vivid that she involuntarily put up a hand to shade her eyes. In truth, they were both strained and heavy, for she had slept badly, more than once starting up with racing heart and alert ears, believing that the boom of guns had roused her. Many a man and woman so slept and so started along the New England coast in the late summer of 1814, for any morning might see the dread of months realized, and King George's ships in the bay. All the previous day she and old black Martha had spent—as did scores of women in those troublous times—in scraping lint and rolling bandages ready for what might come, working as busily as the men in the adjacent town toiled to strengthen their earthworks against the bombardment which the appearance of the British frigates would most surely portend. Priscilla Kirton, labouring at these tasks, was inspired with a stanch patriotism enough, but with a fiercer loyalty still towards David Lynn in the town. For almost a year she had worn upon her sunburnt left hand the old-fashioned betrothal ring which had been David's Devonshire mother's, but had shaken her head resolutely when her lover begged her to marry him. When the war was over, and the British sent back overseas, it would be time enough for that, she declared. And David, albeit unwillingly, had acquiesced. He had no more doubt than she that they would shortly send the British back.

Priscilla stood looking across her parched garden and down the dusty white curve of the road to the shore. Already the breeze was dying and the sun's rays were strengthening—the day would be as fiercely hot as yesterday had been. She stepped back, dropping her hand, into the cool gloom of the great, sparsely-furnished sitting-room. Old Martha was just setting her chair in place before the spread breakfast-table.

"I shall go out as soon as I have eaten breakfast," she said, "before the sun gets higher. Later it is too hot, and I must go and see old Mrs. Pierce to-day. John Grant's wife, when she passed yesterday, said she gets weaker. Put up a basket with some eggs, Martha, and maybe she could take a glass of cordial. There's no harm in carrying a bottle, anyway. Get it ready."

Old Martha went out, rolling her black eyes in white circles of terror over her broad shoulder—she lived in such fear of the dreaded British that she hardly dared step beyond the garden wall. The basket was ready when Priscilla, making an end of her meal, put on her broad straw hat before the tarnished mirror between the two narrow windows, covering her great, high-twisted coil of golden hair and shading her steady, grave blue eyes. She was a tall woman, and held her beautiful figure with a great and quite unconscious stateliness, New England farmer's daughter though she was. David Lynn had not been the first to discover and declare her beauty. But Priscilla had looked at no other.

The door of the tiny, decaying nutshell of a wooden house lying down a track a little way off the road was open when she reached it, and Mrs. Pierce's widowed daughter stood red-eyed and yawning on the threshold. Her mother was much the same and still sleeping, she reported indifferently enough; the old woman had been for years an invalid. Priscilla, her empty basket in her hand, hesitated when she reached the road again, and turned slowly in the direction of the shore. No especial impulse moved her, and certainly no expectation that that particular morning would see the dreaded British warships in the bay. It was only when presently she withdrew her eyes from a long gaze at the vague lines where blue sky and blue water met and mingled hazily in the heat-mist that she saw a boat lying moored within a few yards of her, drawn so closely to a great rock that it was almost lost in its shadow.

Priscilla started with a sense of shock that set all her pulses beating. That a boat should be there was in itself nothing, since that part of the beach provided excellent anchorage for fishermen's skiffs and such small craft. Was this a fisherman's boat? Was it her fancy that it had about it a curious air of stealth and secrecy, and that its shape and aspect were somehow strange? The whole expanse of the bay lay tranquil and empty, but from that point the shore took a

sudden inward curve so deep that if the thought which had darted into her head was a right one, and this indeed a British boat, half-a-dozen warships might well lie anchored before the town and she not see.

She had never yet in her life yielded to an unreasoning terror, but she turned now and hurried up the shelving beach and along the road again as swiftly as though the long-expected booming of the guns had shocked her ears. If she were right, who knew that the hated scarlet coats might not be close, she thought, almost running and all breathless. She was passing the point where a side track, striking through a belt of woodland, made a short road to the town, when a wagon came lumbering out at a clumsy gallop, and she sprang aside to avoid it. There was a shout of warning in a man's voice that changed to one of recognition, a scream from a woman, and the horses were pulled up beside her. Priscilla recognised one of the chief of the town's storekeepers and his wife, a couple of scared children clinging to her, a wailing infant in her arms. The man's keen, brown face was composed enough, but the woman's was literally blank with terror; the wagon was filled with a heap of ornaments and household furnishings—snatched up, it was plain, in the very wildness of flight. Priscilla, looking, understood. "The British?" she exclaimed. "They are come, Mr. Lightfoot? Are they come?"

"Yes, yes!" the woman cried, shrilly. She put out a hand and clutched the girl's arm. "There's four ships — four in the bay! And more coming! They'll blow down the town and come ashore and kill all they can catch. We're going to my cousin's away inshore. You'd best come along, Priscilla Kirton, if you don't want to be murdered too!"

The renewed cries of the frightened children almost drowned the wail with which she threw her hands over her face, rocking to and fro distractedly. Her husband, as well as he could, spoke through the uproar. It was true enough — four great King's ships were anchored in the bay, their guns trained upon the town. At any moment the firing might begin. Formal warning had been signalled that unless the place surrendered bombardment would follow. Almost every able-bodied man there was at work upon the defences; the old and the women and children were hiding or flying, as he himself had been forced to do by his wife's helpless clamour and terror. As for surrender——

"A WAGON CAME OUT AT A CLUMSY GALLOP, AND SHE SPRANG ASIDE."

Priscilla interrupted, a blaze of scarlet flaming in her pale cheeks. The town was David Lynn to her; it was as though she had heard her lover asked to play the coward.

"The town will never surrender!" she cried. "Never!"

At least it would give a good account of

itself first, the man answered, grimly. Would she come with them? There was room in the wagon. Perhaps, if she was frightened——

Priscilla stepped back.

"I am not frightened," she said, quietly—and indeed it seemed that this check had restored her calmness of nerve; her voice was quite steady, her trembling past; inwardly she told herself, with a touch of contempt, that for a few minutes she certainly had been frightened. "I am not frightened," she said. "And thank you, Mr. Lightfoot; but I think I won't come. My house must be quite out of the range of fire, and maybe I shall be useful if I stay. I have got all the beds ready if they—bring me anyone to look to; and it's like they may."

The man hardly waited for the words; his wife called to him wildly to go on—go on! He lashed the horses in response, and the wagon went clattering and swaying down the road in a whirling cloud of dust. Priscilla followed, with her usual quiet pace of dignity now. She was ashamed that she should have felt almost a panic, should have shown herself a weak creature nearly akin to Jonathan Lightfoot's terrified wife; she who had personally no cause for terror, since, even should the red-coats come—— It was as the thought shaped itself in her brain that she stopped, seeing the red upon the ground.

It lay at the side of the road, close to the grass, a patch as large as her hand. Dust had filmed it over; it was black-edged where the sun had dried it, but even for an instant there was in her mind no doubt or question as to what it was. A glance at the belt of green showed her that the leaves were crushed and broken, as though some creature had dragged itself heavily and painfully through, and there, in the shadow of a clump of bushes, lay something dark and still. In a moment, her face as white as her kerchief, she was on her knees beside the man.

He was quite unconscious, and the wound from which the blood had flowed was in his side; his hand was pressed upon it as he lay. She lifted it, and it dropped as though he were dead; she put her own upon his heart, and felt it beating feebly. For only a moment as she stood erect again did she look at him helplessly; the next, as fast as her feet could take her, she was running down the road to Mrs. Pierce's cottage. The kitchen was empty as she darted in; her bottle of cordial, its cork drawn, stood with a glass upon the table; she snatched up both and ran back. The man, lying as she had left him, stirred and moaned a little as she raised his head upon her arm, putting the glass to his lips. At first his teeth were clenched, but the flutter of his eyelids seemed to tell of returning consciousness; she coaxed and crooned to him as she might have done to a child, and presently he drank. Watching the leaden colour leave his cheeks she contrived to fill the glass again, and he emptied it, turning his head with a sigh against her shoulder. It was as he lay so that she for the first time realized that he was both handsome and young. She was still holding him when his eyes opened and stared at her. She stopped him when he moved his lips.

"You mustn't talk," she said, in her clear, distinct voice. "If you do your side will begin bleeding again. I was passing and saw you lying here. It isn't very bad, I think, but you've got to be quiet. I'm going to see if I can make a bandage for it, but first try to move a little when I help you, so as to rest against the tree. Gently, because you don't want to lose any more blood."

He obeyed, and she contrived to lift him so that the tree-trunk gave him some support. She made him drink another glass of her cordial, and then, kneeling at his side, pulled the kerchief from her neck and the handkerchief from her pocket, for a bandage. Her broad hat had fallen back; the sun was gilding her great coil of high-twisted golden hair; he lay watching her as her deft hands tore and folded, inwardly wondering whence there could have appeared this girl, like a stately young rustic goddess in a flowered chintz gown. But he was obedient and did not speak, being, indeed, too exhausted. She stood for a moment looking at him doubtfully when her bandage was in place.

"It isn't far to home," she said, "only a piece down the road, and that's the nearest place where you can rest and be looked to. But I don't think you'll manage to walk, even if you rest on my shoulder." Her knitted brow of perplexity cleared suddenly. "Ah, she cried, "maybe you could ride! Do you think you could, if I help you?"

He made a movement of assent, instantly perceiving what she meant. In the unfenced meadow flanking the opposite side of the road a couple of horses were grazing—fat, placid, broad-backed creatures, feeding lazily in the sunshine. Neither moved as she approached; she had no difficulty in catching the nearer by its halter-rope and leading it across. The young man got upon his feet with her help, and, staggering and leaning upon her shoulder, managed presently to

mount. Her fear was lest the effort should start his wound bleeding afresh; then that the pain of the animal's awkward amble would overpower him. She watched him with a face of pale alarm and solicitude as he sat with his head drooping forward on his breast, his hand clutching the mane; more than once she swallowed back a cry, sure that with the next step he must roll to the ground; the length of dusty road, baking in the scorching sun-glare, seemed endless. Her face was crimson and his death-white when she led the horse through her garden gate and up to the house door. She supported him through the entry and into the sitting-room, and there, before she could speak, he staggered to a chair and swooned away.

Priscilla had expected it; she was only thankful that it had not occurred before. She ran and called Martha, and together they lifted and laid him on a couch. Then she fetched brandy, forcing it down his throat as she had forced the cordial, and water to bathe his head. In a few minutes his eyes opened again. She stopped him when he made a struggle to raise himself.

"Lie still," she said, gently peremptory. "You must keep quiet."

"But, madam—I—oh, pardon me—I cannot——" he began to protest feebly.

"You must keep still," Priscilla repeated. "I am going to bathe your wound and dress it properly—the bullet is not in it, I think. You need not be afraid—I know what to do. Once my father stumbled when he was carrying his gun and was much worse hurt. It was in the winter-time, and the snow was so deep that the doctor could not come for a week. He said I had done all that he could." She hesitated—something in his expression puzzled her. "But if you would feel easier—'tis not very far—I will go——"

"No, no, pray!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Indeed, I beg that you will not so far trouble yourself. If you will in your great kindness look to my hurt—*in* itself it is not much, *I* think——"

"I think not. Please lie still," said Priscilla.

He submitted, closing his eyes. Whatever pain her ministrations may have given him, he made no sign beyond an occasional wince, but her touch was so gentle and so deft that it was probably little, and although he had lost so much blood the wound, as she had said, was not in itself severe. He was quite young, hardly more than a boy, she thought, looking at his handsome, clear-cut face as it lay back upon her tambour-worked cushion-cover.

Who was he? His dress was plain, but less rough than a farmer or store-keeper would wear, and the pistol in his belt was silver-mounted. His hands, though sunburnt and muscular enough, were well-shaped and fine-grained, and his skin was white. In

"SHE WATCHED HIM WITH A FACE OF PALE ALARM."

his speech, his tone and manner, there was a subtle something entirely unlike the gruff voices and uncouth bearing of most of the men she knew.

Perhaps he came from Boston? The men in Boston were different, she had heard; they were fine gentlemen there; and certainly he looked very much her idea of a fine gentleman—or would do, differently arrayed. By the time her work was done she had decided that he must have come from Boston. It was characteristic of her that so far she had hardly paused to wonder how he had come by his wound. She did not speak until she had helped him to a great cushioned chair, and black Martha had gathered up the basin, cloths, and dressings and carried them away. Her simplicity was quite blind to the wonder and admiration with which his dark eyes regarded her as she moved in the shaded green gloom of the room.

"You will do well now," she said, "if it does not inflame, and I hope it will not if you take care. It was losing so much blood that made you swoon." She shuddered a little, recalling the red patch, but for which she would not have seen him. "You fell just at the edge of the road, I think."

"I think so—yes." He put his hand to his head with a confused gesture. "I remember that the faintness overpowered me all at once, and I fell. I must have been insensible for hours before I came to myself and struggled as far as a tree at the edge of the wood. I suppose I swooned again. It was there you found me, madam?"

"Yes," said Priscilla. The formal respect of his manner and the ceremony of his address both pleased her from their very newness; she smiled at him gravely. "I am glad I chanced to go out so early," she said, "for, indeed, I think you might have died had you lain there long in the sun." She paused. "It would have been better to wait until morning after you left the stage—hereabouts it is not like Boston—there are rough men on the roads who will almost do murder for robbery. You are not robbed, I hope, sir?"

"I am not robbed. And I think the man who fired at me has sufficient good cause to remember me, though less, probably, than I to remember him."

"You shot at him? Then you saw him, sir?" she questioned, quickly.

"I fired—yes. I can scarce say I saw him." His tone changed with his short half laugh—she had no time to think it an odd one. "I have not tried to thank you. May I ask the name of the good Samaritan to whom I owe so much gratitude?"

Priscilla told him her name, understanding at once the meaning of his significant glance at the hand which bore only David's heavy old rose-brilliant ring. No; she was not married, she said simply—not yet. She was too unsophisticated to think his curiosity—smoothed by his fine manner—impertinent, and answered with the same frankness other questions which he suggested rather than put into words. Presently she had even told him that she and David would be married when the war was over and the British sent back home. He rose when she had been silent a minute, sweeping her a ceremonious bow.

"This gentleman, whose name I do not know, should be a happy man, madam, as he is certainly a most fortunate one," he said, gallantly. "When the war is over—at which you will not rejoice more than I—you and he will have, believe me, no more sincere well-wisher than he who has so much cause to thank you. Permit me to do so once more, most gratefully, before I go."

"Go!" Priscilla echoed. Astonished, she stood quickly in his way, stopping him. "You do not think of going?" she cried.

"With my best thanks—yes. I have troubled you too much already, and my business——"

"But your business can surely wait a little?" said Priscilla. She pointed from the window across her garden, baking in the scorching sunshine; the very air seemed a-quiver in the fervid glare. "Indeed, you must not go, all weak as you are," she said, earnestly. "The heat was terrible an hour ago—it is worse now—you would faint again. Pray wait and rest until evening, if you will do no more. Though if you will stay until to-morrow—and it would be better for your wound—you will be very welcome, sir. There—see—you cannot walk; you are staggering now."

She caught him by the arm, supporting him, doing it easily, for she was almost as tall as he. As she did so the hot, brooding silence was broken by a booming roar, and another and another. There was no surprise in Priscilla's involuntary cry. Through all her tending of her guest her senses had been on the alert for the sound which would tell that the threatened bombardment of the town had begun. As it rolled into silence she spoke quite steadily, although she was very white. A chorus of guttural cries rose from the kitchen across the entry, where old Martha and her older husband clung together in a panic of fright.

"It is the British," she said. "They are firing on the town."

"The—the British?" he stammered.

"Yes. There are four great King's ships in the bay; I heard it just before I saw you, and that they had signalled they would bombard unless the town surrendered. It is likely that they have waited to give time for the women and children to go." She pushed a chair towards him, seeing him, she thought, whiter than he had been yet. "Ah, you did not know!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, I am sorry, sir. But there is no need for fear; the house is well out of the range of fire. You will take no harm here."

"'IT IS THE BRITISH,' SHE SAID. 'THEY ARE FIRING ON THE TOWN.'"

"Oh, madam—harm!" He pushed aside the chair as though with it he pushed aside the suggestion. "I have no fear for myself, believe me, and am thankful indeed that there need be none for you. And—and—you allow me to ask?—this—the—the firing—gives you no special cause of anxiety? I trust with all my heart that there is no one in the town for whom you greatly care?"

"My David is there," said Priscilla, simply.

"He—your lover? Is he a soldier?"

"Yes—until we send the British home again," she answered, proudly.

He might have divined the words, though he had not heard them, by the lofty lift of her head. Once more came the booming roar of the great guns, filling the room with deafening billows of sound; from the kitchen came a renewed clamour of terrified moans and cries. As both died away another sound became audible from the road—a wild clatter of hoofs and wheels and running feet; wagon after wagon swept by in a haze of dust of their own raising—the affrighted townspeople were in full flight. Priscilla ran out upon the porch as a stout man on horseback—a girl, his daughter, clinging to his waist—reined up at her gate.

"There's another ship in the bay," he shouted. "They're saying the Britishers will send enough men ashore to hold the town when it's down. They'll loot and burn what's left and take all the prisoners they can. You'd best run while there's time, my girl, if you want to be safe."

He galloped on, adding to the cloud of dust that enveloped him. Priscilla turned back.

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly. "If they come they will hardly hurt a woman, and maybe the town is better defended than they think. There's only one place that's

weak, David told me, and as they can't know where that is——"

"What's that?" cried the young man, suddenly.

Priscilla turned, as quick as he to hear the new sound. Through the eddying haze of white dust which the wagons had left, an advancing mass of figures loomed into view—blue shoulders swung steadily to the tramp of marching feet. The girl gave an eager cry, understanding—the garrison from the fort lower down the coast were going to the relief of the bombarded town. If the British made their threatened landing it would not be easy. Once more the roar of the guns broke, rolled away thunderously, and died. Priscilla spoke quickly—a sudden memory striking her.

"Ah!" she cried, "perhaps they have been ashore already! It is what David feared—that they might send someone to find out—spy out—the best point to attack. And there was a boat—I am sure a British boat—on the beach this morning!"

"A boat?" he echoed.

"Yes, a little boat, moored under a rock this side of the bend. The ships could have anchored there in the night and they would never be seen from the town. They may have sent some men ashore, or maybe only one." She paused. "Ah!" she cried again, "perhaps it was they who fired at you. You said you did not see."

"Who fired at me?" he echoed again.

"Yes, yes. Why not? The British—don't you understand?"

"The British fire? At me? No, no; a thief—a footpad—nothing more."

He laughed. Priscilla's hand dropped to her side; she stood rigid; for a space in which a clock might have ticked three times they looked at each other. She could not have told what she read in his face; it was as though she saw a great blaze of light illuminate him. "Ah, I understand!" she cried. "You rowed in the boat! You are an Englishman! You are a spy!"

Each had fallen back from the other; the tramp of the passing feet seemed to swell and fill the room before he spoke, steadily, meeting the sudden fire of her accusing eyes.

"You are right," he said. "I am an Englishman, madam—a spy, if it pleases you to use the word. And I take no shame to myself that it is so, though some, I own, that I deceived you."

"No shame?" she cried.

"None. I came ashore last night in the boat when our ships anchored, and with the object you surmise. What then? I obeyed my orders, as a soldier needs must do—as your lover needs must do while he bears arms. I did not choose the office; what man would, when success means no honour and failure death? It is the fortune of war." He shrugged with a half laugh. "Faith, were it my choice, madam, it may be that I would rather take my quietus in open fight than with my back against a wall!"

"You—went to the town?" Priscilla gasped.

"Yes. A sentry saw and challenged me. I could not give the password and he fired. There you have it in a nutshell."

"You—you were trying to get back to the boat when you swooned?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"I am Lieutenant Charles Daventry."

"Do you know"—she stretched out her hand towards the road—"do you know, if I call to the soldiers—if I say only a word—what they will do?"

"They will shoot me. But I think you will not say the word."

"Because I am a woman?"

"Oh, madam—no! But because you are yourself."

She turned to the window and back again, looking at him as he stood by the table, white and quiet, his hand pressed over the wound she had dressed. One gesture he had made as though to beg her silence, but only one. Once more came the boom of the guns. As it died she shrank back shuddering, and for a moment hid her face.

"I can't do it!" she said, brokenly. "I—can't call to them! You—haven't done me any harm. It was your duty, I suppose, and maybe you're right about David; I hadn't thought of that. He might have had to do what you've done. It's what you called it—the fortune of war. And that's cruel at best." She stopped, composing herself. "I wish things hadn't happened that you came here, sir," she resumed, quietly, "but since they have you are quite safe. I'll help you away when it's dark and not say anything. You sha'n't take any harm from me."

"Oh, you are an angel!" cried Daventry, eagerly. He caught her hand like an impulsive boy—indeed, he was little more. "Believe me, I would almost rather have bled to death where you found me than come here to cause you this distress. But I hoped I might quit the house without discovery—as I should have done had you permitted it—and with as fervent a gratitude as I professed." He hesitated. "And—and, madam,

if I would have begged your silence as earnestly as I thank you for your mercy, it is not for my own sake only, but because that dying—and in such a fashion!—I should break a heart that's as tender as your own."

"Your wife?" asked Priscilla.

"My sweetheart; but, I hope, like you, to be a wife when the war is over. May I show you her picture? I could not leave it when I disguised myself—I had the fancy that she would bring me escape and good fortune. Ah, I fear it is stained!"

The little case he drew from an inner pocket and put into her hand was indeed stained. Priscilla looked at the exquisitely-tinted miniature it contained—to her the small, radiant, dark-eyed brunette face was a very wonder of loveliness; but Daventry, lover though he was, owned that the face bending over it was more beautiful.

"She's very pretty," she said, admiringly. "I don't think I ever saw anybody just so pretty. Will you tell me her name, sir?"

"Alice Carew. She is an orphan, and lives with my mother in Devonshire."

"David's mother came from Devonshire," said Priscilla. "She says it's a wonderful beautiful place — that there's nothing like it in America. She lives a little way down the road with his married sister; she's quite old." She closed the case and returned it with almost a smile; all her anger seemed evaporated. He was, she thought again, such a boy. And David might have had to do just what he had done—David, who loved her as he loved his dark-eyed sweetheart. It was the fortune of war. "Indeed, I hope you may go safely back to her, sir," she said, earnestly, "when the war is over."

"Should I be so fortunate, neither she nor I will ever forget to whom we owe our happiness, and I my life," he answered.

He had a gallant spirit, and had borne himself boldly and well, but he was weak from loss of blood; faintness overpowered him again; with a mutter of apology he sank into a chair. His white face and closing eyes were enough to arouse all the alarm and solicitude of a nurse in Priscilla; she fanned him until he recovered, then ran for her cordial bottle and made him drink, and for food and made him eat. It was only now she realized how many hours he must have been fasting.

The tramp of the marching soldiers had died away in the hot dust of the road when she presently explained that it would be easy for him to get away in safety after nightfall. If the British had made a landing to the south of the town, as it seemed was their commodore's plan, a road she knew of through the wood would probably lead close to their pickets; she would harness the horse and wagon and herself drive him as near as might be. Listening, wondering at her composure, he perhaps wondered, too, how Alice Carew would have borne herself in the place of the New England girl. But he said nothing beyond a fervent reiteration of his

"SHE RAN FOR HER CORDIAL BOTTLE AND MADE HIM DRINK."

thanks, and rose obediently when she said that now he must rest and sleep. Glancing at the window with the words, she uttered an ejaculation, threw open a door, and motioned him into the room beyond.

"Go in—quickly! They may see you," she exclaimed.

"Soldiers?" cried Daventry. He had caught a glimpse of blue by the gate. "They have tracked me, then!"

"No, no—I am sure, no. They're from the town—there's a wagon—I understand. They've brought me somebody who is hurt to tend to. They know I've got everything fixed and ready. Quick, and I'll turn the key on you."

She pushed him through, turned the key, slipped it into her pocket, and ran out, throwing open the house door. The group of men standing outside were in dusty blue uniforms; one in advance wore a minister's black dress. She spoke quickly, not waiting to be addressed.

"I saw you, Mr. Burnett," she said. "You've brought me someone that's hurt. I'm glad you remembered that I'd have things ready. If there's more than one Martha and I will tend to them—I've five beds altogether. No? Then who is it? Is he very bad?"

There was a pause. The men shuffled their feet uneasily. The minister made a helpless gesture; his large, rugged face was very pale. Priscilla with a gasp fell back from him—when she lay in her coffin she would be no whiter.

"It is David!" she said.

The minister was an old man, with daughters of his own. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"God comfort you, my child," he said, with solemn tenderness. "God help you to bear it!"

"He is dead!" said Priscilla.

The calm of utter conviction was in her voice. The minister bowed his head. As for a moment she reeled and he caught and supported her, the roar of the guns boomed out again. It died into silence, and she put his hand away. Her dilated eyes were as blank as though she were blind, but her voice was quite steady.

"I—shall not faint," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Burnett; it was kind of you to come, but there's nothir, you can say. You have brought him here—to me?"

"Yes," said the minister, helplessly.

"Yes," she repeated. "Alive or dead we belong to each other; it's here he should come." She moved across the entry and threw open a door. "My room is ready—I got it ready. Will you tell them, please, to bring him in?"

The minister obeyed. Not a muscle of Priscilla's face moved as she watched the stretcher carried in and set down. As the soldiers, bare-headed and treading softly, went out, the old man moved to the bier, looking at her pityingly.

"He is quite undisfigured, my dear," he said, gently. "He must have died almost instantly and without pain. He looks at peace. Will you see?"

She shook her head as he made a movement to raise the cloth that covered the dead man's face, motioned across the entry towards the sitting room, and led the way there. The minister began to speak and she checked him, holding up her hand.

"Don't, please, Mr. Burnett," she said, steadily. "You're a good man and you mean kindly, but there isn't any comfort for me in all you can say. My David is dead." For a moment she waited, fighting fiercely for self-control. "I—heard the guns begin. It was—then?"

"No. It was in the night, my dear."

"In the night!"

"Yes. We cannot be sure of what happened—he was dead before anyone could reach him. He was on sentry duty——"

"Sentry duty!"

"——and was heard to challenge and then fire. The shot was followed by another—the one that killed him. It is supposed that the British must have sent ashore spies or a spy, and that——"

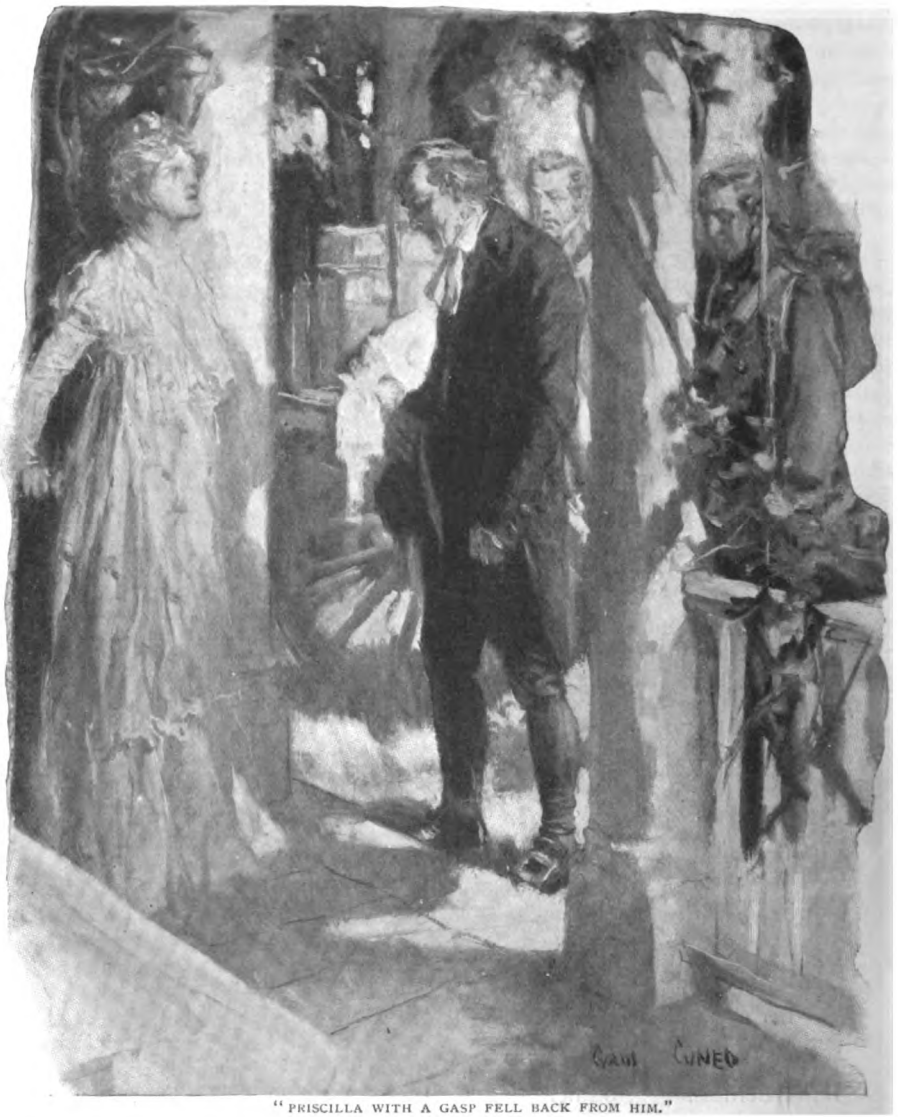
"A spy!"

The former repetitions had been strained whispers; this shrilled into a cry. The minister was not observant; he hurried on.

"It is so supposed, my dear. Had he been seen he might have been followed and captured, but that was not the case. It is not even known whether he was wounded—probably not, since he got away and escaped."

"He got away and escaped!" Priscilla repeated. She pointed to the door. "Will you wait, Mr. Burnett, and ask the soldiers to wait, for a few minutes, before you go back to the town?"

The minister, with a look of wonder, went out. Priscilla swung round to the locked door; in a moment she had turned the key and flung it open. Daventry confronted her on the threshold with a face as death-white as her own.



"PRISCILLA WITH A GASP FELL BACK FROM HIM."

"You need say nothing," he said, hoarsely. "I heard."

She stood rigid, staring at him.

"I went to the window and saw. Then I listened here. I know, now, what I have done."

She did not move.

"I heard what you said—you will denounce me as the spy who shot your lover—we both know what that means. I asked your mercy once—I don't ask it now, but there is a thing I think you will not refuse me. When I am dead, will you send this to Alice Carew, at Bideford, in Devon? And tell her—if I may ask so much—that, however else I died, it was at least as faithful to her as man can be to woman."

He kissed the miniature and put it into her hand. There was no change in her fixed face as she took it and went out. Daventry, listening to her footsteps crossing the outer room, waiting to hear those of the soldiers approaching, said to himself that he would ask no moment of respite—would, on the contrary, beg them to be swift, lest a fit of faintness from his loss of blood should overpower him before it was done. The door opened again, and Priscilla stood there alone. "Take it back," she said, hoarsely. "I—have not said it!"

"You have not?" Bewildered, incredulous, he stared at her, and from her to the miniature she offered him in her extended hand. "You—you are sparing me?" he exclaimed.

"I have not said it," Priscilla repeated. For a moment her calm failed her; a sob caught her throat. "Oh!" she cried, "I couldn't do it—I couldn't tell them. I meant to—for a minute I meant it—but I couldn't say the words! I promised you—you trusted me—and you're only like a boy! And here's this lady you're going to marry—I can't break her heart too—I can't make her suffer what I've got to bear. You said you had a mother—like David. I couldn't do it!"

"I wish his bullet had killed me!" Daventry said, with a groan. "I wish, I swear, that I had been the one to die!"

"You won't feel so to-morrow," said Priscilla, quietly. There was almost compassion for his distress in her eyes. "You'll think of her—your sweetheart—then, and remember that maybe your dying would have killed her too."

She paused—a spasm she could not quite control twisted her mouth awry.

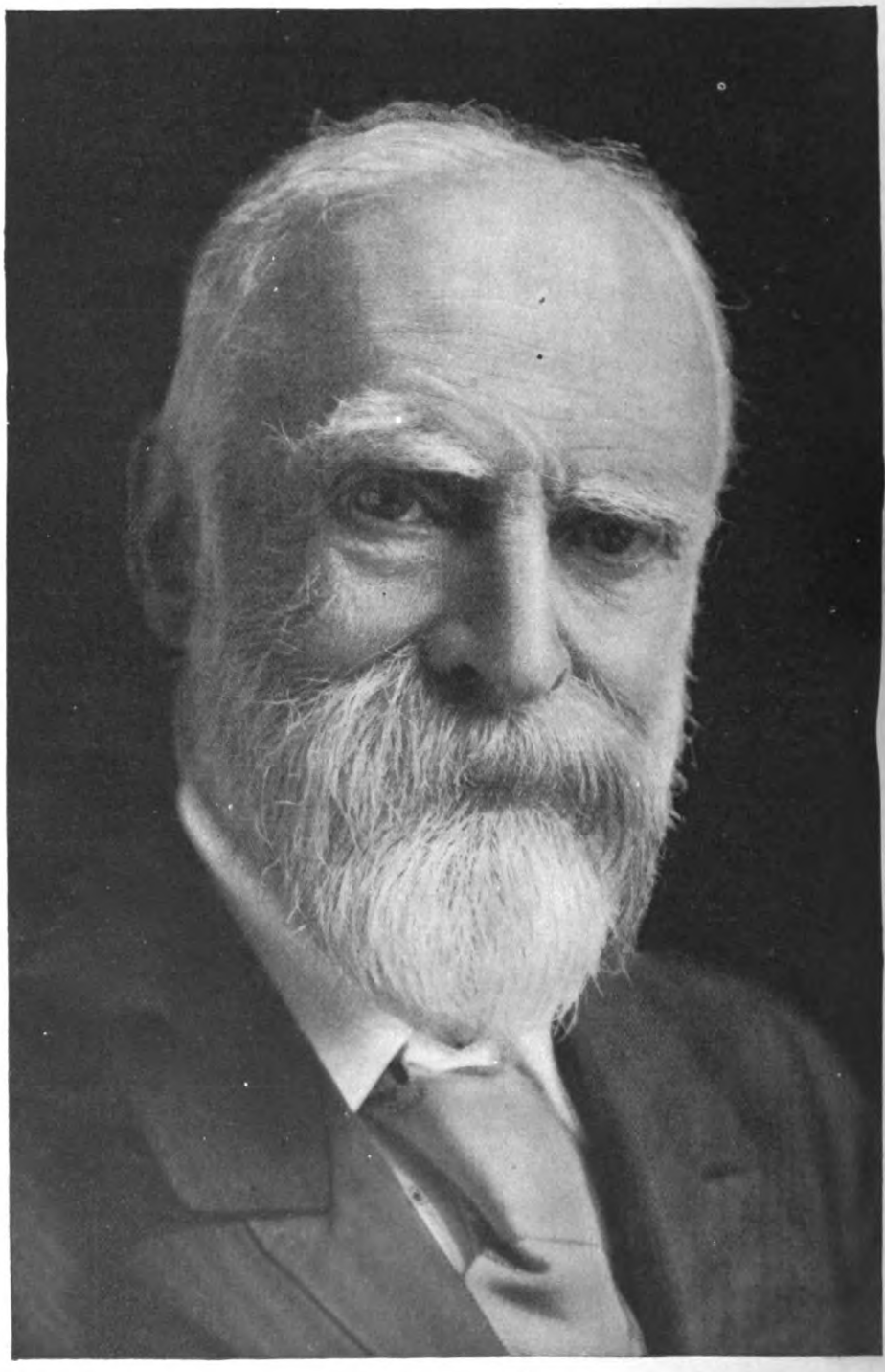
"It's the fortune of war; it seems that says all there is to say. My David is dead, and you killed him. It might have been he that killed you. It wouldn't have been his blame, and it isn't yours. Things—just happen. But it seems hard on women that kings and such—they that make the trouble—can't find a different way of putting their quarrels right—it seems sort of hard."

"It is worse!" Daventry groaned again. Tears rushed to his eyes as he met hers that were dry. "Oh," he broke out, passionately, "if I could thank you—if it were possible! But what words dare I use? May I die the day I forget you and my gratitude! And believe, I entreat you, that all my life I shall carry in my heart the grief of having broken yours."

He fell on his knee as he caught and kissed her hand. Months afterwards, safe in England, at Alice Carew's side, recounting to her, as he did very faithfully, the events of this day, he told his sweetheart that a princess could have taken the homage with no finer dignity. Indeed, as Priscilla spoke and looked then he never in all his after-life forgot her, but was wont to declare that once at least it had been vouchsafed to him to see the face of an angel. And being young and of a tender heart, and weak from his wound, and, moreover, torn by a very passion of pity and grief and gratitude, he sobbed as he knelt to her over the cruel fortune of war. She drew away the hand that was like ice to his touch, and went out to where the soldiers and the minister waited by the door.

"I am sorry I kept you, Mr. Burnett. There's nothing to wait for," she said, steadily.

Her step was no less steady as she turned away. The booming of the guns rolled through the house again as she knelt beside her dead.



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Reginald Haines.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

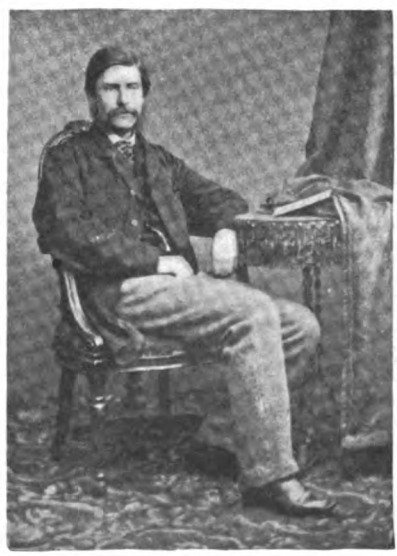
THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.

From a AGE 17. [*Photograph.*

WHEN it was first reported that Professor Bryce was to be made British Ambassador to the United States, an American in London remarked, "Why, he always has been." In the untruth of this lay the truth of it. There is probably no man in English public life better fitted to fill this important diplomatic post than the man who during the past thirty years has been fitting himself for it unconsciously. His frequent visits to the United States, his wide experience of its institutions, and his impartial, lengthy study of its people, their performances and aspirations, which resulted in that masterly book, "The American Commonwealth"—all have prepared him for his coming labours. That he is *persona gratissima* to the Americans there is no doubt. That his labours may prove pleasures is the hope of all.

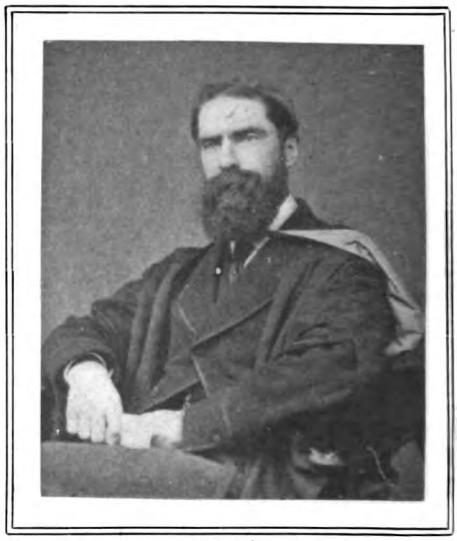
A prize essay, written in Mr. Bryce's Oxford days, and prepared, in expanded form, for publication in 1862, gave to its author a world-wide reputation. Mr. Bryce was then twenty-four. The book is now a classic. The honour accorded to it was only less than that paid to "The American Commonwealth," which appeared in 1888, and immediately took its place with the able works of De Tocqueville and Von Holst. It was the first time that an Englishman had written on American institutions a book which did not offend because of unreasonable condemnation or fulsome praise. The book was prepared during a lull in his political life, when the defeat in 1886 of Mr. Gladstone's third Ministry gave Mr. Bryce a long holiday in America. He returned to enter the Cabinet of 1892 as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and took considerable part in framing the second Home Rule Bill. When Lord Rosebery became Premier, Mr. Bryce became President of the Board of Trade, and when the present Liberal Government was formed, Mr. Bryce was made Chief Secretary for Ireland, an office for which his birth and

Photo. by AGE 19. [*Mault & Co.*



AGE 24.
From a Photo. by Smyth & Blanchard.

AGE 27.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.



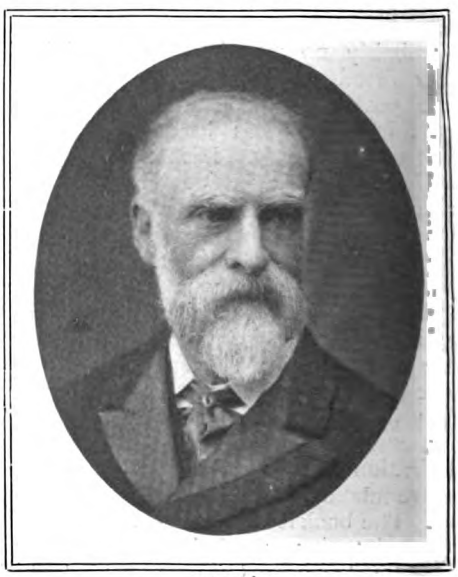
AGE 36.
From a Photograph.

sympathies had obviously fitted him. Needless to say, the loss of Ireland, owing to Mr. Bryce's new appointment, will be the gain of the United States.

Though actively connected with political and academic life for forty years, Mr. Bryce has found time for travelling and literary work. He has been called "the most versatile of living Englishmen," which would be quite true had he not been born in Ireland, son of a Scotch father and Irish mother, and educated in Glasgow, whence he went to Oxford. The honours and degrees he has gained at the world's Universities would take this page to enumerate, for, as one writer has said, "The constant wonder of his friends is how one small head can carry all he knows."

An excellent pen-picture of Mr. Bryce tells us that he is "a gaunt, grey man of sixty-eight years, with shaggy, white brows overhanging eyes so remarkably keen that they compel notice. He is always attentively listened to by the House, which never fails to show respect to men who have great gifts linked with sincerity of purpose."

AGE 45.
From a Photo. by Barraud & Jerrard



AGE 56.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

The Humours of Theatrical Posters.

By George Lander.

THE important part that pictorial posters play in connection with theatrical affairs must be obvious to anybody who gives the merest glance at the hoardings. Forty years ago theatrical pictorials were almost unknown, but with the introduction of the touring company system they came gradually into prominence, and have continued to make headway until now, when scarcely any theatrical enterprise can be started without them.

The leading situation in many dramas is usually one of pain or horror. Explosions, executions of all kinds, murders, fires, floods, shipwrecks, avalanches, railway collisions, battle scenes, deadly struggles on the verges of cliffs, and alarming falls into the depths below (usually done by acrobats in momentary substitution for real actors who play the parts), fights in balloons, duels to the death (sometimes between women), burglaries, convict-prison scenes, the ghostly, the horrible, the utterly mysterious, and the thoroughly commonplace, are all to be found. Nearly everything that has happened, might happen, or could not possibly happen under any circumstances has been pressed into the service of the British dramatist and illustrated in the pictorial poster.

A strong family likeness, accompanied by not a few absurdities, is observable in many picture posters, especially in those which illustrate purely mechanical dramatic scenes. We have windmills with revolving sails that catch up and save heroines from villains, and water-mills to which they are cruelly bound for a dreadful death; bridges that break unexpectedly and let people, bad or good, according to the necessities of the scene, into the water; and sawmills in full work that all but cut the heroine into halves on the moving-plank where cold-blooded villainy has left her to die. These situations are varied by steam-rollers and railway-engines that nearly crush to death interesting people put in their way. One is anxiously awaiting the advent of the motor-car in the picture poster, but in England it has yet to come. A car laden with a party of aristocrats, shown in the act of running over a poor man's baby on a country road, would in itself be almost enough to ensure the success of a piece.

One of our illustrations of this class of drama shows a marvellous rescue from a burning house, with the capture of the incendiary. The hero effects the rescue by swinging himself forward to a window of his beloved's room by means of the chain of a stray derrick that fortune puts in his way in

THE MARVELLOUS RESCUE FROM THE BURNING HOUSE.

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the very nick of time. Above the burning rafters of the first floor, and under a table, lies an elderly gentleman, who seems in some danger of being consumed, but who, we would fain hope, may yet be saved. According to all dramatic laws, he should be the father of the young lady, and should survive to give his consent to the happy union of his daughter with her preserver. There is, appropriately, a good deal of moonshine about this work of art.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF.
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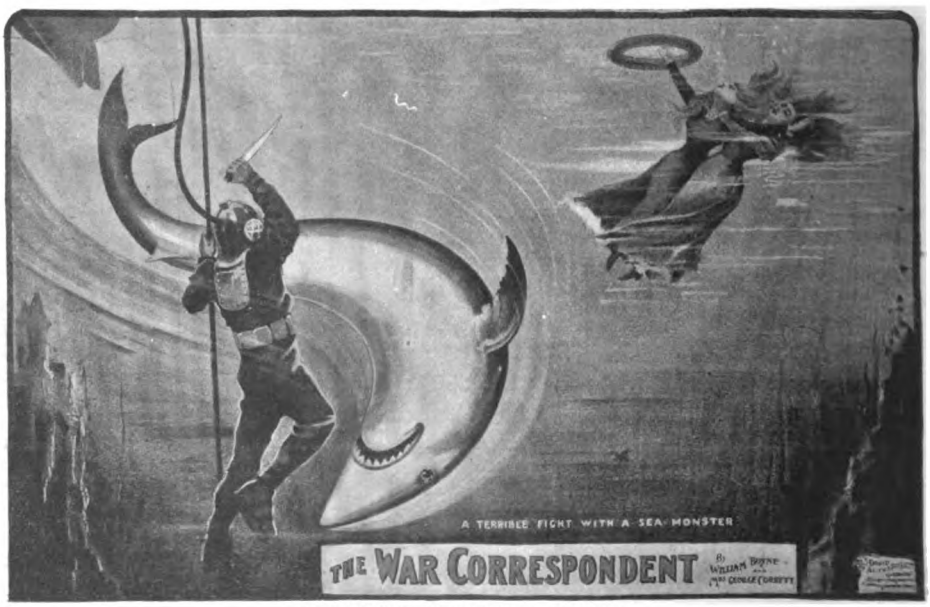
In the second picture a very perpendicular young person, who does not seem much disturbed in her mind, is observed clinging to a rope, which the villain above will certainly not succeed in cutting, though appearances seem so much in his favour. One feels that the young lady will be steadily wound up from behind the rock by a stage carpenter—for she only appears to climb—and that she will succeed in reaching the top of the cliff and rescuing the man of her choice. But this interpretation is only conjectural. The charm of these posters, when they are seen without their natural context of the play, is in their rich variety of suggestion. It is a fine exercise, both for the imagination and the critical judgment, to look at one as it stands by itself and try to find out all that it may possibly be about.

The military drama, the naval drama (both with the usual arrest, trial by court-martial, condemnation to death, and reprieve), and the drama of the thoroughly wicked woman who puts Lady Audley and Lady Macbeth into the shade, have all been served up. The catalogue includes the male and the female boxer drama, in which the hero or the heroine deals out pugilistic punishment to the villain, the drama of clerical hypnotism, the football drama, the racing play, and variations of the old "Streets of London" piece, with scenes at Charing Cross or Leicester Square.

"The War Correspondent" is a very fine specimen of the poster of agonizing situation. The shark, we may fairly



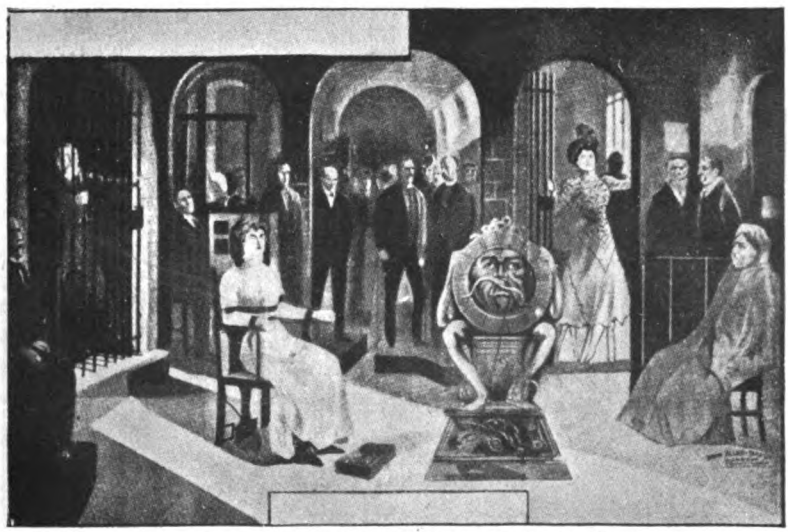
A TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A SEA MONSTER.
Reproduction by permission of David Allen & Sons, Limited. Copyright.

A QUARREL IN POLITE SOCIETY.
Reproduction by permission of Stafford & Co., Limited.

hope and believe, will not get a bite of the correspondent, in spite of his beautifully correct curve. The knife will have given the monster a meal he little expects, in time to enable the distraught pair with the life-belt to reach the surface, and to find their way back to all the comforts of home.

"This man, who, like a malignant cur, lies yelping at my feet," has evidently got the worst of it at the hands of the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow in evening dress, who has him under foot and is supposed to be uttering the words. It is to be hoped the latter will temper justice with mercy, or public sympathy may veer round to a villain without the ghost of a chance.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill" is one of several posters equally thrilling and mysterious. This particular one may be said to throw the mystery of "The Riddle of the Sphinx" quite into the shade. It is agonizing to think that somewhere in the dim recesses of theatrical records at the British Museum there may be some musty paragraphs which would make it all clear as day. Without that paragraph the mind stands appalled in conjecture. What, oh, what is it all about? What may it not signify? The person in the middle, who may be described as a vision of Mr. Nobody, seen in nightmare, evidently plays an important part in the scene. The lady on one side, to the left, is tolerably plain sailing. She is evidently an interesting character of romance about to be electrocuted. Beyond this all is dark. Is the seated figure on the other side a wardress or a monthly nurse? Is the elderly gentleman, vainly shaking the barred gate on the O.P. side, a father, or a lover grown suddenly whity-grey with anguish? Is he the bearer of a reprieve? But, no; he waves no paper. Is the lady who has succeeded in forcing the gate at the back a successful rival who has come to triumph in the success of her nefarious plot? Then, again, what is the relationship to them, and



A THRILLING SCENE FROM "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."
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to Mr. Nobody, of the haughty male figure in the background of the composition? We are evidently in one of the supreme moments of dramatic fate. The moustache of the central figure, ingeniously utilized as the hands of the clock, evidently points to a decisive hour. What is that key in the white-robed victim's lap? Is it the key of the situation? Does the gentleman at the gate want to get hold of it and operate it on Mr. Nobody's inner organs, or on the box on the floor, for some good purpose? But why go on? We reluctantly give it up.

THE VILLAIN, THE HERO, AND THE GIGANTIC BOULDER.
Reproduction by permission of Stafford & Co., Limited.

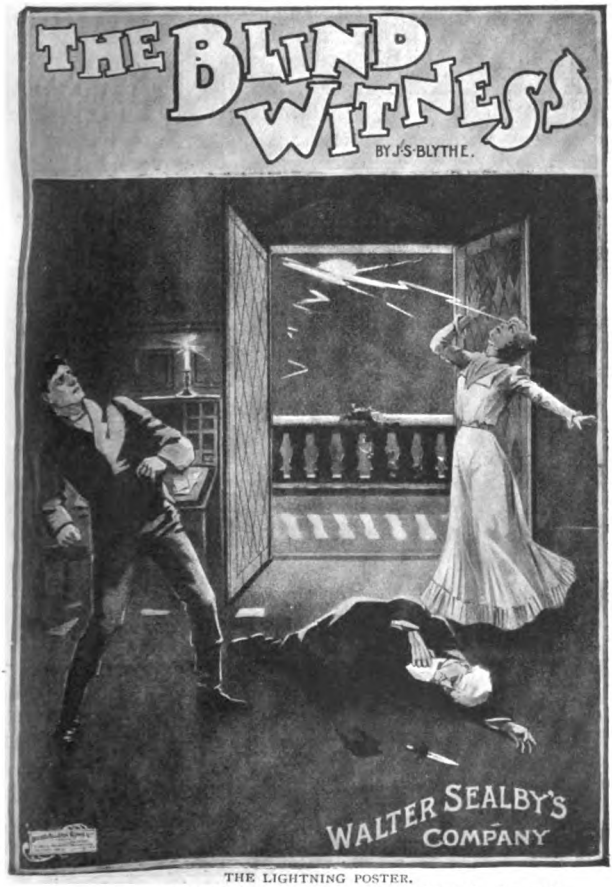
The next is decidedly an effective poster. One might tremble for the safety of the man below, but for the reflection that the huge piece of rock about to descend upon him is, in all probability, simply a bag stuffed with feathers or wool.

There are so many things to distract the attention in the curious windmill poster that is presented that it is difficult to know on which it is best to concentrate the eye. At the back there is a prostrate man in extreme danger of being run over by a huge advancing engine and train; to the left is a young lady clinging to the sail of a windmill, in long-haired distress, with a lantern in her hand and real grace in her pendent form. If she falls, she too may be run over. In the centre is a wild

Reproduction by permission of] THE HEROINE AND THE WINDMILL. [*Stafford & Co., Limited.*

Indian carrying off a girl; to the left of the pair is yet another redskin, apparently desirous of forcing his attentions, by means of the primeval knife, upon a stout matron near by; and down in the left-hand corner are an Indian and another man, so bewildered that they can only take notice of a portion of what is going on. What the whole joint action means would make an admirable prize puzzle, for which old stagers might compete; but the writer would not, having in view the fear that, by doing so, he might be only qualifying for Bedlam.

THE WOMAN AND THE REVOLVER.
Reproduction by permission of the Dangerfield Printing Co., Limited.



THE LIGHTNING POSTER.
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As a specimen of a severe lightning effect which is strong enough to make even a blind man see, the poster of "The Blind Witness" may be thoroughly recommended. It happens, curiously, that this bit of lightning hits the lady right in the eye, where the poster hits the public.

Dramas are very plentiful in which a woman is always doing something with a revolver, either to threaten or check a person of unsound principles or to kill him outright. When used for the latter purpose, it often fails to "go off" through nervousness on the part of the lady. The act-drop falls, and then, perhaps, the actress takes another lesson with the weapon, till at last the harmless necessary report is heard and the gods are satisfied that it is "orl right." Frequently the woman aimed at falls to the ground before she is shot, as does the man; but in the moonlit scene shown above it cannot be said that the foreign-looking gentleman in the white military coat gives any signs of showing the white feather, or that the revolver, from any cause, hangs fire.

Travelling managers of the ordinary kind, who by their contracts are

bound to supply picture posters to the managers of theatres they are about to visit, often get into difficulties with their pictorial printer. Sometimes he will not send on the posters they require without the money for them. Meantime, they are worried with telegrams from the managers of theatres where they are shortly due, such as, "No printing arrived"; "Send on printing at once, or date will be cancelled." And there is the deuce to pay, until by some means the printer is appeased.

Famous players, touring with their own companies in tragedy or comedy, do not need pictorials, although they sometimes use them. In the latter case they generally have them printed in sober tints, so that they not only appear refined and artistic, but stand out well from the usual full-coloured theatrical posters and trade posters which so much resemble them.

There is a great deal of stock printing in use, and some of it comes from America. It consists of pictorials designed to suit various kinds of well-known and approved plays, or ordered for productions that have afterwards failed. It is often relabelled and used for the trial of a new piece, without bearing much resemblance to any scene in it. This is a great annoyance to duped audiences, who are quick to perceive the trick.

It puzzles one occasionally to decide to what particular piece, period, or nationality a stock poster of an individual character may have reference. In the case of the accompanying illustration, although it is supposed, by the dress, to show a Highlander, one is troubled to think to what particular clan the gentleman belongs. In no work bearing on the interesting subject of the Highland dress can any costume at all approaching his be found. It is all his own invention. No Highlander out looting in the '45, after a successful encounter with the English, ever got together such a number of incongruous articles for personal wear as are seen on the well-filled-out figure of this strange-looking Scotsman.

THE WONDERFUL SCOT.
Reproduction by permission of Stafford & Co., Limited.

Our last illustration seems to afford an excellent example of the perfect get-up of the hero who effects marvellous rescues without in the least disordering his attire. The hero (certainly it must be the hero) who effects the rescue in this case might have been just turned out from a West-end toilet saloon. Observe the beautifully-parted hair and faultless moustache. He is so excellently groomed, too. He seems to be gliding with all the smoothness of a perfect aëroplane to earth, or heaven. As regards the lady, what fault could be found with her? Certainly none. The mechanical arrangements that contribute to this effect are equally perfect. Moreover, there is patriotism in the use of the Union Jack.

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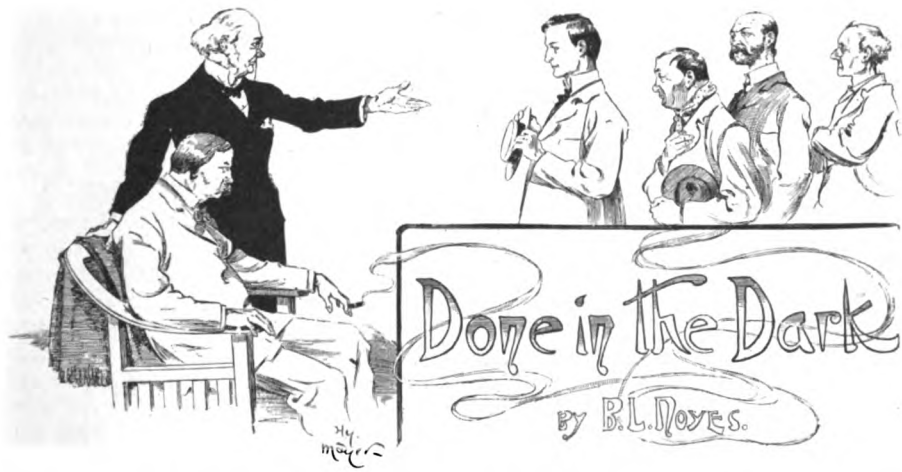


"WELL, how is it to-day, doctor?"

"Splendid; even better than I expected. There isn't any doubt about the success of the experiment now."

"Thank Heaven for that! My suffering hasn't been in vain, then."

"Nor my mental anguish," added the doctor.

"Nor the sacrifice of my ear," continued a third man.

They were in a room of the physician's residence. On two narrow cots, placed end to end, lay two men, their bodies strapped down, their feet extending in opposite directions, and their heads held close together in a plaster cast, so that they were immovable even for a fraction of an inch. This position they had occupied for several days, staring blankly at the ceiling or listening to a phonograph which an attendant kept going in the next room.

One of the men was understood to be a wealthy Southerner, whose object in coming to New York first became known when a reporter investigated an advertisement offering five thousand dollars for a healthy man's ear, of certain shape and dimensions, to be grafted on to the head of the advertiser. Among the several hundred people who professed a willingness to part with an ear in consideration of the sum mentioned was a young man who gave the name of Samuel Starr. After the physician in charge of the matter had declared Mr. Starr's ear to be perfectly satisfactory in every way a contract was drawn up, signed, and witnessed, and arrangements were made for the transfer. This was to be accomplished by severing the upper half of the ear from Starr's head, twisting it round, and grafting it to the head of the purchaser. If that part of the experiment proved successful the lower half was then to be treated in like manner; if not, the ear would still be serviceable to its natural possessor.

"This operation has been talked about so much that my reputation hangs on its success; failure would be a terrible blow to me professionally," said Dr. Spicer; "but everything seems to indicate that by to-morrow we can cut off the rest of the ear and release you gentlemen from your uncomfortable position. It will be a great relief to all of us."

"It certainly will. This Siamese Twin business isn't what it's cracked up to be. I suppose you feel the same way about it, Starr?"

"Yes; that money isn't so easily earned as I thought it would be, but I'm satisfied."

"So am I. You can't imagine what annoyance and inconvenience I've suffered by not having two ears. I begin to feel like a new man already."

"These little things do count," agreed Starr, "and I've no doubt I shall be able to get another ear for a thousand dollars. By the way, are you ready to tell me how you lost yours?"

"That's something I seldom speak of, but perhaps you have a right to know. It happened down in Texas several years ago. I went back to my hotel late one night and

found another man in my room. The clerk had given it to him by mistake. When I went in the man thought I was a burglar, I suppose, and he attacked me. During the scuffle I turned out to be more than a match for him, so he grabbed a knife, made a slash at me, and cut off my ear completely. Then he came at me with more serious aim, and in order to save my life I was obliged to shoot. would be in danger. The thought that I have been lying here day and night joined to a murderer is enough to drive me mad!"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of both patients, the attendant found Dr. Spicer less than a block away and summoned him to return with all possible speed.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked, consternation written upon his face.

"HE GRABBED A KNIFE AND MADE A SLASH AT ME."

I missed him, but he was so scared that he jumped through a window and——"

"What was his name?"

"Holloway."

"What?"

"Holloway—T. Jefferson Holloway."

"Then you're Hiram P. Stevens?"

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"Oh, you scoundrel! No wonder you tried to keep your identity secret."

"Why, Starr, what's the matter with you?"

"Don't 'Starr' me! I'm no Starr. Washington, where's Dr. Spicer?"

"He done gone out, suh," gasped the amazed attendant.

"Send for him; and get him here in a hurry, too."

"Why, this is most——" began the wealthy Southerner.

"Don't you dare speak to me!" roared Starr. "If I had my hands free your life

"This operation must stop, doctor," said Starr, white with rage; "you've got to undo what has already been done and restore my ear!"

"Restore your ear!" gasped the astonished physician. "But you can't go back on your contract."

"Contract—nothing!" shouted the young man; then he proceeded, more calmly: "My name is Paul Holloway. That contract is signed by Samuel Starr, and Samuel Starr has no right to sell my ear."

"But whatever your name is, you signed the contract."

"That makes no difference; and if you cut off the rest of my ear I'll sue you for damages."

"And if he cuts off my half of it I'll sue him for damages," retorted Stevens, heatedly. "It's growing on my head, and it's going to stay there. He's got to cut it off of either

you or me, and I swear I'll never give up my half of it. If you want it back, you can sue me for it."

"Try to be calm, gentlemen. I'm afraid this dispute will have a most unfortunate effect on both of you. What caused you to change your mind, Mr. St—Holloway?"

"I've just learned that this is the man who attacked my uncle in a Western hotel and drove him to his death. If it weren't for that fact, I shouldn't be so hard pressed for money now. You can easily understand, doctor, that I don't care to mutilate myself in order to repair the damage caused by my poor uncle in trying to defend himself."

"Well, I was only trying to defend myself, too," protested Stevens; "besides, it's all your own fault about the ear; if you'd given your own name in the first place, you wouldn't have been accepted for the 'mutilation.'"

"Well, here I am, and I've changed my mind," was the frosty response.

"But I haven't changed mine yet," retorted Stevens; "the bargain's entirely satisfactory to me."

"Then you know that contract isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"It was signed in the presence of reliable witnesses, and that settles it. If the operation hadn't gone so far, I'd be glad enough to let you off, for it isn't going to be any great pleasure to carry round your ear the rest of my life. But for you to back out now is out of the question."

"That's the way I look at it," ventured Dr. Spicer, trying to smooth things over. "You came of your own free will and made the bargain, Mr. Holloway, and I dare say you will view the matter in another light before morning. Think what a great help to you the money is going to be."

"I'll think nothing of the kind; my mind is firmly made up," was the curt reply.

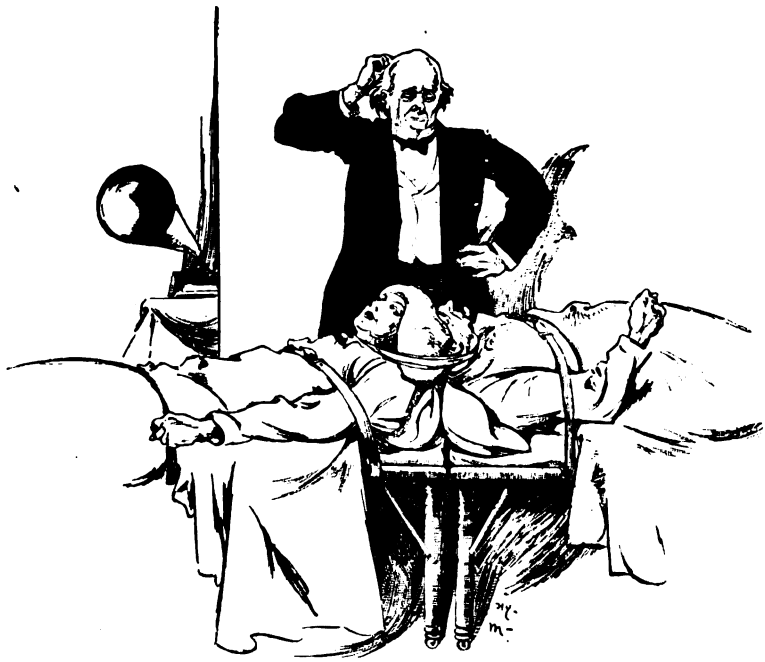
"So is mine," reiterated Stevens, obstinately.

Dr. Spicer gazed at the two angry, helpless men.

"It puts me in an awkward position," he finally said; "I must think it over awhile."

"No need to think it over; the matter is already settled," persisted Holloway, "for as long as I have lung-power to rouse the neighbourhood, you'll not touch my head. I don't like to make trouble, but this is final."

"Well, I can't do anything now; I must attend to the rest of my patients. Try to



"DR. SPICER GAZED AT THE TWO ANGRY, HELPLESS MEN."

"Satisfactory or not," mocked Holloway, "nobody would dare to cut off my ear against my will."

"The ear isn't yours, young man. Title to that ear passed to me when the contract was signed. I know some law myself."

think it over calmly and come to a sensible conclusion, Holloway."

When the doctor returned from his interrupted round of visits he paced his office in deep thought. He was plainly troubled. Here was a beautiful bit of handiwork jeopardized by the crankiness of the material he was working on, and the more he thought it over the more he became convinced that heroic measures were called for. A grim look crept over his face.

"I'll do it!" he ejaculated, and struck his hands together to emphasize his resolution.

Late that night the doctor stole into the room where the Siamese Twins lay sleeping and skilfully chloroformed young Holloway. Then he roused Stevens and unfolded his plan. The latter gentleman chuckled audibly as he signified his approval. The lights were turned up, more chloroform was administered, and preparations to complete the work were soon made.

In less than an hour the operation was finished, Stevens was removed to another room, and the doctor dismissed his assistants and went to bed.

The next morning, before going to do battle with young Holloway, he called to see that Stevens was comfortable, and found that gentleman enjoying the relief from his nerve-racking position of the past few days.

"There'll be some fireworks when my other half sees you this morning, doctor; I'd give him his freedom by degrees, if I were you."

Holloway was just waking up when Dr. Spicer entered.

"Good morning, doctor. I want to apologize for the unreasonable way I acted toward you yesterday. This business has got on my nerves so that I lost my head. The operation may go on as soon as you're ready. I'm terribly hard up—right on my uppers, in fact—and so I must make the best of a bad situation, I suppose."

"That's the sensible thing to do," he replied, pleasantly. "You ought to sign the contract with your real name first, though."

"Just loosen my arm, then, and I'll sign it."

Dr. Spicer bent over and did what his patient asked. Then, after loosening the other bandages, he put the signed paper in his pocket, and said:—

"Now you can get up and stretch yourself, old man."

"But my ear? How can I?"

"HE PUT THE SIGNED PAPER IN HIS POCKET."

"Oh, that's all over; your ear's upstairs, and the sum of five thousand dollars is yours as soon as you ask for it."

Holloway stared at the vacant cot.

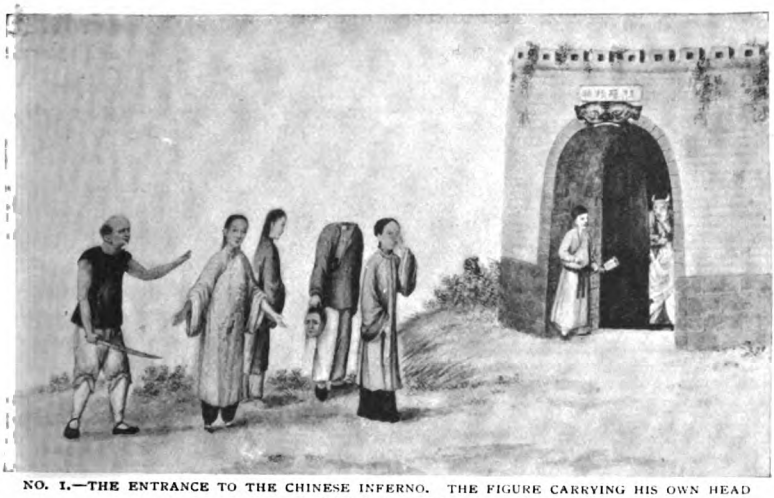
"I guess you stole a march on me, doctor."

"No; we caught you napping," laughed the physician.

"Well, I'll be hanged! I never knew I was such a sound sleeper."

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

A CHINESE DANTE.



NO. 1.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHINESE INFERNO. THE FIGURE CARRYING HIS OWN HEAD IS A MURDERER.

THE Chinese entertain many very curious ideas of the unseen world. The punishments reserved for the wicked are supposed to correspond to the punishments for crime on earth. The pictures reproduced here are the work of native artists. The judicial proceedings are represented as conducted after the manner of criminal trials in Chinese Courts of Justice.

After passing the entrance to the great hell, shown in illustration No. 1, the dead person comes to the bank of a river corresponding to the Styx, where sits an old hag—a sort of Proserpine—who strips off the clothes from the new arrivals and hangs them on a tree behind her, as seen in illustration No. 2. She has eyes like burning wheels, and she dispatches the condemned souls along their respective roads in accordance with the judgment, but sometimes she delays them with impossible, endless tasks of heaping up stones on the banks of the Styx, and so prolongs their misery.

The hot and cold hells stand in tiers, one upon another, beginning at a depth of eleven thousand nine hundred miles below the surface of the earth, and reach to a depth of forty thousand miles; each hell has four gates, outside which are four ante hells.

The atmosphere of the hells is of the deepest black. Each hell is enveloped by a wall of fire, and the ingenuity of the torments would serve to illustrate Dante's Inferno. Indeed, it has been suggested that Dante must have seen a Buddhist picture of these hells before writing his famous classic, so remarkable is the agreement between them.

The punishments of offenders vary in degree and intensity. The bodies of some are thrown to tigers, as shown in illustration No. 3, and, like the liver of Prometheus, their bodies are never diminished, though perpetually devoured. Some are being incessantly pierced with sharp-pointed arrows, while others are bound to red-hot funnels of brass. These wretched men return to the earth as monsters.

The Chinese Inferno is divided into ten

NO. 2.—THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHINESE STYX.

NO. 3.—A GOOD LADY WITH HER VIRTUOUS DEEDS INSCRIBED IN CHINESE CHARACTERS ON A TABLET. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A WICKED PERSON BEING EATEN BY A TIGER.

suspended by hooks. The virtuous, who are rewarded in this kingdom, are those who have provided coffins at their own expense for the decent interment of the poor.

The next kingdom represented is supposed to be under that portion of the sea which washesthenorthern coast of China. It is ruled over by Pin-shing Wong, who deals out punishment to men who are always complaining of the weather; to sacrilegious thieves who scrape the gold from idols; kingdoms, in each of which a different kind of crime is punished. Illustration No. 4, for instance, represents the fourth kingdom, said to be under the eastern sea. It is ruled over by Oon-Koon Wong. Those come to it who have not paid their taxes or their house rents; physicians who have administered medicines of an inferior quality to their patients; silk mercers who have sold bad silk; persons who have not given place to the aged or blind in the streets or public assemblies; men who have wilfully destroyed grain crops or who have removed their neighbours' landmark; drunkards, busybodies, gamblers, and brawlers are also confined to this place of torture. Some are thrown into large pools of blood; not a few are ground or pounded in mortars, and others are

NO. 4.—THE PUNISHMENT FOR NOT PAYING TAXES.

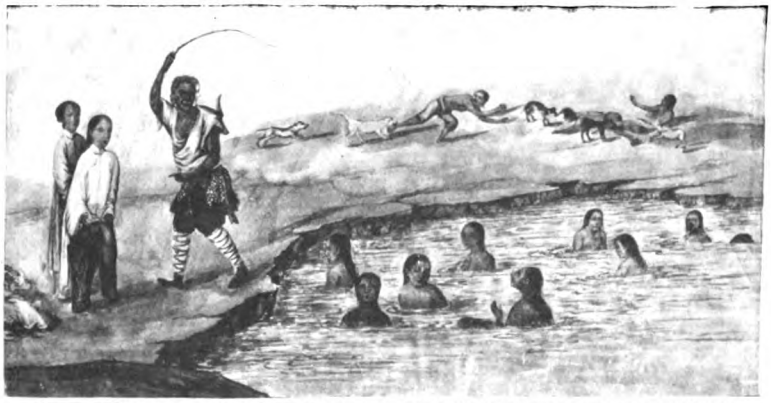
NO. 5.—THE PUNISHMENT OF BEING SAWN IN TWO FOR GRUMBLING AT THE WEATHER.

NO. 6.—UNSCRUPULOUS DOCTORS BOILED IN OIL FOR MAKING MEDICINE OF HUMAN BONES.

to those who worship the gods without having first cleansed the body; to readers of wicked books and those who destroy good books, and to those who wantonly waste rice. The thieves who have scraped gold from idols and those who have destroyed good books are hanged up and flayed alive; those who have been dissatisfied and grumbled at the weather are sawn asunder, as seen in illustration No. 5; whilst other offenders are made to kneel with their knees uncovered upon sharp-pointed iron spikes. The virtuous are recompensed who have contributed of their substance to funds established for the erection and endowment of temples.

The seventh kingdom, which is said to be situated under the north-western ocean, is governed by Ti-shan Wong. Physicians who make medicine of human bones, which are found scattered about in large numbers in Chinese graveyards, are here boiled in oil (illustrated in No. 6). Robbers of tombs, schoolmasters who neglect their pupils, oppressors of the poor and of their neighbours, and those who seek to curry favour with the wealthy and great are also arraigned before Ti-shan Wong. The robbers of tombs he commands to be thrown into volcanoes. It is supposed, however, that persons who have been guilty of any of these offences can atone for them in this life by purchasing birds exposed for sale at a poulterer's shop and giving them their freedom, or by providing coffins for the decent interment of paupers, who, in the absence of poor-houses, are occasionally found dying or dead at the corners of the streets of Chinese towns. The good whom this king recompenses are those who have let blood from their arms or legs, in order that they may save a sick parent whose only chance of recovery the physician has declared to lie in a medicine of which this forms the principal ingredient.

The eighth kingdom is ruled over by Ping-ting Wong. As shown in illustration No. 7, housewives who have cared more for the drying of their linen than for the comfort of departed spirits are here plunged into a lake of blood. Punishment is also inflicted there upon women who have hung clothes out to dry upon the house-tops—a proceeding which the Chinese regard as highly displeasing to departed spirits, with whose flight through the air it is supposed to interfere. Undutiful sons are metamorphized into animals or trampled under the hoofs of horses. Men who have been guilty of ingratitude are cut asunder. Persons who have contributed to the wants of mendicant Buddhist friars are rewarded here.



NO. 7.—WOMEN WHO HAVE CARED MORE FOR THEIR WASHING THAN FOR THE COMFORT OF DEPARTED SPIRITS ARE IMMERSED IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

CLUBS FOR JILTED LOVERS.

IN Jersey City, U.S.A., there are two of the strangest clubs in the country. These societies were organized for the sole purpose of pouring balm into the wounds of jilted lovers and of planning means of revenge upon false ones.

The first club, appropriately called "Heartsease," is composed of young women who have suffered disappointment in love. The organization was to be a secret, but it reached the ears of some of the young men of the town who had a similar grievance. They thought the club a capital idea, and immediately formed a brother society, which, with apparent facetiousness, they called the "Heartseasers." Every man, to be eligible, must be a discarded, disconsolate, heart-broken lover.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE "HEARTSEASE," A CLUB OF JILTED LADIES.
From a Photo

The girls were mad as March hares when they learned of the "Heartseasers."

While they were going about looking for someone to scratch, one of the "Heartseasers" found a friend in the enemy's camp, and, after a "heart-to-heart" talk, convinced her that the "Easers" were a friendly organization and, far from poking fun at the girls, their chief object was to comfort and assist them, and in return to be guided back to peace and comfort by their fair hands.

The talk ended with an invitation from the "Heartseasers" to the "Heartsease" to a meeting of the former club. After deliberate consideration this was accepted, and, it being decided that their union would bring strength, a motion was made that the two organizations, while in a measure working independently, should also labour in unison, with monthly mass meetings to make plans and present reports.

Helen Johnson is the president of the "Heartsease," and one wonders how such a delightfully charming young woman ever got there, or anywhere in the club.

George B. Dawson is president of the brother club, and he is sustained by three gloomy officers, Harold Dewight, Ross P. Leroy, and Jack Fairfaield.

The object of the two clubs, individually and in unison, is to boycott every girl or boy, woman or man, who has trifled in any way with another's affections.

In considering the claims of a candidate there must be no extenuating circumstance, else the applicant for membership is blackballed. For instance, should a girl apply for admission to the "Heartsease," and in being cross-examined at a mass meeting of the two clubs it should leak out that in a spirit of mischief she had sorely tried the patience of her *fiancé* by flirting with a rival, the united protection leagues would do nothing whatever to assuage the pangs of her self-inflicted wounds.

The initiation of a new member is an impressive and most interesting ceremony.

When someone applies for membership he or she is requested to secure two sponsors who will vouch for the correctness of the statements made to the examining board. A call is then sent to the members of each club, and a full meeting is held, at which the four officers of each organization preside, and the final registering is done by the president at the close of a rigid examination. The formal questions are as follows:—

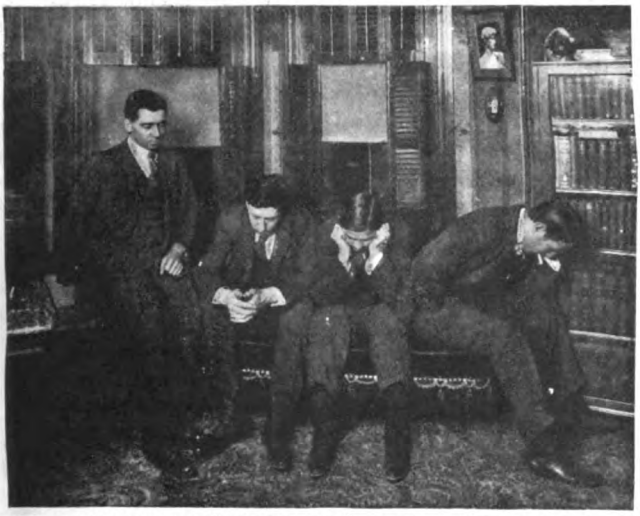
What is your full name and address?

The name and address of the person who has discarded your honest love?

Do you promise to forswear all intercourse with the trifler?

Have you returned all the material evidence of the trifler's false affection?

If not, do you agree to do so at once?



THE PRESIDENT OF THE "HEARTSEASERS," AND THREE OF HIS DISCONSOLATE OFFICERS.
From a [*Photo.*

Will you promise to steadfastly deny all overtures which may in the future be made by the trifler to reclaim your affection or friendship?

Do you consent to allow these organizations to use your story, your name, and the name of the person who has wronged you for the benefit of some other member who might otherwise be entrapped?

Can you honestly say that you are in no way to blame for the rupture which brings you before us?

Will you do everything in your power to promote the interests of these united organizations?

Do you believe in the sacredness of an engagement?

When you became engaged was your purpose honourable marriage?

State your case in full, with the knowledge that every word will be taken down and recorded in our books, which are open to the perusal of every member of this joint organization.

The would-be member is then told to stand forth and take the oath, raising the right hand and clasping the left with a full-fledged member of the opposite club in token of friendship. The exact nature of this oath has as yet not been revealed. It is zealously guarded, and no amount of coaxing or bribing could secure it for publication.

The oath taken, the members form themselves into rings, the girls in the inner ring, usually five in number, and the men forming an outer protective ring about them.

The president of one of the clubs then reads the following, which the girls repeat after her: "We, the members of the Heartsease, do solemnly swear to for ever abandon our false loves and to ever be true to the affection within us whenever awakened; to give to the members of the Heartsease and to the members of the Heartseasers whatever assistance lies in our power to render in keeping alive the honesty of love in our community, and in bringing the false ones to judgment."

Mr. George B. Dawson then reads the same formula while his club repeats it after him, and to it he adds: "We, the Heartseasers, do promise to protect every member of the Heartsease against further injury, and to do everything in our power to right their wrongs; to expose every man of our acquaintance who has falsely wooed a girl, and to give him for ever the cold shoulder."

This somewhat solemn rite ends with a merry ring-around-a-rosy dance, and the club proceeds to new business.

All this happens on club nights. In the meanwhile every member is supposed to go about gathering statistics. If a "Heartseaser" hears of a man who has been false to a girl he hunts him up—or hounds him down—gets his story, notifies his president and the president of the "Heartsease," and then

From a A NEWLY-ELECTED MEMBER TAKING THE OATH. [*Photo.*

commences war against the man, and a campaign to get the girl to join the club.

Whether or not she joins, the false one's name is entered on the books, and after his case has been thoroughly investigated, and it has been proved that he has no excuse for his dastardly action, he is boycotted.

This means all the girls of Jersey City are warned against him — the "Heartsease" sees to this, and the "Easers" assist; that he will be "turned down" by every member of the clubs; and that all members will do their best to get their friends to give him the cold shoulder.

THE MALE MEMBERS FORMING A "PROTECTIVE RING" ROUND THE LADY MEMBERS, AFTER THE CEREMONY OF THE OATH.
From a Photo.

For any member to be in friendly relations with a false lover means expulsion from the club and the fastening of the boycott upon the backslider. No member of the "Easers"—so he has pledged himself—will marry a girl who is down in the club books as "false"; no girl will marry a man with a like title after his name, no matter how penitent he may seem to be nor how ardently he swears his undying affection.

A great many surprises have been sprung among the social sets of Jersey City, for no one is spared if he or she has erred. Such active watch-dogs do these determined young people prove that it is impossible to escape even though one leaves the city for a while on some seemingly plausible pretence. When the guilty one returns, feeling safe after the expiration of the customary nine days of wonderment have elapsed, he will find all desirable doors barred to him and himself boycotted.

Although a member who proves his or her eligibility is forbidden to patch up a quarrel or to take into favour again the false love under any conditions, those who apply for membership and are refused because they are obliged to acknowledge that the fault was partly theirs are encouraged to take the first step towards a reconciliation, and each member of these clubs for the protection of proper sentiment endeavours to help matters along. If peace is declared a certain amount is drawn from the fund and an elegant gift is presented to the united couple on their wedding-day, bearing the simple inscription "Expressing the joy of the H.E.'s."

SOME CURIOUS WATER-MARKS.

READERS of this article are probably aware that the devices which are indelibly stamped in the substance of a sheet of paper during its manufacture have given names to several of the present standard sizes of paper. For example, *foolscap*, *crown*, *elephant*, and *post* sheets have derived these names from their respective water-marks, the device of a postman's horn being the origin of *post*.

A knowledge of water-marks and of the period when each was used is of great service to students of ancient manuscripts, and also, amongst others, to collectors of autograph letters, who must necessarily be on their guard against the ingenuity of the autograph-forger.

However, it is not proposed to give instructions to the general reader upon a subject that is so essentially technical as the study of water-marks, but merely to put before him some facsimiles of various ancient and curious devices used by paper-makers of bygone days.

It is impossible, of course, that the paper-makers of four or five hundred years ago, when they designed their water-marks, could have had any intention of supplying some relatively close caricatures of persons and incidents that are sufficiently familiar to the present generation of their descendants; it must be due to coincidence, and to coincidence alone, that no great stretch of the imagination is wanted to recognise in the following facsimiles certain resemblances to some notable personages of the present day.

The first illustration is not now given as a caricature, but as a curiosity in these devices. The umbrella-like object with the pump-handle attached is intended, apparently, for a cross-bow; umbrellas had not at that date evolved, and cross-bows were on the wane.

No. 1.—Water-mark used in 1527, for coarse paper.

Nos. 2 and 3 appear to be violently antagonistic. The former, a sort of lion, is rampantly fighting with vigour and energy stamped upon every inch of him, while the rather "cheeky" and aggressive attitude of his younger opponent—also with his back well "up"—looks as if the latter meant business.

There is much quiet self-possession about No. 4, who looks as if he knew more than he intended to say. The right ear curls over the brow, similarly to a lock of hair, and there is a quaint little "goatee" beard under the chin. Now this device and that shown in No. 5 seem to be connected. The letters *NIEBE*, when transposed, give *I.E. BEN*. The top part of the design, with a sort of coronet and a big *B*, is associated with Beaconsfield (Earl), and the lower part with Ben. D'Israeli — namely, with *i.e. Ben*. Both these water-marks were designed more than three hundred years ago, No. 5 with the letters exactly as they are given here, and No. 4 with its expression suggestive of the late Benjamin Disraeli.

No. 2.—Water-mark of 1401.

No. 3.—Water-mark of 1402.

No. 4.—Water-mark of 1534.

No. 5.—Water-mark used in 1584, medium paper of large size.

No. 6 is rather singular. A somewhat eccentric animal has apparently been "going for" a crown, or some bauble of that sort, and he does not seem any too well disposed towards it. This device was used for a "common paper," a fact which proves that the artist who designed it in the year 1534 could not have had any idea of a present-day Radical in his mind, or, if he had, then this artist had but little regard for truth. No. 7 *looks* like the sole of someone else's foot, with the toe directed upwards, but, whatever may be its meaning, it is certainly a funny little water-mark.

No. 6.—Water-mark of 1534, used for common paper.

No. 7.—Water-mark of 1435: stout, good paper.

You will notice that Nos. 8 and 9 are associated as father and son. No. 8 is a particularly "ugly customer" to tackle—he has a formidable and sharp "sting" at each end—while the son, No. 9, appears to emulate his father. If these two bodies were straightened out they would have a screw-like appearance; if it were not for the coronet on the head we might almost think that this ancient designer of water-marks knew something about Messrs. J. and A. Chamberlain; but perhaps, when he added the coronet, the artist of 1496 looked ahead.

No. 8.—Water-mark of 1496: paper white and good.

No. 9.—Water-mark of 1522, twenty-six years younger than No. 8.

There is a marked difference between Nos. 10 and 11. The former has a certain air of philosophical equanimity about it which is not disturbed by the very threatening attitude of No. 11. There is, however, an expression about the eyes of No. 10, and a pose of the head and foot, which distinctly bring to mind the famous "Blondin Donkey," as performed in London some years ago by the Griffiths Brothers. Now, that Blondin Donkey was no fool—at least, not when he was performing—and he could and did hit out pretty straight at times, notwithstanding the usual calmness

No. 10.—Water-mark used in 1452, for good paper.

No. 11.—Water-mark used in 1520, for coarse, thick paper.

of his demeanour. The characteristics of our eleventh device are aggressiveness—which is seemingly disregarded by No. 10—a thing at the back which looks like part of a torn coat-tail, and a kind of emblem sticking out in front which is not unlike a shamrock leaf. The animal itself (No. 11) might be intended for a hog. One of its hind legs is in just the attitude of that attached to a pig once seen in Ireland, with a cord tied round its leg. The person who was in charge of this pig was pulling it backward; the pig resented the action and went forward, which, as was subsequently ascertained, was really the direction aimed at by the attendant, who had resorted to this little artifice to attain her end.

Water-mark No. 12 represents a kind of angelic personage. Two ideas present themselves in connection with No. 13: the first, that a paper-maker in want of a new water-mark at the time of King Henry VIII. amused himself with the still extant childish game of drawing a pig with the eyes shut—the eye of the pig to be inserted—and that in his attempt he mixed up the two ends of the animal. The second idea suggested by No. 13—but this is merely the shade of a shadow of a suspicion—is that Mr. Balfour indulges in this innocent pastime when, with flexed limbs and closed eyes, he listens, or pretends *not* to listen, to vehement denunciations of his own evil doings.

No. 12.—Water-mark of 1563: fine paper.

No. 13.—Water-mark of the time of Henry VIII.: paper smaller than foolscap and rather fine for the age.

No. 14.—Water-mark of 1536.

The next illustration (No. 14) reminds one of an animal being violently dragged in a direction to which he objects, and having his neck unduly lengthened in the process. No. 15 recalls the last gasp of an ardent M.P. just before the application of the Closure strangles him.

No. 15.—Water-mark used in 1519: coarse paper.

Water-marks 16 and 17 may be looked at together; the pathetic and yet pugnacious demeanour of the individual depicted in No. 17 must surely denote "a patriot" who is deploring and vehemently denouncing another injustice to his country. His coat-tails are a shade long, perhaps. Can it be that he is also inviting another personage to tread upon them, and that the formidable creature shown in No. 16 is advancing to the attack?

No. 16.—Water-mark of 1493: stout, thick paper.

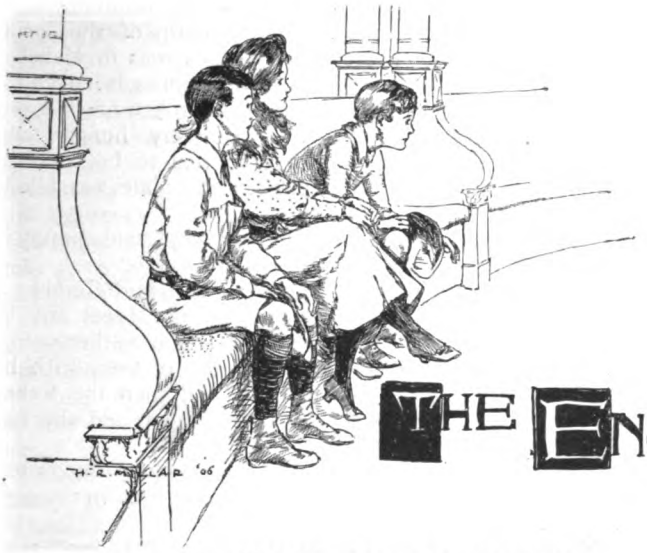
No. 17.—Water-mark of 1539: common paper.

There is a distressful look about No. 18: its lengthened visage seems worn with pain and labour. We can well fancy that, should this excellent animal be required to control the actions, say, of the pair shown in Nos. 16 and 17, he would find the task too much for him.

No. 18.—Water-mark of 1530: small paper.

The figure represented by the ancient water-mark of 1546, shown in No. 19, has a massiveness of build and a protuberance of brow which somehow suggest a certain noble Marquess, now dead. The paper-maker who used this device, or his designer, has commenced a sort of formal appeal, beginning with *O MAR*——. Then, in most unseemly fashion, he has turned an *N* upside down to see how it looked, been dissatisfied with the result of his experiment, and written another *N* in the usual way. To what does this incomplete appeal refer, and why this experiment with the *N*, which is the initial letter of the word *NO?* Could this paper-maker of the year 1546 have been located in Belfast, and, like some of his brother-workmen, whose water-marks have been reproduced here, have been in the habit of indulging in visions of the long-distant future? We cannot say, but we may notice that the "near" fore-foot of No. 19 is an impressive and weighty foot, and that it is raised—presumably there is the intention of putting it down upon something. What can that something be?

No. 19.—Water-mark of 1546: good paper.



THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.

THOSE of my readers who have gone about much with an invisible companion will not need to be told how awkward the whole business is. For one thing, however much you may have been convinced that your companion *is* invisible, you will, I feel sure, have found yourself every now and then saying, "This *must* be a dream!" or "I *know* I shall wake up in half a sec!" And this was the case with Gerald, Kathleen, and Jimmy as they sat in the white marble Temple of Flora, looking out through its arches at the sunshiny park and listening to the voice of the enchanted Princess, who really was not a princess at all, but just the housekeeper's niece, Mabel Prowse; though, as Jimmy said, "she was enchanted, right enough."

You will remember that Mabel, while acting the part of an enchanted Princess, had put on a ring that she found in the castle where her aunt was housekeeper. She had said—little thinking that she spoke the truth—that it was a magic ring which would make her invisible. And to her horror and amazement it *was*—and it *had!*

"It's no use talking," she said again and again, and the voice came from an empty-looking space between two pillars; "I never believed anything would happen, and now it has."

"Really," said Gerald, "I don't know what we *can* do with the girl. Let her come home with us and have——"

"Tea—oh, yes," said Jimmy, jumping up.

"And have a good council."

"After tea," said Jimmy.

"But her aunt'll find she's gone."

"So she would if I stayed," said the voice.

"Oh, come on," said Jimmy.

"But the aunt'll think something's happened to her."

"So it has."

"And she'll tell the police," said the hidden Mabel, "and they'll look everywhere for me."

"They'll never find you," said Gerald. "Talk of impenetrable disguises!"

"I'm sure," said Mabel, "aunt would much rather never see me again than see me like this. She'd never get over it; it might kill her—she has spasms as it is. I'll write to her, and we'll put it in the big box at the gate as we go out. Has anyone got a bit of pencil and a scrap of paper?"

Gerald had a note-book, with leaves of the shiny kind that you have to write on, not with a blacklead pencil, but with an ivory thing with a point of real lead. And it won't write on any other paper except the kind that is in the book, and this is often very annoying when you are in a hurry. Then was seen the strange spectacle of a little ivory stick, with a leaden point standing up at an odd, impossible-looking slant, and moving along all by itself as ordinary pencils do when you are writing with them.

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"May we look over?" asked Kathleen.

There was no answer. The pencil went on writing.

"Mayn't we look over?" Kathleen said again.

"Of course you may!" said the voice near the paper. "I nodded, didn't I? Oh, I forgot, my nodding's invisible too."

The pencil was forming round, clear letters on the page torn out of the copy-book. This is what it wrote:—

"DEAR AUNT,—I am afraid you will not see me again for some time. A lady in a motor-car has adopted me, and we are going straight to the coast and then in a ship. It is useless to try to follow me. Farewell, and may you be happy. I hope you are enjoying yourself.—MABEL."

Gerald folded up the note as a lady in India had taught him to do years before, and Mabel led them by another and very much nearer way out of the park. And the walk home was a great deal shorter, too, than the walk out had been.

The sky had clouded over while they were in the Temple of Flora, and the first spots of rain fell as they got back to the house, very late indeed for tea.

Mademoiselle was looking out of the window, and came herself to open the door.

"But it is that you are in lateness, in lateness!" she cried. "You have had a misfortune—no? All goes well?"

"We are very sorry indeed," said Gerald. "It took us longer to get home than we expected. I do hope you haven't been anxious. I have been thinking about you most of the way home."

"Go, then," said the French lady, smiling: "you shall have them in the same time — the tea and the supper."

Which they did.

There were only three plates, but Jimmy shared with Mabel. It was rather horrid to see the bread and butter waving about in the air, and bite after bite disappearing apparently by no human agency; and the spoon rising with apple in it and returning to the plate empty. Even the tip of the spoon disappeared as long as it was in Mabel's unseen mouth; so that at times it looked as though its bowl had been broken off.

Everyone was very hungry, and more bread and butter had to be fetched. Cook grumbled when the plate was filled for the third time.

"I tell you what," said Jimmy; "I did want my tea."

"I tell *you* what," said Gerald; "it'll be jolly difficult to give Mabel any breakfast. Mademoiselle will be here then. She'd have a fit if she saw bits of forks with bacon on them vanishing, and then the forks coming back out of vanishment, and the bacon lost for ever."

"We shall have to buy things to eat and feed our poor captive in secret," said Kathleen.

"Our money won't last long," said Jimmy, in gloom. "Have *you* got any money?"

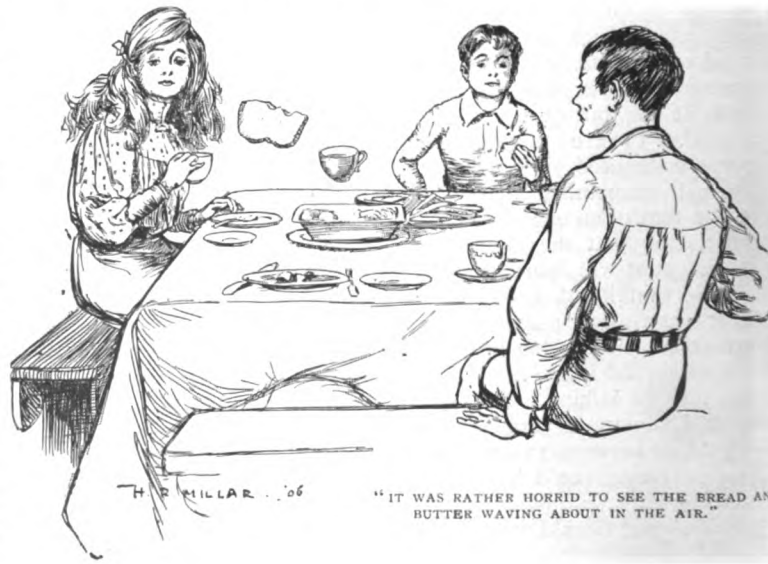
He turned to where a mug of milk was suspended in the air without visible means of support.

"I've not got much money," was the reply from near the milk, "but got heaps of ideas."

"We must talk about everything in the morning," said Kathleen. "We must just say good night to mademoiselle, and then you shall sleep in my bed, Mabel. I'll lend you one of my nightgowns."

"I'll get my own to-morrow," said Mabel, cheerfully.

"You'll go back?"



"IT WAS RATHER HORRID TO SEE THE BREAD AND BUTTER WAVING ABOUT IN THE AIR."

"Why not? Nobody can see me. I think I begin to see all sorts of amusing things coming along. It's not half bad being invisible."

It was extremely odd, Kathleen thought, to see the Princess's clothes coming out of nothing. First the gauzy veil appeared hanging in the air. Then the sparkling coronet suddenly showed on the top of the chest of drawers. Then a sleeve of the pinky gown showed, then another, and then the whole gown lay on the floor in a glistening ring as the unseen legs of Mabel stepped out of it. For each article of clothing became visible as Mabel took it off. The nightgown, lifted from the bed, disappeared a bit at a time.

"Get into bed," said Kathleen, rather nervously.

The bed creaked and a hollow appeared in the pillow. Kathleen put out the gas and got into bed; all this magic had been rather upsetting, and she was just the least bit frightened, but in the dark she found it was not so bad. Mabel's arms went round her neck the moment she got into bed, and the two little girls kissed in the kind darkness, where the visible and the invisible could meet on equal terms.

"Good night," said Mabel. "You're a darling, Cathy; you've been most awfully good to me, and I sha'n't forget it. I didn't like to say so before the boys, because I know boys think you're a muff if you're grateful. But I *am*. Good night."

Kathleen lay awake for some time. She was just getting sleepy when she remembered that the maid who would call them in the morning would see those wonderful Princess-clothes.

"I'll have to get up and hide them," she said. "What a bother!"

And as she lay thinking what a bother it was she happened to fall asleep, and when she woke again it was bright morning, and Eliza was standing in front of the chair where Mabel's clothes lay, gazing at the pink Princess-frock that lay on the top of her heap and saying, "Law!"

"Oh, don't touch, *please*." Kathleen leapt out of bed as Eliza was reaching out her hand.

"Where on earth did you get hold of that?"

"We're going to use it for acting," said Kathleen, on the desperate inspiration of the moment. "It's lent me for that."

"You might show *me*, miss," suggested Eliza.

"Oh, please not," said Kathleen, standing in front of the chair in her nightgown. "You shall see us act when we're dressed up. There! And you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Not if you're a good little girl," said Eliza. "But you be sure to let me see when you *do* dress up. But where——"

Here a bell rang and Eliza had to go, for it was the postman, and she particularly wanted to see him.

"And now," said Kathleen, pulling on her first stocking, "we shall have to *do* the acting. Everything seems very difficult."

"Acting isn't," said Mabel; and an unsupported stocking waved in the air and quickly vanished. "I shall love it."

"You forget," said Kathleen, gently, "invisible actresses can't take part in plays unless they're magic ones."

"Oh," cried a voice from under a petticoat that hung in air, "I've got *such* an idea!"

"Tell it us after breakfast," said Kathleen, as the water in the basin began to splash about and to drip from nowhere back into itself. "And oh, I do wish you hadn't written such whoppers to your aunt. I'm sure we oughtn't to tell lies for anything."

"What's the use of telling the truth if nobody believes you?" came from among the splashes.

"I don't know," said Kathleen, "but I'm sure we ought to tell the truth."

"*You* can, if you like," said a voice from the folds of a towel that waved lonely in front of the wash-hand stand.

"All right. We will, then, first thing after brek—*your* brek, I mean. You'll have to wait up here—till we can collar something and bring it up to you. Mind you dodge Eliza when she comes to make the bed."

The invisible Mabel found this a fairly amusing game; she further enlivened it by twitching out the corners of tucked-up sheets and blankets when Eliza wasn't looking.

"Drat the clothes," said Eliza; "anyone 'ud think the things was bewitched."

She looked about for the wonderful Princess-clothes she had glimpsed earlier in the morning. But Kathleen had hidden them in a perfectly safe place—under the mattress, which she knew Eliza never turned.

Kathleen brought a chunk of bread raided by Gerald from the pantry window, and Mabel ate the bread and drank water from the tooth-mug.

"I'm afraid it tastes of cherry tooth-paste rather," said Kathleen, apologetically.

"It doesn't matter," a voice replied from

the tilted mug; "it's more interesting than water. I should think red wine in ballads was rather like this."

"We've got leave for the day again," said Kathleen, when the last bit of bread had vanished, "and Gerald feels like I do about lies. So we're going to tell your aunt where you really are."

"She won't believe you."

"That doesn't matter, if we speak the truth," said Kathleen, primly.

"I expect you'll be sorry for it," said Mabel; "but come on—and, I say, do be careful not to shut me in the door as you go out. You nearly did just now."

In the blazing sunlight that flooded the High Street four shadows to three children seemed dangerously noticeable. A butcher's boy looked far too earnestly at the extra shadow, and his big, liver-coloured lurcher sniffed at the legs of that shadow's mistress and whined uncomfortably.

"Get behind me," said Kathleen; "then our two shadows will look like one."

But Mabel's shadow, very visible, fell on Kathleen's back, and the ostler of the Davenant Arms looked up to see what big bird had cast that big shadow.

A woman driving a cart with chickens and ducks in it called out:—

"Halloa, missy, ain't you blacked yer back neither! What you been leaning up against?"

Everyone was glad when they got out of the town.

Speaking the truth to Mabel's aunt did not turn out at all as anyone—even Mabel—expected. The aunt was discovered reading a pink novelette at the window of the housekeeper's room, which, framed in clematis and green creepers, looked out on a little court to which Mabel led the party.

"Excuse me," said Gerald, "but I believe you've lost your niece?"

"Not lost, my boy," said the aunt, who was spare and tall, with a drab fringe and a very genteel voice.

"We could tell you something about her," said Gerald.

"Now," replied the aunt, in a warning voice, "no complaints, please. My niece has gone, and I am sure no one thinks less than I do of her little pranks. If she's played any tricks on you it's only her light-hearted way. Good-bye. Be good children."

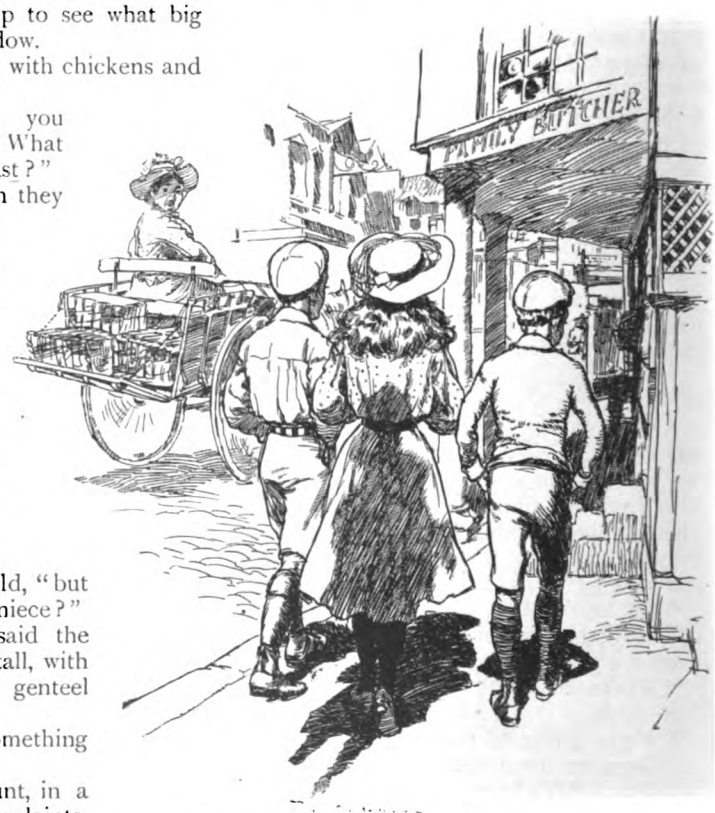
And on this they got away quickly.

"Why," said Gerald, when they were outside the little court, "your aunt's as mad as a hatter."

"Now your consciences are all right about my aunt, I'll tell you my idea. Let's get down to the Temple of Flora," said Mabel.

The day was as bright as yesterday had been, and from the white marble temple the Italian-looking landscape looked more than ever like a steel engraving coloured by hand, or an oleograph imitation of one of Turner's pictures.

When the three children were comfortably settled on the steps that led up to the white statue, the voice of the fourth child said: "I'm not ungrateful, but I'm rather hungry. And you can't be always taking things for me through your larder window. But we're a band of brothers, for life, after the way you stood by me yesterday. What I



"HALLOA, MISSY, AIN'T YOU BLACKED YER BACK NEITHER!"

suggest is—Gerald can go to the fair being held in the town and do conjuring."

"He doesn't know any," said Kathleen.

"*I* should do it really," said Mabel, "but Jerry could look like doing it. Move things without touching them and all that. But it wouldn't do for all three of you to go. The more there are of children the younger they look, I think, and the more people wonder what they're doing all alone."

"'The accomplished conjurer deemed these the words of wisdom,'" said Gerald: and answered the dismal "Well, but what about us?" of his brother and sister by suggesting that they should mingle with the crowd. "But don't let on that you know me," he said; "and try to look as if you belonged to some of the grown-ups at the fair. If you don't, as likely as not you'll have the kind policemen taking the little lost children by the hand and leading them home to their stricken relations—French governess, I mean."

"Let's go *now*," said the voice that they never could get quite used to hearing, coming out of different parts of the air as Mabel moved from one place to another. So they went.

The fair was held on a waste bit of land, about half a mile from the castle. When they got near enough to hear the steam-organ of the merry-go-round, Jerry suggested that he should go ahead and get something to eat. The others waited in the shadows of a deep-banked lane, and he came back, quite soon, though long after they had begun to say what a long time he had been gone. He brought some Barcelona nuts, red-streaked apples, small sweet yellow pears, pale pasty ginger-bread, a whole quarter of a pound of pepper-mint bullseyes, and two bottles of ginger-beer.

"It's what they call an investment," he said, when Kathleen said something about extravagance. "We shall all need special nourishing to keep our strength up, especially the bold conjurer."

They ate and drank. It was a very beautiful meal, and the far-off music of the steam-organ added the last touch of festivity to the scene. The boys were never tired of seeing Mabel eat, or rather of seeing the strange, magic-looking vanishment of food which was all that showed of Mabel's eating. They were entranced by the spectacle, and pressed on her more than her just share of the feast, just for the pleasure of seeing it disappear.

"My aunt!" said Gerald, again and again; "that ought to knock 'em!"

It did.

Jimmy and Kathleen had the start of the others, and when they got to the fair they mingled with the crowd, and were as unobserved as possible.

They stood near a large lady who was watching the cocoanut shies, and presently saw a strange figure with its hands in its pockets strolling across the trampled yellowy grass among the bits of drifting paper and the sticks and straws that always litter the ground of an English fair. It was Gerald, but at first they hardly knew him. He had taken off his tie, and round his head, arranged like a turban, was the crimson scarf that had supported his white flannels. The tie, one supposed, had taken on the duties of the handkerchief. And his face and hands were a bright black, like very nicely-polished stoves!

Everyone turned to look at him.

"He's just like a nigger," whispered Jimmy. "I don't suppose it'll ever come off, do you?"

They followed him at a distance, and when he went up to the door of a small tent, against whose door-post a very melancholy-faced woman was lounging, they stopped and tried to look as though they belonged to a farmer who was trying to send up a number by banging with a big mallet on a wooden block.

Gerald went up to the woman.

"Taken much?" he asked, and was told, but not harshly, to go away with his impudence.

"I'm in business myself," said Gerald. "I'm a conjurer, from India."

"Not you," said the woman; "you ain't no nigger. Why, the backs of yer ears is all white."

"Are they?" said Gerald. "How clever of you to see that!" He rubbed them with his hands. "That better?"

"That's all right. What's your little game?"

"Conjuring, really and truly," said Gerald. "There's smaller boys than me put on to it in India. Look here, I owe you one for telling me about my ears. If you like to run the show for me I'll go shares. Let me have your tent to perform in, and you do the patter at the door."

"Lor' love you, I can't do no patter. And you're getting at me. Let's see you do a bit of conjuring, since you're so clever an' all."

"Right you are," said Gerald, firmly. "You see this apple? Well, I'll make it move slowly through the air, and then when I say 'Go!' it'll vanish."

"Yes—into your mouth. Get away with your nonsense."

"YOU'RE GETTING AT ME. LET'S SEE YOU DO A BIT OF CONJURING, SINCE YOU'RE SO CLEVER AN' ALL."

"You're too clever to be so unbelieving," said Gerald. "Look here."

He held out one of the little apples; and the woman saw it move slowly and unsupported through the air.

"Now—*go!*" cried Gerald, to the apple, and it went. "How's that?" he asked, in tones of triumph.

The woman was glowing with excitement, and her eyes shone. "The best I ever see," she whispered. "I'm on, mate, if you know any more tricks like that."

"Heaps," said Gerald, confidently; "hold out your hand." The woman held it out; and from nowhere, as it seemed, the apple appeared and was laid on her hand. The apple was rather damp.

She looked at it a moment, and then whispered: "Come on—there's to be no one in it but just us two. But not in the tent. You take a pitch here, 'longside the tent. It's worth twice the money in the open air."

"But people won't pay if they can see it all for nothing."

"Not for the first turn, but they will after—you see. And you'll have to do the patter."

"Will you lend me your shawl?" Gerald asked. She unpinned it — it was a red and black plaid—and he spread it on the ground as he had seen Indian conjurers do, and seated himself cross-legged behind it.

"I mustn't have anyone behind me, that's all," he said; and the woman hastily screened off a little enclosure for him by hanging old sacks to two of he guy-ropes of the tent. "Now I'm ready," he said. The woman got a drum from the inside of the tent and beat it. Quite soon a little crowd had collected.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gerald, "I come from India, and I can do a conjuring entertainment the like of which you've never seen. When I see two shillings on the shawl, I'll begin."

"I dare say you will," said a bystander; and there were several short disagreeable laughs.

"Of course," said Gerald, "if you can't afford two shillings between you"—there were about thirty people in the crowd by now—"I say no more."

Two or three pennies fell on the shawl; then a few more. Then the fall of copper ceased.

"Ninepence," said Gerald. "Well, I'm of a generous nature. You'll get such a ninepennyworth as you've never had before. I don't wish to deceive you—I have an accomplice, but my accomplice is invisible."

The crowd snorted.

"By the aid of that accomplice," Gerald went on, "I will read any letter that any of you may have in your pocket—if one of you will just step over the rope and stand beside me. My invisible accomplice will read that letter over his shoulder."

A man stepped forward, a ruddy-faced, horsy-looking person. He pulled a letter from his pocket and stood plain in the sight of all, in a place where no one could see over his shoulder.

"Now!" said Gerald. There was a moment's pause. Then from quite the other side of the enclosure came a faint, far-away, sing-song voice. It said:—

"SIR,—Yours of the fifteenth duly to hand. With regard to the mortgage on your land, we regret our inability——"

"Stow it!" cried the man, turning threateningly on Gerald.

He stepped out of the enclosure explaining that there was nothing of that sort in his letter; but nobody believed him, and a buzz of interested chatter began in the crowd, ceasing abruptly when Gerald began to speak.

"Now," said he, laying the nine pennies down on the shawl, "you keep your eyes on those pennies, and one by one you'll see them disappear."

And of course they did. Then one by one they were laid down again by the invisible hand of Mabel. The crowd clapped loudly. "Brayvo!" "That's something like." "Show us another," cried the people in the front rank. And those behind pushed forward.

"Now," said Gerald, "you've seen what I can do, but I don't do any more till I see five shillings on this carpet."

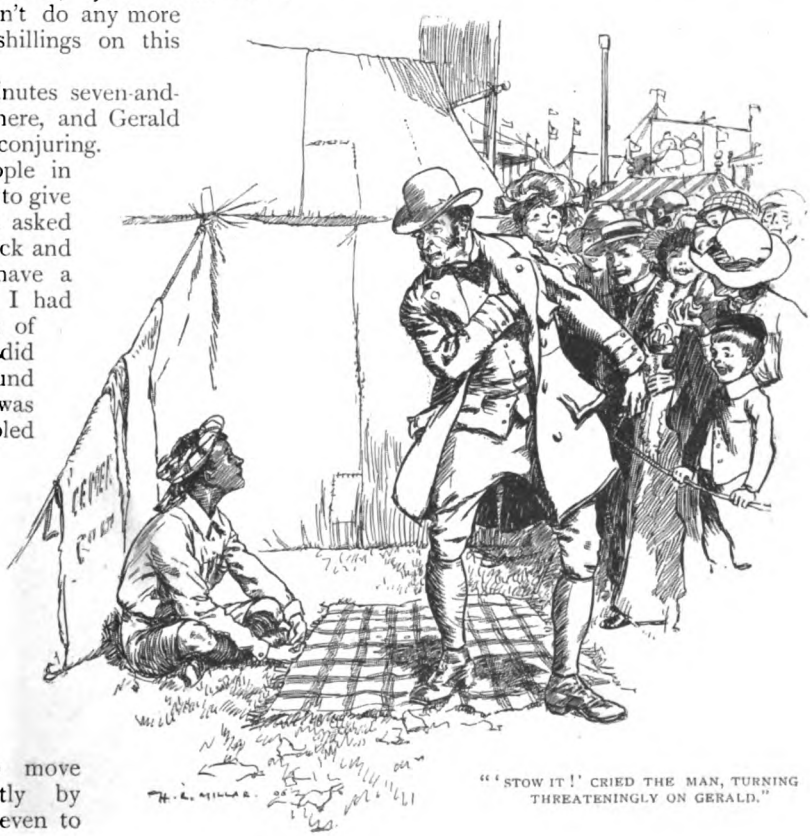
And in two minutes seven-and-threepence lay there, and Gerald did a little more conjuring.

When the people in front didn't want to give any more Gerald asked them to stand back and let the others have a look in. I wish I had time to tell you of all the tricks he did — the grass round his enclosure was absolutely trampled off by the feet of the people who thronged to look at him. There is really hardly any limit to the wonders you can do if you have an invisible accomplice. All sorts of things were made to move about, apparently by themselves, and even to vanish—into the folds of Mabel's clothing. The woman stood by, looking more and more pleasant as she saw the money come tumbling in, and beating the shabby drum every time Gerald stopped conjuring.

The news of the conjurer had spread all over the fair. The crowd was frantic with admiration. The man who ran the cocoa-nut shies begged Gerald to throw in his lot with him; the owner of the rifle gallery offered him free board and lodging and go shares; and a brisk, broad lady, in stiff black silk and a violet bonnet, tried to engage him for the forthcoming Bazaar for Reformed Bandsmen.

And all this time the others mingled with the crowd—quite unobserved, for who could have eyes for anyone but Gerald? And Gerald, who was getting very tired indeed, and was quite satisfied with his share of the money, was racking his brains for a way to get out of it.

"How are we to hook it?" he murmured, as Mabel made his cap disappear from his head by the simple process of taking it off and putting it in her pocket. "They'll never



"'STOW IT!' CRIED THE MAN, TURNING THREATENINGLY ON GERALD."

let us get away. I didn't think of that before."

"Let me think!" whispered Mabel; and next moment she said close to his ear: "Divide the money, and give her something for the shawl. Put the money on it and say . . . ." She told him what to say.

Gerald's pitch was in the shade of the tent; otherwise, of course, everyone could have seen the shadow of the invisible Mabel as she moved about making things vanish.

Gerald told the woman to divide the money, which she did honestly enough.

"Now," he said, while the impatient crowd pressed closer and closer, "I'll give you five bob for your shawl."

"Seven - and - six," said the woman, mechanically.

"Righto," said Gerald, putting his heavy share of the money in his trouser pocket.

"This shawl will now disappear," he said, picking it up. He handed it to Mabel, who put it on; and, of course, it disappeared. A roar of applause went up from the audience.

"Now," he said, "I come to the last trick of all. I shall take three steps backward and vanish." He took three steps backward, Mabel wrapped the invisible shawl round him, and—he did not vanish. The shawl, being invisible, did not conceal him in the least.

"Yah!" cried a boy's voice in the crowd. "Look at 'im. 'E knows 'e can't do it."

"I wish I could put you in my pocket," said Mabel. The crowd was pushing closer. At any moment they might touch Mabel, and then anything might happen—simply anything. Gerald took hold of his hair with both hands, as his way was when he was anxious or discouraged. Mabel, in invisibility, wrung her hands, as people are said to do in books; that is, she clasped them and squeezed very tight.

"Oh!" she whispered, suddenly, "it's loose. I can get it off."

"Not——"

"Yes—the ring."

"Come on, young master. Give us summat for our money," a farm labourer shouted.

"I will," said Gerald. "This time I really will vanish. Slip round into the tent," he whispered to Mabel. "Push the ring under the canvas. Then slip out at the back and join the others. When I see you with them I'll disappear. Go slow, and I'll catch you up."

"It's me," said a pale and obvious Mabel in the ear of Kathleen. "He's got the ring; come on, before the crowd begins to scatter."

As they went out of the gate they heard a roar of surprise and annoyance rise from the crowd, and knew that this time Gerald really *had* disappeared.

They had gone a mile before they heard footsteps on the road, and looked back. No one was to be seen.

Next moment Gerald's voice spoke out of clear, empty-looking space.

"Halloa!" it said, gloomily.

"How horrid!" cried Mabel; "you did make me jump! Take the ring off. It makes me feel quite creepy, you being nothing but a voice."

"So did you us," said Jimmy.

"Don't take it off yet," said Kathleen, who was really rather thoughtful for her age, "because you're still black, I suppose, and you might be recognised, and eloped with by gipsies, so that you should go on doing conjuring for ever and ever."

"I should take it off," said Jimmy; "it's no use going about invisible, and people seeing us with Mabel and saying we've eloped with her."

"Yes," said Mabel, impatiently, "that would be simply silly. And, besides, I want my ring."

"It's not yours any more than ours, anyhow," said Jimmy.

"Yes, it is," said Mabel.

"Oh, stow it," said the weary voice of Gerald beside her. "What's the use of jawing?"

"I want the ring," said Mabel, rather mulishly.

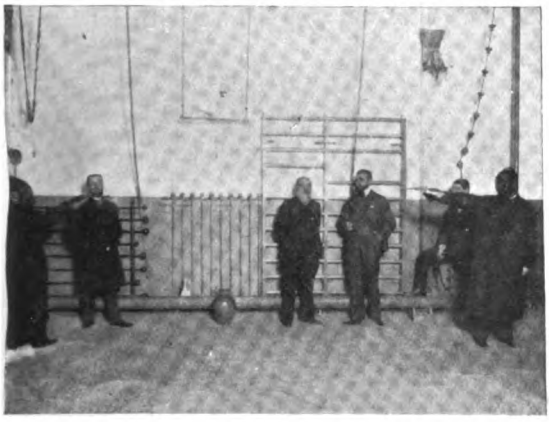
"Want"—the words came out of the still evening air—"want must be your master. You can't have the ring. *I can't get it off!*"

(To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

A SCHOOL OF HONOUR.

THERE has been established in Paris a "School of Duelling," which is frequented only by the *élite*, one prominent member being ex-President Casimir-Perier. This remarkable academy is conducted by Dr. de Villers, and combats frequently take place there by way of practice. In these mimic



duels wire masks are worn to protect the face and bullets made of wax are used, so that no injury may be sustained by the combatants. In all other respects, however, the conduct of the affair is carried through as on the "field of honour," so that when the time comes—if it ever does come—for the scholars to take part in a serious duel they may acquit themselves with credit to themselves and disaster to their adversary—although this latter point is not of much importance.—"ODDS AND ENDS," IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

"WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST."

IN Milan, at a *séance* where I was present with Richet, each of us saw a branch of roses grow, as it were, and slowly come out of the sleeves of our coats, the flowers as fresh as if they had been cut at that very instant.—PROFESSOR CESARE LOMBROSO, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

"WUT."

SHERIFF RUTHERFURD, who died in Edinburgh the other day, held for many years the post of Sheriff of Mid-Lothian. He did not pose as what might be called a judicial humorist; but when Sheriff Rutherfurd did unbend, the joke was a very good one indeed. On one occasion he had before him two horse-dealers. There had been a good deal of hard swearing in the case on each side, and it was averred by one of the dealers that the horse which he had bought could not lie down. Sheriff Rutherfurd heard all the evidence in the case, and then, looking over the Bench down to the parties, he remarked that it seemed to him that the only one connected with this case that could not *lie* was the horse.—"TIT-BITS."

AVOWAL EXTRAORDINARY.

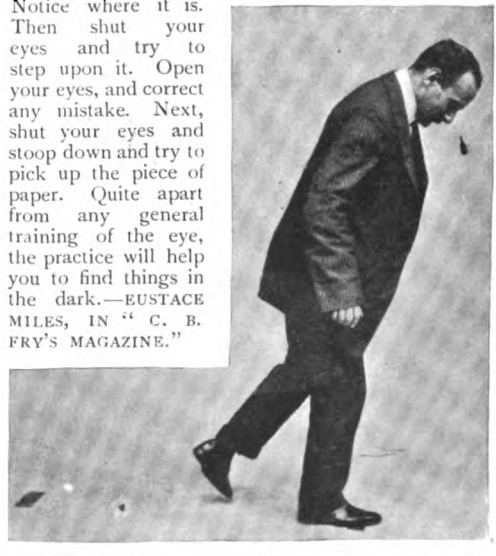
ON the occasion of Sir Charles Wyndham's *début* stage fright and lack of experience combined against him, and—well, he did not do so well then as now. The fact is that Sir Charles (then plain Mr.) played in a love scene, where he was supposed to utter dramatically the words: "Dearest, I am drunk with that enthusiasm of love which but once in a lifetime fills the soul of man." But Sir Charles was new to it. He was nervous, and the great black pit before him made him more so. He just managed to stammer out: "Dearest, I am drunk!" Then words failed him, and words likewise fail to describe the shriek of laughter that went up from the audience, and the feelings of the young actor.—FROM "WOMAN'S LIFE."

WHAT THE DIVER SEES

HOW far a diver can see under water depends upon circumstances. In the waters of the West Indies you can easily see for a distance of seventy-five feet. It is a wonderful sight there to watch the kelpweed swaying on the ocean bed, acres in extent, eight feet high, with blood-red leaves as big as a barrel all dotted over with black spots, swaying gently in the water, and swarming all over with rock-crabs, lobsters, and all kinds of fish.—HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

TRAINING THE EYE

IT is very important to know sizes and distances Learn a few perfectly. Learn the inch, the foot, the yard. Learn to be able to step or jump to a given spot. Here is a simple exercise. Put a little piece of paper on the floor, about eighteen inches from you. Notice where it is. Then shut your eyes and try to step upon it. Open your eyes, and correct any mistake. Next, shut your eyes and stoop down and try to pick up the piece of paper. Quite apart from any general training of the eye, the practice will help you to find things in the dark.—EUSTACE MILES, IN "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."



IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The attention of all readers of "The Strand Magazine" is called to page 76 in the advertisements, where will be found full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

CURIOSITIES.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"SPORT?"

THIS photograph was taken in a pheasantry in the South of Scotland, where the birds are reared and fed by hand. The keeper in the picture, who was very much attached to his birds, had trained them to fly on to his gun and to sit there while he raised it to his shoulder. They would fly on to his shoulders, head, hands, and arms, and eat out of his hands. The question that naturally occurs to one is: where can the sport be in shooting birds that have been domesticated to such an extent that they are as tame as barn-door fowls?—Mr. Kenneth Fraser, University Union, Park Place, Edinburgh.

Most of them are associated with quaint legends and superstitions. The photograph below shows one of these stones which is situated in a small wood at St. Samson, near Dinan. It will be seen that the huge stone is in a leaning position and has one flat face uppermost. On the day of St. Samson, the patron saint of the district, the unmarried girls of the neighbourhood hie them to the little glade in the wood and climb to the top of the stone. They then slide down to the ground, it being their superstitious belief that those who succeed in reaching the bottom without injury will be married within the twelve-month.—Mr. H. J. Lewis, 24, Ferntower Road, N.

A DISH "GONE TO POT."

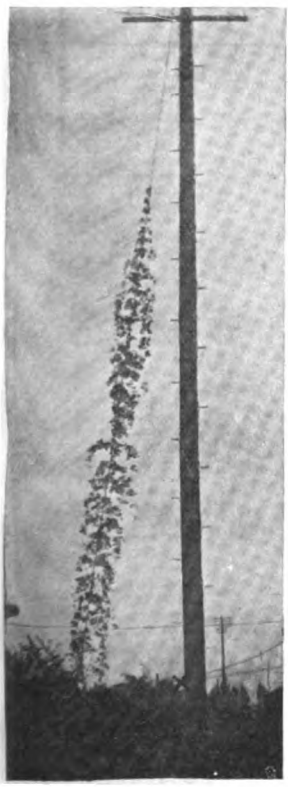
I SEND you a photograph of a curious accident; the dish was left on the table, and in the night was knocked off by a cat. Instead of falling to the ground and breaking, it caught the handle of the pot and slid down, and remained in the position shown. The dish is not broken except for the hole shown.—Mr. Egerton Allcock, Penbryn, Lillington Road, Leamington.

A "SLIDING-STONE" FOR WOULD-BE BRIDES.

NO part of Europe is so thickly strewn with rough stone monuments, relics of a bygone age of Druidism, as is Brittany. They are to be met with all over the country, generally in fields, though not infrequently close by the roadside.

HALF A TON OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THERE is in Switzerland an orphan asylum whose revenue is considerably augmented by the sale of used postage-stamps, collected by sympathizers in all parts of Europe and in North America. The stamps are forwarded to the asylum, where they accumulate until there are sometimes over thirty tons in stock. The manager of the institution sells the stamps by the ton to wholesale stamp dealers, and the photograph represents a small lot of half a ton being mixed up on the premises of Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich. A pound weight of stamps with paper adhering consists of between six and seven thousand, so that the little heap shown in the photograph contains over seven million stamps, and, as they are retailed at 2s. 4d. per pound, they represent a value of about a hundred and thirty pounds. — Mr. Charles Whitfield King, jun., Morpeth House, Ipswich.



A GIGANTIC HOP PLANT.

ENCLOSED is a photograph showing a hop plant grown on the wire support of a telegraph pole. The height, which is about thirty-two feet, may be judged by the steps on the pole nearest the hop, which are three feet apart. The bottom step, marked by a **X**, is seven feet from the ground. The bine when taken down measured thirty-two feet six inches. The bine on the same root last year measured thirty-six feet.—Mr. J. Olley, 69, Langley Road, Catford, S.E.

A RESOURCEFUL RAGAMUFFIN.

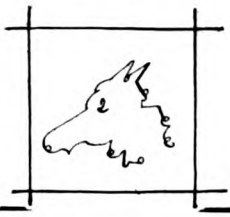
I ENCLOSE a photo. which I have just taken of a child knocking at his door with his foot. He was quite unable to reach the knocker any other way unaided; his brother and sister were waiting to go in with him. I took it in this neighbourhood, and the boy must be very resourceful to have thought of knocking in this manner. He supports himself on the handle of the door, which is in the centre, and his foot arrives at the knocker by walking up the side of the brick doorway. He gets a good foothold on this and his head describes a semi-circle round the handle. —Mr. James J. Robinson, 310A, York Road, Camden Road, N.

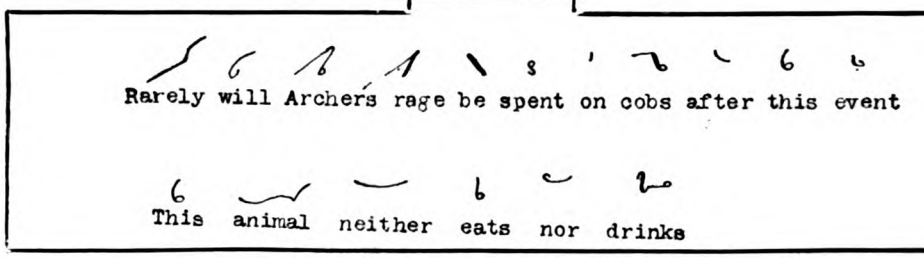
IN ENGLAND OR AMERICA?

THIS sign-post stands on the main road from Boston to Lincoln. The third arm points to the village of Bunker's Hill. Many people would think this post was in America, but a visit to Lincolnshire would soon show how the Pilgrim Fathers took the names of their old homes to a strange country.—Mr. Guy Evered, 4A, Belsize Grove, Hampstead, N.W.

A SHORTHAND HORSE.

THE rough outline of the head of a horse here shown is made up of Pitman's shorthand characters. Reading from the nose upwards the translation is: "Rarely will Archer's rage be spent on cobs after this event," while the lower signs read: "This animal neither eats nor drinks." The quotation obviously, in the first part, refers to the famous jockey, Fred Archer, who died some years ago. Before his decease I often had occasion, at the request of pupils, to draw this and other designs as a little diversion after lessons.—Mr. John W. Greatorex Beaumont, 28, Mentor Street, Slade Lane, Longsight, Manchester.





A MARROW BY POST.

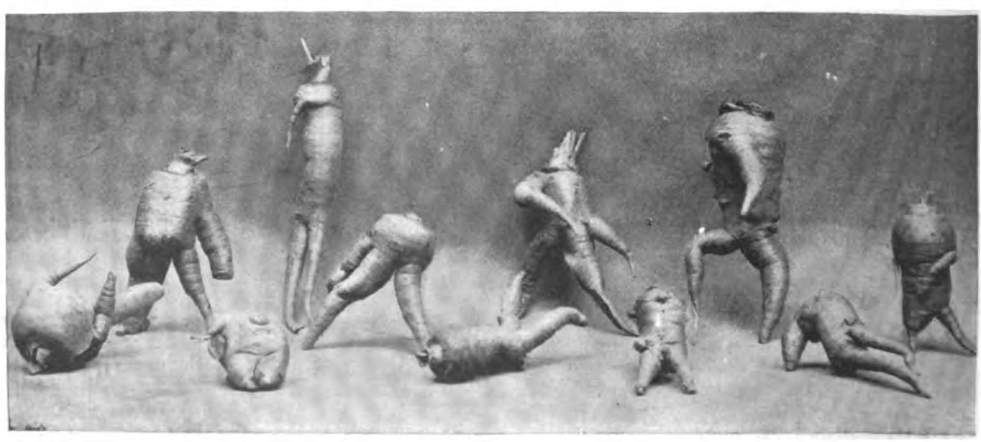
THE vegetable marrow shown here was grown by Ross Brothers, Evesham, pricked with their father's address when quite small, and posted without further address. When full grown the letters appear to be carved deeply on the marrow, as you see in the photograph.—Miss Elsie Ross, South Side, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

"THE PUGILIST CARROT BRIGADE."

I SEND you a photograph of freak carrots. On taking up our crop here I found some curious-shaped roots, and set them up and photographed them as shown. They are exactly as grown, and there is nothing whatever added to any of them.—Mr. Albert Nobbs, The Gardens, Beech Hurst, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

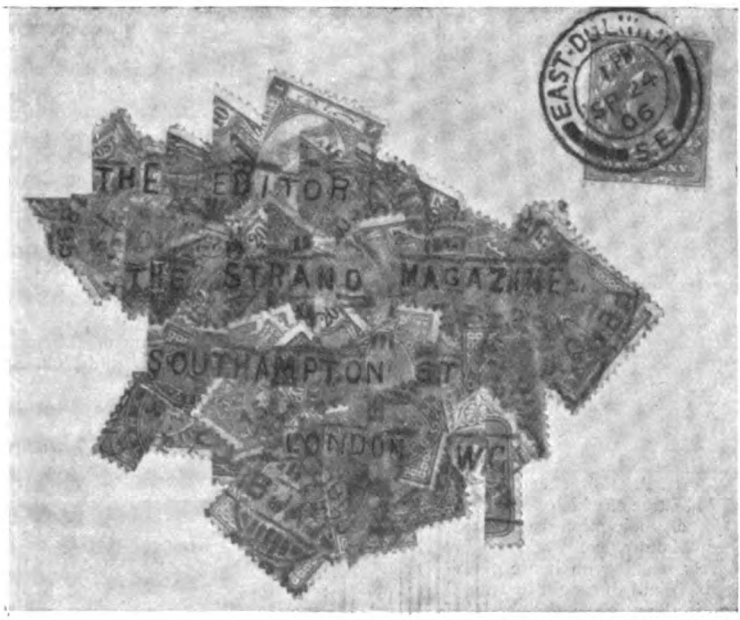
THE GROWING POWER OF A LILY.

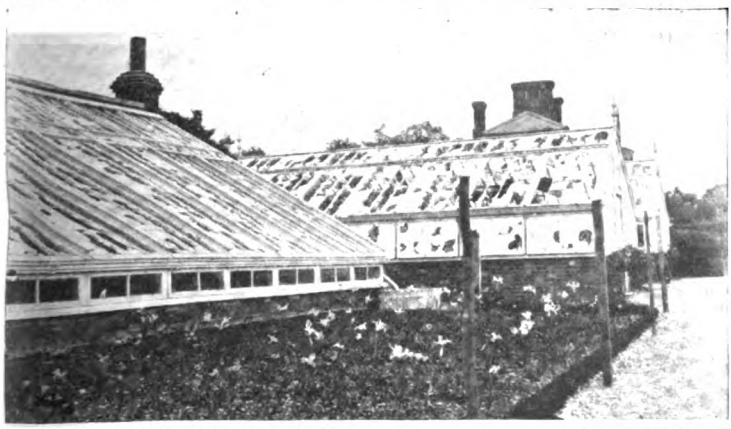
THIS photograph was taken in a nursery in the North of London. It represents a Lilium Harrisii, of which the bulb, having been planted upside down, grew downwards in the soil, found its way through the hole of the pot, and then grew upwards. Note the growing strength of the plant, powerful enough to lift the pot, also the roots grown outside the pot at the bottom, where the stem was in contact with the damp ground underneath.—Mr. G. Verboonen, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.



A REAL "STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE."

I AM writing you a note and hope that it will reach you safely, seeing that the address on the envelope is rather out of the ordinary. You will notice that I have placed the stamps in such a way upon one another that the letters from postmasters' obliterating stamps should form your address. In fact, the address is quite a "stamped addressed envelope," and is made up of the postmarks of English, Belgian, German, Indian, Egyptian, Brazilian, French, and Cape of Good Hope stamps, each letter being part of a different stamp. —Mr. H. Leach, 30, North Cross Road, East Dulwich, S.E.



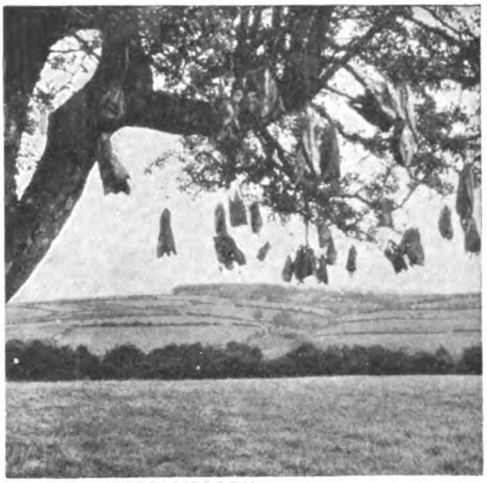


HAILSTONES *v.* GLASS.

THIS photograph represents the greenhouses here, taken the morning after a recent great hailstorm. Some of the stones measured an inch and a half square.—Miss B. Murray, Assembly Manor, Christchurch, Hants.

A NAIL-CARRIER PIGEON.

I SEND you a photograph of what is to my mind a most remarkable occurrence. In order to describe it fully I shall have to go back to January, 1906. In this month the pigeon became very ill, and seemed not to be able to obtain nourishment from its food, and was apparently wasting away. It was not until June that it began to show any signs of recovery. Mr. Brady (its owner) was examining it one day, when he felt a prick in his finger as if some sharp object were concealed under the wing. He then discovered a small French wire nail protruding from under the flesh, point upwards, as shown in the photograph. He then noticed that the pigeon had almost lost the use of one leg, but that as the nail "grew" more the strength was regained, and the pigeon has enjoyed perfect health since. The bird has developed normally, and has taken two prizes lately in Dublin cage-bird shows, and so seems none the worse for its experiences. One can only imagine that the bird swallowed the ferric morsel with its food. An X-ray photograph has been taken, but is not procurable. This reveals a still stranger view, for it appears that the head of the nail is on the other side of a bone which corresponds more or less to the human hip-bone. How the bird ever lived through it all we are at a loss to conceive. — Mr. J. Andrews, 30, Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin.

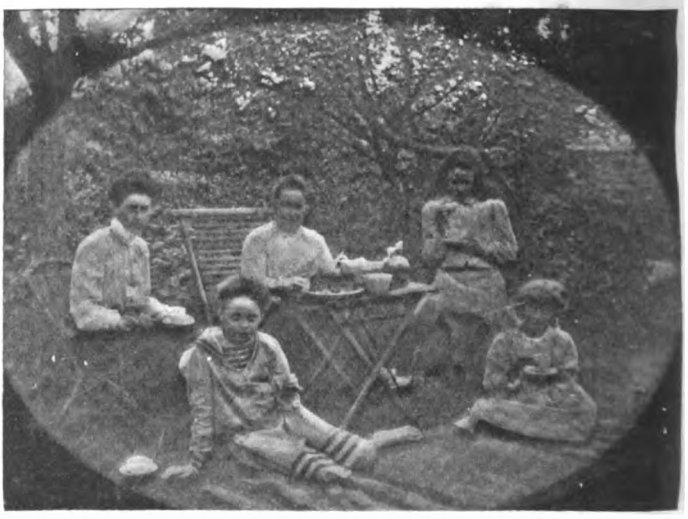


THE PIKES' PILLORY.

THE tree of which I send you a photograph is situated near Mallow, co. Cork. The objects hanging on it are pikes' heads, from fish caught by an old man in the neighbourhood. The lower branches of this tree are also covered with these heads.—Miss C. M. Amphlete, Gilston, Colinsburgh, Fife.

A BAS-RELIEF PHOTOGRAPH.

I SEND you a photograph which was printed so as to produce a bas-relief effect. I began by making an "autotype" carbon print on glass, making the positive less dense than the negative plate. I then put the two plates together and printed in the ordinary way, the light going through both positive and negative plates. — Mr. W. H. Dobbie, White Lodge, Lidlington, near Ampthill, Beds.



A RAILWAY WAG.

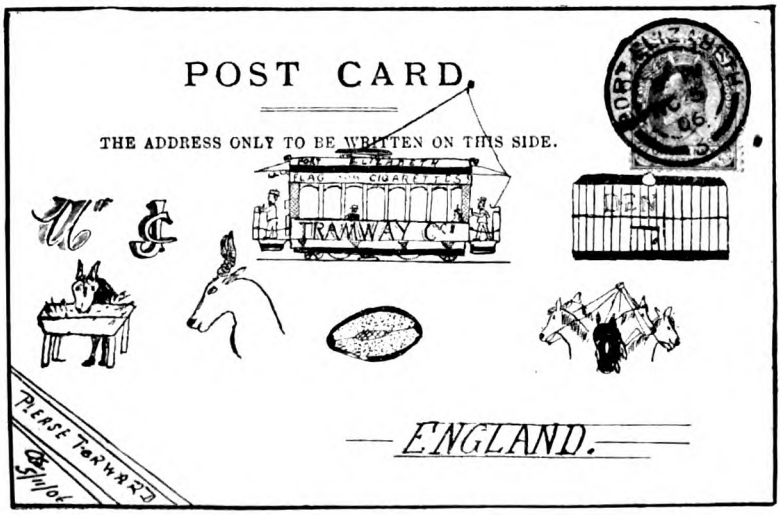
SOME time ago, whilst travelling in Scotland, I noticed on the side of the compartment and immediately under the hat-rack, in the space usually occupied by notices of the railway company, this startling (though in many cases quite true) inscription,

ALE ON A PAY DAY

I looked at it for a few seconds, scarcely able to believe the evidence of my own eyes, as it was in bold printing. Then it gradually dawned upon me that some wag had altered the original inscription, which had read:

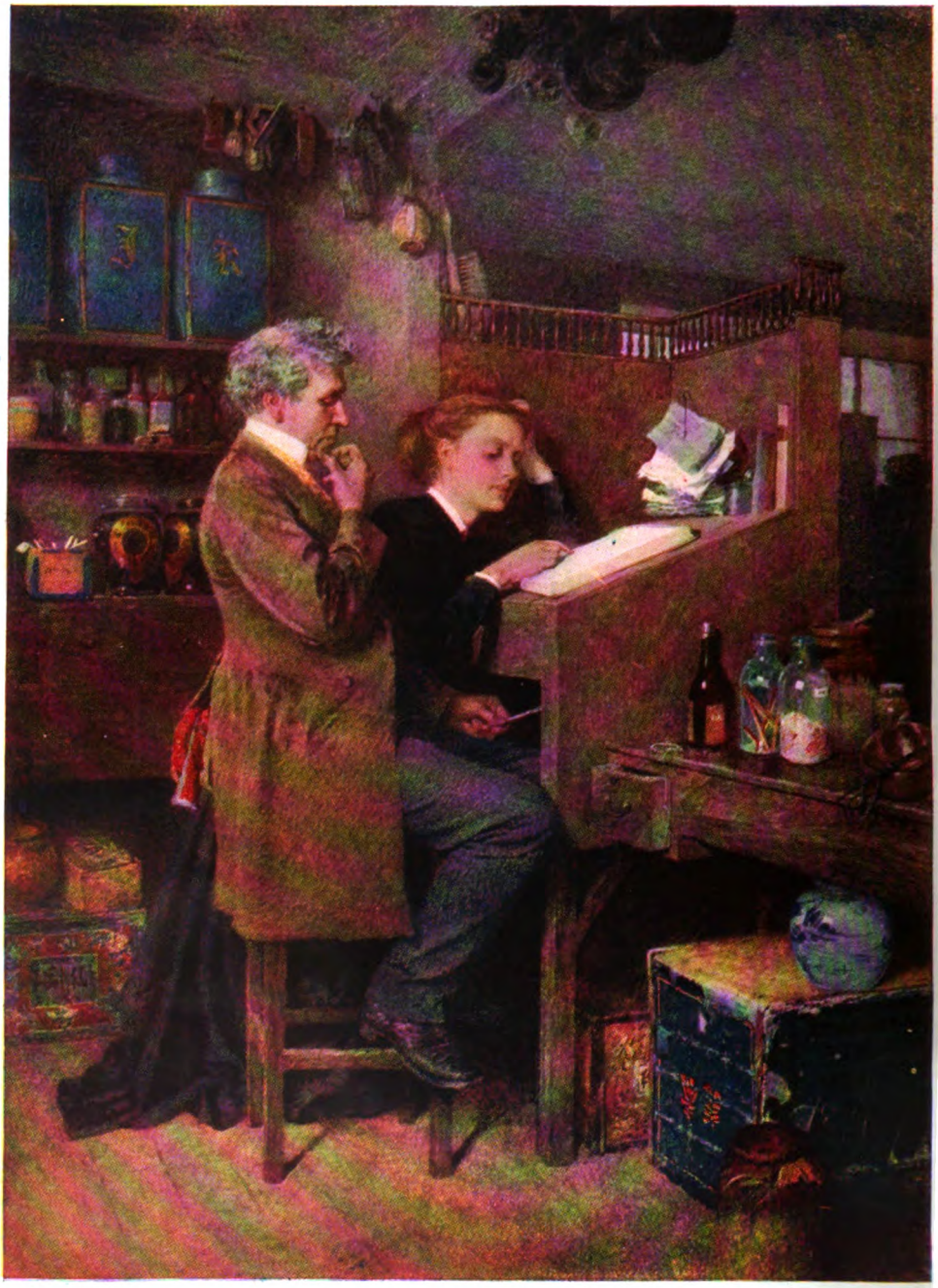
CALEDONIAN RAILWAY

The erasing of the various letters had been neatly done and, until closely examined, could not be detected. I will leave it to THE STRAND readers to find out those letters which had been erased and altered, although it is worth noting that the only letter which had been wholly renewed had been W in "railway," erased and substituted by D; also those letters which had been erased formed the exact spaces between the words of the new sentence. — Mr. W. Barnes, 29, Prior Street, Lincoln.



A "SPRINGBOK" POST-CARD.

MR. J. CECIL CARDEN, the manager of the South African Rugby team, has sent us the curiously-addressed envelope we here reproduce, which he has received from South Africa. The address reads, "Mr. J. C. Carden, Manager, Springbok Rugby Team, England."



"SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE." By CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii. MARCH, 1907. No. 195.

Gems of the South Kensington Collection.

IT is a matter of surprise to the picture-lover, sated with all the international art of the day, to note what dozens of little masterpieces there are hidden away in this gallery or that—none the less perfect or admirable because they are of native and not of foreign workmanship.

"THE VISIT." By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

In the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, may be found achievements by some of the greatest masters, such as Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Alma-Tadema, and Landseer.

In the last year of the sixties, and a good twelvemonth before his decision to take up his residence in England, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema finished "The Visit." It is a picture executed with the most sedulous care. Not to Rome, not to the classic world, did the great painter turn this time for inspiration. Upon a simple Dutch interior, the bedchamber of some worthy burgomaster's wife, was his eye bent, and with faithful, loving touches he depicts for us a scene whose interest can never grow old. The young mother lies upon her bed of down, within the four great iron posts, with ample tester overhead. By her side is a caller — an intimate friend—full of sympathy. At the window, looking out upon the Gothic spires of the quaint Flemish street, is seen the tiny new-comer in its nurse's arms. In spite of the theme, all the characteristics of Alma-Tadema's canvases are here present. Here he shows himself to be a true follower of the ancient Dutch school, and the influence of his master, the late Baron Leys, is strikingly apparent.

Of the charming "Dolly Varden" here-

"DOLLY VARDEN." By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

with reproduced, the painter, Mr. W. P. Frith, remarks as follows:—

"One of the greatest difficulties besetting me has always been the choice of subject. My inclination being strongly towards the illustration of modern life, I had read the works of Dickens in the hope of finding material for the exercise of any talent I might possess; but at that time the ugliness of modern dress frightened me, and it was not till the publication of 'Barnaby Rudge,' and the delightful Dolly Varden was presented to us, that I felt my opportunity had come, with the cherry-coloured mantle and the hat and pink ribbons.

"I found a capital model for Dolly, and I painted her in a variety of attitudes. First, where she is admiring a bracelet given her by Miss Haredale; then as she leans laughing against a tree; then, again, in an interview with Miss Haredale, where she is the bearer of a letter from that lady's lover; and again when,

on being accused of a penchant for Joe, she declares, indignantly, 'she hoped she could do better than *that*, indeed!'

"These pictures easily found purchasers, though for sums small enough. The laughing Dolly, afterwards engraved, became very popular, replicas of it being made for Dickens's friend, John Forster, and others.

"It goes without saying that I had read all that Dickens had written, beginning with the 'Sketches by Boz'; and I can well remember my disappointment when I found that the real name of the author was *Dickens*. I refused to believe that such a genius could have such a vulgar name; and now what a halo surrounds it!

"I had never seen the man, who in my estimation was, and is, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived; my sensations therefore may be imagined when I received the following letter:—

1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
November 15, 1842.

My Dear Sir,—I shall be very glad if you will do me the favour to paint me two little companion pictures, one a Dolly Varden (whom you have so exquisitely done already), the other a Kate Nickleby.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I take it for granted that the original picture of Dolly with the bracelet is sold.

"My mother and I cried over that letter, and the wonder is that anything is left of it, for I showed it to every friend I had, and it was admired and envied by all."

It is sufficient to add that in spite of the artist's forebodings Dickens declared himself to be more than satisfied with the two pictures. He brought his mother and sister-in-law to see them, and this visit proved the commencement of a long and warm friendship between the great author and the then rising young painter. Dickens wrote out a cheque for forty pounds for the Dolly Varden and her companion picture; but it is interesting to note that after his death they were sold at Christie's for no less than thirteen hundred guineas.

One of Mr. Sheepshanks's most valued bequests to the South Kensington collection is Landseer's inimitable "Jack in Office." Here we see a surly, overfed cur, with an air of vulgar importance, seated upon a dog's-meat barrow which has been confided to his care. While thus enthroned he receives the courtier-like attentions of his hungry and less fortunate fellow-creatures. One meagre beast stands with watering mouth over a

"JACK IN OFFICE." By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

"THE OPEN BOOK." By ALBERT MOORE.

skewer of meat in the master's basket; another, seated on his haunches, begs *in formâ pauperis*, with dropped paws and adulatory whine; while yet a third appeals to the guardian's gallantry and devotion to her sex. But all without avail. He sits calmly contemptuous, scorning the meaner supplicants. In front a dark puppy nervously gnaws a savoury skewer which has been tossed carelessly aside, while in the distance we may see a consequential and well-fed terrier surveying the scene with profound disdain. The picture is brimful of humour—a humour, however, not unmingled with an element of pathos.

Very different to Landseer in the character

"ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON." By FORD MADOX BROWN.

"DAY-DREAMS." By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

and conception of his work was Albert Moore, whose picture, "The Open Book," is reproduced. Few artists, perhaps, have been so severely criticised as Moore, and few have so triumphantly survived the ordeal. Of his rare qualities in technique and skill in colouring and composition there can be no doubt whatever. It has been said that his pictures were unsuggestive, that they were lacking in imagination and interest, and that, although they almost invariably depicted Grecian scenes and flowing Grecian drapery, the figures were always entirely and essentially English. But these criticisms disturbed Moore not at all. "Anachronism," he remarked, "is the soul of art." His ideal was to paint beauty, and in this he certainly succeeded. In "The Open Book" we have a drawing of exceptional beauty and technical charm, of all his water-colours the one best suited for a national collection. The theme is obvious, self-explanatory. A girl clad in flowing draperies of the most delicate salmon-pink reclines upon a curiously-wrought and inlaid chest, while she ponders over the open book which lies before her. The picture is purely decorative, but decorative in the highest and best sense of the word. It contains no hidden and elusive meaning to reward the search of the curious, no great and inspiring truth to sink deep into the soul; but it is nevertheless a thing of the rarest beauty, and will ever be a source of the keenest delight to the jaded picture-lover.

That the new fashions in art and the latest combinations of colour are only a revival of fashions known long ago is strikingly illustrated by the picture, "Elijah and the Widow's Son," by Madox Brown. The fresh and vivid scarlet in juxtaposition to sombre pigments catches the eye as much as in any canvas of Mr. Abbey and his disciples.

Although a strong sympathizer with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, Madox Brown was never asked to become a member of that little select band of artists which formed the actual Brotherhood. There were several reasons why the Pre-Raphaelites, although greatly admiring his genius, did not desire him as a fellow-member. In the first place, they considered him too old to be able entirely to sympathize with a movement that was almost boyish in tone. Then, again, his works had none of the minute rendering of natural objects that the Pre-Raphaelites had determined should distinguish their own pictures, and, although his paintings showed great dramatic power, they were nevertheless rather too grimly grotesque ever to render him a serviceable ally.

The theme for this picture first occurred to the artist in 1864, in which year he executed two small studies of it—one in water-colours and the other in oils. It was not till 1868 that the picture was finally finished and exhibited, when it was sold for three hundred and fifteen pounds. The artist thus described his picture in the exhibition catalogue:—

"We all remember how the widow in the extremity of her grief cried out, 'Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?' So we can all imagine the half (or half-assumed) reproachful look with which Elijah, as he brought the child downstairs, would have said, 'See, thy son liveth,' and even the faint twinkle of humour in the eyes with which he would receive the reply, 'Now *by this I know* that thou art a man of God.' The child is represented as in his grave-clothes, which have a far-off resemblance to Egyptian funeral trappings, having been laid out with flowers in the palms of his hands, as is done by women in such cases. Without this the subject (the coming to life) could not be expressed by the painter's art, and till this view of the subject presented itself to me I could not see my way to make a picture of it. The shadow on the wall, projected by a bird out of the picture returning to its nest (consisting of the bottle which in some countries is inserted in walls to secure the presence of the swallow of good omen), typifies the return of the soul to the body. The Hebrew writing over the door consists of verses of Deut. vi. 4–9, which the Jews were ordered so to use (possibly suggested to Moses by the Egyptian custom). Probably the dwelling in tents gave rise to the habit of writing the words instead on parchment placed in a case.

"As is habitual with very poor people, the widow is supposed to have resumed her household duties, little expecting the result of the prophet's vigil with her dead child. She has, therefore, been kneading a cake for his dinner. The costume is such as can be devised from study of Egyptian combined with Assyrian and other nearly contemporary remains. The effect is vertical sunlight such as exists in Southern latitudes."

For the "Day-Dreams" D. G. Rossetti made two preliminary crayon studies, but it was not completed in oils till the autumn of 1880. It was one of the artist's greatest favourites amongst his own pictures. It represents a beautiful woman rapt in some

"day-dream spirit-fann'd," while she sits in the summer silence under "the thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore."

Under the ample shade of the spreading brown branches she rests, lost in dreamy meditation, while from the green depth of the sycamore a thrush pours out its soul in a very ecstasy of song. The book she has been reading lies listlessly on her lap, and the fragrant blossom she has plucked falls unnoticed from her hand. The whole painting is imbued with the spirit of dreamful reverie and vague meditation.

Seated one evening before the picture ere it had received the finishing touches of a master hand, Rossetti addressed to it the following sonnet:—

The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
Still bear young leaflets half the summer through;
From where the robin 'gainst the unhidden blue
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,
The embowered throstle's urgent wood-notes soar
Through summer silence. Still the leaves come new;
Yet never rosy-sheathed as those which drew
Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.

Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams even may spring till autumn; yet none be
Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-fann'd.
Lo! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,
She dreams; till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.

Few indeed are the painters of any age who could not only paint such a picture but pen such a poem.

It is doubtful whether amongst the innumerable illustrators of Dickens there was one who combined such perfect technique with so keen an appreciation of character as the late Charles Green. This admirable water-colour painter had not only a keen eye for character, but a humour strangely akin to the humour of Dickens himself, yet wholly devoid of any strain of caricature. His pictures are simple, clean, and wholesome. As one of his friends said at his death: "Green never painted anything that was not pleasant to look upon." His work was fresh and vivid, and although severe critics would and did call it "pretty," yet the epithet is applied daily to even greater men than Charles Green. The British public has grown accustomed to this aspersion upon its favourite painters. In the example given in our frontispiece we see a luckless shopkeeper puzzling over his accounts. His clever little daughter with a "head for figures" has come to his assistance, but in vain. The figures will not come right. There is "Something wrong somewhere." What are they to do? The situation is one which appeals to man, woman, and child who have ever been in a similar predicament.

By far the greater part of the South Kensington collection is due to the munificence of a couple of deceased picture-lovers, Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides and Mr. Thomas Sheepshanks. Of Mr. Sheepshanks we are told that he was a sleeping partner in a cloth firm at Leeds, a bachelor who, although he never possessed an income of more than £1,500 a year, accumulated his large collection of pictures by contemporary British painters out of that income. Some of the most wonderful of Landseer's works were acquired by Sheepshanks for sums which Mr. Frith regarded as extremely small. One of the largest, "The Departure of the Highland Drovers," was originally painted for the Duke of Bedford. The Duke, however, pleaded poverty as an excuse for not carrying out the contract, and said that if Landseer could find another purchaser he would be glad to resign "so beautiful a work."

The exquisite "Jack in Office," "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "The Tethered Ram," etc., were all bought for ludicrously small prices; and any exclamation from a bystander to that effect was sure to elicit from Mr. Sheepshanks a somewhat petulant explanation: "Well, I always give what is asked for a picture, or I don't buy it at all—never beat a man down in my life. Never sold a picture, and I never will; and if what I hear of the prices that you gentlemen are getting now is true, I can't pay them, so my picture-buying days are over."

The Scarlet Runner.

IV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE HIDDEN PRINCE.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

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CHRISTOPHER RACE stared at the invitation, and stared again. If it had come to him in his palmy days, he might not have been thus blankly amazed; but at best who was Christopher Race that he should be bidden to a reception at the Foreign Office, to meet Royalty?

Of course, Christopher said to himself, he would not go. Before the day of the reception he would be away in the country with Scarlet Runner, trailing a fat and vulgar Australian millionaire, with his fat and vulgar millionairess, about rural England. He had not accepted the millionaire's offer yet; but it meant ten pounds a day for a fortnight—perhaps longer, and Scarlet Runner had been eating her bonnet off in an expensive garage for nearly three weeks.

There were several humbler envelopes under the one which had naturally found a place on the top; but they were blue or grey, and, taking it for granted that they were bills, Christopher was in no hurry to open them. Had he not chanced to knock down the little pile with his elbow, in reaching for the coffee-pot, he would have accepted the millionaire's terms and declined with thanks the Foreign Office invitation. But he did knock the pile down, and the bottom envelope had no resemblance to the rest.

It also was blue, but of a delicate and attractive azure. It was addressed to him in a writing unfamiliar, yet perhaps the more provocative for that; and, unless it were deliberately calculated to mislead, it suggested the individuality of a woman at once original and charming. Christopher broke the violet seal with anticipation, which for once fell short of realization, for the letter, which covered no more than a page, was signed "Eloise Dauvray."

That name had rung in his ears, mysterious and sweet as the music of bells floating over the sea from a city of mirage, since the masked ball, where he had been lucky enough to serve the fair Southerner's purpose. But he had not heard from her in the six weeks that followed, nor had he expected to hear.

Now his heart gave a leap as he read the summons which called him back into her life.

Her letter had no conventional beginning. "Since I have been a grown woman," she said, "I have known only two Real Men, and you are one of those two. I want you to meet the other. Something great may come of the meeting, and this time you would be with me in an adventure of which neither of us need be ashamed. As for me, I am in it deeply, heart and soul. If you will throw in your fortune with mine, come to-morrow night to the Foreign Office reception, for which I will see that you have an invitation.

Yours—gratefully for the past, hopefully for the future — Eloise Dauvray."

"HIS HEART GAVE A LEAP AS HE READ THE SUMMONS WHICH CALLED HIM BACK INTO HER LIFE."

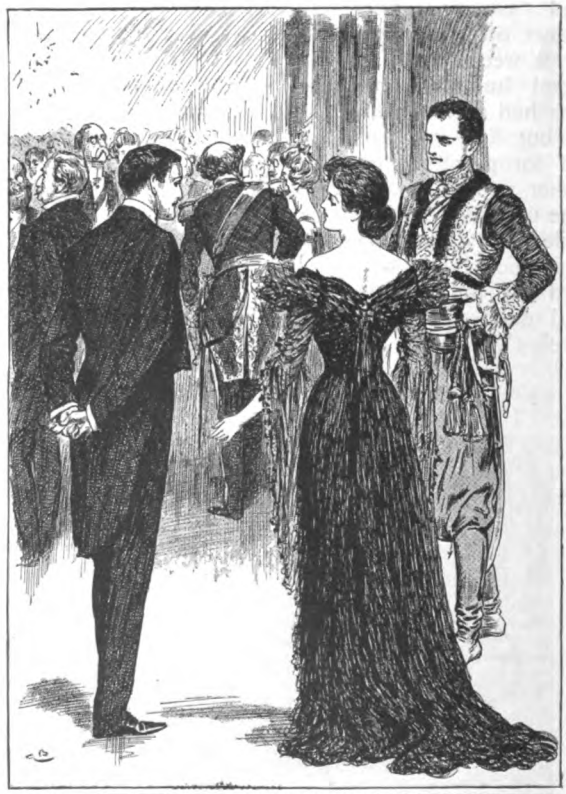
No question now as to whether he would go or not go! He wanted to see Eloise Dauvray; he wanted to know why and how she needed him; he wanted to be in that adventure, whatever it might prove, because she would be in it; and though it was a drawback that he was not the only Real Man on her horizon, he wanted to find out what the other one was like.

He wrote to the millionaire, regretting that he was previously engaged. And on the night of the reception he dressed himself as one of the two Real Men in the world ought to be dressed for an occasion of importance.

Lest she should be needed he drove Scarlet Runner to Whitehall, and left her in charge of a hired chauffeur whom he could trust.

Christopher stepped out of his car into a blaze of light and colour; and indoors the luscious perfume of flowers, mingled with the thought that he was about to see Eloise Dauvray, went to his head like some rich Spanish wine. He dreaded, yet longed, to join the tide of men and women passing up the wide staircase between the double line of Guards, glorious in scarlet tunics and silver helmets. Beyond that staircase — somewhere — Miss Dauvray and he would meet.

He was greeted by the Foreign Secretary and his wife, and instantly forgotten as the murmur went round that Royalty was arriving. Christopher knew by sight many of the celebrities, but found no friends. In his social days he had been in a very good set, but it was not this set; and now he paused forlornly, looking for Eloise Dauvray, his eyes half dazzled by the blaze of women's diamonds and men's jewelled decorations.



"'MR. RACE,' SAID ELOISE DAUVRAY AGAIN, 'I WANTED YOU TO COME AND MEET PRINCE MIRKO OF DALVANIA.'"

"Mr. Race," murmured a voice that no man who had heard it once could forget; and, turning, he was face to face with Eloise Dauvray—an astonishingly changed Eloise Dauvray.

She had been beautiful before, but she was doubly beautiful now, with the radiant, morning beauty of a girl of eighteen. The eyes, once clouded with mystery or tragedy, had been turned into stars by some new happiness; and for a giddy second Christopher asked himself if it could be his presence that——

But the thought broke before it finished; for he saw the Other Man, and, seeing him, knew the secret of the change in Eloise Dauvray. The glory of love irradiated her, and it seemed to Christopher that she was not ashamed to let him see it.

Of some men Christopher might have been jealous; for, though he was not in love with the beautiful American, she called out all the romance and chivalry in his nature, and she had a special niche of her own in his heart, a niche of gold and purple. But this man was no common man, and suddenly it was as if Christopher saw his tall figure framed in such another niche, glowing with strange jewels, unique and splendid. If there had been jealousy in Christopher's soul it must have been burnt up like chaff in the brave fire of the Other Man's eyes, as they welcomed him.

"Mr. Race," said Eloise Dauvray again, "I wanted you to come and meet Prince Mirko of Dalvania. I have told him about you."

Christopher was not surprised to learn that this noble young giant, in the wonderful Eastern uniform scintillating with orders and

decorations, was called Prince. It would have been more surprising to hear that he was other than a prince. He must have been at least six feet three in height, slender, yet broad-shouldered, and singularly graceful in bearing for so tall a man. His face, no darker than that of an Italian, had features that were purely Greek; and the great eyes, soft yet brilliant, had the starry darkness of Southern skies.

"I am here with my grandmother," said Miss Dauvray. "You have not met her, but she is an old friend of the Foreign Secretary's wife. Prince Mirko and you and I must talk together."

They found a quiet corner, out of the way of the crowd. "Now I am going to tell you a secret," the girl went on. "You see how I trust you—how we both trust you? For it's a secret that, if known, might spoil a plan whose success means everything to the Prince—everything, therefore, to me."

"I hope to be worthy of your trust and the Prince's trust," answered Christopher, simply.

"He has asked me to marry him. That is part of the secret," said Eloise. "For his sake I ought to have refused. But I love him. My love has made me selfish."

"You would have spoiled my life and killed my ambition if you had refused," Prince Mirko of Dalvania broke in, hotly. "From the moment we met the world held nothing for me that compared with you."

He spoke in perfect English, though with an accent something like that of an Italian when venturing out upon the sea of a foreign language. They looked at each other, and forgot Christopher for an instant, but only for an instant.

"Congratulate me, Mr. Race," said the Prince. "Good fortune had a quarrel with me until two weeks ago; then I met Miss Dauvray."

"Congratulate *me!*" exclaimed Eloise. "You saw what I was before. You see what I am now."

This was a delicate topic; and perhaps Christopher's face showed that he found it difficult, for the girl spoke before he could choose his answer. "The Prince *knows*," she said. "I told him everything. It was hard, and I was tempted to keep my own counsel. Perhaps conscience alone would not have decided me, but—it was better he should hear all there was to hear—the very worst—from me than from—*someone else.*"

"Don't speak like that," the Prince implored her, tenderly. "What was there to hear, after all? Only that a man whom I shall kill one day when I have the time terrorized you cruelly."

So quietly and with such sang-froid did he announce his intention that, despite the emotion they were both feeling, Eloise Dauvray and Christopher Race smiled.

"But I will," repeated the Prince, like a boy. "Just now, you know very well, Eloise, I have not the time, because I am given to other things first; then, when I am my own again, I shall do what I say."

"You will not be your own; you will be mine, and your country's," answered Eloise. "And that brings us to what we have to tell and ask Mr. Race."

"Whatever you ask I will do," said Christopher, rashly. He was in the mood to be rash; not only for Miss Dauvray's sake, but now for the sake of the Prince as well. There was something of that extraordinary magnetism about the young man which the House of Stuart had, and made use of in enlisting followers.

"You had better wait and hear first," Mirko warned him. But at this moment arrived an anxious-looking gentleman, whose face cleared at sight of the group of three. Bowing courteously to Miss Dauvray, at whom he glanced quickly with veiled curiosity, he announced in indifferent French that he had been searching everywhere for His Royal Highness, in the hope of introducing him—by special request—to a very great personage.

Such a request was a command, and Eloise smiled permission to go.

"That is the Dalvanian Ambassador," she murmured, as the tall, youthful figure and the short, middle-aged one moved away together.

"He looks clever," said Christopher.

"He is clever," replied Eloise, "and—we believe—he is on our side. Not for *me*—I don't mean that. I hope and pray he knows nothing, and may guess nothing until too late to interfere. I mean something of more importance to Dalvania than a love affair. Perhaps, after all, it's just as well that I can tell you what I have to tell you alone. First, I thank you for coming, and—isn't he glorious?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "If I were a soldier I should like to fight for him."

"How strange you should say that!" half whispered the girl. "It is exactly what I want you to do. *Will* you be a 'soldier of fortune' and fight for us both? But, no; it isn't fair to ask you that until you know the whole story."

So she told him the story, briefly as she could, keeping down her own excitement, which would grow with the tale. Christopher knew little or nothing of Dalvanian affairs, except that the people of that turbulent country had risen some years ago against their king and killed him; that the queen and her children had been saved only by flight; that a distant relative of the dead man—a person favoured by Turkey—had been raised to the throne; and that the Dalvanians, who ought to have been elated at their success, had been more or less dissatisfied ever since.

Now Eloise Dauvray told him that the story of the flight and the massacre was twelve years old. The queen had lived in great seclusion, incognita, sometimes in France and England, sometimes in Austria and Hungary. Now she was dead—had been dead for two years. Her last words to her two sons—Mirko, twenty-six, and Peter, twenty-one—had been: "Win back Dalvania. Mirko must be king. Do not try to avenge your father's murder on the people. Most of them were innocent. It was a plot of Turkey's. But take the throne away from the alien."

This chimed with Mirko's heart's desire. But there was no money; and Dalvania—even if willing to accept him—was weak, while Turkey was near and powerful. Still, he was the rightful heir; and Dalvania was very tired of King Alexander, spendthrift and profligate.

Mirko as a boy had made one or two highly-placed friends in England; and though, while Alexander remained king, Great Britain could not officially countenance Mirko's claims, were he successful in regaining his father's throne England would be ready to congratulate him.

Now, Prince Mirko's errand in the most important island of the world was to enlist sympathy for his cause among those who would lend him their money or their help in organizing a secret raid; and the adventure, so Eloise Dauvray eagerly explained to Christopher Race, was not so hopeless as it might seem.

The Dalvanian Ambassador, who had just called the Prince away, had been put in his place by Turkey, like all other Dalvanian diplomats of King Alexander's day; nevertheless, he had private reasons for being at heart Mirko's friend. Daniello Rudovics knew what was Mirko's mission in England; knew that he was trying to get together a hundred thousand pounds to buy arms and feed a small army; knew that he was inviting adventurous or rich young Englishmen to join him secretly at the Montenegrin frontier of Dalvania, for a certain purpose; yet Rudovics was giving no hint to Turkey, his real employer, of the business afoot. "And that is not because of any personal love for the Prince," finished the woman who loved the Prince above all, "but because he wants Mirko to marry his wife's daughter. If Mirko would take her, Turkey would let him gain his throne with no more than a mere theatrical struggle."

"That sounds as if thereby hung a tale," said Christopher, deeply interested now in the Other Man's fortunes.

"Thereby hangs a strange tale," echoed Miss Dauvray—"a tale of love. Once upon a time a Sultan loved a fair lady who was not his Sultana, yet she was of high rank and had important relatives who must not be offended. So the Sultan heaped upon her all the honours he could, and married her off to a colonel in his army, who died rather suddenly soon after the wedding day. Perhaps by that time the great man had tired of her beauty; at all events, when she had been long enough a widow, with a pretty little girl, he smiled upon a match between the lady and the new Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Now the girl is grown up—that is, she's sixteen or seventeen; and you can see that, if Mirko of Dalvania would please to fall in love with and marry her, there would be persons who would be pleased to see her a queen."

"I see," said Christopher. "The plot thickens."

"It grows very thick indeed," answered Eloise, "for Mirko won't think of the Lady Valda—will think of no one but me. Yet he must keep Rudovics's friendship for the present. That's why our engagement has to be secret; and our marriage must be secret, too. Only my grandmother knows—and you. At least, that's what I hope. I daren't dwell upon the things that might happen to Mirko if anyone who wished either of us evil should find out."

"Yes," said Christopher. "I understand, and I'd give anything—even Scarlet Runner—to help."

"We want you both—you and Scarlet Runner. Will you be one of those young men who will happen, in a few weeks, to be taking a trip that may end by bringing you to Dalvania? It's a very interesting country—everyone who has seen it says so—and, though wild, some good roads have been made

"WE WANT YOU BOTH—YOU AND SCARLET RUNNER."

lately—a bid for popularity by the usurper Alexander. No motor-cars have been seen there yet. If one should go, especially if it were a handsome, large, red one, it would cause great excitement among the simple-minded peasantry. It would be considered almost supernatural."

"What if it carried a prince—the rightful ruler of his country?" smiled Christopher.

"Some such thought was in my mind," said Eloise. "It would create a profound sensation. People would think him a god in the car."

"There ought also to be a goddess in the car," remarked Christopher, thoughtfully.

"She need not be lacking—if she had an invitation," answered Miss Dauvray.

"She has the invitation now."

"Thank you! And *you* have—an invitation to her wedding."

"When is it to be?" he asked, with outward calmness.

"That is the greatest secret of all. It is to be next week. I will let you know the day, and should like you to be there. So would Mirko. He knows what you did for me. Already you are to him more than other men, for my sake. And if you would help him—if you would take us into Dalvania——"

"Not only will I do that; but I think, if the Prince still needs it, I can get him money."

"He needs it desperately. But you—are not rich?"

"My uncle is."

"I heard something of your story from—but you can guess. I hate even to speak his name, in these good and happy days. Your uncle has disinherited you."

"That's still on the knees of the gods. I'm not sure he hasn't a sneaking fondness for me. But there's one thing he worships: a title. Once he gave fifty thousand turkeys and Heaven knows how many loaves of bread to the poor, for which he expected a knighthood, and got—thanks."

Eloise Dauvray's colour brightened.

"Prince Mirko would give him a dukedom and the Order of the Red Swan of Dalvania. Though it's a small country, the Swan is famous—as old as Constantine the First, and has been bestowed on few who were not kings or princes. You may have noticed that Mirko is wearing it to-night."

"I did notice, and thought—of my uncle. He would give ten years of his life for the Swan, and a hundred thousand pounds for a dukedom, even though Dalvanian—or I don't know him. You and Prince Mirko could induce him to do it, if you would let me take you both in Scarlet Runner to Hyde Hampton, his place in Middlesex, to pay an afternoon visit."

"We will go; I can promise for Mirko," said Eloise. "I must have my grandmother with me, for even Mirko wouldn't approve of his *fiancée* going unchaperoned. When he comes back to find me here, I'll tell him what you say, and he'll be very glad to know, too, that he can count upon your aid in our great adventure. Three hundred other young men have pledged themselves already; but there's no one like you, and there's only one Scarlet Runner. As for our marriage, the day will be fixed to-morrow, for one of the two men who is to marry us—a Dalvanian priest of the Greek Church, who was Mirko's first tutor—is coming on purpose, and everything will be arranged."

If Christopher had the idea that his acquaintance with a Royal prince would enhance his value in the eyes of his uncle, the thought had not influenced his suggestion. He spoke only in the interest of Mirko and Eloise, and indeed unselfishly; for a hundred thousand pounds would be a slice out of his inheritance in case his uncle relented towards him at the year's end.

He had not seen his relative for many months, nor had he communicated with him since he had taken to earning his own living with Scarlet Runner. Nevertheless, his long and elaborate wire the next day was promptly answered by old James Revelstone Race with a cordial invitation for any day that suited His Royal Highness.

The expedition was to be a secret, of course, like everything else which brought Prince Mirko of Dalvania and Eloise Dauvray of New Orleans together. Mirko was staying at a house which had been lent him by a young English earl, and Christopher called for him there with Scarlet Runner. But the Prince was well disguised with the least romantic of motor goggles and a cap with long flaps; and instead of picking up Mme. Dauvray and her granddaughter in Regent's Park, the car was driven by appointment to the house of a trusted friend in Richmond. There the two ladies got in, and Mirko, who was too ardent a lover to regard conventionalities when they might be disregarded, deserted the front seat to be with the adored one in the tonneau.

"But you would not let me see you yesterday," Christopher heard him complain, in answer, perhaps, to some laughing objection. "*Why* would you not let me? I had a thousand things to say to you. It's a day wasted in my life. Nothing can make up for it. And you had promised me. It was a great disappointment."

"And to me," said Eloise. "But—I couldn't help it. You must *know* I couldn't help it, or nothing would have made me write and put you off."

Whether or no Prince Mirko knew the inflections of Eloise Dauvray's voice as the amateur chauffeur fancied he knew them Christopher could not tell, but there was a hint of the old weariness in her tone which made him say to himself instantly: "Something has happened. She has had a blow or a shock."

During the run of an hour and a half to Hyde Hampton (the old place which Christopher still hoped might at some distant day be his) the girl was very silent. Mirko remarked it at last, asking anxiously if she were not well, but she answered with an effort at calling back her spirits that it was nothing; she hadn't slept very well last night, and had one of her bad headaches. Grandmamma knew how horrid they were, but soon the fresh air and quick motion would drive the pain away.

In spite of the headache she was very beautiful when she removed her thick motoring-veil at Hyde Hampton and replied to old Mr. Race's greetings. Yet it was a subdued beauty, pale as moonlight, though her lips were feverishly red and her eyes large and burning. Perhaps this was the effect of the headache; but Christopher Race did not think so; and his eyes returned again and again to her face, questioningly, during the visit, which—save for her suffering—was proving splendidly successful. Once or twice it seemed to him that she avoided his eyes; and he said to himself that, whatever might be the cause of the change in her, Miss Dauvray did not mean to confide in him.

Old James Race was enchanted with the Prince, almost collapsing with joy at Royalty's gracious praise of his picturesque Jacobean house and wonderful Dutch gardens. Such an honour had never come his way before; but, snob as the old man was at heart, he genuinely admired Mirko, and was fired by the romance of the young Prince's situation. The confidence that Mirko reposed in him he regarded as an overwhelming compliment, and hinted a suggestion of help even before the quickly following offer of the dukedom. That could not be bestowed until Prince Mirko should become King Mirko; but the Red Swan of Dalvania, on fire with the blaze of rubies and small brilliants, was transferred from Mirko's breast to that of the dazzled old man.

On the way back to London, after this triumphant visit, Eloise told Christopher that the wedding would take place on the following Saturday. Her grandmother being a Roman Catholic, they had a small private chapel in their house in Regent's Park. In this they would be married by a Catholic priest and the Greek priest, the first to satisfy Mrs. Dauvray; and afterwards, before Mirko should ascend the throne of his fathers, Eloise had the intention of becoming a convert to the Greek Church. The banns of Theodore (one of Mirko's many names) Constantinus and Eloise Dauvray had been read three times in a quiet little church of South Kensington—a church where nobody would recognise either name; and all was now

ready. Nor need there be further delay in starting for Dalvania, since old Mr. Race's thousands—added to those already subscribed—would put the Prince in funds.

Save the two priests and the registrar, Mme. Dauvray, Christopher Race, Lord Wendon (who was lending the Prince his house), and Mirko's young brother (expected back presently from a visit to Paris) would be the only witnesses of the marriage. The bride and groom would travel quietly the same evening to the Isle of Wight, where Lord Wendon offered his country house for the honeymoon. But it would be a short honeymoon; for as soon as arrangements could be rushed through Mirko and Eloise were eager to start for Dalvania.

Unless Christopher heard to the contrary, he was to call at the house in Regent's Park at twelve o'clock on Saturday. His car was not to accompany him, but he volunteered her services and his to spin the bride and groom as far as Southsea.

There was no reason why Christopher should have expected to hear from Eloise or the Prince before Saturday, for their plans were carefully made and seemed likely to be carried out successfully, whatever might happen afterwards. Yet, somehow, he did expect to hear; and though, as luck would have it, he received a rather tempting offer for his car for the four days preceding the wedding, he could not bring himself to accept it. "If anything should happen and I should be gone!" he thought, with a nervous apprehension foreign to his nature.

Really it seemed as if the love affairs of Prince Mirko of Dalvania had got upon his nerves, for he grudged leaving his dingy lodgings for more than half an hour at a time, lest a special messenger or a telegram should come from Eloise Dauvray and he should not be there to receive it. But nothing did come; and on Wednesday afternoon, feeling the need of air and exercise, he went out for a stroll in the Park. The day was so fine and he saw so many charming persons that he forgot his secret and, perhaps, foolish anxieties. It was after five o'clock when he somewhat reluctantly returned to Chapel Street; and he had been away for close upon two hours.

As he let himself in with his latch-key, which never would work properly, he remembered old days, and his handsome chambers. Still, he had no regrets. Poverty and independence had given him some very good adventures, he thought; and nearly stumbled against the lodging-house maid-of-all-work, carrying somebody's tea.

"Oh, sir, what a good thing you've got back!" she exclaimed. "The lady's been waiting for you a good half-hour. Missus said I was to take her up this to amuse her, as she was in such a state at your not being at 'ome."

"A lady?" echoed Christopher. He kept up an acquaintanceship with very few ladies nowadays, and knew none who were likely to call upon him.

"Yes, sir, a beautiful lady—leastways she's beautifully dressed, and 'er figure's like a girl's, though 'er face is covered up. First there was a note by messenger, when you hadn't been gone five minutes, and it seems the lady sent it, for when she arrived she asked if it 'adn't come all right, and if you'd 'ad it; but there it was in its envelope on your dining-room table, where she's 'ad it under 'er eyes ever since she was put to sit there."

Christopher put no more questions, but ran up the two flights of stairs to the second floor, two steps at a time, the little maid following more sedately with the brown teapot and thick bread and butter on a tray twice too big for her.

"'MIRKO HAS DISAPPEARED,' ELOISE ANSWERED."

As he opened the sitting-room door Eloise Dauvray sprang up. "At last!" she cried. "I've been praying for you to come. You're my one hope."

Then she paused for the maid, who appeared with the tray; but when they were alone neither thought of the tea.

"What has happened?" Christopher asked, abruptly.

"Mirko has disappeared," Eloise answered.

For an instant Christopher was silent. Then, "Since when?" he asked.

"That I don't know. But he was to have lunched with my grandmother and me at a little riverside hotel, so quiet and secluded that we would have been quite safe—we've lunched there before. He didn't come; we waited lunch for an hour, then—for neither of us could eat—we drove home. No word had been sent me. I wired to Lord Wendon's, but got no answer—that showed me Mirko couldn't be there; and I dared not go to ask news from the servants, for the house may be watched. Then I thought of you, and hurried off a messenger with that note on the table. He returned to me saying that you were not in. After a whole hour of waiting I could stand it no longer, but drove here in a hansom. Mr. Race, what do you think has become of him? Has Turkey got wind of the plot for the raid, and has he been murdered, like his father?"

"Don't think of such a thing," said Christopher. "They wouldn't go so far as that at worst. A dozen things may have happened—none of them tragic. He may have been motoring with Wendon or some other friend, and have got *en panne* miles from a telegraph office."

"I thought of that; but he had no plan for motoring to-day or he would have told me. And I *feel* that something is wrong—desperately wrong."

"Shall I go to his house and find out what I can from his servants?" asked Christopher.

"Oh, if you would!" she sighed. "It was one thing I wanted you to do."

"I'll start at once," he said. "I can be back in half an hour."

He was back in less; but he had very little that was satisfactory to tell. He had asked for Prince Mirko, alleging an engagement with him, only to hear from the stately hall-porter that His Royal Highness had walked out alone about nine o'clock in the morning, saying nothing of his intentions, and had not come in since. Even his valet had no idea where he had gone, nor when he intended to return.

On hearing this, Christopher, knowing that the valet was more or less in his Royal master's confidence, asked to speak with him. The man was brought, and Christopher saw him alone, behind closed doors, in a small ante-room off the hall. All the valet could tell him, however, was that the Prince had appeared somewhat disturbed when reading some letters which came by the first post. One of these he had placed under a paper-weight, and had put it in an inner pocket of his coat immediately after dressing, which he did more quickly and earlier than usual. This letter the valet believed to be one which he had noticed because it was addressed in Prince Peter's hand, and postmarked Paris. Another letter His Royal Highness had read carefully, two or three times over; and then, ordering the fire already laid in the grate to be lighted, had burned it, watching till the paper and envelope were both entirely consumed.

These details were vouchsafed to Christopher because Mirko had lately mentioned his name to the confidential servant as that of a valued friend; and the man appeared to be slightly anxious, though not greatly upset, on account of his master's absence. His Royal Highness, he said, had somewhat erratic ways, and this was not by any means the first time that in England and other countries he had gone out, staying away all day, or even more than a day, without having announced any such intention. True, he had been very regular in his habits for the last three weeks (this tallied with the time of his engagement to Miss Dauvray), but it was not so very surprising that now and then he should go back to his old ways again.

"Does this comfort you?" Christopher questioned, somewhat doubtfully, of Eloise; but she shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He wouldn't have broken his appointment with me for anything on earth, if—he hadn't been forced to. Now, *what forced him to break it?*"

"Have you no suspicions?" asked Christopher, searching the girl's face with his eyes; for she had snatched off the veil she had worn in driving to Chapel Street.

"I thought that — Turkey might have found out, and considered it worth while to remove him," she faltered.

"Is that your only idea?"

"The only developed one. All the rest are vague — and mad. But — there's one thing I had better tell you, though it may have no connection with this—I pray to

Heaven it hasn't. The day before you took us in your car to see your uncle, Ponsonby Fitzgerald came."

"To your house?"

"Yes. He wrote a note to announce that he was coming, saying that I must throw over everything else to receive him, as it was important for my interests as well as his. So I—I positively dared not refuse. You are the only person in the world except Mirko to whom I could tell this, because you know Ponsonby Fitzgerald, and that we used to be—rather pals, in my dark days. But I didn't mean to speak of his visit, even to Mirko. I knew it would make him furious that the man had forced himself on me, and he wouldn't understand my motive for receiving him."

"Nor do I quite understand," Christopher ventured.

"Men can't understand women. They think we ought always to be brave and strong. But it was like this. Ponsonby let me alone for awhile after Milly van Bouten's ball. As he won the Blue Diamond prize he was in funds, and all the more as I refused my share, which he was ready to pay. Three weeks ago I had a letter from him saying we must meet and talk over a new idea of his; but I pretended to have a lot of engagements, and on one excuse or another I kept putting him off, hoping that, before he grew too impatient, Mirko and I might be married and safely beyond his reach for ever. He'd hardly follow to Dalvania, to take revenge, or claim my help again! But I was afraid, from the tone of the last letter, that the thing I dreaded had happened. I thought he might have come to suspect that Mirko and I cared for each other. I felt it would be best to see him and find out, though it made me sick at heart even to think of the meeting."

"And did he suspect?" asked Christopher.

"If he did, he was too clever to give me reason to suppose so. He came to get my help in a—in a kind of speculation he's going into, and when I told him I couldn't possibly do anything he insisted obstinately, even threatening disagreeable consequences if I persisted in refusing. I told him that I should be away—out of England—at the very time he wanted me; and he caught at that instantly. Where was I going? he asked; and then I would have given a great deal if I hadn't spoken. But I saved myself by saying I should be in Paris. (That's true, you know—we must pass through Paris—and he knows I have friends there whom I've visited once or twice.) I hope he fancied I was going to them. In any case, he shrugged his shoulders as if in resignation, saying, 'I wish you joy of Paris.' Then he went away, leaving me horribly depressed and almost ill. I trusted that, after all, the worst result of the visit was my headache; but now I'm not so sure. It may have been his object to deceive me, and keep me from divining how much he knew—or guessed."

It was on Sunday that he came," Christopher reflected, aloud. "It's now Wednesday."

"Yes. He's had plenty of time to play the spy since. Of course, we—Mirko and I—couldn't help showing that we were rather absorbed in each other at the few dances and receptions where we have met. People may have gossiped; Ponsonby may have

"HE WENT AWAY, LEAVING ME HORRIBLY DEPRESSED."

heard the gossip, and had his suspicions aroused."

"Hasn't he enough generosity in his nature to be glad that you should be happy?" asked Christopher.

"He has a heart of ice, and is as selfish as he is clever and unscrupulous. I've been valuable to him, and there are things he can't do, houses he can't get into, without me. He would hate me to escape, and would prevent it if he could. Could he have gone to the Turkish Ambassador and betrayed Mirko?"

"What could he betray, except his idea that you might be in love with each other?"

"Perhaps nothing. I don't think Ponsonby Fitzgerald could have found out about the raid. That secret's been too well kept. It isn't as if a few glances could betray it, as they can a love affair. But Mirko has disappeared. Something dreadful has happened. I have to think of every chance, though maybe Ponsonby has nothing to do with his disappearance. Oh, Mr. Race, I feel as if I were blind and drowning! My love for Mirko clouds my judgment. That's why I came to you. Help me—help me!"

"I'm going to try," said Christopher, simply. "But I want a little time to think things over."

The girl rose. "I'll go," she said, hastily. "It's just possible there may be news at home. If there is, I'll let you know. And you won't keep me in suspense a moment when there's anything to tell?"

Christopher gave her his promise, as he put her into a cab. When he was alone once more he sat down in the dull sitting-room, still faintly fragrant from her presence, and resting his elbows on the table he sat with his head in his hands.

This had always been his way when there was something abstruse to think over and thrash out. He had sat thus for half an hour after hearing of his uncle's determination to disinherit him. Then he had sprung up with an inspiration, and his enterprise with Scarlet Runner had been the result.

A theory of Christopher's was that, if you wanted to know exactly what a man was most likely to do, you must put yourself in his place, see life with his eyes, desire the things that he desired. Now he strove to imagine himself Ponsonby Fitzgerald — Ponsonby Fitzgerald going out of the Dauvray house furious because he had lost his valued partner.

Perhaps Fitzgerald had loved Eloise Dauvray a little in his selfish way, admiring her as he might a coveted picture. At all events, whether or no it had entered his mind to want her for himself, Fitzgerald would not wish any other man—especially one more highly placed than himself—to take her from him. He would not like to think of her as a queen, while he remained a somewhat *passé* young man about town in London.

"He wouldn't have given it away to her if he guessed about the love affair," Christopher said to himself. "What would he do, then? I think he'd try to make sure whether his suspicions were correct, and if they were he'd try still harder to separate Miss Dauvray and the Prince—partly to keep her under his thumb, partly to revenge himself upon her for loving another man and planning to escape. He'd watch her, and he'd watch Mirko."

Having gone so far in his deductions, Christopher remembered that Fitzgerald had seen Eloise on Sunday. On Monday morning she and Mme. Dauvray had gone to Richmond. Perhaps Fitzgerald had followed them to the train, and had then returned to watch Mirko. If he had done this he must have seen Scarlet Runner stop at the door of Lord Wendon's house and take the Prince away.

Here Christopher hesitated, wondering how Fitzgerald could have contrived to track the car, useless he had been already in a motor of his own, which seemed unlikely. But suddenly he recalled the fact that Prince Mirko had kept him waiting fifteen or twenty minutes until the Dalvanian Ambassador, who was calling, had made his elaborate adieux. That would have given Fitzgerald time to engage a motor-cab from a stand near by; and, as the traffic of London reaches to Richmond, Scarlet Runner had never a chance during the run to show her paces. A motor-cab could have kept her in sight; and though Eloise Dauvray had been thickly veiled, Fitzgerald knew her too well not to recognise her figure as she left her friend's house.

Afterwards Christopher had been able to put on speed, and would probably soon have outdistanced such a follower; but Fitzgerald could have kept the trail by making inquiries, as Scarlet Runner was a conspicuous car, which everyone noticed; and in any case he would have learned that Eloise and Mirko knew each other intimately enough to take a long run together in a motor. The fact that Christopher Race was the driver would have roused a suspicion in Fitzgerald's mind that he and Eloise had been

in collusion at Miss van Bouten's ball; and thus he would become more bitter against his old ally, more anxious than ever to do her an ill turn. How to do that ill turn would have been the question in his mind.

If he had seen Rudovics, the Dalvanian Ambassador, leave the Prince's door, Fitzgerald might have turned his attention to that gentleman, whom he probably knew by sight. If he had no inkling of Mirko's political situation he would make inquiries in diplomatic circles. There someone would be aware of the fact that Rudovics desired handsome Prince Mirko of Dalvania to marry his step-daughter.

Such a piece of news would be precisely what Fitzgerald wanted, and he would seek some pretext to pay a call at the Dalvanian Embassy.

What would be Rudovics's action when he learned that the Prince he had secretly aided intended to disappoint his ambitious hopes? Would he revenge himself by betraying Mirko to Turkey, or would he seek other means of gaining his ends?

Christopher decided that if he were to help Eloise Dauvray, he could begin in no better way than by learning what manner of man was the Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

He had no friends in the diplomatic service living in England, for Max Lind was far away, but old Major Norburn, an ancient crony of James Race, had a nephew who was a clerk in the Foreign Office. Christopher went at once to the club where his uncle's friend spent his afternoons; and by a stroke of luck the budding diplomatist had called to keep an appointment with his relative. The two were on the eve of starting out, but had a few moments to spare; and young Norburn was boyish enough to be flattered by Christopher's questions, which implied inside knowledge on his part. He perhaps did not know all he affected to know; but he described Rudovics as inordinately vain, endlessly ambitious, subtle and proud of his subtlety, not bad at heart though sufficiently unscrupulous. "His part is a bit above his capacity," said the young man from the Foreign Office, "and he'd have had no chance of it except through his wife. His marriage was brought about to serve the convenience of the powers that be in Turkey; but the woman—who's half Irish—has been a beauty in her day, and all poor old Rudovics's honours have been given him for her sake. Those who are 'in the know' say he despises King Alexander, and if he weren't afraid of his Turkish master would be in the thick of all the plottings. Of course, if that romantic-looking

"'HIS PART IS A BIT ABOVE HIS CAPACITY,' SAID THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE."

chap, Mirko, would take a fancy to the step-daughter, who is naturally a favoured *protégée* of Turkey, things might get uncomfortable for Alexander in Dalvania."

"What sort of girl is she?" asked Christopher.

"They say beautiful, and quite a woman, though only seventeen. The mother's Catholic, and follows European customs when in Europe; the girl, Valda, has been brought up in a Paris convent. Lately they've had her in London, no doubt for Mirko's inspection; but nobody seems to know whether the affair marches or not."

Christopher would gladly have learned more, but the source of information was pumped dry, and he apologized for having

kept the two Norburns so long from their engagement.

"Rudovics is surely in this," Christopher said to himself; and suddenly an idea of what he would do in Rudovics's place sprang into the young man's mind. If Rudovics *had* done that—well, it would make things difficult. But perhaps, after all, by this time Mirko had come home, with a simple explanation of the mystery. Before seeing Eloise again he decided to call for the second time at Lord Wendon's house to make inquiries.

"Has His Royal Highness Prince Mirko come back?" he asked of the hall-porter.

"No, sir; but His Royal Highness Prince Peter has arrived from Paris," was the answer.

Christopher thought for a moment, and then scribbled a few lines on a card for Prince Peter, whom he had never seen. Presently he was invited to enter the library, where he had once been received by Mirko, and there stood the younger brother, a surprising likeness of the elder.

Such a face as Peter's could be trusted for loyalty, if not for prudence, and Eloise had said that the boy knew of the engagement. Now Christopher, claiming friendship with Mirko and Miss Dauvray, spoke with partial frankness of his suspicions.

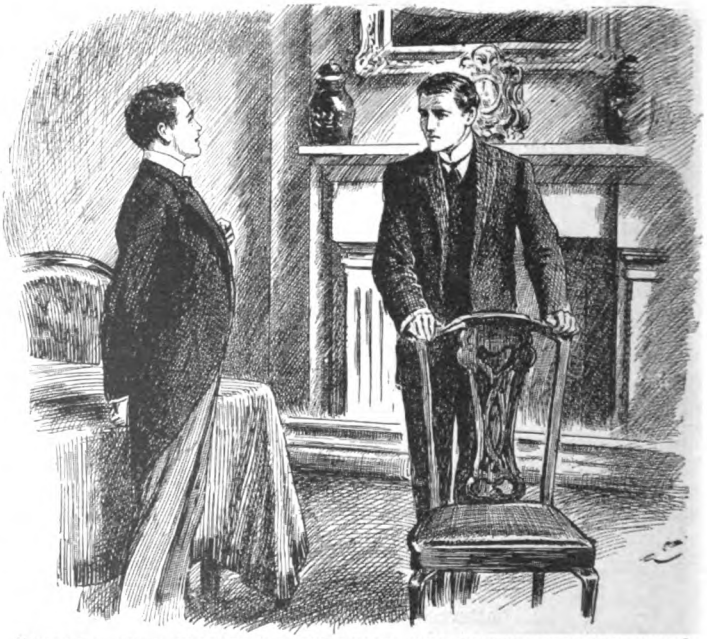
"I believe," he said, "that somehow the Dalvanian Ambassador has got wind of the Prince's engagement, and has tricked him, by means of a letter which your brother received this morning, into calling at the Embassy. There he'll keep him, if my idea is right, until after the appointed wedding-day, perhaps indefinitely, to separate him from Miss Dauvray, and if possible to bring about a marriage with his step-daughter."

"Great heavens, sir! The day that my brother marries Valda will be the day of my death," exclaimed Peter. "I love her—she loves me. But Mirko doesn't know. He might take her without dreaming that he wronged me; and Valda is so young that she would not dare thwart her step-father. I have been with Mirko often at the Embassy, and the first moment I saw Valda I loved her—as it was with my brother and Miss Dauvray. I knew I had nothing to fear from his rivalry, so I kept my secret, though I knew his; for there seemed no hope of marriage for me until my brother's rise in fortune should give me something to offer—and I feared he would disapprove, as we are both so young. Mirko sent me to Paris some days ago with a letter to a friend of his who is enlisting recruits and raising money. But yesterday came a telegram from Valda, forwarded to me from this house—(I don't know who could have helped her, unless her maid)—begging me to come back, as she foresaw trouble. I wrote my brother I must return, wound up his affairs as well as I could, and here I am, only to find that trouble has come indeed. What shall I do? Shall I demand Mirko at the Embassy?"

"Certainly not," said Christopher. "But I'll tell you what you might do—elope with Mlle. Valda. That would be a valuable move. If her maid helps her to send off secret telegrams, she will help smuggle you into the house. Do you know her name?"

"Anastasia," replied Peter.

"Disguise yourself as a man of her own class, and ask for her at the servants' door. If you can get Mlle. Valda out of the



"'THE DAY THAT MY BROTHER MARRIES VALDA WILL BE THE DAY OF MY DEATH,' EXCLAIMED PETER."

Embassy before the day fixed for Prince Mirko's wedding with Miss Dauvray, your brother's happiness as well as your own will be assured. Take the young lady to Scotland with her maid for chaperon, and marry her quickly; afterwards you can do things again in proper form. If her stepfather or her mother knows nothing of your love, neither of you will be watched or suspected; you ought not to have great difficulties; and I'll lend you my motor-car for the elopement."

"What! The Scarlet Runner, of which my brother wrote? But that will bring me luck."

"I hope so, for everyone concerned," said Christopher. "I can't take you myself, for I shall have business in London; but I'll get you a good chauffeur."

"Your business will be to release my brother?" Prince Peter guessed.

"That's easier said than done," Christopher answered, gravely. "If he's in the Embassy, it's his own Embassy, you see; there's no other power to appeal to. Turkey would defend Rudovics's action, if he declared that it was the only way to save a Royal prince from a marriage with an untitled, designing woman. Rudovics has nothing to fear in any case. And if we can learn that Prince Mirko is his prisoner, even if we can release him, still, good-bye to his happiness."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Peter, horrified.

"Something would certainly happen to Miss Dauvray. Their engagement known, those two would never be allowed to come together again. In some way—who knows how?—they would be separated for ever. To rescue your brother from the Embassy—taking it for granted he's there—means the breaking of his engagement."

"Then, the breaking of his heart. Have you no plan to save him?"

"I have a plan," said Christopher; "but it's a queer one."

"Can I help?" asked Peter.

"By seeing Anastasia, finding out the gossip of the servants' hall, if any, concerning your brother, and running off with Rudovics's step-daughter as quickly as you can."

When Prince Peter of Dalvania and Christopher Race had sketched out something which faintly resembled a plan, and had made arrangements concerning Scarlet Runner, Christopher kept his promise by going to Regent's Park and telling Eloise all that was in his mind.

"You are right," she said, when she had heard him to the end. "That letter the valet told you Mirko burnt must have been from Rudovics. No doubt he asked to have it destroyed, so that Mirko could not be traced. He would have spoken of important news from Dalvania, and hinted at mysterious reasons why Mirko should let no one know he had been bidden in such haste to the Embassy. While they have him there I may be safe enough; but once he escapes, and they know it, I will tell you what they could do. They would have such horrible things published about me in the Dalvanian papers that, for Mirko's own sake, I could never consent to be his wife. The things need not all be true, but they would be believed; and even if Mirko would give his people a queen they could not respect, I would not let him do it. Fitzgerald alone might try something of the sort, but I don't believe that unassisted he'd have influence to get such stuff published; and if only I could appear *first* in Dalvania as Mirko's bride, the people would love me and be loyal."

"I've thought of all that," said Christopher. "It's exactly what Rudovics and Fitzgerald would do—if they did nothing worse. But once married to you, and the little Valda in Scotland with Peter, Rudovics's hands would be tied. It would do him more harm than good to hurt you then."

"Ah, yes; if once we were married!" sighed Eloise.

"Please be ready at the time already fixed for the wedding," said Christopher, quietly. "And have everybody else concerned in the ceremony ready, too."

"What are you planning?" cried Eloise, the rose of hope blushing in her cheek.

"I can't tell you yet," he answered. "A good deal depends on Prince Peter and Scarlet Runner, and a good deal on my uncle and a house-agent. I'll write you what I'm doing and what you must do the moment I have anything definite to say."

Eloise was bewildered, but she was a woman of tact, and knew when it was wise to be silent.

Half an hour later Christopher, dinnerless, but too excited for hunger, was racing towards Hyde Hampton with Scarlet Runner. Ten minutes at his uncle's was enough, for old James Race was heart and soul for Prince Mirko and Eloise now. Christopher flew back Londonward with a signed cheque in his pocket; and, calling at Lord Wendon's in the car, found Prince Peter jubilant, just back from the Dalvanian Embassy. He had gone there in his valet's clothes and insisted

on seeing Anastasia, whose cousin he pretended to be. The maid had permission from Mme. Rudovics to go out on Friday evening; Valda would pretend some slight indisposition, keep her room all day, and leave the house, well veiled, in Anastasia's hat and cloak. Afterwards the woman would do her best to follow unobserved, and a rendezvous would be made somewhere in the neighbourhood after dark, with Scarlet Runner in waiting. Then it was not likely that Valda's absence would be discovered till morning, and by that time she and her lover would be far on their way to Scotland.

As for Mirko's presence in the house Anastasia had been able to say nothing definitely, but she did know that since morning one of the rooms had been closed, on the plea that part of the ceiling had fallen, and no one was to go in until workmen should have come to repair the damage. On hearing this Peter had been thoughtful enough to inquire the position of the locked room, and had learned that it was at the back of the house on the second floor, and on the right of the corridor which ran down the middle of the three upper storeys.

"Good!" exclaimed Christopher. "I thought they'd put him there, for knocking on the wall would do no good if he tried it. There's an empty house on the right, you know. The one on the left's occupied. I can imagine old Rudovics inviting the Prince into the room, as if for a secret meeting with some emissary from Dalvania, then quietly turning the key. Rather smart idea that, about the fallen ceiling, And as the room's at the back, and the old-fashioned wooden shutters (which all the houses in Queen Anne's Gardens have) are probably nailed fast, your poor brother's as much a prisoner as if he were at Portland."

Next morning at ten o'clock Christopher Race was at the door of Messrs. Leonard and Steele, estate and house agents, at the moment when it opened for business. He informed the manager that he had been empowered by Mr. James Race, of Hyde Hampton, to take No. 36, Queen Anne's Gardens, for three years (the shortest term permissible), if immediate possession could be given.

The agent thought there would be little difficulty about this, and became certain of it when there was no attempt at cutting down the high rent asked for the old house, unlet for several years. A telephone message was sent to the owner, papers were signed, a cheque in advance for a quarter's rent was paid; and presently Christopher found himself in possession of the keys of 36, Queen Anne's Gardens, the house adjoining the Dalvanian Embassy on the right-hand side.

About ten o'clock that night, having given all necessary instructions concerning Scarlet Runner to the chauffeur he trusted, Christopher unlocked the front door of his uncle's newly-acquired town house and walked in. He had with him, in a golfer's bag, a pickaxe, one or two other handy tools, and an electric lantern. To begin work, he chose the back room on the second floor, which, according to his calculations, was separated from Prince Mirko's prison only by the house wall. With a small hammer he tapped lightly once, twice, without receiving an answer. Then he was rejoiced by a responsive rapping on the other side. At first the knocks seemed to him desultory and irregular, but in a moment he realized that words were being formed by taps and spaces, long and short, according to the Morse code of telegraphy.

Long ago Christopher had learned it at Eton, when he and another boy had sought means of secret communication. Evidently the occupant of the room beyond the wall had learned it, too.

In ten minutes the two men, thus divided by bricks and mortar, were able to come to an understanding. Christopher was assured that he was talking with the Prince, Mirko was informed that he was talking with Christopher Race. Also, Christopher was able roughly to communicate his plan to the prisoner, and learned to his delight that there was a good prospect of success. Mirko indicated the position of a large wardrobe which stood in his room against the dividing wall, and suggested that Christopher's boring operations should be conducted behind it. When the bricks should be loosened Mirko would pull out the wardrobe, and be ready to push it back into place in case of danger.

All night long Christopher worked, refreshed with bread and wine from his bag: and by early dawn he had dug a hole through which he could speak to the Prince. Until this moment he had outlined his plan but vaguely; and what Mirko heard now amazed him.

While London slept, and the old houses in Queen Anne's Gardens kept their wooden eyelids closed, four persons, who had stepped out of a closed carriage round the corner, walked quietly to the door of No. 36. There were three men and one woman; and, having pushed the long-unused electric bell,

they were almost immediately admitted into the dark, unfurnished house.

"Is all well—so far?" asked Eloise Dauvray, whispering, in the dim corridor.

"All is well—so far," answered Christopher Race.

It was not until after ten o'clock in the morning that the absence of little Lady Valda and her maid was discovered by Mme. Rudovics, for she was a late riser by habit, and the girl had posed as an invalid the day before. Under Valda's pillow a note had been slipped. "I have gone away to marry Prince Peter of Dalvania. We love each other." And that news had sent the Ambassador in haste to the door of the closed room, where no work had yet been begun upon the "fallen ceiling."

He unlocked the door, and knocked by way of courtesy, two men—tall Dalvanians both, in his own private service — standing on guard as usual lest the prisoner should attempt an escape. Each time since Mirko's capture Rudovics had himself brought the Prince's meals in this fashion, twice within twelve hours, bearing also a hundred apologies for his "necessary but regrettable harshness." Not once before had the indignant Mirko answered the knock, but now his voice responded with a cheerful "Come in."

"Congratulate me," he continued, as Rudovics fell back upon the threshold, aghast at what he saw. "And let me introduce you to my dear wife, the Princess Eloise. We thought a wedding at the Embassy an excellent plan, and have been married for an hour."

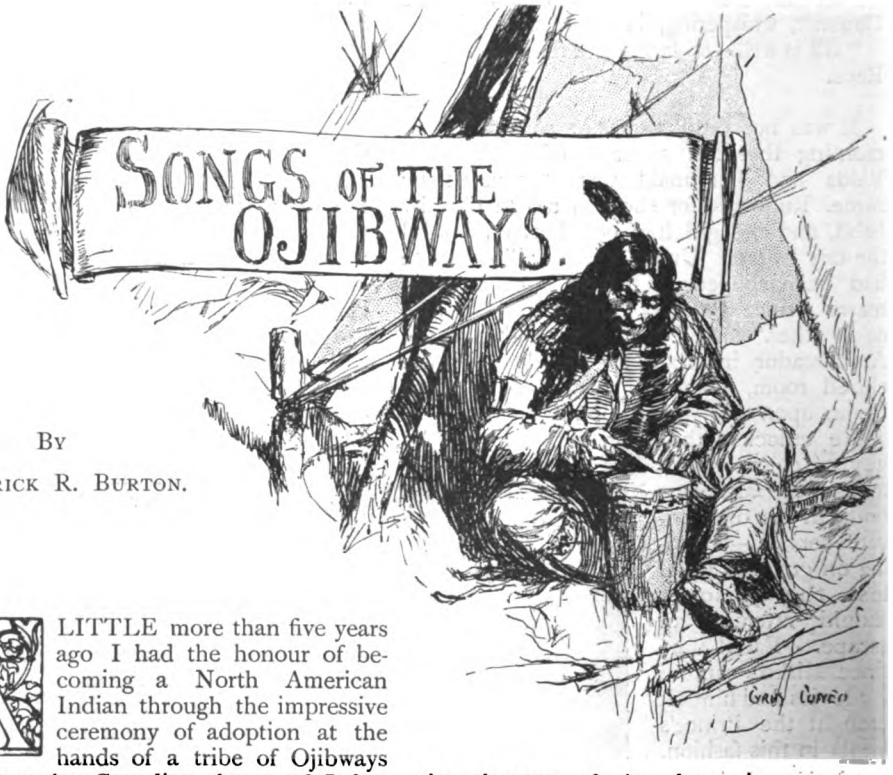
A thousand thoughts raced each other through the Ambassador's head as he stood staring, first at the pale, smiling girl, the two priests, the registrar, and the hole in the wall by which they and Christopher had entered.

He thought of his daughter, and was forced to hope—in the circumstances—that she was the younger brother's wife by this time. He thought of his own chances of advancement in Dalvania under a new king. He thought of Turkey's probable attitude towards a struggle in which Valda's husband would be engaged as well as his brother; and he thought of nine hundred and ninety-seven other things, all in the space of one long moment.

Then he bowed and said, slowly: "Graciously allow your host to be the first who offers your Royal Highness and his bride all possible good wishes."

"'CONGRATULATE ME,' HE CONTINUED, AS RUDOVICS FELL BACK UPON THE THRESHOLD."

SONGS OF THE OJIBWAYS.



By

Frederick R. Burton.

A LITTLE more than five years ago I had the honour of becoming a North American Indian through the impressive ceremony of adoption at the hands of a tribe of Ojibways living along the Canadian shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. This singular distinction was due to my self-appointed task of preserving the songs of these people from extinction. It came to me only after what seemed to be no end of opposition to my work of reducing their music to notes —for they have no system of notation whatever, their songs, like their well-known legends, being transmitted orally from one generation to another. At first they put every obstacle in my way, except physical violence. They had sore throats when I asked them to sing, or they suddenly forgot what English they knew, or they failed to keep appointments, or they refused point-blank to let me hear a sound.

I could not understand it, for at that time I had nothing better than the white man's usual misconception of Indian character, and I stuck to my work with the greater obstinacy because the opposition of the Indians heightened my conviction that their songs were worth getting at any cost. So on many occasions I lay for hours behind bushes, music-paper on the ground before me, jotting down such notes as I could distinguish above the clamour of the drum in a party of Ojibways singing near me and unaware of my proximity. In this way, after scores of failures, I succeeded in transcribing "My Bark Canoe" and some half-dozen other songs, and meantime I was doing my best, in an ignorant but patient way, to win the confidence of the Indians and convince them that I contemplated no wrong.

Their attitude may be understood if I quote part of a speech made to me by Tetebahbundung, who eventually became one of my most valued and faithful collaborators. I was early attracted to him because of his voice, one of the most perfect and lovely tenors I have ever heard. That it is an utterly uncultivated voice might go without saying. Tetebahbundung cannot read or write any language, much less music, and all he knows about the art was taught him by Nature; but she was a good teacher, and his "tone production" is as perfect as anything human can be. In recent years I have made him sing before professional tenors, who have frankly expressed their despair of equalling his "production," and who have been much mystified as to "where he got his method."

I used to try to induce Tetebahbundung to sing for me privately and without the drum, that I might be sure of notating the melodies without error. I argued with him, challenged him, teased him, offered him money, all to no purpose. This was through Obtossoway, a friendly chief who spoke English fluently and who had the Indian's traditional gift of oratory. At length we were upon such terms of friendship

TETEBAHBUNDUNG AND HIS LITTLE SON.
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co., Elizabeth, N.J.

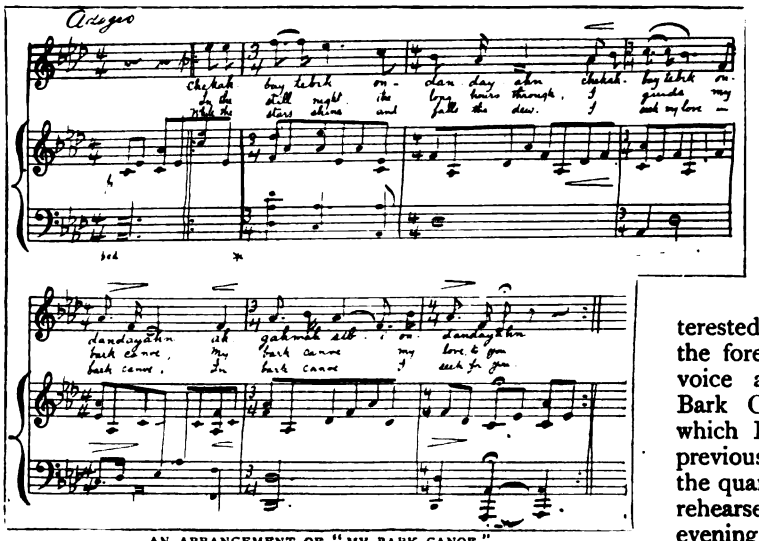
in all matters except music that I succeeded in drawing from him his reason for denying me the one favour I asked. It was in my one-room cabin on an island in Lake Huron. None were with us except the members of my family. Tetebahbundung made me a long speech, a portion of which Chief Obtossoway translated as follows:—

"Listen, sir! We like you, we like your lady, we like your children, but we do not understand it. Listen, sir! When the white man first came among us we did everything he told us to, for it was plain that he knew much more than we did. What has been the result? He has taken away our land, he has denied us the freedom of the forest, he has penned us in reservations, he has taken away from us everything *Indian* that we had except our songs, and now you come to take away them also. Tetebahbundung will be looked on as a bad man by his people if he sings for you. As long as he lives they will reproach and shun him as a traitor to his people. For you will send our songs all over the world, the white man will sing them everywhere; and after that you will turn on us, like the white men who preceded you, and say, 'Get out! I have no further use for you.'"

MRS. SAGACHEWIOSE.
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co., Elizabeth, N.J.

THE CHIEF OBTOSSOWAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co. Elizabeth, N.J.

FLASHLIGHT OF CAMP-FIRE, AT LONGFELLOW ISLAND.
From a Photograph.



AN ARRANGEMENT OF "MY BARK CANOE."

A long debate followed, in which I tried to show my friends that I purposed to take away nothing that I should not leave behind; that they would still have their songs, no matter how many white men sang them. My argument was not convincing, and when I spoke about harmonizing the melodies, and writing accompaniments for pianoforte or organ, I succeeded merely in befogging a subject already dark and dubious.

Nevertheless, it was through harmony that eventually I won the confidence and co-operation of the Indians. It must be understood that their music is limited to melody and rhythm. Their instrumental outfit includes only the drum and various minor contrivances like gourd rattles and notched sticks for accentuating the rhythm. There is, indeed, a very rare instrument miscalled a flute—it is really a magniñed flageolet—but I am convinced that it came into existence only after the coming of white men with their military bands, and that it is, therefore, an attempt at imitation of the white man's music. Whatever its origin and antiquity, it can have no bearing on the matter of harmony, because its intervals are ludicrously imperfect. Moreover, it is never used as an accompaniment to the voice, but as a substitute for it, the bashful suitor playing his love-song on the instrument before he finds courage to express his sentiments in words.

So song is the beginning and end of Ojibway music, and the Indians had not discovered the possibility of singing in parts. Their choruses are unisonous, or, when both sexes sing together, unison in the octave.

One day, when I was in the depths of perplexity over the difficulties with which the Indians beset my path, I resolved on a hazardous experiment. Not to make a long story of it, a quartet of white singers came my way and I speedily interested them in my work. In the forenoon I made a four-voice arrangement of "My Bark Canoe," the words of which I had translated long previously; in the afternoon the quartet sat on my bed and rehearsed the music; in the evening I invited all the Indians in the vicinity to a camp-fire, which is a social function the pure delights of which surpass any that may be had in a drawing-room. On such an occasion the Indians dance singly and together around the fire; he who will not trust himself to sing tells a story; all drink deeply of coffee and eat as much cake as may be provided, and the men smoke.

About fifty Indians—men, women, and children — responded to my invitation. When the ice had been broken and I thought the time was ripe for it, I made a speech, in which I promised to show them just what I was doing with their songs. "If you will sing 'My Bark Canoe' in your way," I said, "my paleface friends here will sing it for you in our way."

After some characteristic hesitation and talking it over the Indians complied, Tetebahbundung leading and the whole company standing up and joining. Immediately after the Indians had finished the white quartet arose, and, taking the pitch established by the red men, sang the harmonized version with the English words. The effect was marvellous. Leaping to their feet, the Indians shouted and screamed till it seemed as if the sky would split. The white singers were not a little startled by the demonstration, but it was nothing more than frenzied applause, and quiet was restored instantly when they began a repetition of the piece. They had to sing it several times over, and at last the Indians surrounded me, inquiring eagerly if they could learn to sing "like that," meaning in parts.

The experiment succeeded admirably.

From that time all serious opposition to my work ceased, and the Indians became my collaborators. In token of their appreciation they offered me the honour of adoption, the highest compliment the Indian can pay the white, and bestowed upon me the name "Negaunneckahboh," which means "He who stands in front." This name arose from the fact that certain influential members of the tribe saw me first in Chicago, where they had gone to figure in a series of elaborate entertainments. It happened that I was conductor of the orchestra, and the Indians were brought in while a rehearsal was in progress. They were deeply interested, and no work could be had from them until the rehearsal was over. Naturally enough, they referred to me in their conversations about the matter as the man who stood in front, and when they came to name me in the ceremony of initiation it was entirely in accordance with Indian custom that they should choose the designation that registered their first impression of me.

"TRYING UNSUCCESSFULLY TO PICK OUT A TUNE WITH ONE FINGER."

Song enters into every detail of the Ojibway's life. His prayer is a song, as is his mourning for the dead; a religious ceremony is inconceivable without music; it is even an essential feature of his gambling; the climax of a chief's address to his warriors is a song. Some of their songs are crude, well-nigh formless, but in the main their melodies are far superior to those of any other Indian tribe. It is not my purpose to dwell here upon the many technical considerations with which the subject is crowded, and which tempt a theorist to extended discussion; but as one question is always asked by persons to whose attention the subject is brought, I will anticipate it very briefly.

The Ojibway scales are incomplete, the fourth or seventh, and often both, being omitted; but the intervals that remain accord with the intervals of our harmonic scale. Nearly all their songs are distinct in tonality, and therefore susceptible of harmonization.

Interesting as technical considerations are to the theorist, their importance disappears, even to his apprehension, in face of the æsthetic value of the songs. To me they are as charming as anything in the literature of song of any country, civilized or uncivilized, and the devotion of the Ojibways themselves to them is a testimonial to their inherent strength; for in the general decay of everything that pertained to the old Indian life, these songs persist in the affections and habits of the people to a remarkable degree. The words of ancient ceremonials often give place to modern love verses, the melodies surviving the need for which they were created. It is true enough, sadly true, that the younger generation of Ojibways are neglecting the native melodies in preference for white man's music, but this is merely an unfortunate indication of their love of music generally. They are not aware that the trash of the "halls" is far inferior to the tunes of their own making; but, in spite of their growing acquaintance with modern paleface tunes, I have always heard the original native songs under circumstances that called for the deepest feelings of the singer.

I remember a Sunday afternoon when I had occasion to remain long in the immediate vicinity of a wigwam in front of which a young man sat alone, tapping gently on his drum and singing softly to himself. I do not know when he began, but it was one o'clock when I first heard him, and he was still at it when I went away at five. During that period I think he sang no more than six songs. Each was repeated many times before he took up another, and there was one to which he recurred so often that I am quite sure he spent two hours on it.

A number of Indian families were camped

one summer near a rustic hotel on the Canadian shore of Lake Huron. Whenever the tourists had an evening of musical entertainment, the Indians gathered silently on the veranda to listen. One day, when he thought all the visitors were away on fishing excursions, Waubunosa, one of the young braves, in full ceremonial costume, slipped into the music-room and seated himself at the pianoforte. He spent quite an hour trying, unsuccessfully, to pick out a tune with one finger. It was an Indian song he struggled with, not a white man's.

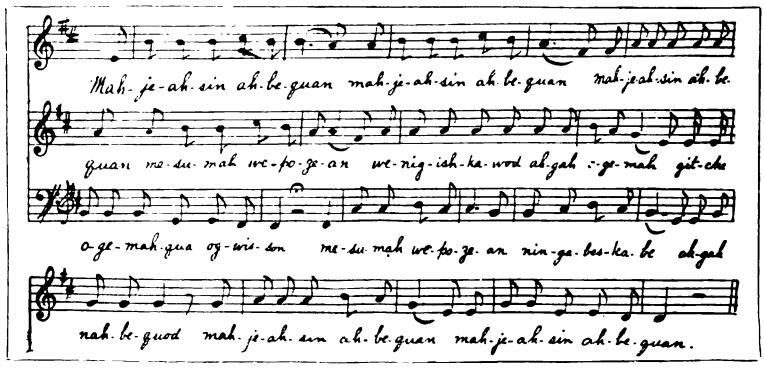
I spent much of one summer on the Garden River Reservation in Ontario, where Tetebahbundung lives. Having occasion to see him of an evening, I strolled over to his log-house. As I approached I heard his drum, and I paused at the door, fearing to make an ill-timed intrusion. He was singing a love-song, repeating it in true Indian fashion many times over. The end came with disaster, for he beat with added vigour, and of a sudden the tone of the drum was dull. Drumming and singing ceased abruptly, and I heard Tetebahbundung mutter a low "Ah!" Then I knocked. He came slowly, and the open door revealed a room dark save for the dying embers in the fireplace, empty save for himself.

"Come in," said he, by way of greeting, and I responded that I had heard him singing. "Yes," he admitted, ruefully, "and now my drum is broke. I pound a hole in it. My wife and boy she gone, visiting. I was lonesome. So I got my drum and sang. No more song now," and he laughed a little.

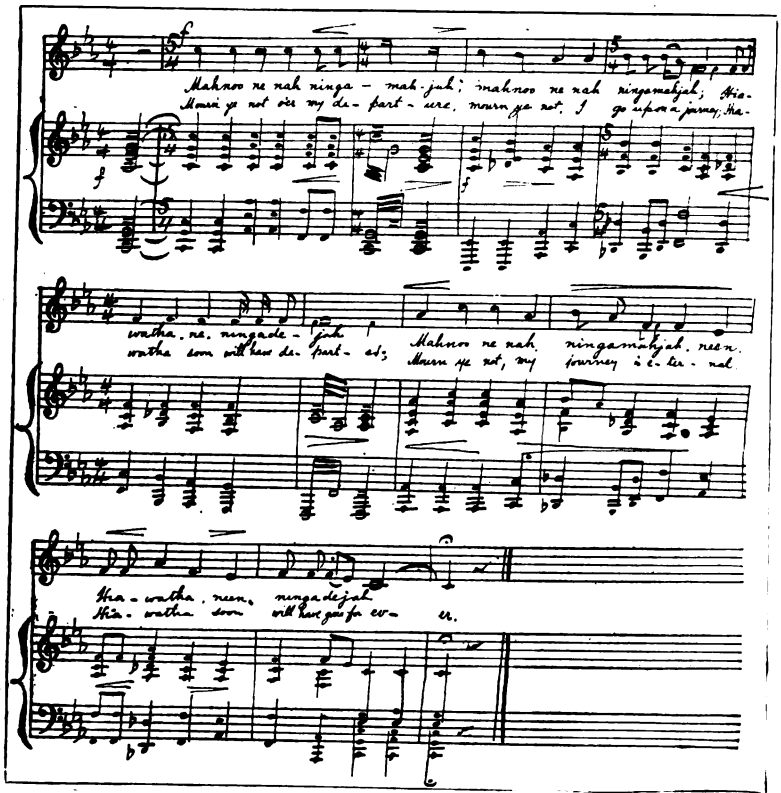
Is comment necessary? Simply to point out that the white musician, under such circumstances, might betake himself to the pianoforte to ease his soul. Should the strings snap he would no longer sing, failing of instrumental support. To this musical Indian the tuneless drum was as the responsive keyboard, and without it his diversion was unthinkable. I asked him how he would manage now that his drum was broken, and he replied, simply, that he would make another.

It was at Garden River that I found a song that has a certain degree of historical value. Melodically considered, it is one of the crudest examples of Ojibway art I ever heard, but the event with which it is associated makes it especially interesting. About thirty-five years ago King Edward VII.—then Prince of Wales—visited Canada. He went, among other places, to Sarnia, at the southern end of Lake Huron. At that time the chief of the Ojibways was Shingwauk, the ablest man undoubtedly who ever ruled over the tribe. He lived at Garden River, some dozen miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. This general locality has been the ancestral home and head-quarters of the Ojibway people as far back as their history can be definitely traced.

Shingwauk selected twenty warriors, who sailed the length of the lake with him to meet the Prince. When the party was ready to embark the chief made a speech to his people by way of farewell. The climax of the speech was this song, which the chief sang as the boat started from shore, and I am told that it was afterwards sung before the Prince at Sarnia. The tune was an ancient war-song, to which the chief adapted words of his own appropriate to the occasion. I heard the song first from Mrs. Sagachewiose, a granddaughter of Shingwauk, who remembers well how she stood on the shore with all the village and watched the warriors set forth on their journey. I have referred the song to other Indians who were alive at that time, and all remember it.



UNACCOMPANIED MELODY—THE "PRINCE OF WALES" SONG.



"HIAWATHA'S DEATH SONG."

The words mean: "The ship sails away in which I embark to meet the chief, the great woman-chief's son. I shall return in the ship when the ship sails back."

Most Ojibway melodies are short, confined to what the theorist calls the simple period, which is sometimes of the white man's conventional eight measures, but quite as often of six, and not rarely of ten. There are seldom words enough in a song to fill out the shortest melody without repetition, and in very many songs the singer, rather than repeat the same words over and over, fills out the line with meaningless syllables. The favourite syllables for this purpose are "Heyah, heyah," and they may occur after the significant words, or before them in the manner of an introduction; and in some instances the significant line is actually interrupted to bring them in for the evident sake of preserving the rhythm of the melody.

The songs have rhythmic peculiarities that are sometimes disturbing at first to the white man, as, for example, the alternation of 3-4 and 4-4 time in "My Bark Canoe," and the frequent appearance of 5-4 measures. Indeed, the 5-4 rhythm is a favourite of the Ojibways, some of their songs adhering to it from beginning to end. These peculiarities are due partly to the accents of the words when used in ordinary conversation, the Ojibway composer not quite equalling his white brother in the freedom with which he mutilates language; but they arise more often from a novel perception of melodic relations, and they constitute an important factor in making the songs distinctive—that is, different from those of any other people.

I am including in the examples given herewith the noblest melody in the entire collection, "Hiawatha's Death Song." It demands a word of explanation. Some of the legends of the Ojibways have been made known to all the world through Longfellow's poem, "The Song of Hiawatha." In the Indian play based on the same legends, and performed by Indians only, this death-song is used as the final utterance of the prophet to his people when he departs for

> The islands of the Blessed,
> To the land of the Hereafter.

For that purpose the word "Hiawatha" has been introduced into the song in place of the Ojibway name that stood there originally.

I have harmonized this and other songs, partly to interpret them in the same spirit with which I seek to express the full meaning behind the Ojibway words, and partly to make them available for white singers. No words of mine can make them appeal if they do not win their way by their own strength, and I suspect that they will always give greater delight to those of us who have been so fortunate as to hear them on lake and in wilderness, their strains, now majestic, now imbued with pathos and tenderness, appealing to us as the yearning cry of Mother Nature, who would call us back from the artificial life of the city to the simple ways of the forest.

A FINAL EXIT.

By C. C. Andrews.

FALCONER, as he left the house, was unquestionably a little out of temper. "At Homes," with their crowding, their undrinkable tea, and banalities of chatter, were functions he avoided whenever possible; certainly he would never have attended this one but for the prospect of seeing Monica Thorold. He had made so sure of doing so that her non-appearance was in itself sufficient to ruffle his humour. And the fact that he had found himself abandoned to the jejune and ejaculatory conversation of his hostess's seventeen-year-old daughter had not lessened his irritation. The knowledge that Mrs. Trenchard was distinctly of the old school, looking frankly askance upon the social reception and advancement of men of his profession, and that her circle plainly shared her views, was not even partially soothing. A man in whom vanity is naturally active and sensitive does not take the smallest slight easily at any time; still less when—as was his case—he has made a prodigious hit, and scored, as Press and public united to declare, the theatrical triumph of the year. That little Minnie Trenchard had looked and spoken with the innocently-crude admiration of her years—or her lack of them—had made no difference. His taste for bread and butter, if he had ever possessed it, had evaporated long ago. In the act of stepping into his waiting motor he checked himself. Perhaps the clear, crisp coldness of the December evening tempted him, or it may have been that he designed to get rid of the galling sense of irritation which it annoyed him to feel.

"Be at the theatre at the usual time," he ordered his man, curtly. "I shall walk."

He walked, getting over the ground easily with his long, swinging stride; the exercise was one he was fond of. Many heads were turned to look after him. Since his great hit the illustrated weeklies, photographers' windows, and picture post-cards had combined to make his fair, handsome, finely-cut face a widely familiar thing; certainly his physical advantages had been no inconsiderable factor in his success. Falconer, gazing straight before him with steady, abstracted eyes, was usually as acutely aware of these glances as a woman could have been. To-day his thoughts were otherwise occupied; Monica Thorold loomed larger in them than his own personality. He was close to a by-lane, almost deserted at that hour, which would bring him out by a short cut within a stone's-throw of the theatre, when he slackened his pace with a sudden sensation that he was being followed. Footsteps—the footsteps of two—seemed to have detached themselves from the stream of traffic and to be close behind him. He half swung round as he turned the corner. The two men were a bare arm's length away, the first, indeed, so near that he almost touched him. He was quick enough to see the second catch this one by the shoulder, drawing him back.

"No," he said, in a hurried whisper, "not now. Wait—later! I've changed my mind."

Falconer had not fairly halted. As he went on, quickening his pace, he felt that his understanding was simultaneous with his recognition of the speaker. Some half-a-dozen times in the past month he had seen in the stalls this sun-reddened, keen-faced, elderly man with the thick white hair, whose evening clothes had sat somehow incongruously upon his deep-chested, sturdy figure—had noted him not only on account of his frequent presence, but because of the curious intensity with which he seemed to watch not so much the performance as himself. More than once, indeed, he had found that he was unconsciously playing, not to the audience, but to that one fixed face. The flattery had been as welcome as obvious, but all the same he had got to wish the man away. As for why he had followed him, that, of course, was plain enough; he had wished, as did many more, to make his personal acquaintance. His companion he (Falconer) no doubt knew; his face, as he recalled it, was vaguely familiar, though when he tried he failed to place it definitely. Mixed with a certain sense of amusement—his unknown admirer, judging by his sudden withdrawal, was of a bashful turn—was one of satisfaction that the introduction had not taken place, since he was not in a mood to be gracious. But he had practically forgotten the incident by the time he reached the theatre and entered his dressing-room. A pile of letters lay waiting for him upon the table, but though he sat down before them he did not touch them. His thoughts had drifted into their

"THE TWO MEN WERE A BARE ARM'S LENGTH AWAY."

old groove—he was really seriously perturbed. Had Miss Thorold's absence from the "At Home" been intentional? And, if so, was he at liberty to construe it into a deliberate snub for himself?

He sat frowning as he considered it. She had certainly been all that was pleasant and charming when she had said she would be there; but it was afterwards that—in manner and tone, if not in actual words—he had ventured to go farther than he had gone yet. Had he gone too far and offended her? She had shown no signs of offence; but, then, she might not have resented until she thought about it, or, indeed, fairly realized the direction in which they were drifting. True, he had tried to make his intention plain, and she had seemed to understand and encourage it; but it might be only seeming. And in the background there were her people. He knew well enough that his suit would be looked upon with no favour by either her father or mother — the wealth of the one and rank of the other alike forbade it; but her unconventional tastes and tentative incursions into Bohemia must at least have prepared them for the possibility of a match more or less distasteful. That he should be so regarded hardly galled his vanity, thin-skinned though it was; rather, it moved him with a sense of tolerant amusement. There was no arguing, he said to himself with a shrug, against the iron-bound prejudices of class. Of course, in point of birth he was nothing; but apart from the profession — and his triumph had placed him in such a position that he could demand and obtain pretty well what figure he pleased—apart from that he was not a poor man, far better off than most people suspected. He would snap his fingers at everybody and everything if only he were sure that the girl cared for him well enough to take him. Perhaps he had never before realized how much he desired that she should care. One of the few carping notes struck in the chorus of praise had declared that he was utterly wanting in "temperament," and that all his art was unable to conceal the lack. Reading—within limits he was capable of mental frankness—he had acknowledged it true enough. But a month ago he had hardly known Monica. Now, did she care? Or was it a snub? He turned to the little heap of letters, and saw among them one in her handwriting. He tore it open.

Eminently satisfactory—an efficient salve for his irritated feelings and even for his fretted vanity. She was so sorry—what would he think of her? But what could one do in the face of an unexpected and exacting aunt and uncle from the country? He would understand that she had found herself helpless. But although her afternoon had

thus been sacrificed to duty, her evening should not be—she would be in the left-hand first-tier box with Lady Casterton, who, as he no doubt knew, had been so impressed by his great scene in the last act that she was impatient to see the play again. There were a few more phrases equally graceful and gracious—altogether it was a charming letter. Moreover, there was in it a subtle something—a delicate note of intimacy, familiarity, which nothing she had hitherto written to him had possessed. The smile that brightened Falconer's face showed him at his handsomest; in a moment he had swung from one extreme to the other. If their next meeting furnished the ghost of a chance, he said to himself, resolutely, he would ask her to marry him. In the act of ringing for his dresser he stopped short; his lifted hand fell, as though another hand had caught it back.

Odd that the memory of Marion Rainsford should have obtruded itself just then—and equally absurd. There had been so little in the affair—it had formed a mere episode in his first provincial tour. Of course, the girl was a lady and—as the professional vernacular had it—as "straight" as she was pretty and clever. "The crowd" had been much like other crowds; he was fastidious, and had found her refinement an almost greater attraction than her beauty. As to how she came to be in a position manifestly unsuitable he had never inquired very closely. He had heard vaguely of family losses and trouble—it was probably a usual enough story. Of course, again, he had admired her; had, perhaps, for a while thought of a possible future marriage, though he had never, so he considered, gone too far. But the company had talked; he had resolved to withdraw, and then, to his dismay, Marion had shown herself wildly unreasonable. The profession in which he was still a novice dispensed, he found, with many formalities usual in other circles; he had followed, absorbed, made love to her; she had regarded their position as understood. His delicately-given hint that the company coupled their names she had met, to his bewildered rage, with the simple supposition that they had better marry and so silence the chatter. To throw up his engagement—after the necessary explanation—had seemed the best way of cutting the knot; also, as it happened, there were other reasons why he was anxious, for a time, to leave England. Of course, there had been a scene, but he had not expected her to be desperate enough to follow him to London. The interview she forced upon him was as unpleasant in his memory as her frantic accusations of falsity and desertion had been at the time, since, even under provocation, a gentleman does not strike a woman, and that he was sorely provoked but partially excused the blow. But it had been effectual; he had neither seen nor heard of her again; no doubt she was married long ago. He rang the bell, slipping Miss Thorold's letter into his pocket, and his dresser came hurrying in.

"THAT HE WAS SORELY PROVOKED BUT PARTIALLY EXCUSED THE BLOW."

He had not to make his entry until the first scene was well under way. Doing so to the ripple of applause from the crowded house, which always welcomed his appearance, his eyes went at once to the left-hand box on

the first tier. Lady Casterton was no doubt in it—he was vaguely conscious of a blur of drapery and a glitter of jewels; but he saw only Monica's brilliant face, vivid against the background of the great fan that she held unfurled behind her dark head—the attitude was a favourite one with her. The fact that her dress was pale blue was in itself a subtle compliment—it was his favourite colour. With the utterance of his opening words he determined that an opportunity to speak to her should not be waited for, but should be deliberately made to-morrow.

At any time the knowledge of her presence would have spurred him to play his best; to-night he was, he felt, capable of outdoing himself. One critic, equally distinguished and difficult, somewhat carpingly declaring the play which all London was flocking to see in its essence melodrama, had, while acknowledging that his treatment of his part was at its climax a wonderful piece of realistic acting, hinted that reserved force in the earlier scenes was entirely out of place in a piece of its kind. Falconer to-night let himself go. When the curtain fell and he left the stage it was with the consciousness that he had played as he had never done yet. A fellow-actor, a middle-aged man of experience, looked at him with some curiosity.

"New reading?" he asked, dryly.

"Something of the sort, I suppose." Falconer laughed. "Like it?"

"Like it? Splendid, my dear boy—splendid!" declared the other, warmly. "Always felt, to be candid, that your opening pace was a bit too slow. Always a danger, though, if it's set too quick, of a collapse before the finish, don't you know."

"I sha'n't collapse," said Falconer, lightly.

The wait between the acts was a long one, the next scene being an elaborate "set." He made the necessary change in his costume, dismissed his dresser, and sat down before the letters on his table—to examine them would fill up the interval. He had glanced over two or three bills, followed by a couple of school-girlish appeals for his autograph, and had just, with a shrug, torn open a carefully sealing-waxed packet, obviously containing the inevitable play, when a swish of silk skirts sounded in the passage outside the half-open door. The dressing-room of the leading lady was the next room—Falconer turned his head as it halted. Had she come to remonstrate against his introduction of the "new reading" without having consulted or warned her? Playing her own part with the unobtrusive perfection which the public had learnt to expect from one of its most gifted and popular actresses, she had taken the success that had quite eclipsed her own in the kindest way, but she had a sharp tongue and temper upon occasion. He rose.

"Pray come in, Miss Cavendish," he called.

A laugh came in answer. "Are you sure I may?" a voice asked, gaily.

The leap of Falconer's heart was not quicker than his movement to the door. Monica Thorold, on the threshold as he threw it open, met his astonished eyes with a sparkle of mirth in her own.

"I suppose I may really enter?" she questioned, lightly, giving him her hand. "And I hope, for the sake of your nerves, that you are less amazed than you look!"

"Amazed—yes. But a thousand times more honoured," declared Falconer, gallantly—he had always a ready tongue.

"Oh, that's of course!" She laughed again, advancing a little, a radiant figure in her pale-blue dress, her long, ermine-lined cloak hanging from her shoulders, jewels shining about her throat and in her hair. Falconer had never found her so beautiful or admired her so intensely; he had no taste for simplicity and charms unadorned. "Do you wonder how I got here? Or can you guess?"

"Miss Cavendish, perhaps——" he began.

"Exactly. She is so charming, isn't she? I think her absolutely delightful! So refreshing after the dreadfully stereotyped women one meets. We are quite friends, you know—I'm afraid I have bored her dreadfully since we were introduced, though she is too kind to say so. Yes—Miss Cavendish. I have always longed to go behind the scenes, and to-night I sent her a note saying that I intended to invade the unknown regions and come to her dressing-room after the first act. But her husband was there; he seemed to have something to tell her—I was afraid of being in the way. So, not choosing to have my trouble for nothing, I extended my investigations, as you see."

"You knew this was my room?"

"No. An official person (who seemed to wonder where upon earth I had dropped from) told me." She moved farther into the room, glancing about her. "I suppose this is a little bit improper, isn't it? I feel as if it ought to be."

"I fear Lady Gertrude would think so."

"Mother? Oh, yes. And figure, if you can, the consternation of my uncle and aunt

from the country. I have left Lady Casterton trying to make up her mind what I shall take it into my head to do next. Really, I'm afraid I'm a little bit disappointed, you know."

"Disappointed?"

"In all this." She waved her great white fan illustratively. "I don't know what I expected, but something distinctively less comfortable and conventional. Don't forget that I am by way of scribbling a little. How do you know I didn't design to work you up into an article?"

"I wish I could believe you thought me worth the trouble."

"What, you, whose reticence is the despair of the interviewers?" She laughed her airy, indolent laugh again, letting the fan fall. "Is that a play? How delightful!"

"I'm afraid so. And probably the reverse of delightful."

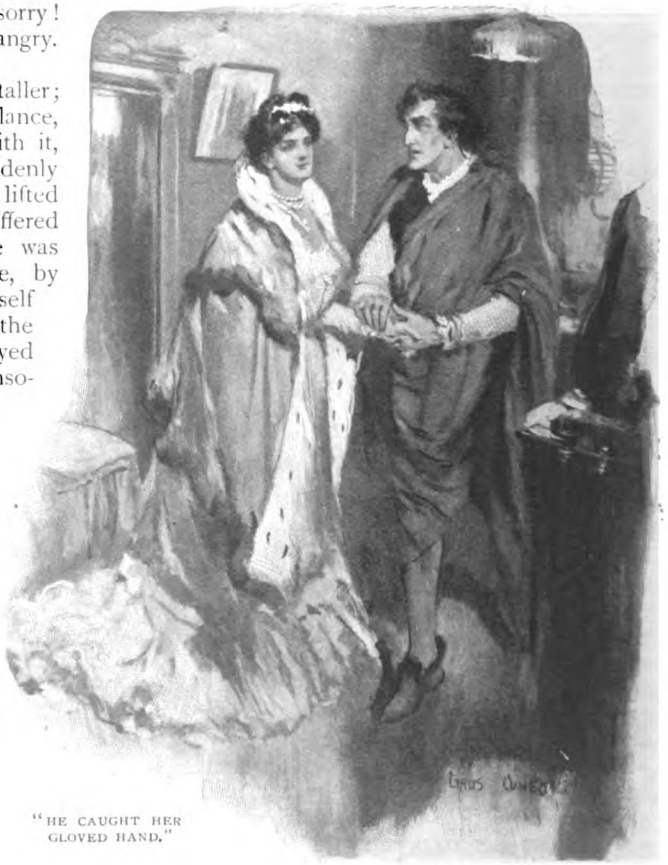
"That means you have not read it. Rather merciless to condemn the unlucky dramatist first, don't you think?" Her tone changed. "By the way, I hope you got my note? I had quite meant to be at Mrs. Trenchard's. I was so sorry! And you, I suppose, were angry. Were you?"

She was tall, but he was the taller; she looked up at him. The glance, the little gesture that went with it, made Falconer's heart beat suddenly high; there was more in her lifted dark eyes than she had ever suffered him to read there yet. She was a woman, proud by nature, by training used to holding herself well in hand, but she loved the man, and at the moment betrayed it as simply as the most unsophisticated girl could have done. With the quickening of his heart came a resolution as swift — why should he wait for the making of a possible chance to-morrow when here was one ready to his hand? The fact that time and place were unconventional would appeal to her rather than not; he was cool enough to remember that. He caught her gloved hand.

"I wish I thought — I wish I dared hope — that I had the right to be angry!" He paused at her quick, involuntary movement. Had he been too precipitate—a fool? But there was no anger in her face, and she did not withdraw her hand. "Monica, is it possible that—one day—you will give it me?"

"I think so," she answered, softly.

Her brilliant eyes were soft as she looked at him now; she was almost pale; her lips trembled a little. The last half-a-dozen years had brought her at least as many suitors, but not one who had moved her. She had not expected his avowal, was, indeed, quite unconscious of the self-betrayal that had been its occasion, but she did not resent being thus taken by surprise—perhaps in her heart rejoiced at it. Neither, perhaps, had she deemed him capable of words so passionate, spoken in a manner so ardent as those to which she listened now. It may have been that Falconer wondered at himself as he uttered them—self-forgetfulness was a thing hardly possible to him at any time If ever a man's star soared ascendant it was his, he thought, exultantly. To win a woman who loved him was nothing—the veriest fool



"HE CAUGHT HER GLOVED HAND."

could achieve as much—but to win also at one stroke beauty, brains, birth, money! His vanity fed full. It was Monica, not he, who first heard Miss Cavendish's approach outside. She snatched up her fan and hurried to the door, throwing a "To-morrow" over her shoulder as she went. Following, Falconer was only in time to catch a vanishing glimpse of her blue dress at the end of the corridor. Meeting the actress's fine eyes he read and rather resented their surprise.

"I thought Miss Thorold had gone back to her box," she said.

"Miss Thorold was so gracious as to honour me," answered Falconer, lightly.

"I see. I had not supposed you so intimate," she commented, with a touch of dryness.

"No?" He found he was resenting the tone as much as the glance. Monica had not tied his tongue, he reflected—would not wish to tie it; there was no reason why he should not announce now what would be public property to-morrow. And he was keenly desirous of giving his triumph voice. "Then perhaps I shall surprise you if I ask for your congratulations?" he said, smiling.

"You are engaged to her?" she cried.

"I have that honour."

"It happened just now?"

"Exactly. I have your good wishes?"

"Of course." Miss Cavendish recovered herself and her natural pleasant cordiality. "My best good wishes," she said, smiling. "You are a lucky man in all ways, it seems."

"I consider myself more than lucky."

"You have reason. Is it a secret?"

"Not at all. I am to see Mr. Thorold and Lady Gertrude to-morrow."

"I wish you well through the interview."

The band was playing the last bars of the interlude; they were both in the scene as the curtain rose on the second act; they spoke as they went. "By the way, you set the pace rather fast to-night."

"Not to your inconvenience, I hope?"

"No; I didn't mind once I had caught it. But don't overdo it, and forget to save yourself for the last act."

"No fear of that. I'm on my mettle to-night! I'll make the running and be in at the death," Falconer answered, gaily.

He was as good as his word, easily, inevitably, for if he had been on his mettle before he was doubly so now. Monica Thorold, oblivious of her companion, kindling and glowing as she watched, merely echoed, in an intensified degree, the mood of the packed house—never since his creation of the character which had made him famous at a stroke had he carried his audience with him so entirely or moved it to an enthusiasm so complete. The recalls broke the record; the cheering burst out again and again; Lady Casterton, a calm person, stared as she saw the girl at her side take the cluster of roses from her corsage and fling them down upon the stage. Monica did not see her friend's look of wonder; Falconer's eyes met hers as he took up the flowers and the curtain came down once more. They were still in his hand when, as quickly as might be, he went to his dressing-room. Their interview had terminated too abruptly to please him, and the exact time at which he was to see her father to-morrow had been left unsettled. A note making the necessary suggestions and asking for a reply early in the morning could be taken to her box during the last act. Outside the door Miss Cavendish's husband, evidently waiting, checked him.

"I'm just off," he began—"I have an appointment. But I thought I must wait, Falconer, to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" For the moment Falconer honestly misunderstood. "Oh—thanks—yes—it does seem going rather extra well to-night. House in good cue, I suppose," he said, carelessly.

"Oh, the show!" cried the other. "My dear fellow, I don't mean that," he said, with a laugh. "Fact is, I haven't been in front. You know what women are when there's any question of a marriage. My wife seized the first chance to tell me of your engagement to Miss Thorold. Best congratulations—if it's a fact, as I suppose it is."

"Very much a fact, I'm proud to say. Thanks, old man," said Falconer.

The other nodded, going off down the corridor, and he turned into the room, to check himself, half-way across it, with an irrepressible exclamation as he let the roses fall. Under the full glare of the electric light, his whole aspect, expression, attitude at once singularly attentive and singularly composed, there faced him the sunburnt, elderly man with the sturdy figure and the thick white hair who had followed and almost accosted him on his way to the theatre. As he halted, with a sense of disconcertment so strange that he wondered at it, swift as it was, the other spoke, withdrawing a pace.

"I surprise you, Mr. Falconer," he said, calmly.

"Why—er—yes. I—I thought the room was empty."

"Precisely. Perhaps my intrusion——"

"My dear sir, not at all!" exclaimed Falconer. For the moment he had stammered, so strong was that odd feeling; now he recovered himself easily and gracefully. His manner was, he knew, one of his most valuable and attractive assets; he had cultivated it as assiduously as any other part of his art, and just now he was in his best mood and humour. "Not at all," he said, pleasantly. "I am entirely at your service—as I should have been, I assure you, earlier in the evening.'

"You knew that I followed you?"

"I observed it — yes — and for a moment was in some doubt as to whether I should or should not speak." He smiled. "I may add that your appearance is almost as well known to me as mine can be to you. I have a good memory for faces, and you have honoured us, I think, with more than one visit since the run of the piece began."

"With several. I had long been curious to see you. Having done so once, I was more than interested in doing so again."

"Uncommonly good of you to say so. Pray sit down. You won't think me discourteous for mentioning that, with the best will in the world, I can only give you a limited time? By the way, I have been puzzling myself as to who our mutual friend may be. In spite of my good memory for faces, I can't, though his is familiar, recollect his name."

"A quite insignificant person, Mr. Falconer—as much so as myself. There are few of us fortunate enough to find, like you, that his name is a household word."

"'I SURPRISE YOU, MR. FALCONER,' HE SAID."

"Awfully kind of you to say so," Falconer murmured, perfunctorily.

"Not at all. It is a matter of fact. You are a most fortunate man." He paused. "May I add that, the door having been ajar just now, I could not avoid overhearing that you are even more so than I had supposed you? I have seen Miss Thorold. I had heard her name associated with yours, and was curious in consequence. But I did not suppose, before to-night, that you would be successful in your suit to her. . . . A play, I think? Sent for your reading, and in hope of your acceptance, of course?"

He had taken no notice of the offered chair, and had not, beyond his first step of withdrawal, stirred hand or foot. Now, as he moved to the table, glancing down at the parcel of MS. at which Monica had looked, Falconer's involuntary sensation of annoyance at the mention of her name subsided into one of amusement. The man, unpolished as his manner was, certainly did not mean to be offensive; to indulge his curiosity would most likely be at once the easiest and quickest way of getting rid of him. He followed.

"A play, without doubt," he said, with a laugh. "I should be afraid to say with how many efforts of the ambitious and amateur playwright I have been bombarded in the last few weeks. It may be placed to my credit that I have absolutely read several. And, however the others may differ from them, we may take it for granted that they are identical in that they all provide me with

what their authors are no doubt pleased to consider as grand a chance in the final act as I am enjoying at present."

"You mean a death scene?"

"Exactly. Poison, dagger, or bullet—one of the three is my fate as the curtain falls. Of the former, some preparation of prussic acid—the sort of thing from which I shall expire presently—is, perhaps, the favourite, although in one especially lurid effort I succumb to strychnine after effective tetanic convulsions. That is one of the drawbacks attached to making a hit in a certain direction; you are supposed capable of doing nothing else. I am doomed to die on the stage, it appears."

"By your own hand, of course?"

"Oh, yes — that's essential. From the front, it seems, a murder is not half such good business as a suicide."

He laughed again as he carelessly fluttered the leaves of the manuscript and threw it down. Watching him, his visitor once more drew a step back.

"You have a large hand, Mr. Falconer," he observed, deliberately. "Clenched, it must be heavy!"

There was more in the words than their blunt irrelevance; a subtle something in their tone turned them into an insult as gross as a blow in the face. Falconer, with his start and stare, crimsoned as though he had received one. Instinctively he raised his hand, and in a flash the other caught the wrist.

"Marion Rainsford is my daughter!" he said.

Falconer's released hand dropped to his side. In the moment of dead silence that followed it seemed to him that the air of the room grew colder.

"Marion Rainsford is my daughter," the other repeated. "I desire—as I have done for three years—to express my sense of the blow with which you took your farewell of her. I say again—your clenched hand must be heavy!"

Falconer stood motionless in a bewilderment of hot fury and cold dismay. That this thing should have happened now! Good Heaven, if it reached her ears, how might it not affect Monica? And there were her people! What did the man want or intend? He made a desperate effort to pull himself together—the lamest words he could stammer would be a better answer than silence to the fixed, waiting face whose calmness, he felt, was more sinister and deadly than rage.

"I — can't excuse myself," he began, hoarsely. "There is nothing to be urged in extenuation of a thing of which I am bitterly ashamed—of which I have always been bitterly ashamed. The fact that I was carried away by a moment's passion, and was—was provoked, does not excuse me. I acknowledge that, fully acknowledge it. I have always deeply regretted it, as I have that—that your daughter misunderstood me, my—my ideas, my intentions. But let me entreat you to believe that—that beyond a mere flirtation——"

"Quite unnecessary. I am aware that you broke her heart with all possible propriety."

"She—misunderstood," Falconer repeated. That he should stand as he did stand, stumbling through these banal excuses, infuriated him; but the man must somehow be conciliated, quieted, though at the expense of his own humiliation. Was it a question of money — of money's equivalent? He caught at that. "If I can in any way do anything—if it lies in my power to assist your daughter in her profession——"

"My daughter is in an institute for the insane, Mr. Falconer. And she will remain there, a hopeless lunatic, until the day she dies. For which, in addition to the blow you struck her, I tender you my thanks. You might have played your game with many women, doubtless, and done little harm; my girl was made of more delicate stuff. She recovered from the illness — physically — which followed your desertion as she is now, and so she will remain. It may flatter your vanity to know that she has not, even in her present state, forgotten you—she is usually quiet and happy when allowed to wear the wedding-dress in which she expects to marry you. But there are other times when she is terrified and tries to hide, fearing that as you struck her once you may, when you come, strike her again. She clung round my neck yesterday, begging me to save her from that, and to tell you not to be angry. . . . There have been times when I have been very impatient for to-day."

Rainsford's voice had not once risen above its monotonously level tone or fallen beneath it, but no change could have carried with it quite the same relentless weight. Once more it seemed to Falconer that the air of the room grew colder. But he was recovering himself now. After all, what, at worst, could the man do? It was only his devilish, passionless composure that had for the moment upset his nerves and made a fool of him.

"I am shocked," he began, "inexpressibly shocked at what you tell me. I will say no more, since I fear you will credit no expressions of sorrow or self-reproach from me. I will not even suggest that I cannot be justly held responsible for your daughter's sad state. But suffer me to add that if you are—pardon me—poor, and will allow me to offer——"

"Nothing! You will pay your debt, Mr. Falconer, but not in that coin."

"You mean, of course, that you will tell this story to Miss Thorold. Well, it will distress her; it may cause a breach between us; but I must remind you that she is a

"FALCONER CAUGHT AT THE TABLE EDGE."

woman of the world, and that being so she——"

"I have no idea of troubling Miss Thorold."

"Then, what do you mean? Why did you follow me to-night? I must tell you, Mr. Rainsford, to speak plainly, that I am not to be terrorized or bullied. Who was the man with you, and why——"

He stopped — stopped dead. As he fell back a pace Rainsford advanced as far towards him.

"Your memory for faces has asserted itself, I think, Mr. Falconer," he said, quietly.

Falconer caught at the table edge, with a fallen, livid face; his eyes fixed in a haggard stare.

"I see you remember. A prominent police-officer's face is generally fairly familiar, though less so, no doubt, than a popular actor's."

Falconer's eyes shifted to where Monica Thorold's fallen roses made a spot of pink upon the carpet—there was no other change in him. Rainsford went on.

"When my girl came to me," he said, with the same absolute, deliberate composure, "frantic, bearing the mark of that blow of yours, I should, had I obeyed my first impulse, have flogged and flung you into the gutter, satisfying myself with that poor revenge as best I might. But I did not obey it; I have always been patient. I waited. Longer than I had thought to do — much longer; a poor man is handicapped in many ways. There is a secret in most lives, we are told—I resolved to find yours. When I began to wonder what had been your reason for quitting England when you broke with Marion does not matter, or why—perhaps I was curious as to what had been the source of the money I had discovered you to possess — I did begin. And I know."

Falconer's chest rose with a great gasp of breath; he shivered as though the room were very cold.

"There is no need to go into details—you must remember, as I have gathered them all. Your fraud and forgery were cleverly executed; you covered your traces with consummate cunning. I can hardly wonder either that no suspicion fell upon you or that an innocent man nearly suffered in your place. When he escaped and the whole thing appeared forgotten, I suppose you thought yourself safe in returning, as, but for me, you would have been. But, like most

criminals, you left one weak spot, and I found it. The case against you is absolutely complete—your conviction a certainty; there is no possible loophole of escape for you once the warrant for your arrest is executed. And—were it in my power to grant it, which it is not—you had better, Mr. Falconer, whimper to wind or fire for mercy than to me!"

Falconer made a stumbling step forward and back again. There was no change in his haggard stare.

"It would have been executed when I followed you this evening, but that the idea of this interview occurred to me—and of something more. I gave the officer his instructions in accordance—he is waiting within sight of the stage door. You will be arrested as you leave the theatre—if you elect to leave it."

There was a silence. Falconer dropped into a chair. Rainsford drew a pace nearer.

"I chanced to think of Miss Thorold, and the possibility, at least, of her attachment to you. It occurred to me that I might spare her, in part. The whole story of your degradation and disgrace will be public property to-morrow—if you leave the theatre."

Falconer's lips shaped a soundless question. Rainsford drew a tiny box from an inner pocket, took something from it, and put it down upon the table—a little, greenish pellet. "You understand?" he asked.

Falconer nodded. His face was the colour of clay. Rainsford smiled.

"I was a traveller in my young days," he said, quietly, "and penetrated into many wild and savage places, from which it might have been well to possess such a means of—escape. Possibly I should not have thought of it but for your great death scene upon the stage. It suggested substitution. You follow me?"

Falconer made a gesture.

"It is quick and quite painless, and it leaves no trace. Nothing is commoner than sudden heart failure, as we all know. You know what must happen if you leave the theatre. In your place, I think I should not leave it."

He went out. Falconer's face fixed again into its haggard stare; he sat looking—always looking—at the little pellet upon the table. He had not stirred when presently footsteps sounded outside, and he staggered to his feet, closing his hand upon it as his dresser came in.

"The gentleman said he had particular business with you, sir, and that you would ring when you were ready for me," he said, hurriedly. "I didn't dare wait any longer—the curtain will go up in a moment now."

"I am ready," said Falconer.

He went out, pausing in the corridor before a great mirror. His was always a pale, impassive face; there was little difference in it; his heart was beating almost normally again; his hand, as for an instant he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, was nearly steady. A player who had utterly lost the game had best take his defeat quietly; a man absolutely trapped was a fool to struggle. A way of escape from horror, degradation, disgrace unspeakable had been provided for him; he was dully thankful for it—he would take it—presently. It was a vague relief that Monica would never know; had he been able to endure all else, her scorn would have been unbearable. But though she had no existence he would rather die a score of deaths than face the arrest, the felon's dock, the trial, conviction, and punishment—all that awaited him—if he left the theatre. As for a moment he halted in the wings, mechanically waiting for his cue, a fellow-actor accosted him.

"You look a bit done up, Falconer; but, by Jove, you've knocked 'em to-night!" he said, cordially. "By the way, best congratutions. For good all-round luck you take some beating!"

"Thanks — yes — you're right," said Falconer.

"Rather! Here comes your cue. I say, we shall see it in the fashionable intelligence, I suppose, eh?"

"There will be something in the papers to-morrow," said Falconer.

He answered his cue, and was on the stage. The words of his part, he found, came to his lips quite easily; moreover, he was presently aware that he was playing this last act as he had never played it before. But he seemed to stand at an incalculable distance, watching himself. Once he glanced up at the left-hand box on the first tier and saw a rapt, eager face shining out of the gloom. That was at the end, when, but for himself, the stage was empty, and the whole house hung tense and breathless, waiting for the famous death scene. He laughed as he felt for the little pellet—when one thought of it, it was really funny. Funnier still to think of what would be in the papers to-morrow. Somewhere in the audience an hysterical girl laughed shrilly, overwrought, as he lifted his hand to his mouth.

He reeled against a table, panting, gasping; his raised hands tore at his throat God,

what had he done? Fool, idiot, madman—this was death! Disgrace, dishonour, degradation, what were they all weighed against life—life? He swung in a vast fiery wheel; a giant grip clutched and crushed him; he struggled to scream as he writhed and fought, striving to drag it away—life, life—only life!

The fiery wheel burst asunder; its humming fragments spun away into a great blackness—the whole world heaved upward, rocked and crashed together. He dropped, and the curtain fell.

"HIS RAISED HANDS TORE AT HIS THROAT."

The curtain fell, and the theatre rang with applause, in response to which the favourite actor—"with a true respect for art we would we could see imitated," the critics had declared—always consistently declined to appear. The general opinion was that the great death scene was a finer effort than ever; though two or three women, looking pale and perturbed as they struggled into their wraps, complained that the new style of playing it was quite too realistic—absolutely it had frightened them. Monica Thorold was not pale. Her brilliant face wore a flush of delight as she turned to her companion.

"Magnificent, wasn't it?" she said. "He has surpassed himself to-night. I wonder why he altered the reading of the last act so entirely? I must ask. But it was awfully effective. By the way, dear—I dare say you won't be surprised—I am going to marry him."

The theatre was still ringing with cheers and hand-clappings as Rainsford made his way out into the air—he had scarcely waited for the curtain to go down. He stopped as he reached the corner from which he could see the stage door and the motor waiting before it—he was feeling a little sick. As he did so a man, in the dress of a commissionaire, came darting by, almost striking against his shoulder. In the lamplight his face showed white and scared, as he rushed up to a policeman standing on the kerb.

"A doctor!" he cried. "Where is the nearest? Quick!"

The constable, stolid and self-possessed, pointed silently — the other ran. Rainsford had recovered himself now; he sauntered across towards an adjacent narrow turning. As he reached it a figure emerged from the shadow, and he spoke without turning his head.

"I don't think you will be wanted," he said. "I fancy our man has—got away."

"Got away!" the officer ejaculated. "But, sir," he protested, "his motor is waiting, and I and my man have not, for the last hour, taken our eyes off the door. Unless there is another exit from the stage——"

"There was one other," said Rainsford, quietly.

Problems Science Has Almost Solved.

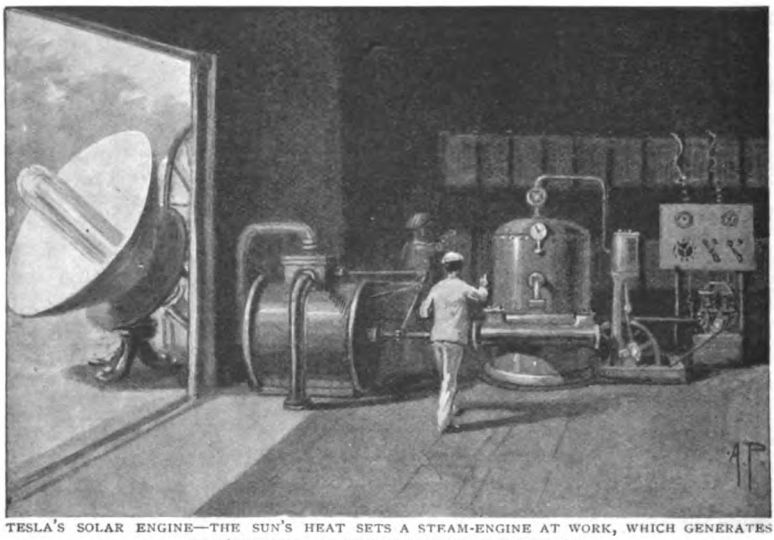
By Arthur T. Dolling.

"SCIENCE," said Professor Huxley, "is frequently on the brink of some great truth, but it is left to chance to disperse the vapours which obscure it." How true this is was never so well exemplified as at the outset of the twentieth century. We are actually hovering on the very margin of the promised land, so that many who are not seers, in the metaphysical sense, may pierce the mist. To-day in Europe and North America, in chemistry, in biology, in physics, in astronomy, in geology, a thousand eager brains are at work and a number of interesting problems are almost solved. In the present article we will attempt to touch the most important subjects of intellectual research—to foreshadow a few of the inventions or innovations, now dimly seen, which the next few years will bring forth.

A problem which has been engaging the wits of practical philosophers for the last quarter of a century concerns the utilization of solar heat. Nothing is more important to the world than the supply of heat for economic and industrial purposes. Science has learnt to prevent the dissipation of cold, and ice has long been produced, with little trouble, in the heart of the Tropics. But the conservation of caloric has so far baffled the inventor, although he sees the evil day approaching when it will be of the utmost moment to the inhabitants of this planet. As Stephenson said, it is really the sun which drives all our engines, though at second-hand, for what is coal but stored sun-power? According to the late Professor Langley, from every square yard of earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays there could be derived more than one horse-power. Thus in less than the area of London the noontide heat is sufficient on a moderately sunny day to drive all the steam-engines in the world. One of the first to put this idea to practical test was M. Mouchot, who constructed a solar engine, looking like a gigantic inverted umbrella. The parabolic reflector concentrated the heat on a boiler in the focus, and drove a steam-engine with it. Mr. Ericsson invented an improved form, but the difficulty hitherto has been to lessen the cost of utilizing the heat.

"I hope some day," declared Mr. Tesla, "with an apparatus I have invented so to harness the rays of the sun that that body will operate every machine in our factories, propel every train and carriage in our streets, and do all the cooking in our homes, as well as furnish all the light that man may need by night as well as by day. It will, in short, replace all wood and coal as a producer of motive-power and heat and electric-lighting." His idea is simple enough, consisting, as it does, of concentrating the heat of the sun on a focal point by a series of mirrors and magnifying glasses, and the great heat so produced is directed upon a glass cylinder filled with water. This latter is chemically prepared, so that it rapidly evaporates into steam. The steam is made to operate a steam-engine, which, in turn, generates electricity. This electricity is received by storage batteries, and a vast and cheap supply is generated for all purposes. With thousands of these sun-stations dotted about here and there, the whole industrial problem would seem to be solved for mankind.

In the invention described by Professor Tesla the steam from the solar generator passes to a steam cylinder and works the piston which connects with the air-pump, which, being of smaller diameter than the steam cylinder, pumps air into a reservoir at considerably higher pressure than steam. The dynamo is worked by a small engine, which draws its supply of compressed air from



TESLA'S SOLAR ENGINE—THE SUN'S HEAT SETS A STEAM-ENGINE AT WORK, WHICH GENERATES ELECTRICITY, AND THIS IS STORED IN BATTERIES.

the reservoir. The difficulty at present is the great cost of storing the batteries and keeping them stored; but this we shall discuss later. Professor Berthelot has spoken of electricity generated by the perpetual mobility of the ocean. If we could thus derive a cheap source of electricity for heating and mechanical power, the problem would be solved, but most men of science believe that it is to the sun and sun-power that mankind must look in the future. Sir William Siemens has estimated the solar effective temperature at not less than three thousand degrees centigrade, a rich bank on which England may draw when her present coal supply is exhausted. "Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun-power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa or the shores of the Red Sea will effect a greater change in men's affairs than any conqueror in history has done."

Another interesting scheme of Tesla's is artificial daylight, which he claims to have perfected. It consists of glass balls, without wires of any kind, giving forth a brilliant but not glaring light, and perfectly harmless to handle. Without speculating on the secret of this discovery, it may be said that several new artificial illuminants are doubtless impending in the laboratories of science.

Science is expectantly awaiting the discovery of greater deposits of radium than have yet been vouchsafed to the many seekers after this astonishing substance. In a recent number of *Le Figaro* M. Des Lauriers, a friend of the late Professor Curie, declares his belief in the impending apparition in some obscure mine of a glittering storehouse of radium sufficient to revolutionize the whole attitude of science towards this, the greatest marvel of the twentieth century.

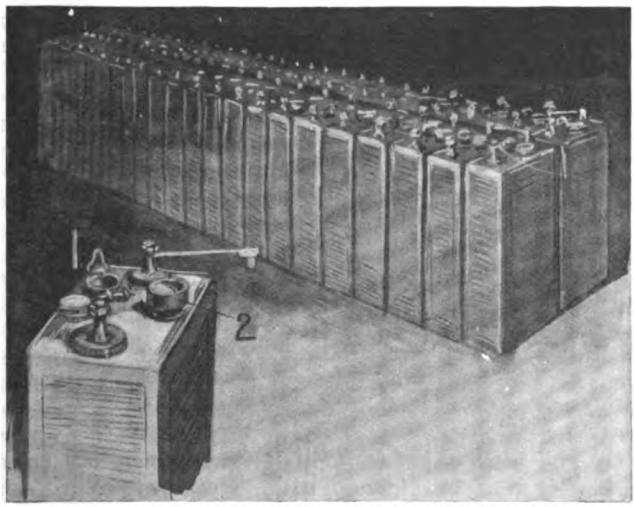
"To some humble miner, working with

A PURE RADIUM MINE!—"TO SOME HUMBLE MINER, WORKING WITH PICK AND SHOVEL, MAY BE RESERVED A DISCOVERY OF THE UTMOST MOMENT TO MANKIND."

pick and shovel for his daily bread, may be reserved a discovery of the utmost moment to mankind. The possibilities of radium are immense; at present we can only dimly guess at one-tenth of what it can do."

On this, however, English men of science are inclined to take a conservative view. Sir William Ramsay, for instance, writes to me to say that "Radium is always associated with uranium; there are a good many deposits of pitchblende, the ore of uranium; but, although the latter is used for colouring glass and china, there is no great demand for it. And it would hardly pay to work over for radium without being able to dispose profitably of the uranium oxide. Hence the high price of radium. If a great demand were to rise for uranium, the cost of radium would be much reduced."

In his British Association address in 1898 Sir William Crookes pointed out the tendency of the earth's population to outstrip the production of wheat. "Starvation," he said, "may be averted through the laboratory. Before we are in the grip of actual dearth the chemist will step in and postpone the day of famine." He added that the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, therefore, is one of the great discoveries awaiting the ingenuity of the chemists. Its artificial production is clearly within view, and by its aid the land devoted to wheat can be brought up to thirty bushels per acre standard. Since this pronouncement French, German, and American chemists and engineers have been labouring at the problem, which it is now claimed has been satisfactorily solved by two Norwegian chemists and engineers. It is said that they have discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere in such a way as to make it available for commercial, industrial, and agricultural purposes. At present one million tons of nitrate of soda are annually exported from Chili, at from fifty to sixty pounds per ton. Twenty million tons are far less than is required; and all this may readily be extracted from the air in the neighbourhood of London alone.



EDISON'S PROMISED NEW BATTERY WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF QUICK AND CHEAP TRANSIT.

Never, doubtless, in the century and a quarter of aeronautics has so much activity been shown as now. Although baffled by the balloon and puzzled by the aeroplane, mankind seems finally resolved to navigate the air, and the means by which it may attain this end appear to-day reasonably clear. The latest form of air-ship, designed by Mr. Edward Applin, combines many of the advantages of M. Santos-Dumont's and the Messrs. Phillips's invention, and the only point now to be determined is to what degree the air-ships of the next twelvemonth can be depended upon for practical locomotion.

Civil engineers view with intense interest the new movement for special motor roads to be constructed between various points in the kingdom, and entertain no doubt whatever that viatory traffic will become completely revolutionized within the ensuing decade. What is certain is that the road-maps of England will become obsolete, although the establishment of new direct main roads, "as the crow flies," will result in the preservation of the picturesque ancient highways which wind so pleasantly through the land, and which the motor-car has threatened to destroy.

From across the Atlantic comes the announcement of another epoch-making discovery by the great American wizard, Mr. Thomas Alva Edison. This time it takes the shape of a practically indestructible storage battery, which, it is claimed, will travel a hundred thousand miles before it is worn out, and which, for the trifling sum of

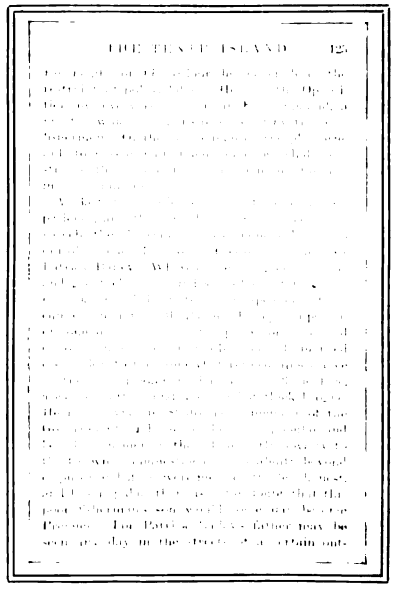
two hundred dollars, will provide the purchaser with motive-power that will need no renewal for fifteen years.

"I never could believe," remarked the great inventor, "that Nature, so prolific of resources, could provide only lead as a material ingredient of the battery. I have always found her ready for any emergency, and based on this confidence, which she has never betrayed, I communed diligently with her." After experimenting with numerous other substances, Mr. Edison hit at length upon cobalt as a substitute for lead. But, cobalt being one of the rare metals, the problem was not yet solved. So he scoured the country to find this metal in sufficient quantities to warrant its use, and discovered an abundance of it in Canada, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Kentucky. Then, to use the inventor's expressive phrase, he knew he was all right. A friend of Mr. Edison's tried a few cells on a two-ton machine a while ago, and found that as motive-power it was reasonably successful, although in no competition with speed.

"But I am not an automobile manufacturer, and I have thought only of solving the problem of street traffic, which is serious in all the great cities of the world," says Edison.

The actual cost of re-charging the new battery is a matter of some three-halfpence per cell.

Space might have been found here for a prediction as to photography by wire; but this invention has already been made. Colour photography is yet, however, still a puzzle to chemistry.



THE FORTHCOMING TYPOGRAPHY—FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF A BOOK PRINTED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT INK.

From time to time new patent fuels are announced, but none has excited the interest of that which it is declared has been invented by Professor Daniel Drawbaugh, the American inventor and rival to Professor Bell. It is a compound consisting of chemicals and fibrous matter, producing the same heat and costing only half the price of coal. It is easy to see that Drawbaugh fuel, at eight or ten shillings a ton, would quickly work a revolution in the coal industry. What scientists have been long seeking for—the profitable utilization of earth and sawdust—may be found to be the basis of this new discovery.

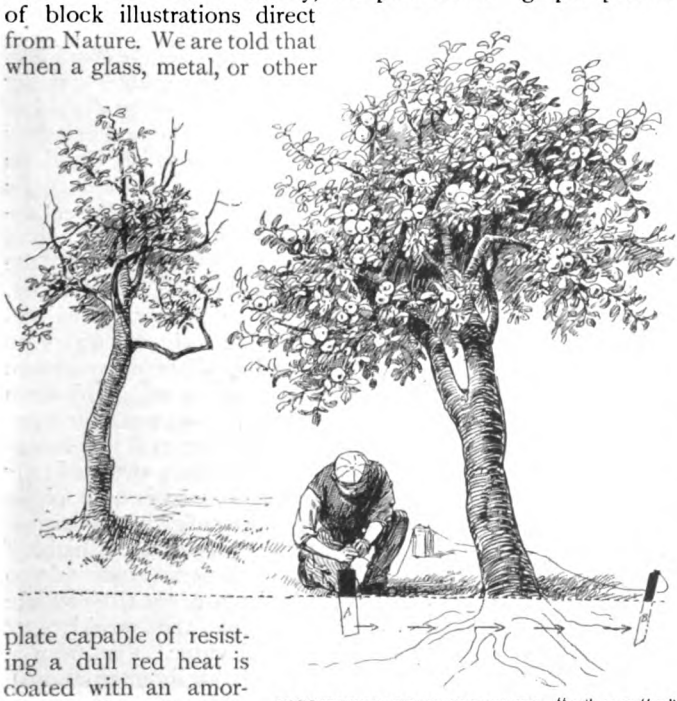
From coalless and woodless fires in the near future we may turn to contemplate the printing of books and newspapers without ink.

Not long ago Professor R. K. Duncan wrote: "Cellulose (wood pulp) is, within certain limits, extraordinarily sensitive. A certain substance known as diazo-primuline is but slowly affected by light; but place it upon a cellulose paper and it is (for unknown reasons) spontaneously decomposed by sunlight. From this fact arises a process of 'positive' photographic printing. Again, cellulose seems, to a certain extent, a conductor of electricity. Attach a coin to the positive end of a battery and a sheet of moist paper to the negative end; press the coin on the paper, and after suitable development an image is formed. Or, again, reverse the polarity and press the coin on the paper. No result is apparent, for the image is latent; but, even after the lapse of months, treat it with a silver salt and developer, and there will at once be seen the image of the coin. It is by no means impossible that this little fact will lead to a method of electrical printing without ink."

The experiment has been frequently tried in the case of coins — one of the first was, I believe, achieved in the University of London laboratory; and thence it was but a step to the printing of a page of type. So far as is known, the first example to be reproduced is herewith shown. The experimenter, Mr. E. K. Davenport, states that "the constituents for the blackening of the portions impressed by the metal were contained in the paper, which was made from Newfoundland pulp." Plainly the invention is far from being perfect, from a commercial standpoint; but what a field for economy in the production of news-

papers alone such a discovery opens to view! It is said that three-halfpence worth of solution will saturate a hundredweight of paper. If different solutions are found to produce different colours under the electric shock the doom of the ink-makers is amongst the portents in the sky.

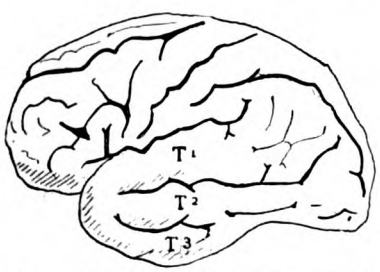
Mechanical photography, too, is almost within reach—that is to say, the production of block illustrations direct from Nature. We are told that when a glass, metal, or other plate capable of resisting a dull red heat is coated with an amorphous film of some metallic solution and exposed to light under an ordinary photographic negative a curious change takes place which may be most simply described as a wandering of some of the material from beneath the shadows into the light parts, so that on subsequently burning off the organic matter (resinous varnishes were mostly used) a picture results, faithfully reproducing the finest detail of the original subject. As no specific chemical action can be detected, Herr Alefeld names this method of producing photographic pictures "mechanical photography." By this process every man can become his own photo-engraver.



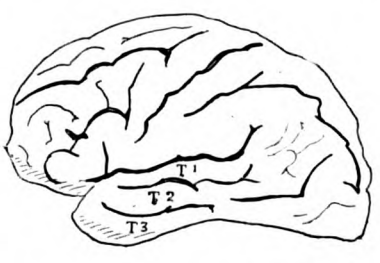
ELECTROCULTURE OF THE FUTURE—"A" AND "B" ARE METAL PLATES BURIED IN THE GROUND AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF TREE. AN ELECTRIC CURRENT ENTERING IT AT "A" FLOWS THROUGH SOIL AND ROOTS TO "B." THE TREE REPRESENTED ON THE LEFT HAS NOT BEEN TREATED BY ELECTRICITY.

It has been known for some time that electricity was of value in viticulture, but it has not yet been availed of to any extent, or on any considerable scale. When the late Sir Frederick Bramwell was told that certain grapes presented to him by Sir W. Siemens had been subjected to electricity during their growth, "Ah, I thought so," observed Sir Frederick; "they had to me a taste of currents." "Electroculture" is now, however, under the direction of M. Adolphe Barde, entering on a new stage in Switzerland. Not only has it been found that a high voltage improves the growth of the vine, but also kills the phylloxera disease. The Fuchs method has also been applied to apple trees, and one tree, near Dieppe, has given astonishing results over its fellows. Here, then, may be a means of reviving our fields and orchards and making the desert blossom as the rose.

Turning now to the domain of biological and physiological science, there is no doubt great discoveries are impending. Perhaps the most interesting and momentous discovery of all concerns the functions and capacities of the brain, so much of which is still densely obscure. Is there a special seat of intelligence or intellect in the brain? So far science says



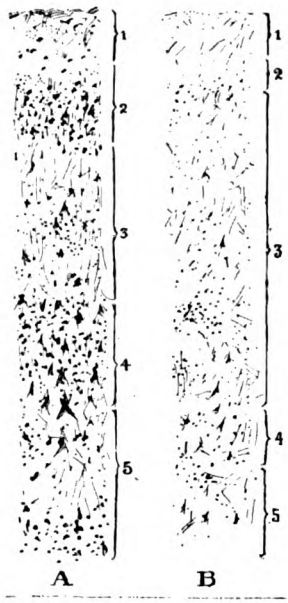
A SECTION OF THE BRAIN OF A GREAT MUSICIAN, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF TEMPORO-SPHENOIDAL CONVOLUTION.



A SECTION OF THE BRAIN OF A SWISS PEASANT WITH "NO EAR FOR MUSIC."

not. Intelligence and will, it says, have no local habitation distinct from the sensory and motor substrata of the cortex. The relation between brain and mind is not yet found. "But," writes Professor Ferrier, "there are grounds for believing that a high development of certain regions will be found associated with special faculties of which the regions in question are the essential basis."

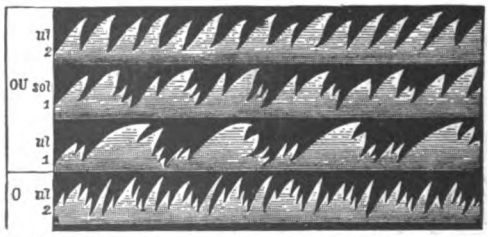
Dr. C. W. Saleeby prophecies that a time will come when we shall know precisely in what part of the brain what we now call genius lies. "The great musician, for instance, will bequeath his brains for microscopic examination, so that the auditory centre wherein some C minor symphony (Beethoven or Brahms, which you please) or Vorspiel to 'Parsifal' was concealed might be compared unto the microscope of the auditory centre of, say, the good musical critic, that of the patron of musical comedy, and so by slow degrees down to the brain of the unfortunate who recognises the National Anthem by the circumstance that men doff their hats thereat." While Dr. Saleeby declares that nothing is yet known of these things, he believes that a more advanced knowledge will enable the visitor to the British Museum to gaze down a row of microscopes wherein are compared sections of grey matter showing the cell development of eminent persons. Thus the future may show us a section of the cortex of, say, the President of the Royal Society side by side with a person of low mental calibre, so that the initiated may see at once the cause of the professor's "braininess" and the other's incapacity for abstract thought.



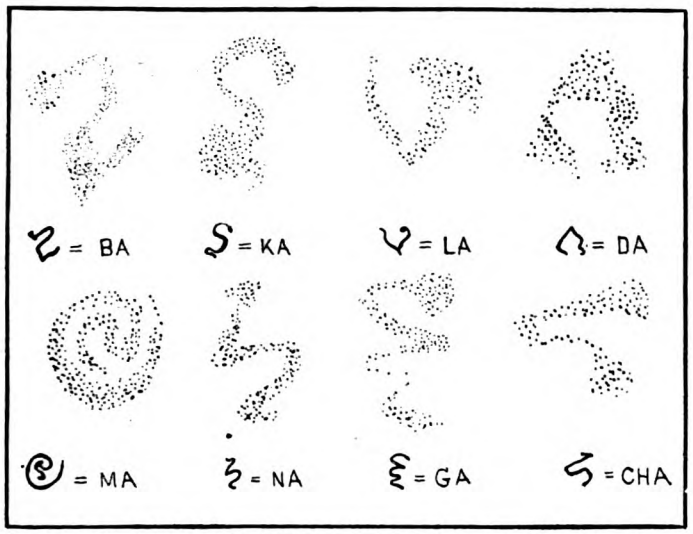
POSSIBLE CELL FORMATION OF THE FRONTAL LOBE OF A PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY (A) COMPARED WITH CELL FORMATION OF THE BRAIN OF AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN (B).

The recent discussion on spelling reform has demonstrated anew how dependent the world has been hitherto on arbitrary symbols, as alphabetical letters, for the expression and preservation of its ideas. One written language may have an advantage over another, but none bears any fixed relation to speech as spoken. When the phonograph was invented it seemed here was a method of annotating vocal sounds, but the fulfilment did not bear out the promise, for the characters on a phonograph cylinder may be said to be devoid of character. They are certainly not symbols which could be employed to represent the alphabet. A far closer approximation to a system had previously been found in the "flame-pictures" of Koenig, the kaleidophone figures and the acoustic figures of Chladni, all being produced by the action of sound upon a flame, or on sand particles.

But none of these discoveries has proved of any use as the basis of a philological reform. There is another, however, which, if report be true, bids fair to revolutionize the whole alphabetical system of the world. It possesses this essential virtue: that from it there can be no appeal. It is international. A symbol representing a sound in English represents the same sound in French or Russian or Chinese. Briefly, what Professor Otto Zorn claims to have invented is a species of tympanum sprinkled with aluminium dust, the particles of which, under electrical stimulus, group themselves into certain forms corresponding to various degrees of vibration. Thus, if the consonant B be spoken into the receiver affixed to the tympanum, the particles are set in motion and take on a definite form, from the outline of which an alphabetical character is derived. It is perfectly clear that the process must be uniform in all cases, for, unless



FLAME-PICTURES SHOWING DIFFERENT FORMS PRODUCED BY THE VOWELS "OU" AND "O."



THE NEW UNIVERSAL ALPHABET—PROFESSOR OTTO ZORN'S ALUMINIUM PARTICLES AND THE CORRESPONDING SPEECH SYMBOLS.

the atoms exhibit always the same forms answering to the same uttered sounds, the resultant alphabet would be as arbitrary as those already existing. This, it is understood, Professor Zorn claims to have achieved with certain consonants, noting, however, a variation in others; while he admits he has not been so successful with vowel sounds. The prospect opened out, however, by such a system is of enormous interest. It is equivalent to nothing less than the photography of speech.

At a recent Library Association meeting something of a sensation was caused by the reading of a paper calling for a radical reform, not in the contents, but in the shape and aspect of the modern book. "The book is the one feature of civilized life which in fifteen hundred years has undergone no change. There were big books at the beginning—there are big books now, folios and quartos, although fewer than then, but, big or little, they open in the same way, at the same side, stitched and covered the same, and are as cumbrous and unlovely as ever. Must the vehicles of the world's literature ever remain in the stage-coach stage? Has human ingenuity said its all when the flat-paged, side-bound book was invented?" Inspired by this, perhaps, a South African inventor, Mr. J. R. Cummings, has been at work upon a very novel and interesting form of "literary vehicle" (one hesitates about calling it a book), of which we give an illustration. It is more nearly akin to the ancient scrolls of papyrus, actuated by an internal spring, which moves the printed sheet backwards or forwards at a pace regulated by the reading ability or convenience of the owner. A striking feature of the device is the index arrangement, by which any passage of the work, by a simple pressure on the index letter, can be brought instantly under revision.

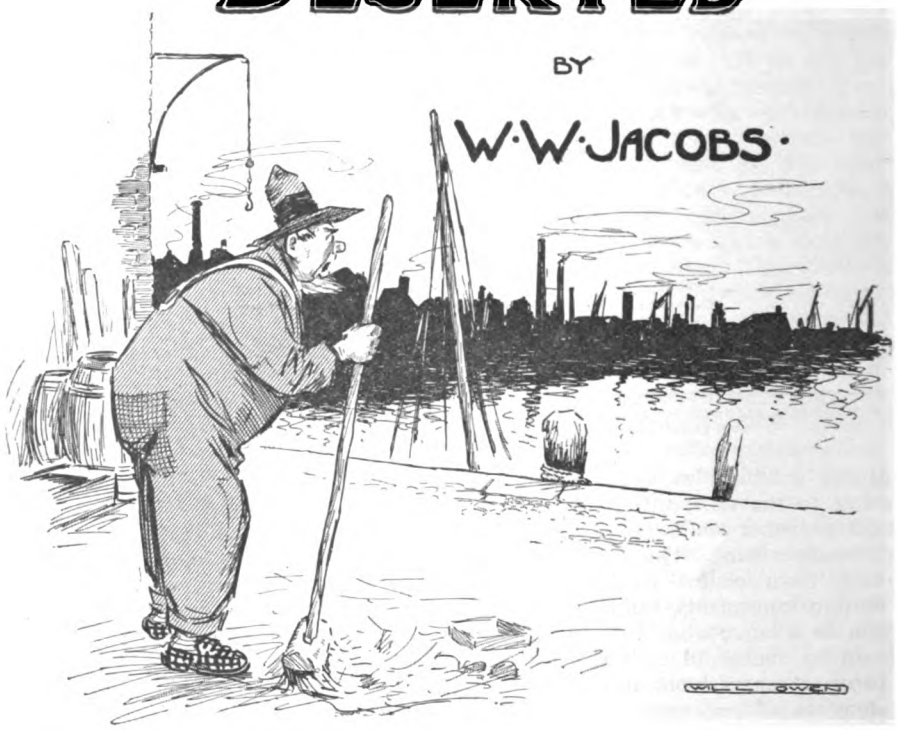
All newspaper readers must have observed the tendency of the public prints within recent years to diminish in apparent area, while by no means diminishing in actual bulk. This leads to the belief that the near future will witness the newspaper and periodical more and more approaching the technical appearance of the book. Thirty years ago the eight-column daily journal, two and a half feet across, was no rarity. A few years hence we may see the *Times* in the format of the *Westminster Gazette*, and the latter journal in the guise of the present thin-paper classics—duodecimo and even sexto-decimo. And perhaps the only one who will bewail the reform will be the careful housewife mentioned by Dean Hole, who took in the *Standard* because it was "so convenient for wrapping up a cabbage"!

THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE—A FEATURE OF THIS WILL BE THE INDEX SHOWN ON THE LEFT, WHICH WILL EXPEDITE INSTANTLY A REFERENCE TO ANY PORTION OF THE VOLUME.

DESERTED

BY

W·W·JACOBS·



"SAILORMEN ain't wot you might call dandyfied as a rule," said the night-watchman, who had just had a passage of arms with a lighterman and been advised to let somebody else wash him and make a good job of it; "they've got too much sense. They leave dressing up and making eyesores of theirselves to men wot 'ave never smelt salt water; men wot drift up and down the river in lighters and get in everybody's way."

He glanced fiercely at the retreating figure of the lighterman, and, turning a deaf ear to a request for a lock of his hair to patch a favourite doormat with, resumed with much vigour his task of sweeping up the litter.

The most dressy sailorman I ever knew, he continued, as he stood the broom up in a corner and seated himself on a keg, was a young feller named Rupert Brown. His mother gave 'im the name of Rupert while his father was away at sea, and when he came 'ome it was too late to alter it. All that a man could do he did do, and Mrs. Brown 'ad a black eye till 'e went to sea agin. She was a very obstinate woman, though—like most of 'em—and a little over a year arterwards got pore old Brown three months' hard by naming 'er next boy Roderick Alfonso.

Young Rupert was on a barge when I knew 'im fust, but he got tired of always 'aving dirty hands arter a time, and went and enlisted as a soldier. I lost sight of 'im for a while, and then one evening he turned up on furlough and come to see me.

O' course, by this time 'e was tired of soldiering, but wot upset 'im more than anything was always 'aving to be dressed the same and not being able to wear a collar and neck-tie. He said that if it wasn't for the sake of good old England, and the chance o' getting six months, he'd desert. I tried to give 'im good advice, and, if I'd only known 'ow I was to be dragged into it, I'd ha' given 'im a lot more.

As it 'appened he deserted the very next

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arternoon. He was in the Three Widders at Aldgate, in the saloon bar—which is a place where you get a penn'orth of ale in a glass and pay twopence for it—and, arter being told by the barmaid that she had got one monkey at 'ome, he got into conversation with another man wot was in there.

He was a big man with a black moustache and a red face, and 'is fingers all smothered in di'mond rings. He 'ad got on a gold watch-chain as thick as a rope, and a scarf-pin the size of a large walnut, and he had 'ad a few words with the barmaid on 'is own account. He seemed to take a fancy to Rupert from the fust, and in a few minutes he 'ad given 'im a big cigar out of a sealskin case and ordered 'im a glass of sherry wine.

"Have you ever thought o' going on the stage?" he ses, arter Rupert 'ad told 'im of his dislike for the Army.

"No," ses Rupert, staring.

"You s'prise me," ses the big man; "you're wasting of your life by not doing so."

"But I can't act," ses Rupert.

"Stuff and nonsense," ses the big man. "Don't tell me. You've got an actor's face. I'm a manager myself, and I know. I don't mind telling you that I refused twenty-three men and forty-eight ladies only yesterday."

"I wonder you don't drop down dead," ses the barmaid, lifting up 'is glass to wipe down the counter.

The manager looked at her, and, arter she 'ad gone to talk to a gentleman in the next bar wot was knocking double knocks on the counter with a pint pot, he whispered to Rupert that she 'ad been one of them.

"She can't act a bit," he ses. "Now, look 'ere; I'm a business man and my time is valuable. I don't know nothing, and I don't want to know nothing; but, if a nice young feller, like yourself, for example, was tired of the Army and wanted to escape, I've got one part left in my company that 'ud suit 'im down to the ground."

"Wot about being reckernised?" ses Rupert.

The manager winked at 'im. "It's the part of a Zulu chief," he ses, in a whisper.

Rupert started. "But I should 'ave to black my face," he ses.

"A little," ses the manager; "but you'd soon get on to better parts—and see wot a fine disguise it is."

He stood 'im two more glasses o' sherry wine, and, arter he 'ad drunk 'em, Rupert gave way. The manager patted 'im on the back, and said that if he wasn't earning fifty pounds a week in a year's time he'd eat his 'ead; and the barmaid, wot 'ad come back agin, said it was the best thing he could do with it, and she wondered he 'adn't thought of it afore.

They went out separate, as the manager said it would be better for them not to be seen together, and Rupert, keeping about a dozen yards behind, follered 'im down the Mile End Road. By and by the manager

"TURNING ROUND AND GIVING RUPERT A NOD, HE OPENED THE DOOR WITH A KEY AND WENT INSIDE."

stopped outside a shop-window wot 'ad been boarded up and stuck all over with savages dancing and killing white people and hunting elephants, and, arter turning round and giving Rupert a nod, opened the door with a key and went inside.

"That's all right," he ses, as Rupert follered 'im in. "This is my wife, Mrs. Alfredi," he ses, introducing 'im to a fat, red-'aired lady wot was sitting inside sewing. "She has performed before all the crowned 'eads of Europe. That di'mond brooch she's wearing was a present from the Emperor of Germany, but, being a married man, he asked 'er to keep it quiet."

Rupert shook 'ands with Mrs. Alfredi, and then her 'usband led 'im to a room at the back, where a little lame man was cleaning up things, and told 'im to take his clothes off.

"If they was mine," he ses, squinting at the fireplace, "I should know wot to do with 'em."

Rupert laughed and slapped 'im on the back, and, arter cutting his uniform into pieces, stuffed it into the fireplace and pulled the dampers out. He burnt up 'is boots and socks and everything else, and they all three laughed as though it was the best joke in the world. Then Mr. Alfredi took his coat off and, dipping a piece of rag into a basin of stuff wot George 'ad fetched, did Rupert a lovely brown all over.

"That's the fust coat," he ses. "Now take a stool in front of the fire and let it soak in."

He gave 'im another coat arf an hour arterwards, while George curled his 'air, and when 'e was dressed in bracelets round 'is ankles and wrists, and a leopard-skin over his shoulder, he was as fine a Zulu as you could wish for to see. His lips was naturally thick and his nose flat, and even his eyes 'appened to be about the right colour.

"He's a fair perfect treat," ses Mr. Alfredi. "Fetch Kumbo in, George."

The little man went out, and came back agin shoving in a fat, stumpy Zulu woman wot began to grin and chatter like a poll-parrot the moment she saw Rupert.

"It's all right," ses Mr. Alfredi; "she's took a fancy to you."

"Is—is she an actress?" ses Rupert.

"One o' the best," ses the manager. "She'll teach you to dance and shy assegais. Pore thing! she buried her 'usband the day afore we come here, but you'll be surprised to see 'ow skittish she can be when she has got over it a bit."

They sat there while Rupert practised—till he started shying the assegais, that is—and then they went out and left 'im with Kumbo. Considering that she 'ad only just buried her 'usband, Rupert found her quite skittish enough, and he couldn't 'elp wondering wot she'd be like when she'd got over her grief a bit more.

The manager and George said he 'ad got on wonderfully, and arter talking it over with Mrs. Alfredi they decided to open that evening, and pore Rupert found out that the shop was the theatre, and all the acting he'd got to do was to dance war-dances and sing in Zulu to people wot had paid a penny a 'ead. He was a bit nervous at fust, for fear anybody should find out that 'e wasn't a real Zulu, because the manager said they'd tear 'im to pieces if they did, and eat 'im arterwards, but arter a time 'is nervousness wore off and he jumped about like a monkey.

They gave performances every arf hour from ha'-past six to ten, and Rupert felt ready to drop. His feet was sore with dancing and his throat ached with singing Zulu, but wot upset 'im more than anything was an elderly old party wot would keep jabbing 'im in the ribs with her umbrella to see whether he could laugh.

They 'ad supper arter they 'ad closed, and then Mr. Alfredi and 'is wife went off, and Rupert and George made up beds for themselves in the shop, while Kumbo 'ad a little place to herself at the back.

He did better than ever next night, and they all said he was improving fast; and Mr. Alfredi told 'im in a whisper that he thought he was better at it than Kumbo. "Not that I should mind 'er knowing much," he ses, "seeing that she's took such a fancy to you."

"Ah, I was going to speak to you about that," ses Rupert. "Forwardness is no name for it; if she don't keep herself to 'erself, I shall chuck the whole thing up."

The manager coughed behind his 'and. "And go back to the Army?" he ses. "Well, I should be sorry to lose you, but I won't stand in your way."

Mrs. Alfredi, wot was standing by, stuffed her pocket-'ankercher in 'er mouth, and Rupert began to feel a bit uneasy in his mind.

"If I did," he ses, "you'd get into trouble for 'elping me to desert."

"Desert!" ses Mr. Alfredi. "I don't know anything about your deserting."

"Ho!" ses Rupert. "And wot about my uniform?"

"Uniform?" ses Mr. Alfredi. "Wot

uniform? I ain't seen no uniform. Where is it?"

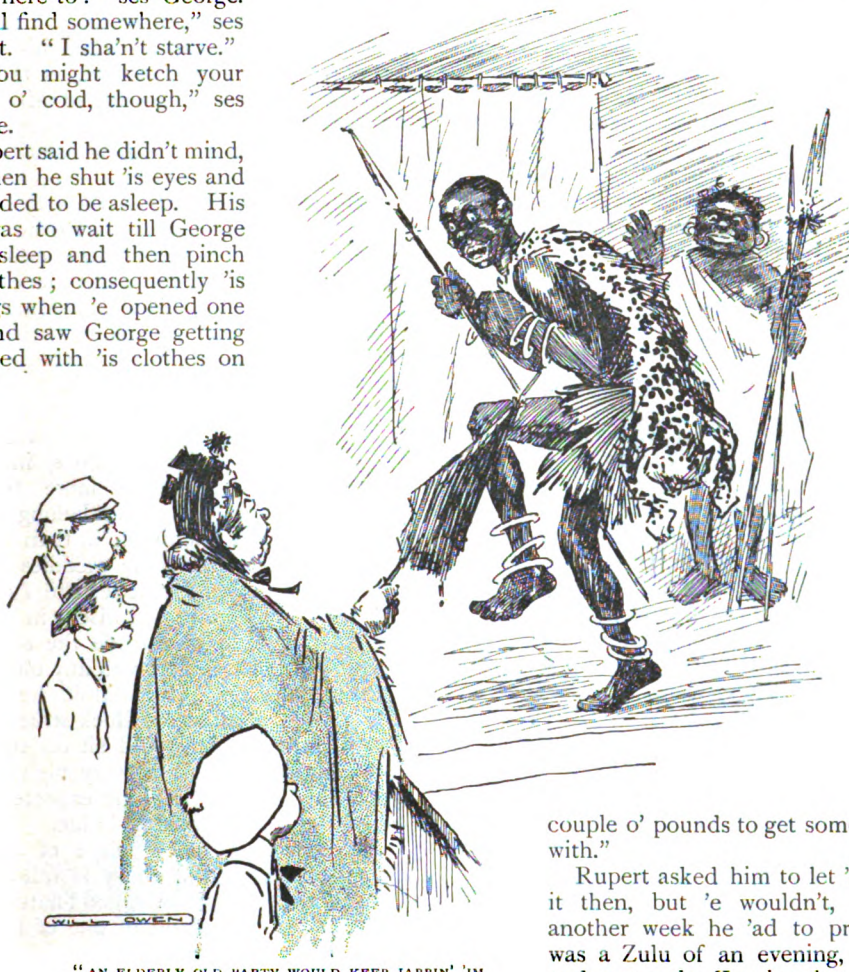
Rupert didn't answer 'im, but arter they 'ad gone 'ome he told George that he 'ad 'ad enough of acting and he should go.

"Where to?" ses George.

"I'll find somewhere," ses Rupert. "I sha'n't starve."

"You might ketch your death o' cold, though," ses George.

Rupert said he didn't mind, and then he shut 'is eyes and pretended to be asleep. His idea was to wait till George was asleep and then pinch 'is clothes; consequently 'is feelings when 'e opened one eye and saw George getting into bed with 'is clothes on



"AN ELDERLY OLD PARTY WOULD KEEP JABBIN' 'IM IN THE RIBS WITH HER UMBRELLA."

won't bear thinking about. He laid awake for hours, and three times that night George, who was a very heavy sleeper, woke up and found Rupert busy tucking him in.

By the end of a week Rupert was getting desperate. He hated being black for one thing, and the more he washed the better colour he looked. He didn't mind the black for out o' doors, in case the Army was looking for 'im, but 'aving no clothes he couldn't get out o' doors; and when he said he wouldn't perform unless he got some, Mr. Alfredi dropped 'ints about having 'im took up for a deserter.

"I've 'ad my suspicions of it for some days," he ses, with a wink, "though you did come to me in a nice serge suit and tell me you was an actor. Now, you be a good boy for another week and I'll advance you a couple o' pounds to get some clothes with."

Rupert asked him to let 'im have it then, but 'e wouldn't, and for another week he 'ad to pretend 'e was a Zulu of an evening, and try and persuade Kumbo that he was an English gentleman of a daytime.

He got the money at the end of the week and 'ad to sign a paper to give a month's notice any time he wanted to leave, but he didn't mind that at all, being determined the fust time he got outside the place to run away and ship as a nigger cook if 'e couldn't get the black off.

He made a list o' things out for George to get for 'im, but there seemed to be such a lot for two pounds that Mr. Alfredi shook his 'ead over it; and arter calling 'imself a soft-'arted fool, and saying he'd finish up in the workhouse, he made it three pounds and told George to look sharp.

"He's a very good marketer," he ses, arter George 'ad gone; "he don't mind wot trouble he takes. He'll very likely haggle for hours to get sixpence knocked off the trousers or twopence off the shirt."

It was twelve o'clock in the morning when George went, and at ha'-past four Rupert turned nasty, and said 'e was afraid he was trying to get them for nothing. At five o'clock he said George was a fool, and at ha'-past he said 'e was something I won't repeat.

It was just eleven o'clock, and they 'ad shut up for the night, when the front door opened, and George stood there smiling at 'em and shaking his 'ead.

"Sush a lark," he ses, catching 'old of Mr. Alfredi's arm to steady 'imself. "I gave 'im shlip."

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses the manager, shaking him off. "Gave who the slip? Where's them clothes?"

"Boy's got 'em," ses George, smiling agin and catching hold of Kumbo's arm. "Sush a lark; he's been car-carrying 'em all day—all day. Now I've given 'im the—the shlip," 'stead o'—'stead o' giving 'im fourpence. Take care o' the pensh, an' pouns——"

He let go o' Kumbo's arm, turned round twice, and then sat down 'eavy and fell fast asleep. The manager rushed to the door and looked out, but there was no signs of the boy, and he came back shaking his 'ead, and said that George 'ad been drinking agin.

"Well, wot about my clothes?" ses Rupert, hardly able to speak.

"P'r'aps he didn't buy 'em arter all," ses the manager. "Let's try 'is pockets."

He tried fust, and found some strawberries that George 'ad spoilt by sitting on. Then he told Rupert to have a try, and Rupert found some bits of string, a few buttons, two penny stamps, and twopence ha'penny in coppers.

"Never mind," ses Mr. Alfredi; "I'll go round to the police-station in the morning; p'r'aps the boy 'as taken them there. I'm disapp'inted in George. I shall tell 'im so, too."

He bid Rupert good night and went off with Mrs. Alfredi; and Rupert, wishful to make the best o' things, decided that he would undress George and go off in 'is clothes. He waited till Kumbo 'ad gone off to bed, and then he started to take George's coat off. He got the two top buttons undone all right, and then George turned over in 'is sleep. It surprised Rupert, but wot surprised 'im more when he rolled George over was to find them two buttons done up agin. Arter it had 'appened three times he see 'ow it was, and he come to the belief that George was no more drunk than wot he was, and that it was all a put-up thing between 'im and Mr. Alfredi.

He went to bed then to think it over, and by the morning he 'ad made up his mind to keep quiet and bide his time, as the saying is. He spoke quite cheerful to Mr. Alfredi, and pretended to believe 'im when he said that he 'ad been to the police-station about the clothes.

Two days arterwards he thought of something; he remembered me. He 'ad found a dirty old envelope on the floor, and, with a bit o' lead pencil he wrote me a letter on the back of one o' the bills, telling me all his troubles, and asking me to bring some clothes and rescue 'im. He stuck on one of the stamps he 'ad found in George's pocket, and opening the door just afore going to bed threw it out on the pavement.

The world is full of officious, interfering busybodies. I should no more think of posting a letter that didn't belong to me, with an unused stamp on it, than I should think o' flying; but some meddlesome son of a—a gun posted that letter and I got it.

I was never more surprised in my life. He asked me to be outside the shop next night at ha'-past eleven with any old clothes I could pick up. If I didn't, he said he should 'ang 'imself as the clock struck twelve, and that his ghost would sit on the wharf and keep watch with me every night for the rest o' my life. He said he expected it 'ud have a black face, same as in life.

A wharf is a lonely place of a night; especially our wharf, which is full of dark corners, and, being a silly, good-natured fool, I went. I got a pal off of one of the boats to keep watch for me, and, arter getting some old rags off of another sailorman as owed me arf a dollar, I 'ad a drink and started off for the Mile End Road.

I found the place easy enough. The door was just on the jar, and as I tapped on it with my finger-nails a wild-looking black man, arf naked, opened it and said "*H'sh!*" and pulled me inside. There was a bit o' candle on the floor, shaded by a box, and a man fast asleep and snoring up in one corner. Rupert dressed like lightning, and he 'ad just put on 'is cap when a door at the back opened and a 'orrid fat black woman came out and began to chatter.

Rupert told her to hush, and she 'ushed, and then he waved 'is hand to 'er to say

"good-bye," and afore you could say Jack Robinson she 'ad grabbed up a bit o' dirty blanket, a bundle of assegais, and a spear, and come out arter us.

"Back!" ses Rupert in a whisper, pointing.

Kumbo shook her 'ead, and then he took hold of 'er and tried to shove 'er back, but she wouldn't go. I lent him a 'and, but all wimmen are the same, black or white, and afore I knew where I was she 'ad clawed my cap off and scratched me all down one side of the face.

"Walk fast," ses Rupert.

I started to run, but it was all no good; Kumbo kept up with us easy, and she was so pleased at being out in the open air that she began to dance and play about like a kitten. Instead o' minding their own business people turned and follered us, and quite a crowd collected.

"We shall 'ave the police in a minute," ses Rupert. "Come in 'ere—quick."

He pointed to a pub up a side street, and went in with Kumbo holding on to his arm. The barman was for sending us out at fust, but such a crowd follered us in that he altered 'is mind. I ordered three pints, and, while I was 'anding Rupert his, Kumbo finished 'ers and began on mine. I tried to explain, but she held on to it like grim death, and in the confusion Rupert slipped out.

He 'adn't been gone five seconds afore she missed 'im, and I never see anybody so upset in all my life. She spilt the beer all down the place where 'er bodice ought to ha' been, and then she dropped the pot and went arter 'im like a hare. I follered in a different way, and when I got round the corner I found she 'ad caught 'im and was holding 'im by the arm.

O' course, the crowd was round us agin, and to get rid of 'em I did a thing I'd seldom done afore—I called a cab, and we all bundled in and drove off to the wharf, with the spear sticking out o' the window, and most of the assegais sticking into me.

"This is getting serious," ses Rupert.

"Yes," I ses; "and wot 'ave I done to be dragged into it? You must ha' been paying 'er some attention to make 'er carry on like this."

I thought Rupert would ha' bust, and the things he said to the man wot was spending money like water to rescue 'im was disgraceful.

We got to the wharf at last, and I was glad to see that my pal 'ad got tired of night-

"'BACK!' SES RUPERT, IN A WHISPER, POINTING."

watching and 'ad gone off, leaving the gate open. Kumbo went in 'anging on to Rupert's arm, and I follered with the spear, which I 'ad held in my 'and while I paid the cabman.

They went into the office, and Rupert and me talked it over while Kumbo kept patting 'is cheek. He was afraid that the manager would track 'im to the wharf, and I was afraid that the guv'nor would find out that I 'ad been neglecting my dooty, for the fust time in my life.

We talked all night pretty near, and then, at ha'-past five, arf an hour afore the 'ands came on, I made up my mind to fetch a cab and drive 'em to my 'ouse. I wanted Rupert to go somewhere else, but 'e said he 'ad got nowhere else to go, and it was the only thing to get 'em off the wharf. I opened the gates at ten minutes to six, and just as the fust man come on and walked down the wharf we slipped in and drove away.

We was all tired and yawning. There's something about the motion of a cab or an omnibus that always makes me feel sleepy, and arter a time I closed my eyes and went off sound. I remember I was dreaming that I 'ad found a bag o' money, when the cab pulled up with a jerk in front of my 'ouse and woke me up. Opposite me sat Kumbo fast asleep, and *Rupert 'ad disappeared!*

I was dazed for a moment, and afore I could do anything Kumbo woke up and missed Rupert. Wot made matters worse than anything was that my missis was kneeling down in the passage doing 'er door-step, and 'er face, as I got down out o' that cab with Kumbo 'anging on to my arm, was something too awful for words. It seemed to rise up slow-like from near the door-step, and to go on rising till I thought it 'ud never stop. And every inch it rose it got worse and worse to look at.

She stood blocking up the doorway with her 'ands on her 'ips, while I explained, with Kumbo still 'anging on my arm and a crowd collecting behind, and the more I explained, the more I could see she didn't believe a word of it.

"SHE STOOD BLOCKING UP THE DOORWAY WITH HER 'ANDS ON 'ER 'IPS."

She never 'as believed it. I sent for Mr. Alfredi to come and take Kumbo away, and when I spoke to 'im about Rupert he said I was dreaming, and asked me whether I wasn't ashamed o' myself for carrying off a pore black gal wot 'ad got no father or mother to look arter her. He said that afore my missis, and my character 'as been under a cloud ever since, waiting for Rupert to turn up and clear it away.

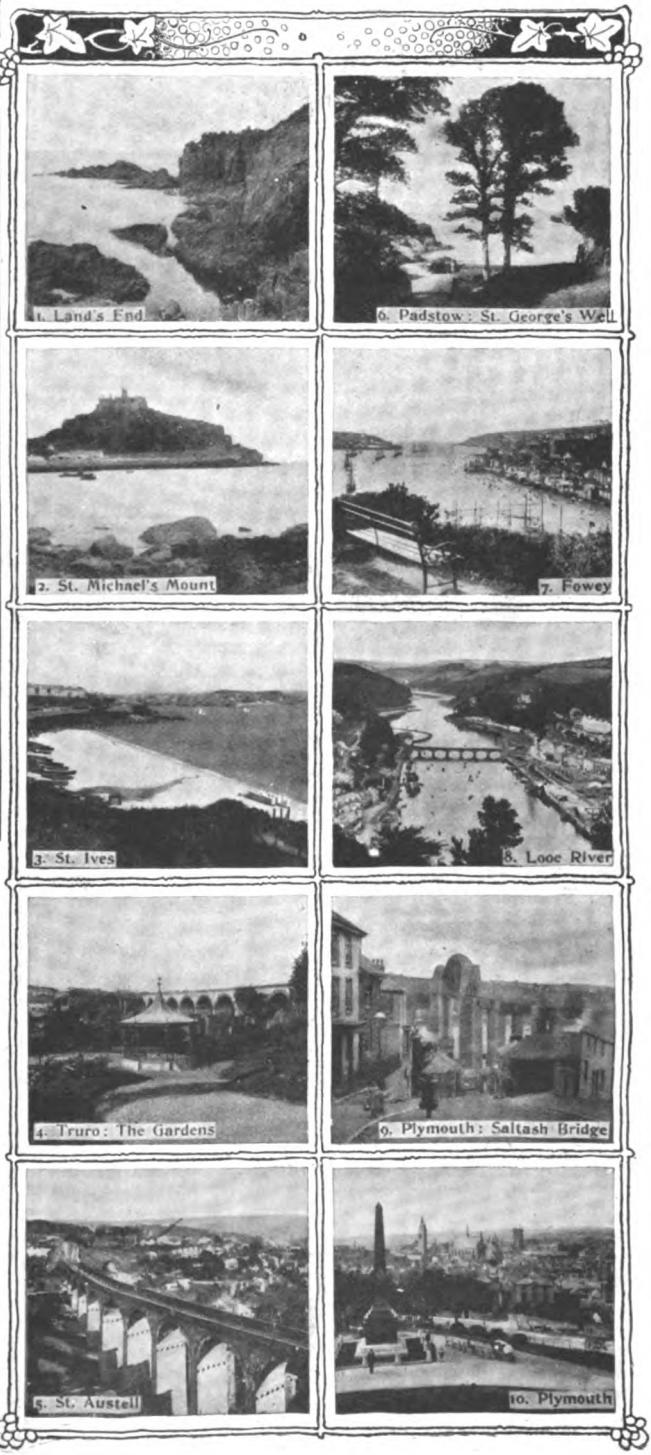
OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

VI.—FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S.

This map shows the route from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

STARTING from Land's End, a granite promontory nearly one hundred feet in height, we may travel *viâ* brake to Penzance, a picturesque and flourishing seaport. Here we may see the famous St. Michael's Mount, a curious rocky islet which rises precipitately to a height of two hundred and thirty feet, and is connected with the shore by a natural causeway. From hence the Great Western Railway, a line sedulous in its attention to the traveller, carries us to St. Ives, a quaint little fishing town, Truro, and St. Austell.

We pass on to Padstow, a thriving fishing village, situated in a beautiful valley. Fowey is



11. Dartmouth Castle

17. Bristol: St. Catherine's Bridge

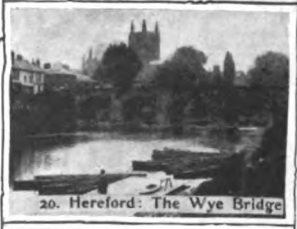
12. Torquay: Princess Gardens

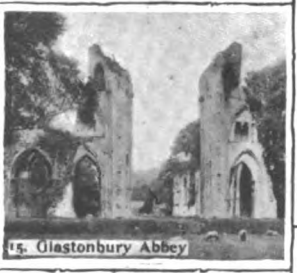
18. Tintern Abbey

13. Exeter Cathedral

19. Monmouth: Monnow Bridge

14. Lynton and Lynmouth


20. Hereford: The Wye Bridge


15. Glastonbury Abbey

21. Cirencester

16. The Avon at Bath

22. Stratford-on-Avon: Memorial Theatre

a small seaport with a picturesque harbour; while Looe, another watering-place, is charmingly embowered in myrtles and other exotics. Saltash Bridge, a gigantic iron structure erected by Brunel in 1859, leads us to Plymouth, one of the chief mercantile harbours of Great Britain. This historic seaport has a glorious record of adventurous deeds and high-souled enterprise to its credit. Dartmouth, which we next visit, is a town of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned by Chaucer in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

Much ecstatic eulogy has been written concerning

23. Kenilworth Castle

Torquay, and certainly the panegyrics have been well deserved, for there is no more charming health resort on the south coast.

Exeter Cathedral is one of the most perfect examples in England of the Geometrical Decorated style, and dates from the twelfth century. Crossing Devonshire, we come to Lynton and Lynmouth, two villages closely adjoining each other and noted for their beautiful scenery and delightful situation. Glastonbury, our next stopping-place, is an ancient town renowned in fable as the spot where Joseph of Arimathea founded the first Christian church in England. The old abbey, now in ruins, was built on the site of a former edifice by Henry II.

Bath, celebrated for its healing springs, will be for ever associated with the name of

Beau Nash, who did so much to restore this historic town to something of its former glory and importance. We next visit Bristol, at one time the chief seaport of the West of England; and then, crossing into Wales, we may proceed to inspect the ivy-clad ruins of Tintern Abbey. This romantic building was founded by the Cistercian monks in 1131. Near here is Monmouth, a town which Gray calls "the delight of the eye and the very seat of pleasure."

A little farther north is the city of Hereford, pleasantly situated on the Wye. It was at one time strongly fortified, and remains of the old walls are still traceable. Cirencester,

24. The Isis, Oxford

in Gloucestershire, is well-known as a hunting centre; while at Stratford, the birthplace of the world's greatest poet, we may see, amongst other objects of interest, the Shakespeare memorial building, erected in 1879.

Kenilworth Castle, immortalized in Scott's novel, is one of the most historically interesting ruins in England, and dates from the twelfth century. The old University town of Oxford is next visited, and then we come to Henley, renowned for its regattas.

Maidenhead, a popular river resort, is next traversed. From here we may make a pilgrimage to Stoke Poges, in Bucks, in the churchyard of which Gray wrote his famous "Elegy." Not far from here Burnham Beeches, that delightful refuge of the jaded Londoner, is situated.

25. Henley-on-Thames

26. Maidenhead

27. Stoke Poges Church

28. Burnham Beeches

29. Windsor Castle

30. Backwater at Eton

31. London: Trafalgar Square

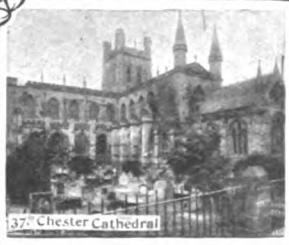
32. Beaconsfield Church

33. Hughenden Church, High Wycombe

34. Rugby: High Street

35. Birmingham: Corporation Street

36. Chester


37. Chester Cathedral

43. Keswick: Market Square

40. Falls of Clyde, Bonnington

38. Liverpool: St. George's Hall

44. Lodore, Keswick

39. Blackpool

45. Carlisle Castle

40. Lancaster Castle

46. Gretna

41. Morecambe

47. Ecclefechan: Carlyle's Birthplace

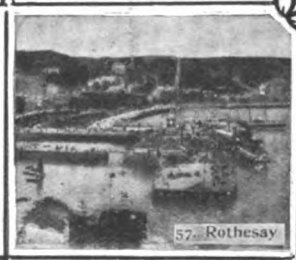
42. Windermere

48. Moffat: Colvin Fountain

Then, having surveyed Windsor Castle, the ancestral residence of the Kings of England, we may pass on to Eton, with its historic school and picturesque scenery. From here we proceed direct to the Metropolis, where, changing on to the now popular Great Central line, we continue our way northwards. Passing Beaconsfield we may pause to notice the old church where Edmund Waller lies buried, and then, alighting at High Wycombe, a short walk brings us to Hughenden Manor and church, where a monument erected by the late Queen marks the last resting-place of the great Disraeli. The old town of Rugby is chiefly famous for its school, founded by Laurence Sheriffe in 1567. Birmingham, after Manchester the most important industrial town in the kingdom, is next reached, and then a quick run brings us to the quaint old town of Chester. This ancient city contains a handsome cathedral built of red sandstone. From here England's premier railway, the London and North-Western, takes us to Liverpool, the chief seaport of the kingdom. St. George's Hall, the finest architectural feature of this city, was erected in 1838–54, at a cost of £300,000. Blackpool, the Brighton of the North, is well worth a visit, and presents a gay spectacle. Lancaster Castle, to a great extent rebuilt, but still retaining its ancient keep, is now a jail. After visiting Morecambe, a prosperous watering-place, we turn to the

50. Edinburgh Castle and National Gallery

51. Holyrood, Edinburgh


57. Rothesay

beautiful Lake Country. First Windermere, England's largest lake, is visited, and then Keswick, situated close to Derwentwater Lake, claims our attention. Near here are the Falls of Lodore, the inspiration of Southey's verses.

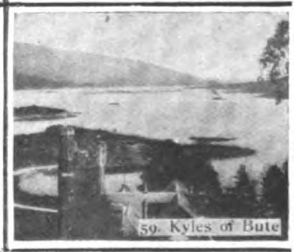
Carlisle Castle is still a place to see, and is the scene of many historical exploits. Here we embark on the Caledonian line, one of the most picturesque of British railways, and, bidding farewell to England, are speedily conveyed across the border into the "mountain and mist, lone glen, and murmuring stream" of Scotland.

Our first stopping-place in Scotland is Gretna Green, the scene of so many romantic runaway matches. A little farther on is Ecclefechan, the birthplace and burial-place of Thomas Carlyle. The pleasant little watering-place of Moffat is the centre of many interesting and varied scenes; while the Falls of Clyde is one of the beauty-spots of Southern Scotland. Edinburgh, one of the most romantically beautiful cities in Europe, is now reached. The castle is the ancient seat of the Scottish kings, while Holyrood Palace contains some interesting relics of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The next point of interest on our route is Stirling, whose ancient castle has played a prominent part in Scottish history. On the Old Bridge of Forth Archbishop Hamilton, the last Roman Catholic prelate in Scotland, was hanged for

52. Stirling Castle

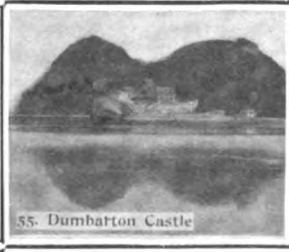
58. Rothesay Castle

53. Old Bridge of Forth, Stirling


59. Kyles of Bute

54. Dunblane Cathedral

60. Loch Awe, Kilchurn Castle


55. Dumbarton Castle

61. Pass of Brander, Loch Awe

56. Dunoon

62. Oban

63. Castle Stalker, Appin.

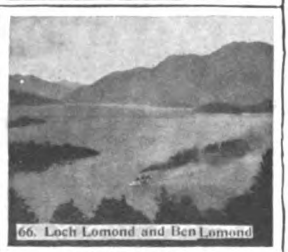
69. Drummond Castle

64. Glen Coe: Scene of the Massacre

70. Perth

65. Glen Luss, Loch Lomond

71. Pitlochry


66. Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond

72. Brechin

67. The Trossachs Lomond

73. Edzell Castle

68. Trossachs Hotel and Ben Venue

74. Montrose: The Beach

75. Dunottar CastleStonehaven

participation in the murder of the Regent Moray (1570). Dunblane possesses a beautiful thirteenth-century cathedral.

Dumbarton Castle, situated on the summit of a rocky islet in the Clyde, has well been called the Gibraltar of Scotland. It was a fortress in the Roman times, and from century to century remained all but impregnable. Dunoon, a popular watering-place, is next visited; and then a little southward, on the island of Bute, is Rothesay Castle, dating from the fourteenth century, now in ruins.

Loch Awe contains many islands, on some of which the dismantled battlements of ancient castles may be seen. Kilchurn Castle, a former stronghold of the Campbell clan, is a picturesque ruin. Traversing the gloomy Pass of Brander, we proceed westward to Oban, situated in a beautiful bay. A little beyond Port Appin the square ruined tower of Castle Stalker remains to recall the glory of a fallen house. It was built by Duncan Stewart of Appin as a hunting lodge in which to entertain James IV.

Traversing the district known as Glencoe, the scene of the dastardly massacre of the Macdonalds, we come at length to Loch Lomond, with mighty Ben Lomond rising majestically above it. Through the beautiful valley of the Trossachs, and under the frowning crags of Ben Venue, we reach Drummond Castle, the seat of the Earl of Ancaster. A little farther north is Perth, the ancient capital of

the Scottish kings. Continuing our northward route we come to Pitlochry, a favourite summer resort and noted for its picturesque scenery.

Here let us break off eastwards to visit Brechin, where we may see a cathedral erected by David I. about 1150, but since utterly spoiled by restoration. Edzell Castle, an interesting ruin, is at no great distance from here, while Montrose, a clean little seaport at the mouth of the Esk, is said to be the first place in Scotland where Greek was taught. A little to the south of Stonehaven, perched on a rock overhanging the sea, are the picturesque ruins of Dunnottar Castle, built in the thirteenth century, and afterwards possessed by the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland. About half a mile from the Granite City is the romantic Brig o' Balgownie, which still keeps its curse unfulfilled. Byron, as a child, used to cross it trembling, for he remembered the prediction:—

Brig o' Balgownie, wights your wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
Doun sall ye fa'.

Returning westwards, we pass Balmoral, for long the Highland home of Queen Victoria. Picturesque Kingussie is reached, and from here we may proceed to the Cairngorm Hills. Then passing by Lochs Morlich and an Eilean, and traversing the Forest of Rothiemurchus, the Highland Railway bears us swiftly northwards to Elgin, which city contains a beautiful old cathedral.

77. Balmoral Castle

83. Elgin Cathedral

78. Kingussie

84. Loch Moy

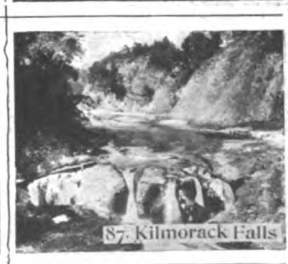
79. Cairn Gorm Hills and River Spey

85. Inverness

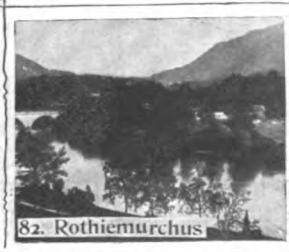
80. Loch Morlich

86. On the River Ness, Inverness

81. Loch an Eilean


87. Kilmorack Falls

76. Brig o' Balgownie, Aberdeen


82. Rothiemurchus

88. Beauly

Loch Moy is passed on the way to Inverness, the "capital of the Highlands." This ancient city possesses many handsome buildings, including the comparatively modern Cathedral of St. Andrew. The Falls of Kilmorack are situated about three miles from Beauly, a village containing the ruins of a thirteenth-century priory. From here we journey to Strathpeffer, noted for its mineral springs, near which place rise the ancient towers of Castle Leod.

Travelling westward past Loch Luichart, Glen Carron, and Achnashellach, we come to the wild splendour and picturesque scenery of the Kyle of Lochalsh. A little farther north is Plockton, a small fishing village, situated on the shores of a lovely bay. Then, traversing the rugged wildness of Ross and Cromarty, passing through Coulin Deer Forest on our way, we reach the quiet little town of Dornoch, containing an interesting thirteenth-century cathedral.

Wick is the centre of an important fishery trade and possesses a fine harbour. From here we travel direct to John o' Groat's, the objective of our tour, and on the mighty boulders of Duncansby Head we bring to an end our delightful and picturesque tour from the southernmost point of Great Britain to her most northerly extremity, having visited *en route* exactly one hundred places of either geographical, historical, or archæological interest.

To the courtesy of the Great Western Railway, Great Central Railway, London and North-Western Railway, Caledonian Railway, and the Highland Railway we are indebted for the photographs which accompany the foregoing article. Those of the Highland Railway were taken by Mr. D. Whyte, photo-artist, of Inverness. Photographs of Birmingham, Wick, and Duncansby Head by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen, and High Street, Rugby, by Messrs. J. Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

HOSTS INVISIBLE: The Story of an Army.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

IT was intensely hot in the forest and the sun without pity. We had blown the second of our covers into the Ewigkeit, and the patches came off the inner tube as fast as the obliging William could stick them on. Lunch stood afar off across a great stretch of desolate woodland. The Man-of-War alone expressed a sapient philosophy between whiffs from a pipe in whose bowl you could swim gold-fish.

"Do you know where we may be?" he asked, proudly.

I told him that we were in the forest of Chambord, not far from the town of Charney and nearly fifteen to Blois and food. The intelligence, I observed, by no means disconcerted him. He smoked a little while in peace before he contradicted me.

"Charney's no town," he said, presently; "'tis a bit of a village with an *auberge* at the end of it. Man, did you never hear of Coupebois? I must tell ye of Coupebois —'tis the finest story of the war."

"Let's walk to Charney and see whether there is anything to eat in the place," said I; "we may get sugar and water at the worst. Who knows? There may even be white wine to be had."

We rose as one man at the suggestion, and, greatly desiring the liquor of the place (as the old chronicles would say), we emerged upon Charney presently and burst upon the innkeeper with a thunder of voices.

Let me not dwell in ecstasies upon that cooling freshet of white wine as it bubbled upon tongues which had gathered the dust of unnumbered leagues. We sat beneath the shade of a great horse-chestnut, bottles and bread before us, fine butter to our call, a masterpiece of a salad cunningly prepared in an old china bowl.

"And, ye see," said the Man-of-War suddenly, when cigars were lighted and some quaint white brandy set before us, "'tis the very name of Coupebois that this good fellow bears. Read it on yonder door—Louis Coupebois, the son, I'll not be doubting, of the man that was to destroy them, body and soul."

"To destroy whom, Pat?" I asked him, for his true name is Patrick Donellan. "Whom was your Coupebois to destroy?"

"The people at the village and all thereabouts. 'Twas the most famous guerrilla south of the Loire, and the man that killed forty-three Germans with his own hand. 'Tis plain ye never read me despatches to the papers."

"Tell us of Coupebois," I exclaimed. "Let us have the story—here on the spot. You know that you are crazy to tell it."

He denied the accusation, but commenced immediately. And for what it is worth (which to me seems not a little) I give it here, shorn of no fact but only of my old friend's idiom, which is not always to be understanded of the people.

II.

Charney is a village of one street, lying some fifteen miles to the south-west of the old romantic town of Blois. Girt about by forest, hidden at the heart of verdurous woods, few travellers spy it out or as much as know its name. Here through the centuries no master of the arts has lived nor famous Frenchman had his being. A simple agricultural people goes daily to the fields and the woods. The priest is their one link with an educated civilization—the fine old Gothic church the one temple of the world's mysteries.

So it was until the year 1870, when a boaster opened the flood-gates and the hosts of Germany entered the fair kingdom of France. Little enough did Charney care about all this. She would never have known that there was war at all had not General Pallières come south of the Loire to try and drive the Germans out of Orleans, and General von der Tann as resolutely swept the country in his determination not to be so driven. Then, truly, came rumour to Charney's gate. Her children fled from the forest as from a place accurst. There were lights of watch-fires by night and Uhlans amid the trees by day; distant rumblings of drums, the echo of the trumpet's blare; but beyond them all more terrible, the story of what the Prussians had done in the east, of murder and of rapine and of outrage.

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It was in vain that a good priest tried to comfort these poor people and to assuage their fears. If he told them that the stories of outrage were ridiculously exaggerated and other stories absolutely false, they retorted with a garbled account of the sack and burning of Bazeilles or frenzied recitals of the fate of neighbouring villages, which none could contradict. The younger men, fired by the eloquence of Coupebois, the mad innkeeper, took arms in their hands and went off to the forest. What a hunting of Germans they promised! What ambuscades amid the thickets! What a rare sport, surpassing the hunting of the wild boar or any great drive that my lord, the marquess, had ever commanded for their delight. And Coupebois, the innkeeper, was a born soldier, mark you. He understood the whole scheme of the operations about Orleans as well as General d'Aurelles himself—and that was to say not a little, for the General in question was one of the bravest and the best that the great war produced. Every day at sunset would Coupebois sally forth accompanied by the savage rustics he commanded so ably. The dawn saw them return, with grins upon their faces and blood upon their hands. There were bodies lying stark in the woods, they said, grimly, but not the bodies of Frenchmen.

"EVERY DAY AT SUNSET WOULD COUPEBOIS SALLY FORTH ACCOMPANIED BY THE SAVAGE RUSTICS HE COMMANDED SO ABLY."

It is little wonder that a savage so resolute speedily became the hero of this remote village—and of other villages round about. Coupebois would tell you very modestly that, if the Germans would remain long enough at Orleans, he would obligingly remove the whole of them from the face of the earth.

"It is something that I know the forest," he would declare, proudly; "every tree, every alley is my friend. Let a foot fall upon the leaves and I will tell you whether it be a French foot or a German three hundred paces from the spot. My gun is a good gun, and knows what it has to do. They say that the vermin are about Paris, and that the Emperor is a prisoner. Very well, good comrades, we must do what we can to put that right. So much I said last night to a Bavarian whose throat I cut by Bonneville. 'Be content to die for your country,' said I, 'as many a good Frenchman has done.' Messiers! he squealed, like a stuck pig, and dug up the good sand with his heels. He was not a patriot, not at all."

Let it be perceived from this that the guerrilla was not only a good soldier, but a merry fellow as well. His modesty, unfortunately, did not protect him from a certain notoriety which threatened not only the personal comfort, but the very existence of the people of Charney. General von der Tann, the commander of the Bavarians, in possession of Orleans, unsympathetic and wholly unappreciative of the ambuscades in the forest, sent out a company of Uhlans purposely to destroy the guerrilla and to exterminate his band. From which moment the war was clearly *à outrance*—and who shall wonder that the village trembled and believed that its last hour was at hand? "The Germans will come here," said the more timid, "and our throats will be cut while we sleep. God help us all and save us from Coupebois." To which the priest replied that it would be so—when the Bavarians found the road to Charney.

"My children," he said, "I shall send Coupebois to the woods and the young men with him. We are a very little village, and it may be that the good God will not permit the Germans to discover us. If they come here, we must shake our heads and say nothing of Coupebois. What is he to us—have we not our sickles and our barns? Let them look elsewhere and not trouble an innocent people."

Here was a cryptic utterance which deceived none but the pious women who worshipped daily at the good man's shrine. Every man in Charney knew perfectly well that he had aided and abetted Coupebois to the best of his power, and would aid him again if occasion offered. As for the doughty innkeeper, he laughed so loudly at the old priest's threats that it is a wonder the Germans did not hear him away across the forest.

"To the woods if you will," said he, "and every brave fellow with me. Do you, reverence, take care of all the pretty girls to whom I shall make love upon my return. My work lies in the forest. Let them call me jackal, vulture—what they will. I care not at all while my gun is upon my back and my knife in its sheath. But Charney must be saved—yes, and I will save you, as the day shall show."

He went off upon the threat, and for days Charney knew no more of him. When he returned the Germans were upon his heels, and the village understood that the hour of reckoning had come.

III.

A REGIMENT of Uhlans had been sent out by General Meyer, one of Von der Tann's staff, to deal with Coupebois; and for ten days did Coupebois deal right merrily with them. Knowing the forest as one of its very children clever as an animal in digging a burrow or taking to the trees, the rogue lived almost cheek by jowl with the troopers sent to shoot him, and many an empty saddle bore witness to his vigilance. Here from the shelter of a giant yew, there from a pit digged amid the fallen leaves, would Coupebois draw trigger upon his enemies and exult upon their fall. Day did not save them nor night hide them from him. As a wild cat upon a nesting bird, so Coupebois would leap upon a sentry and stab him to the heart. In vain, the Germans threatened and cajoled the villagers; in vain they burnt the houses and the barns and hanged the affrighted peasants. Coupebois' savage laugh rang in their ears like a phantom cry. His fame extended from Tours to Orleans and came eventually to Paris.

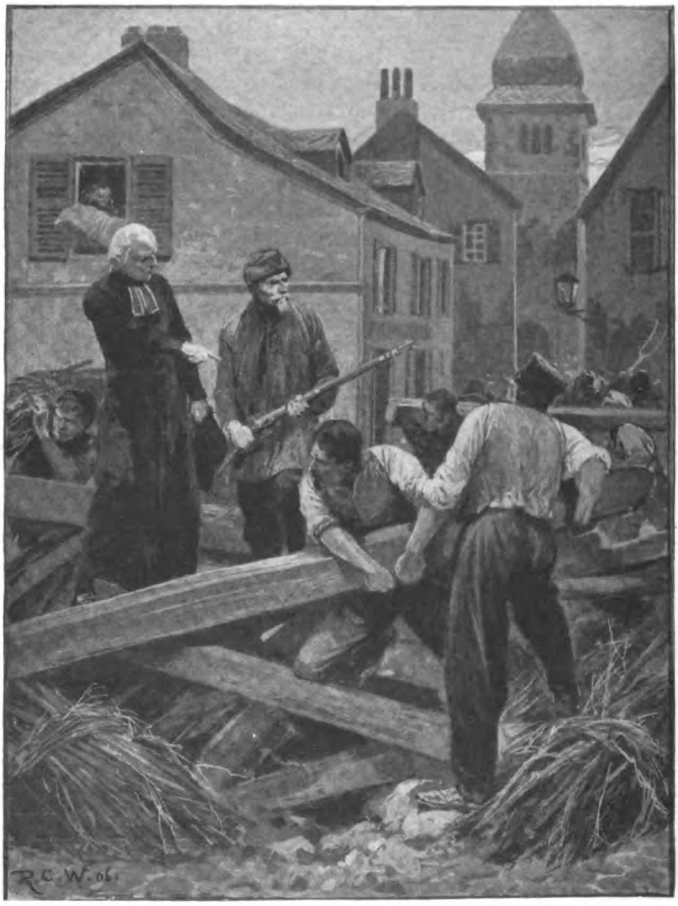
This is not to say that he did not run many risks. Indeed, his life was often in peril as many times as the day had hours. Determined to take him at all costs, General von der Tann sent every horseman he could spare to the forest of Chambord, and these began to beat it as hunters for a savage animal. Had they known that their enemy hailed from Charney, assuredly would the shrift of the village have been short. But Coupebois was as cunning as he was savage—and no sooner did the Bavarians burn Bonneville than he put it abroad that Bonneville was his home. Few beyond the borders of the forest were able to contradict a story so useful. The very name of Charney was unknown to many a Frenchman in the neighbouring cities.

Now this endured for some ten days, but upon the evening of the eleventh day, just when the troopers were bivouacking for the night, three miles from the village itself, what should happen but that Coupebois appeared before the doors of the inn and announced his intention to sleep in his own bed, this night at least. To the old priest, who stood amazed, and the women, who implored him upon their knees to spare them this peril, he answered with easy assurance that his secret could not be kept for ever, and that their best course was to take to the woods without any loss of time whatsoever.

"Say that you have never heard my name and no one will contradict you," he exhorted them. "They will burn down your houses whatever happens. Why should I lie on the hard ground to save you from what must be? No, no, my friends; Charney is as good as ashes, and I would sleep. Do you save yourselves while there is time."

They replied to him with new protestations as vain as the others. The younger men, gathering impatiently about the church door, began to talk of bar and barricade. After all, had not much been done in other villages by those who had the courage to do it, and why should Charney lag? This patriotic spirit, fostered by the old priest, who had carried a musket for Napoleon in his youth and could not for one moment contemplate an abject surrender, became anon an activity which promised to turn the place into a veritable fortress. From the barns and the stables, from the fields and the woods, the great baulks of timber were hauled to defend that innocent street and close it

to the enemy. Old Kahn, the blacksmith, who had a muzzle-loader somewhere in his attic and a bayonet hung like a fishing-rod above his mantelpiece, proved a hero second only to the redoubtable Coupebois. The priest himself worked like a very General of Division, directing, comforting,



"THE PRIEST HIMSELF WORKED LIKE A VERY GENERAL OF DIVISION."

and promising a famous victory. Charney, so affrighted, so remote, so defenceless, had become animated in an instant by a martial spirit not surpassed in the south. These are the plain chronicles, neither asking nor offering explanation.

There were offensive people enough afterwards, it is true, who inquired with a lofty sense of superiority, "What did the poor devils hope to do?" This, perhaps, the "poor devils" themselves could not have told you. If they had any thoughts about it at all, they owed their origin to the facts that there were Germans in the woods about, and that if the *sales cochons* set foot in Charney, good-bye to home and fortune and all that made life possible. It may be that the simple souls were possessed by the idea that some show of resistance would turn the invaders from their purpose, send them to other villages not so well defended, and hide Coupebois from their vengeance. In any case, the autumn night found them still at their occupation. Willing hands set lanterns in the roadway to light the valiants as they worked. The women, grouped before the altars in the little church, prayed earnestly for the salvation of Charney. The men drank long draughts of potent cognac, and declared themselves ready to fight all the German hussars in Touraine.

And Coupebois—what of him meanwhile? Well, in honest truth, Coupebois appeared to sleep through it all as a tired animal that has been a-hunting. His window stood wide open and his rifle at his side. The night would carry him its message swiftly enough, and for Charney and its awakened clods he cared not at all. The Germans would butcher them like sheep, burn their houses to the cellars, and discover the black eyes before the altars. But Coupebois would be away to the forest before all that happened; and for every life taken in the villages the lives of ten should answer in the woods—such an oath he swore and such an oath he would have kept.

IV.

THERE were two young people in Charney who feared the Germans exceedingly, and these were Lelie and Ruben—the daughter of Bordelas the farmer, and the son of Daville the corn-factor. These had been away in the woods—who would ask where?—when Coupebois returned to his inn; and, affrighted at the sounds which fell upon their ears as they approached the village, they fled once more and took good counsel together. Lelie was then fifteen years old and Ruben

just sixteen. It would be a match for the good priest some day—but not just yet, old Bordelas declared; and in this the corn-factor, who drank the old man's wine by the gallon, most cordially agreed.

"There is always time to get married," he said; "and to-morrow is much better than to-day."

To which Bordelas would retort that Mme. Daville evidently had not lost her voice or the strength of her good right arm—an unpleasant conclusion which cost him many glasses. The young people, caring not a fig for the argument, spent many an hour in the copse by the mill, and emerged therefrom looking as simple as young people will upon such youthful occasions. War and the bruit of war had no other meaning for them than the warning that their old haunts were not safe—their roaming habits dangerous.

"Beware of the wolves," old Bordelas had said; "they go upon two legs and wear blue coats. Beware of them, children, for they will eat you."

Lelie answered that Ruben would protect her against all the world—and, to be sure, she was never very far away from him upon their walks abroad. But they went now with timorous steps, while every sound in the brake—the splash of a pebble in the burn, the lowing of the kine, or the footfall of a laggard—could affright them. Imagine, then, with what staring eyes they perceived the lanterns swinging in Charney on that memorable night, the going and coming of the valiants, the great barricade that had been erected, the shuttered windows, and the loopholes in the barns. Had the end of the world been announced by a visionary, the words could not have had a more terrible sound than those uttered by one who passed them by and briefly told the news.

"The Germans will be here at midnight—Coupebois is at his inn. They will come to take him, and none will live to tell the story."

"Then why do you not send Coupebois away?" Lelie asked, naturally.

The fellow replied that the honour of France demanded resistance; "and," he added, naïvely, "it is but for twelve hours. He will be away again with the dawn."

They listened amazed, and, too fearful to go down to their own people, returned to the copse again and thence to the narrow high road by which you reach Chevarney. Ruben held Lelie's hand, but her wit proved the keener of the two.

"Where are you taking me, Ruben?" she asked him by and by.

He rejoined that he did not know. "But we must not go to Charney," he added, a little wildly. "Did you not hear them say that the Germans are coming?"

"They are everywhere," she said, "everywhere—everywhere, Ruben. Lucette saw them as she drove to us from Amboise yesterday. Old Père Ramonet had a hundred of them at his farm; how can we run away from them?"

The boy did not know what to say to this. He was obsessed by the idea of saving her, and his wit seemed to say that he could do no better than hide her in that forest which had so often hidden them from prying eyes.

"Let us go to the Silver Gorge and lie there till day comes. I am afraid of the darkness, Lelie. Do you not hear someone upon the road? Yes, yes, I am sure of it—there are horsemen upon the road."

They drew together affrighted and listened to the sounds. Distantly a thud of hoofs upon the dry turf could be heard. The thickets about were very still, and a great warm moon looked down upon a world of copse and brake and misty pasture-land. Charney itself, hidden by an island of shivering aspens, showed its lights no longer. A deep silence as of ultimate night prevailed.

"What is the good of going to the Silver Gorge when the Germans come to Charney, Ruben? Oh, if we could help them all this night—if we could do something!"

"They are riding after Coupebois, Lelie, and if they find him it will be 'good-bye' everybody. That's what Martin said—to hunt for Coupebois and to burn the village. How can you and I prevent a thing like that?"

"Of course we can't—of course—of course. Do you remember the Abbé telling us yesterday that the road to Charney is hard and that the Germans would never find it, perhaps? Pray God it is so, Ruben, or we shall have tears and not bread to-morrow."

Ruben said "Yes, yes," in the tone of one who is lost for any satisfactory answer. They still trudged the high-road and were now almost a league from the village. The woods upon their left hand were dark and abundant—a little river ran upon the right and was crossed by a rugged bridge of stone. Here they first set eyes upon a German Uhlan—a lancer riding at a canter straight, as it would seem, to Charney and their homes. He passed them without so much as a downward

"HE PASSED THEM WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A DOWNWARD GLANCE."

glance, for his eyes were seeking the lights of a village, and the miracle remained that his horse did not touch them.

This sudden apparition, menacing and fearful, left the young people for a little without word or idea. They lay crouching upon the grass, their fears espying a Uhlan in every tree and bush, their hearts beating wildly, their hands clasped. When Ruben found the courage to spring up and gaze after the disappearing horseman, it was to tell Lelie that he rode to Charney and that the Abbé had talked nonsense.

"As if the Germans could lose the way, Lelie. And there will be many more where he came from. Let us go while we can. They would kill us if they found us here."

She suffered him to lead her, and they crossed the road and entered the thicket upon the right hand. Here the darkness was intense, the only sounds those of the humming insects and the fitful shivering of leaves. The path which they followed had been followed by them many a day in the golden summer when the voice of war was yet unknown. They trod it now with quick, eager steps, until a harsh voice cried "Halt!" and a figure suddenly barred their way—the figure of a towering Prussian, his rifle in his hand, his knapsack on his back, an immense coat shielding him from the perilous mists.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

They turned and fled upon a common impulse. The giant Prussian, espying in them no more than a pair of amorous rustics, first sent a hearty laugh after them and then a bullet. His orders had been to let none pass upon the road to Charney; but what Fleet o' Foot should stop these amorous youngsters, who ran like hares and could name you every thicket? When an eager young lieutenant ran up to hear the circumstance, he cursed the man loudly and bade a party scatter to catch the fugitives. They might as well have tried to hunt a squirrel with an axe.

Ruben and Lelie ran a good mile through the forest; turning hither, thither; leaping burns and climbing banks; plunging into bracken which hid them to the waists; skirting glades which were open to their enemies; looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but racing headlong for the Silver Gorge and uttering no word until they had gained it. Here was a veritable natural arbour, girt about by silver birches, defended by a placid burn, and so remote from frequented paths that even the foresters rarely discovered it. Sometimes, it is true, old Barmelot, the charcoal-burner, would light a fire in the cave beneath the hill, but he was a stanch friend to the lovers, and when they found him fast asleep by the embers they welcomed him as though he had been the commander of a division sent out to the salvation of Charney.

"Jean—old Jean—wake up, old Jean! There are Germans in the woods, and they are going to burn our houses. Wake up, old Jean, or they will kill you!"

It is not good to be waked at the dead of night by a tale of woe, more especially if your common habits be nefarious. Old Barmelot, whose appearances in decent society were few and far between, thought

for the moment that the police from Blois had got him by the neck upon some trumpery pretext of robbery or loot; and when he discovered Lelie, and Ruben by her side, his satisfaction was immediate, if inquisitorial.

"How—to burn down the houses? Whose houses should they burn?" And then, with a grin of deeper satisfaction, he added, "They'll go a long way before they burn down mine, my children—a very long way, be sure of it, for I haven't got one."

Lelie flung herself upon the sandy floor and told him the story once more and with all a young girl's earnestness. The Germans were in the forest; they were going to burn Charney to the ground, just as they had burned Villefroy and Undemain. Coupebois, that villainous innkeeper, was at the bottom of it all—Coupebois, who would not remain in the forest when he had a mind to sleep under his own roof.

"What shall we do, old Barmelot—dear soul, what shall we do to save my father and our home? The Abbé says that they will never discover us, but we passed a horseman by the way and he rode to Charney—and hark, there are rifles firing even now!"

They all listened, and, sure enough, a sound of firing came to them across the forest. Nor was this all, for a flicker of watch-fires could be perceived behind the trees which lined the high road, and here, plainly enough, a second company of Germans was encamped. All this that fine strategist, Jean Barmelot, quickly understood. The blood of three generations of outlaws ran in his veins. He was like an old boar-hound which has heard the huntsman's horn.

"What must we do, my children? We must burn them out; that's what we must do. Oh, yes, you shall help me, both of you, for I see that you have courage. We will take a hint from Monsieur Bismarck and see what we can do. Let the dogs go back with singed coats—that is what we must do, my children. Light the fires and show them the road—ho, ho! a fine red road to Berlin and no Frenchmen to dance upon it."

They did not understand him—who would have done? Half a wild man, his speech uncouth, his gestures those of a muttering ape, he began to rake the embers together and to fan them to flame.

"Pluck brands!" he cried, with a sudden ferocity not pleasant to hear; "pluck brands and bring them hither. We shall light a merry bonfire this night, my children. Ho, ho! they shall spy it out at Blois and tell the tale in Orleans—a merry fire to warm the Prussians' hands. Pluck ye brands and bring them hither. Do not delay if ye would save your homes."

They were frightened of him by this time, vaguely comprehending and yet terrified by the possibility. A forest fire had ever been a fable of dread to the children of Charney. This old Barmelot, he would fire the woods to drive the Prussians out. The act was desperate—it may even be that of a madman; but neither Ruben nor Lelie dared to tell him so much. This was not the Jean Barmelot of their idle hours, but a more appalling figure—gibbering, and active, and demoniacal. They obeyed him in utter silence, bringing the brands and lighting them at the gathered embers.

"PLUCK YE BRANDS AND BRING THEM HITHER."

"Fire the brake!" he cried to them; "see what I shall do, and imitate me. As God is in Heaven, I will tear your hearts out if you do not follow."

He plunged into the wood and deliberately fired the dry undergrowth. Lelie and Ruben, caught suddenly upon the wave of his mad impetuosity, found themselves running from copse to copse and scattering the golden flame as they went. The great wood known as the wood of Merivault shone out suddenly as some mighty beacon of the forest. A hoarse cry arose from the distant camp, and the screams of terrified horses were to be heard. Yet above all these woeful sounds a quick ear would have heard the exulting voice of Barmelot crying, "Burn and slay; burn and slay!" The fever of a mad desire consumed his very veins—he lived a lifetime in that hour. Lelie and Ruben knew no such exultation. They had obeyed the old man reluctantly, and now they obeyed him no more. That dreadful voice of holocaust affrighted them to the last degree. It were as though ten thousand demons had been loosed in the forest and were devouring the very earth which they passed. Trees rocking, branches crashing, trunks bursting, streams boiling, bushes becoming in an instant raging furnaces—the great arc of light in the sky, the screams of perishing brutes, the swirling flight of awakened birds—was not this just such a picture as the Abbé had painted of the end of the world and the last great Judgment? And by their young hands had it all come about—they were the agents, theirs had been the words which awakened old Barmelot and sent him to the madness. Little wonder, truly, that they stood terrified, afraid to run, afraid to look—oblivious of their danger, of all but that whirlwind of flame which threatened to consume the forest to the very brink of the Loire itself.

"Oh, merciful Heaven, Ruben! what have we done? What shall we say when they ask us?"

The lad, falling to cunning, answered quickly:—

"That it was the work of old Barmelot, the charcoal-burner."

"They will never believe us, Ruben. And the Prussians—oh, what if the Prussians should find us——"

The words were fateful. Three ragged and blackened soldiers burst from the blazing thicket while she spoke, and, perceiving the two there with brands still in their hands, seized them instantly and made ready to shoot.

V.

THE scene was weird enough, and yet not without parallel during the war. For the background of the picture, the rampant sea of flame leaping up above the forest and seeming to touch the very zenith. Near about a waste of glowing cinders, of bracken still burning, and the reddening stumps of trees. The lovers themselves, hand in hand, their eyes wide open, their faces pale as the moonbeams, stared piteously at the accusing troopers and vainly sought to understand. Of the men themselves but one had a pistol in his hand, and that he cocked deliberately as though to blow out the prisoners' brains where they stood. If they were given an instant's grace they owed it to a puny little major of Bavarians, who, emerging from the wood and not less angry than the others, nevertheless had the common sense to remember that even these incendiaries might tell him something.

"Who are you—where do you come from?" he asked, waving the eager troopers back the while he drew a pistol of his own.

Lelie answered him, for Ruben was too terrified to speak.

"From Charney, sir."

"Ha! from Charney. Is it the people of Charney who told you to do this?" He indicated the burning woods, but the girl's wit saved her from the trap.

"There was an old charcoal-burner here, and he made us do it. We did not wish to, sir. We were afraid of him."

The major turned to one of the others and exclaimed, "The truth, I think, or something very like it." Then advancing a step toward Ruben he said: "Do you know that you must be shot for this?"

Ruben said "Yes, sir," but in so quiet a voice that the man regarded him amazed.

"We are going to shoot you for burning the forest—but first you must lead us to Charney."

"I will never do that, sir."

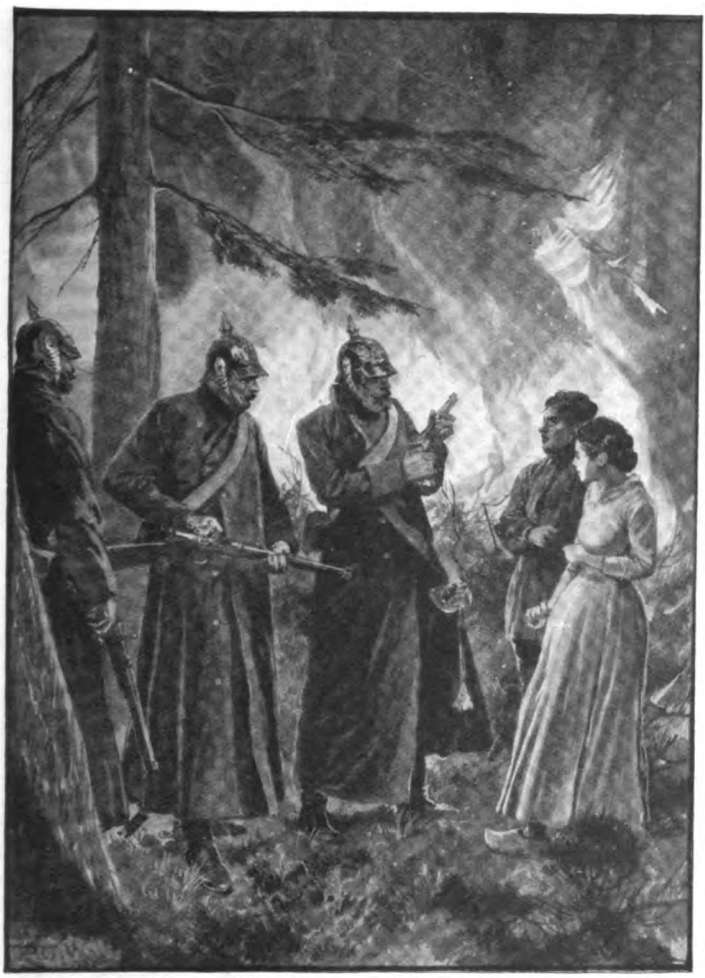
It was Lelie's turn now.

"Yes, yes," she cried, wildly; "I will lead you, sir. Do not pay any attention to Ruben. He does not know what he is saying."

The man smiled significantly and gave a second order to a captain who had come up.

"The wind is right," he said, pointing to the flaming woods; "that will not go very far to-night. Take twenty men, captain, and clear a path where you can. The rest of us are for Charney."

The young officer saluted and disappeared



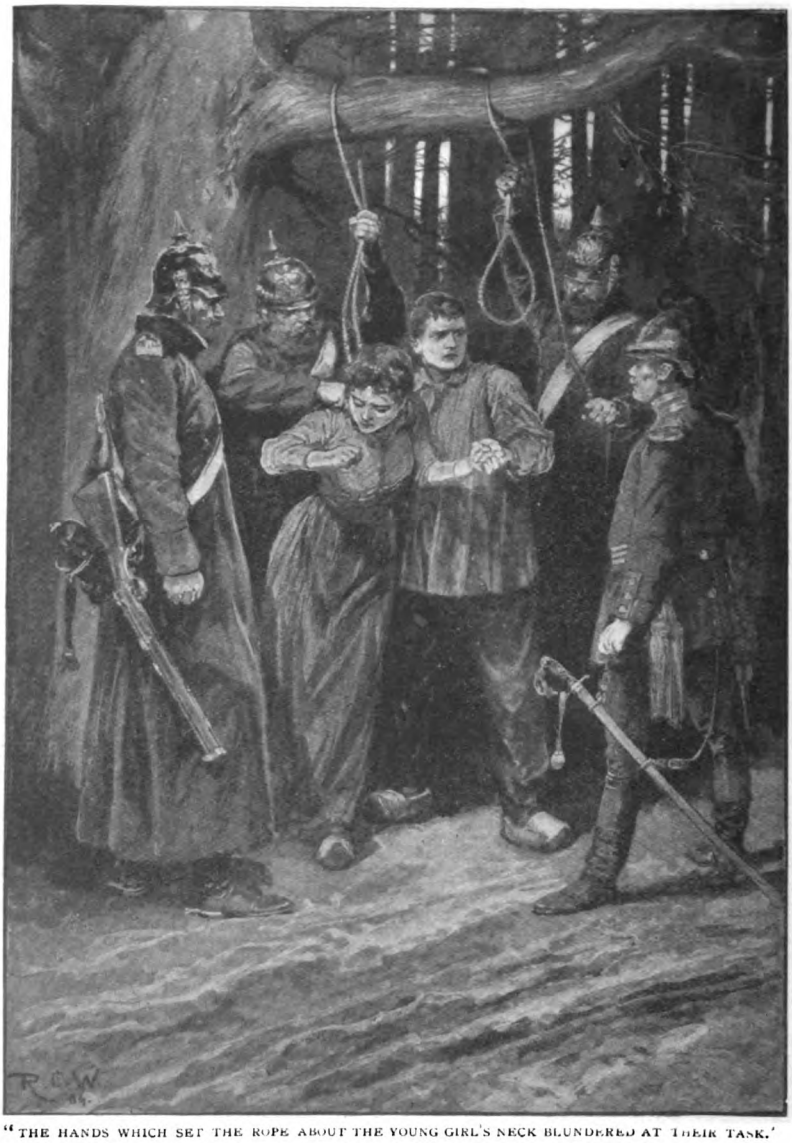
"ONE HAD A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, AND THAT HE COCKED DELIBERATELY."

upon the high road. So far as the fire itself was concerned, the major had more sense than his absurd airs seemed to imply. A freshening easterly breeze kept the flames in check with the loss of no more than two thousand acres of woodland. There were fifteen men and thirty-two horses of a regiment camped at the wood's heart perished at the first onrush; but, none the less, some six hundred sturdy troopers rode down to Charney, vowing vengeance as they went. Their task would be a brief and merry one, they promised themselves. Not a house must be left standing, not a man, a woman, or a child alive to greet to-morrow's sun. Thus had Bazeilles paid the price, and thus must Charney pay. The fire had maddened them. They went as troops to a sack, all the lust of rage and vengeance driving them.

And what of Lelie and of Ruben while they went? Were they not guiding these monsters to the very threshold of their homes, it may be depriving Charney of its very last hope—that hope of security which had been the good Abbé's boast? Might not their own kith and kin be the first victims to their cowardice, those they loved the first to pay the penalty? So might an observer who did not know the country have said. For, in truth, little Lelie marched bravely, not toward Charney at all, but in the direction of Blois, where lay General d'Aurelles and the army of the Loire. Gladly, as one going to a feast, the young girl tramped onward, far away from the village which watched and waited in such an agony of expectation. The dawn had come before the troopers discovered the trick—and the dawn found them within a mile of those who could avenge her.

The men halted beneath a clump of trees, and the major commanded them to bring ropes from a neighbouring farmhouse. There was neither trial nor question this time. In grim silence, clasping each other's hands firmly, the two waited for the end.

"Kiss me, Ruben," Lelie said, and very gently she turned to him as to one who had given his life for her. He took her in his arms and held her close. The major's hoarse command that his men should make haste found the troopers still reluctant. The hands which set the rope about the young girl's neck blundered at their task. Heavens! that this should be war—this brutal slaughter with the sun shining out upon them and the freshness of dawn in the air! So the man, who answered nothing, thought. Theirs was not the crime, though they were the first to pay the penalty. Such, indeed, was the truth; and when a troop of French cavalry debouched suddenly upon the high road, those who held Lelie and Ruben were amongst the earliest to perish. Indeed, of



"THE HANDS WHICH SET THE ROPE ABOUT THE YOUNG GIRL'S NECK BLUNDERED AT THEIR TASK.'

all that avenging regiment not thirty reached Orleans alive.

"The devil, their master, delivered them into our hands," the wily Coupebois declared afterwards. "While they thought I was at Charney, the night found me in camp at Blois. It is true, my friends, that we were returning with thirty thousand men when they would have hanged old Bordelas' daughter. So much comes of being in a hurry. We took them as they were grouped about a tree, and a prettier thing has not been done during the war. Assassins—do not call us so! Are not the Prussians vermin, and should not they be shot as such?"

The boast aside, the facts of that memorable action were as the innkeeper had stated them. He went to Charney for a ruse to trap the Prussians in the village. The night found him at Blois in General d'Aurelles' camp. Thirty thousand men being numbered for the defence of the doomed hamlet, Coupebois accompanied the regiments to be their guide — and so he stumbled upon the Prussians and followed them, hidden, until the moment when they would have wreaked their vengeance upon the children.

The rest is history, the story of a fierce fight upon a high road, of Uhlans riding madly, of short, sharp cries of agony, of men reeling from their saddles, of gashed heads and torn limbs—of that mad slaughter which the world has called war and crowned with glory.

But Lelie and Ruben sobbed out their joy in each other's arms. They knew not whether they had done right or wrong. The sun shone down upon their happiness because they still lived and would go to the forest together when the war was over.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

THE RIGHT HON. R. B. HALDANE, M.P.

THE Right Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., was born in 1856, and is the son of the late Mr. Robert Haldane of Cloanden, W.S. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh and Göttingen Universities. When he was a boy at Edinburgh Academy a generation ago he was head and shoulders above the others. "I never knew such a fellow," said one of his old schoolmates. "The most difficult tasks for us were child's play to him. He could take in a whole page of Cicero or a proposition in Euclid while we were wrestling with the first lines, and he had such a grave, oracular way with him that we christened him 'Solon.' We all knew that Haldane —'Dick,' as we used to call him—would be a big man some day, and the only thing that has surprised me is that he has not 'arrived' long ago.

From a] AGE 23 MONTHS. *[Photograph.*

"And it was just the same at Edinburgh University, where I spent a couple of years with him. He carried all before him; but philosophy was his strong point. He was a glutton for it; fairly revelled in it, and was miles ahead of the next best man. He took first-class honours in it, and crowned this achievement by carrying off the Ferguson scholarship in philosophy against the picked men from the four Scottish Universities. Not content with these laurels, he went to Göttingen to pit himself against the acutest intellects of the Continent. He literally saturated himself with Kant and Schopenhauer, Fichte and Hegel —all, of course, in their native German; and the outcome of it all was a series of works on philosophy commanding the admiration of the world."

Mr. Haldane had chosen the life of a lawyer, but this was a curious preparation for it, although no doubt it was admirable mental training, for which he has good reason to be thankful. At the Chancery Bar he soon forged his way to the front, and took silk in little over ten years, a feat which has only been rivalled by a few very exceptional men, such as the Lord Chief Justice. At this time he had been five years in Parliament, and had already made his mark as a legislator; his Alma Mater conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on him; and in 1902 he was promoted to the dignity of a Privy Councillor.

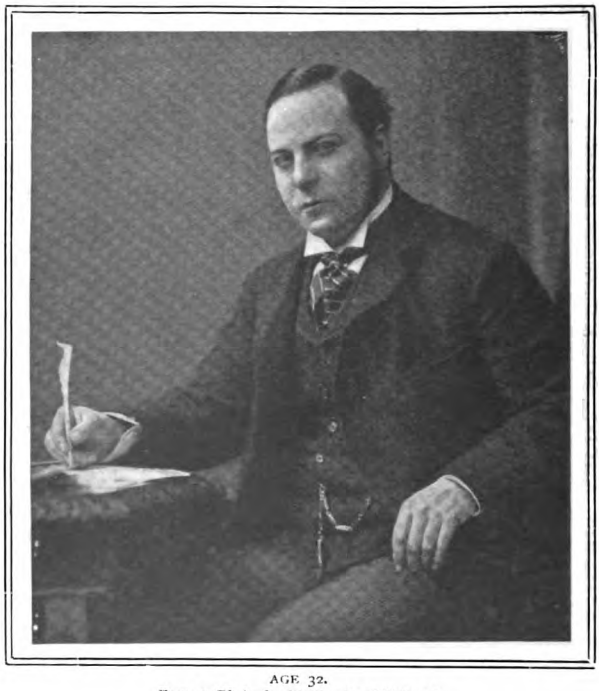
AGE 5 YEARS.
From a Photo. by Ross & Thomson, Edinburgh.

To all who know Mr. Haldane, the marvel is how he has been able to get through his amazing amount of work and yet have time for anything else. During recent years it is said that he has made little short of twenty

thousand pounds a year at the Bar; and yet, in spite of the immense labour that this represents, he has assiduously attended the House of Commons, has written bulky volumes on such abstruse subjects as "The Pathway to Reality," has been chairman of committees, governor of important bodies, and so on, and still has found the days long enough for social enjoyment and jaunts on his bicycle.

AGE 18.
From a Photograph.

A small child is said, by a writer who knows Mr. Haldane, once to have asked "whether any man can really be as wise as Mr. Haldane looks." He then goes on to say, "Whether the remark was actually the product of innocent childhood or was the attribution to her of an older brain, we should not like to say. But, in any case, the answer is simple. 'Yes, there is one man who is really as wise as Mr. Haldane looks, and he is Mr. Haldane.' The new Minister of War must have been born thinking, and he has kept it up ever since. 'The brain of the empire' he has been called; but the empire over which Mr. Haldane's brain ranges is not all of this world."



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

No man in Parliament has quite the same aspect of wisdom, and it is doubtful if any man of them all can rival Mr. Haldane in the range and depth of his erudition. Broad-shouldered, stout and sturdy of limb, with a big head and a powerful, clean-shaven face, the War Secretary is the very type of the solid, confidence-inspiring Briton whom Nature has designed for high and responsible work in the world. He entered his name as a student at Lincoln's Inn when he was eighteen, but, thanks to his pursuit of philosophy, it was nearly five years before he qualified for a wig and gown and set to work on equity-drafting and conveyancing. Even in these early days he was a marked man, and more than one barrister recalls to-day his prediction of the early eighties that "Haldane would some day sit on the Woolsack."

The prophecy has not come true yet, but he has done equally well, and is probably first in the running for the Lord Chancellorship.

Mr. Haldane has views on almost every subject. He is a bit of an individualist and something of a Socialist: he is in favour of getting the unearned increment for the community, and also of buying out Irish landlords with British credit. He takes special interest in women's questions, and on one occasion introduced a Women's Suffrage Bill of his own.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BURDON HALDANE, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Caswall Smith.

Why Trains Are Late.

By Edward Frith.

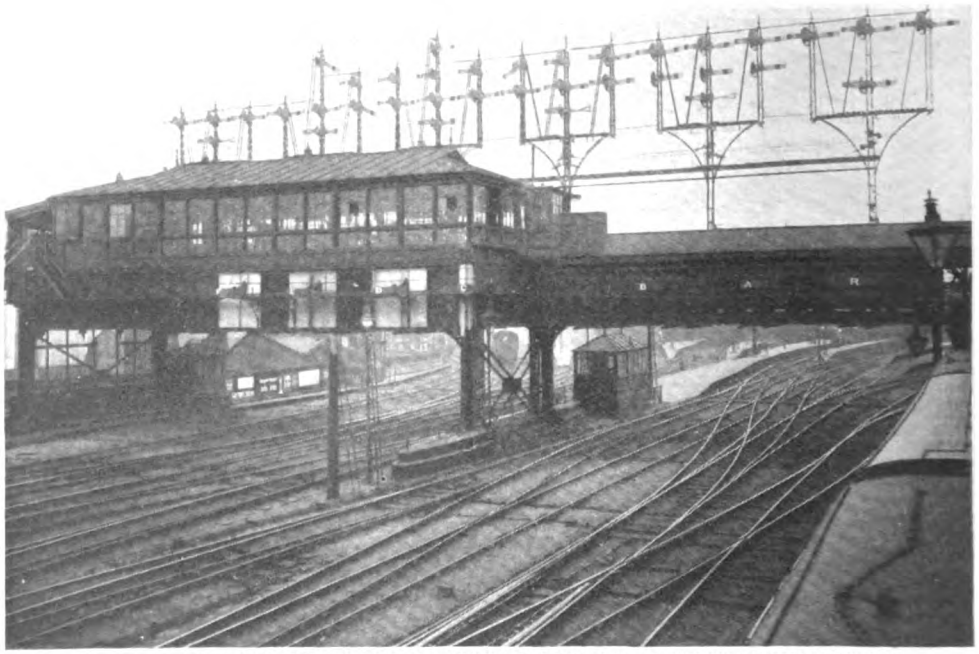
"THE 7.7," explained the railway porter in one of Charles Keene's sketches. "Nae doot you mean the 7.27."

"But," declares the passenger, "it says the 7.7 in the book."

"Oh, aye, in the book, sir. But the widow Jackson's twa coos are no in the book, and it ay taks the driver twenty minutes each morn to whussle them off the metals!"

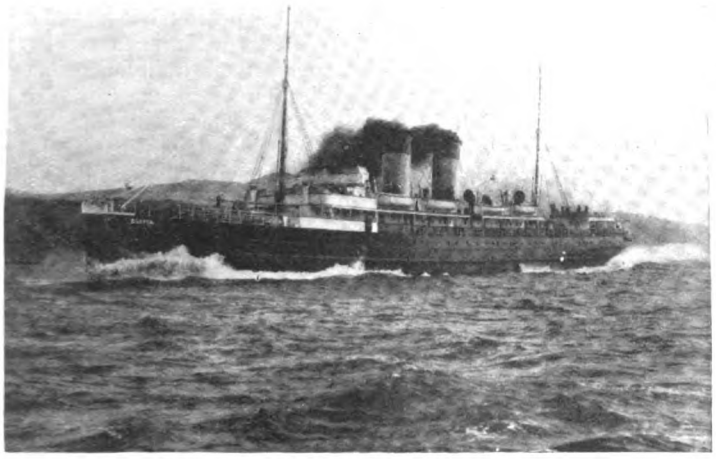
Although it goes without saying that absolute punctuality is aimed at, the widow Jackson's two cows are represented in some form or other on every railway in the kingdom. To the "time and tide" which wait for no man, George Stephenson added "the train." But, alas, the revised proverb is falsified every hour in every day of the year. After seventy years of railways the average traveller, in a feverish haste to transport himself somewhere in the quickest possible time, finds himself baffled by delays which he cannot understand or excuse. "Why is the train late?" ejaculated an irate passenger one November day. "No snow, no rain, no fogs, no signals, no breakdown, no rush of traffic." "Fine weather, sir," replied the guard, let us hope facetiously.

There must be a just cause for unpunctuality in railway working. Let us look at the problem from a railway-man's point of view. It may surprise Strand readers to be told that, instead of the cynicism and carelessness popularly attributed to managers and officials with regard to an accurate service, the very reverse is the case. Not only is punctuality aimed at, but for every single minute's deviation from the time-table every servant responsible must give an exact account. Even that little delay this morning at Plumstead or Crowborough through your luggage not being put in the right van must be reported in writing by the guard and deposited among the archives in London.



THE LATE ARRIVAL OF ANY TRAIN AT AN IMPORTANT JUNCTION SUCH AS THIS WILL DISORGANIZE THE WHOLE LINE FOR HOURS.

From a] [*Photo.*



THE LATE ARRIVAL OF THE CHANNEL STEAMER IS ANOTHER PROLIFIC CAUSE OF A TRAIN'S DELAY.
From a] [Photo.

Every moment lost or gained during a whole journey of four or five hundred miles has its historian.

To the head guard of each train is supplied at the beginning of his journey what is known as a "Train Journal" or "Report." In this document he must insert, in their respective columns, the names of the starting and finishing stations, the total number of minutes lost by traffic, the total number of minutes lost by the engine, the number of minutes lost by brake trouble (assuming in each case that time has actually been lost), and the number of vehicles on the train. At the end of each journey the sheet is handed back to the driver after having received the guard's signature, and is, in due course, forwarded to the office of the superintendent of the line, where it is carefully examined and checked. Should anything unusual occur a special report must be made of it and attached to the sheet.

The taking up of delays is done by means of either "Extracts"—*i.e.*, printed sheets addressed to station-masters, upon which are extracted particulars of delays so far as the station to which the "Extract" is addressed is concerned—or by telegram when occasion demands it.

Explanations are then obtained from the staff concerned by the station-master, who returns the "Extract" with any remarks he may have to make. It is then dealt with as circumstances require.

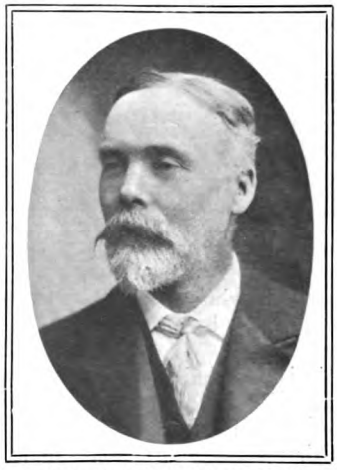
"The absolute punctuality of trains," writes Mr. James C. Inglis, the general manager of the Great Western Railway, to THE STRAND, "is the ideal which every railway officer seeks to attain, and every effort of each member of the traffic department is consistently directed to that object, but it is not susceptible of easy accomplishment.

"The time-table is framed with due regard to two points—first with regard to the speed the train can travel, or be permitted to travel, and secondly as to the stoppages it is required to make. In a secondary sense the other considerations which have to be taken into account are the connections with other trains at junctions on our own line or with those of other companies.

"It will be understood, however, that the allowances of time at and between stations are governed by what may be called 'normal considerations,' and that allowances are not made for exceptional circumstances which occur only now and then, and which operate to the prejudice of punctuality. For example, a strong head or side wind is a factor which sometimes militates against timekeeping; the necessity for adding appreciably to the weight of the train by the attaching of horse-boxes or special vehicles; an exceptional condition

"ROYAL TRAINS" ARE A FREQUENT CAUSE OF DISLOCATION OF TRAFFIC.
From a Photo.

of the rails; relaying operations; the detention of the train at a station by the late arrival of a number of passengers, or difficulty in booking them or in dealing with their luggage; delays in consequence of foggy weather; failure of engines from causes which could not be detected before the journey was commenced; and a variety of other similar matters, perhaps too numerous to specify, which occur, although not regularly every day, from time to time, in the case of the smaller stations. Of course, in the case of the larger stations a greater margin is allowed, but the public would be the first to cry out and blame the company for dilatoriness if the maximum time ever taken at a station to deal with the ordinary work of the place were adopted as a standard allowance of time for that station.



MR. JAMES C. INGLIS, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
From a Photo. by A. Tear.

"In years gone by heroic efforts have been made to obtain what may be termed 'paper punctuality,' and the foregoing will show how such punctuality could be secured. For example, the margin between the arrival of a main-line train and the departure of a branch train at a station is, say, ten minutes. The main-line train from any one of the causes already referred to is late on several occasions in a given period. The branch train starts late, and the average of unpunctual working is immediately increased. The simplest thing in the world would be to make the margin at the station half an hour. Absolute punctuality would probably thereby be secured, but obviously to the prejudice of the travelling public. Such attempts have been made in the past, but they have never been appreciated by the public, although they may have salved the consciences of some of the railway officials.

"The percentages of arrivals to time or within five minutes of the booked time of the through trains of the Great Western Company for October and November were sixty-five and seventy-one respectively, and of local trains eighty-four and eighty-five respectively.

"On busy sections of the main or trunk lines, where the trains are very numerous and the booked margins for clearance are in many cases short, the fact of one train getting out of course from any cause reacts upon those following and results in the late running of a series of trains. In fact, instances have occurred where delay to one train has resulted in the disorganization of as many as one hundred other trains. This point does not, as a general thing, appeal to the travelling public, who are interested only in the trains by which they are travelling; but it is a very important factor in normal conditions, and its importance is increased at recognised holiday times, when the trains are more numerous than ever."

In the opinion of Mr. Sam Fay, general manager of the Great Central Railway, it is certain that so long as railways exist absolute punctuality with anything like high speed will never be realized.

"The fact is," he writes, "time-tables are compiled to meet a normal traffic, leaving but little margin for the thousand and one exceptional items the companies are called upon, often without due notice, to convey, such as vehicles with race-horses to attach at a roadside station, the corpse of some celebrity in a special conveyance, a War Office route, a helpless invalid in a road-carriage, a touring theatrical party and their scenery, my lord and lady with a ton of luggage, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The result is detention at a station over and above the allotted time, and following trains and those in connection at junction points are more or less affected, one such unpunctual train being the cause of a disorganized service throughout the day.

"A story is extant of a Scotch superintendent who, upon receipt of a complaint from an English line that his train to the South on a Saturday night had, in consequence of its unpunctuality, played havoc with the main-line service, referred the writer to the late arrival of one of the North-bound trains on the previous Monday as the original sinner, the lateness of that particular train having acted and reacted upon the up and down trains of the Scotch company during the six working days and nights, from the influence of which the

quietude and sanctitude of the Sabbath alone freed them.

"This is one of the peculiarities of the situation, the dependence of one company and of one train upon another. A train on the Great Western late from Birmingham will tell its tale at Oxford and Reading, and spread confusion east and west and south through the Reading and Basingstoke branch to the South-Western system in Hampshire, Dorset, Wilts, and Devon. The wave of unpunctuality, once started, gathers force as it proceeds, ebbs and flows, and reaches the most remote branches. It may be that the late Birmingham train upsets the South-Western into Portsmouth and Havant, and delays the Brighton Company's train from thence to London and the southern coast, and leaves its trail eventually in the suburban districts and throughout the counties of Sussex and Kent.

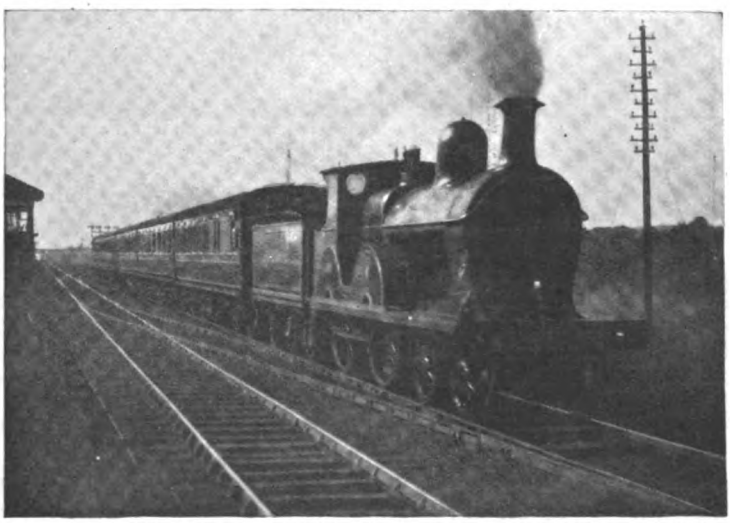
"From this it will be seen how difficult it is for any man, however able and experienced, to draft a workable time-table for trains stopping at many stations, and for a varied traffic of all sorts and sizes, business, tourist, naval, military, and otherwise. On some days his figures would probably answer, and even show time to spare; on others, from a variety of causes, a much wider margin would be needed. It is not the express so much as the ordinary long-journey trains that the public have to complain of, and these are the most difficult to manage, and give more trouble than any other."

It might be added that the late arrival of any one train at an important junction will disorganize the whole system of traffic for hours.

In many cases the driver is able to make up for delays by putting on extra speed whenever he gets a clear run before him, and thus at the end of the journey, although his train may have been delayed from one cause or another as much as six or seven minutes *en route*, he is able to bring it safe to its destination punctual to schedule time.

But all drivers are not like this. There are some who never think of making up for lost time, and, although they may have a clear run of fifty miles with a train that was one or two minutes late in starting, they will be the corresponding number of minutes late on arriving at their destination. Theoretically this is, no doubt, very excellent driving, but in practice it is apt to be not a little exasperating. But opportunities for making up for lost time are not confined to drivers alone. Guards have a great deal to do with the punctual working of a train, and where one will lose time at stations another will steam alongside the platform a minute or two to his credit.

A fertile cause of delay on certain lines is furnished by the unpunctuality of the connecting steamer service. For instance, every time the Channel boats are late means a corresponding delay, not only to the boat train, but to many other trains on the line as well.



From a] STEEP GRADIENTS ARE SOMETIMES A CAUSE OF TRAIN DELAYS. *[Photo.*

Then, again, there is the occurrence of Royal and other extraordinary "specials" which enjoy right-of-way over the line to the certain dislocation of traffic, and the upsetting of time-table calculations.

The causes of train delays are, of course, many and various; but in the majority of instances time lost in running may be said to be due to one of three things—*i.e.*, bad weather conditions, engine defects, and overloading. With regard to the first-named, fog stands pre-eminent as a complete disorganizer of traffic. Next in order of merit

(or should we say demerit?) comes wind, and by this not so much a head-wind as a side-wind is meant. A head-wind is certainly by no means a desirable factor in running trains to time, but whereas with this the only part of the train which offers resistance to it is the front, with a side-wind resistance is offered to it by the whole length of the train. But this is not the only mischief it is capable of doing. Sometimes as much as a hundredweight of coal is blown off the tender in a run of thirty miles, or even less.

Then, again, if there is any tendency on the part of the engine to slip, matters are made even worse by the sand being blown from the rails, thus rendering the sanding apparatus absolutely useless. Snow, too, is a prolific source of trouble in winter, but, happily, heavy snowstorms are of rare occurrence in this country, and when they do come they are generally confined to the northern counties. Not only is the line blocked by snow-drifts, but at night time in particular snow is not a little troublesome, as it has a nasty habit of sticking to the signal lamp-glasses and obscuring the light. Contrary to one's expectations rain causes very little delay or inconvenience, except in so far as it may be the cause of slipping on the part of the engine.

PICKING UP WATER IS ANOTHER OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF SPEED RECORDS.
From a Photo. by] [*A. L. Sykes.*

In the autumn falling leaves have been known to cause serious delays, and have on occasion brought trains almost to a standstill. Only a few years ago a train on the South-Eastern and Chatham line came very nearly to a dead stop between Nutfield and Redhill, owing to an exceptionally heavy gale burying the rails with leaves in a cutting. Slipping was the inevitable result, and it was only by covering the rails with ballast that any headway could be made at all. In the end, there was a loss of forty-eight minutes between the two stations, a distance of little more than two miles.

Delays arising from actual defects in the engine itself are most frequently caused by shortness of steam. This may be brought about by a mismanaged fire, by bad coal, or, more likely still, by a leaky fire-box. When this occurs, if no pilot engine is available, there is no alternative but to wait for steam to be raised again, which may take anything from five minutes to an hour. The unpleasantness of the situation is sometimes enhanced by the train coming to a standstill in anywhere but a pleasant place. On one occasion the train from Ashford to Victoria actually came to a full-stop half-way through Penge tunnel. The feelings of the more nervous passengers must have been anything but agreeable.

Serious delay consequent on the total disablement of the engine is fortunately of very rare occurrence, and the causes of such mishaps may generally be found in broken piston-rods, broken valve-spindles, or broken connecting-rods. Delays of a less serious character are sometimes caused by the axle-boxes and various parts of the motion becoming heated; but in these instances drivers can generally manage to "hang on" until another engine can be procured.

Coming now to the question of overloading, this is a condition not easily avoided at certain seasons of the year. The engines capable of hauling the heaviest trains of the respective companies are necessarily rather limited, and there are, consequently, a great number which are sometimes hardly equal to hauling the loads they are called upon to take. More especially has this been the case of late years, when the weight of trains has been greatly increased.

Naturally, with steep gradients, another cause of delay, the difficulty would be increased. Picking up water is another obstacle in the way of speed records, inasmuch as a slackening of pace is necessary.

A well-known railway-man, setting forth his views for the benefit of his profession, quoted the following as an instructive example of how unavoidable delays are met with during the running of certain trains.

There is a train booked to leave Dover at 7.6 a.m., which travels up *viâ* Tonbridge, Oxted, Selsdon Road, Woodside, and Beckenham. This train is preceded from Edenbridge

by a train starting from that station at 9.12 and also running *viâ* the Oxted line, and this, in turn, is preceded by the 8.48 a.m. train from Tonbridge *viâ* Redhill. It has occasionally happened that this Tonbridge train has been late in starting to the extent of five minutes or so. This has caused the Edenbridge train to be late starting, which, in turn, has stopped the Dover train. The latter, being late on arrival at Oxted, has caused delay at Hurst Green Junction (junction of the Tunbridge Wells line with the Oxted line) to the 8.58 a.m. London, Brighton, and South Coast train from Tunbridge Wells, due at Oxted four minutes after the Dover train, which, in turn, has stopped the 8.18 a.m. train from Lewes *viâ* East Grinstead, between Lingfield and Oxted. This train attaches coaches off the Tunbridge Wells train at Oxted, and its late arrival there, together with that of the Tunbridge Wells train, has made it late in getting away again for Croydon.

The result has been that the 9.23 train from Tunbridge Wells, which is fast from Edenbridge to Croydon, and is due to pass Oxted ten minutes and Selsdon Road five minutes after the Lewes train, has also experienced delay. But this is not all. On reaching the Joint Line at South Croydon, these two trains (8.18 and 9.23) are followed by the 9.55 train from Caterham, booked to pass South Croydon at 10.16—four minutes after the 9.23. Consequently this train has also been delayed.

As each of these trains has suffered delay to the extent of five minutes or more, it will be seen that, as a result of the Tonbridge train being late, no fewer than six others have experienced delay, the time lost thus amounting in all to about thirty minutes.

In the appended example of a guard's report the reader is enabled to note the vicissitudes of speed on an average working day. First, two minutes are lost at Walmer, which the guard fondly hopes may be the only delay; but even after five minutes have been lost there is still a chance that the driver may yet steam into Charing Cross "on time." Thenceforward it is a battle between punctuality and delay, but after the incident of the hot axle there is no hope of recovery, and the hands of the clock point to 11.5 before the train finally comes to a standstill at the terminus.

MAIN LINE
Via Sevenoaks (Tub's Hill)
(93)

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

U. P. 1°.

"This reference to be quoted on all requisitions for these Reports

PASSENGER GUARDS' REPORT.

7.39 UP TRAIN FROM Deal TO Charing Cross

(State the Train, and whether A.M. or P.M.)

Thurs day, the 1st day of December 1904

TRAFFIC—Heavy or Light. Heavy

STATIONS.	TIME. Departure Time from each Station, as per Service Book.	Actual Time of Arriving at and Departing from each Station. Arrived.	Departed.	REMARKS AND OCCURRENCES. If this space is not sufficient for the whole of Remarks, &c., a separate Memorandum Form to be used, and attached to the Daily Report.
				State of Weather during journey Fine.
Deal	7 39		7 39	
Walmer	7 44	7 44	7 47	2 minutes extra attaching H Box
Martin Mill	7 54	7 57	7 58	
Dover Priory	8 0	8 1	8 2	
Dover Pier				
Dover Town	8 5	8 6	8 9	2 minutes luggage
Folkestone Junction	8 16	8 18	8 20	1 minute junction signal
Folkestone Central	8 18	8 21	8 23	
Shorncliffe	8 22	8 27	8 28	
Sandling Junction	8 27	8 31	8 33	
Westenhanger	8 36	8 39	8 40	1 minute regained
Smeeth	8 40	8 43	8 44	
Ashford	8 48	8 50	8 51	1 minute regained
Pinckley	8 56	8 59	9 00	
Headcorn	9 11	9 6	9 7	
Staplehurst	9 11	9 19	9 20	6 minutes hot axle
Marden	9 24	9 25	9 23	
Paddock Wood	9 28	9 35	9 36	1 minute regained
Tonbridge	9 45	9 40	9 42	1 minute regained
Hildenboro'	9 49	9 49	9 50	
Sevenoaks (Tub's Hill)	9 53	9 57	9 59	
Dunton Green	10 35	9 57	9 03	
Knockholt	10 3	10 9	10 10	1 minute regained
Chelsfield	10 7	10 13	10 14	
Orpington	10 11	10 17	10 18	
Chislehurst	10 16	10 22	10 23	
Grove Park	10 21	10 29	10 30	
Kither Green Junction	10 36	10 34	10 35	2 minutes Junction Signals
St. John's	10 31	10 38	10 40	1 minute detaching horse box
New Cross	10 34	10 43	10 44	
London Bridge	10 40	10 48	10 50	
Cannon Street	10 44	10 53	10 54	
Waterloo	10 50	10 59	11 00	1 minute Waterloo signals
Charing Cross Arrive	10 54		11 5	

Head Guard Watkins Under Guard Markham

See other side for FULL PARTICULARS of the Stock Attached and Detached

No. Brake Van 73 Proper Time of Arrival 10.54 Before Time, m.
No. Brake Van Actual Time of Arrival 11 5 After Time, m. 11
No. of Vehicles on Train arriving in London If worked with Continuous Brake?
Locomotive Engine No. 29 From Deal to Tonbridge Driver Smith
Locomotive Engine No. From Tonbridge to Charing Cross Driver Wells

SAMPLE OF A GUARD'S REPORT ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Railway Magazine* for permission to reproduce several of the photographs used in this article.

An Ordeal of Faith.

By Warwick Deeping.

IT was a stormy night in April when Gordon Jamieson, of King's Malling, put out his study lamp, lit his candle, and, carrying with him a popular novel of the day, went up to bed. The wind was breathing restlessly about the house, beating through the great elms that lined the roadway, moaning over the sleeping town. Jamieson drew the curtains across the windows, glanced with an appreciative yawn at the bed, and assured himself that he would not be disturbed by the bell that night. He had been astir since three o'clock the same morning, and had successfully introduced one more red-skinned, blinking mortal to the sorrows and gladnesses of life.

Young Jamieson, for to the townsfolk he was still "young Jamieson," despite a few grey hairs over the temples, a virile face, and a grave manner, had won for himself a reputation for cleverness in that particular corner of the country. Great, long-limbed athlete that he was, success had persecuted him from his student's days, muzzling the mouths of hypercritical examiners, marking him out as a man of nerve and power among his fellows. With signal magnanimity young Jamieson had refused to ruin all the great ones of Harley Street by entering into competition with them as a man of means. Jamieson was built for a country life. He was a man of the moors and of the morning, keen-eyed and clean-hearted. He had purchased a practice at King's Malling from an antediluvian old surgeon to whom Lister seemed something of a charlatan.

Whether it was the grave confidence of his strong-featured face or the quiet masterfulness of his manner that served him, young Jamieson had won popularity in King's Malling. Success still importuned him, as did the many dear matrons who possessed marriageable daughters. Being a flourishing bachelor, he was boldly assailed with the dogma that a young doctor should be married in order to deserve the complete confidence of his fairer patients. Jamieson did not appear to be an impressionable being. He went his way with a grim and firm-lipped composure, courteous and sympathetic, a monument of professional sanity.

Despite his prognostications, it was fated that the young doctor should enjoy no sleep that night. He was in the act of slipping into bed when the night-bell pealed in the passage below his room. Letting slip certain remarks that would not have edified the ears of his feminine admirers, he snatched his dressing-gown from the peg behind the door, took the candle, and went wearily downstairs. Passing through the surgery into the passage leading to the back door, he unlocked it and, shading the candle with his hand, looked out into the unpropitious night.

The indistinct figure of a man showed in the dusk. He touched his hat and held out a letter to Jamieson, who was shielding the spluttering candle behind the door.

"From Mr. Amoory, sir."

"Who?"

"Mr. Amoory of Firlands. I have a trap at the gate. You be to come at once."

Jamieson frowned at the bluntness of the man's remark, told him to wait, and, lighting the lamp in the surgery, cut the envelope with a spatula and drew out the letter.

"Dear Sir,—My niece, Miss Vivienne Grey, has been taken suddenly and seriously ill. I think that she caught a chill two days ago. I shall be glad if you will come at once and see her.—Faithfully yours,

"Anthony Amoory."

Jamieson folded up the letter and thrust it between the leaves of the ledger on the desk. Calling to the groom, and telling him that he would be with him in a few minutes, he went upstairs to dress with professional resignation, for Amoory's house was fully five miles from King's Malling.

It was past midnight when the dog-cart which had been sent for Jamieson turned in at the winding drive leading through pine-woods to the house. The doctor had been meditating on the nature of the case before him. Anthony Amoory, Esquire, was an old gentleman who had but lately settled in the neighbourhood, and had already won for himself an eccentric reputation. He was a great collector of china and old books, and was also reported to be a leading authority on the ancient civilizations of the East.

Jamieson was not unflattered at being summoned to attend the niece of so interesting and cultured a gentleman. King's Malling was not noted for intelligence, and Jamieson found himself in danger of intellectual starvation.

The house was long and low, painted white, with French shutters over the upper windows. Jamieson was met by a man-servant at the porch and ushered across the hall into the library, where a shaded lamp was burning. The room appealed to him instantly as the haunt of a man of unusual culture and of eccentric tastes. It was not every scholar who kept a monkey in an ornamental tub in one corner of his sanctum, a cage full of white rats on the table by the window, with several trays of Assyrian tablets waiting to be deciphered when the archaic inclination stirred in the scholar.

Jamieson was in the act of scratching the monkey's head when he heard a slight cough behind him, and, turning, discovered a very good-looking old gentleman smiling gravely and holding out his hand.

"Dr. Jamieson, I believe."

The doctor ran his eyes curiously over the figure of the man before him. If he had expected to behold an aged and ape-faced patriarch with dirty nails and slovenly clothes, he was in every way disappointed of the vision. Anthony Amoory was a plump and peach-faced old gentleman with fine white hair, dressed in perfect taste, and boasting more the air of a retired general than a decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions.

"I regret having been compelled to disturb you, sir, at such an hour."

Jamieson bowed in his grave and restrained

"THE INDISTINCT FIGURE OF A MAN SHOWED IN THE DUSK."

fashion. The old gentleman's voice was peculiarly refined and sympathetic. He reminded the doctor of some old French grandee whose very clothes smelt of courtesy.

"It is no trouble, I assure you; we doctors——"

The white-haired Assyriologist cut him short with a debonair wave of the hand.

"Exactly, sir; you are excellent fellows. We value you when we are in trouble. My niece, Miss Grey, has become alarmingly unwell—a chill, I suspect, due to a motor-drive after tennis. I shall be grateful if you will see her at once."

He turned and bowed Jamieson towards the door with an expression of courtly concern that could brook no ephemeral delay. The doctor saw an elderly woman in a white cap and a black gown waiting for him in the hall. He imagined her to be the housekeeper, and the surmise proved correct. The woman led him up the stairs, where armour and many rare prints and pictures hung upon the walls, and along a gallery lined with carved chests, armoires, and inlaid cabinets. She stopped before a door, knocked, and entered. Jamieson followed her, treading softly despite his powerful bulk, quietly alert after the habit of his profession.

The room was a large one, and decorated in a medieval spirit. The wooden bed was covered with a green canopy embroidered with scarlet flowers, a carved hutch standing at the foot thereof. The walls were draped with tapestry; the polished floor spread with bright-coloured rugs and furs. A standard lamp of wrought iron, shaded by a crimson shade, stood beside the bed.

Jamieson, his professional sanity a little startled by his surroundings, saw a girl lying under the embroidered coverlet, her black hair loose upon the pillow, the flushed oval of her face shining up at him under the warm glow of the lamp. Her eyes, though bright with fever, were full of a wonderful intelligence. She held out her hand to Jamieson, and nodding to the housekeeper intimated that she should leave the room.

Jamieson set a chair beside the bed. As by habit his fingers had settled on the girl's wrist and he was looking in her face, noting every detail with the eye of a trained observer. She was very feverish—the hurried, soft-waved artery-beat told him that. There was an anxious and wistful expression on her face. When she spoke it was with an intense yet controlled earnestness that suggested trouble rather than fear.

"You are Dr. Jamieson?"

"Yes."

"They tell me you are very clever."

The flattered mortal smiled gravely.

"Have you seen Mr. Amoory?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you anything?"

Jamieson elevated his eyebrows, but instantly masked any expression of surprise.

"Mr. Amoory told me that you may have caught a chill," he answered.

"Yes."

"Tennis—and a motor-drive afterwards?"

"Yes, two days ago."

"I hope I shall soon set the matter at rest."

A peculiar expression of relief spread itself over the girl's face. She glanced towards the door, desiring Jamieson to call the housekeeper in again from the gallery. He did so, and then returned to the bed, taking out his thermometer and laying his stethoscope on the table beside him. He began to question her as to her symptoms and the onset of her illness. The girl answered him very frankly, fixing her eyes on his, and watching his face with spiritual intentness. Jamieson, accustomed to register swift and instinctive impressions of the psychological phenomena of life, felt, though he knew not why, that the Assyriologist's niece was concealing something from him while pretending to offer him the untarnished truth.

Jamieson proceeded to examine her, the grave lines of his strong face seeming to grow more marked as he leant over the bed with his broad back to the lamp. A slight contraction of the brows suggested that he was puzzled. Heart and lungs were sound enough; he had suspected pneumonia, but found no single physical sign to betray its presence. Hysteria, that great mimic of other diseases, suggested itself to him for the moment. He studied the girl's face with his keen and searching eyes, but confessed that she did not conform to the hysterical type. Five degrees of fever were against the hypothesis.

"You are sure that you have no pain anywhere?" he asked, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

She smiled at him and put her fingers to her forehead.

"Only here," she answered.

Jamieson's eyes had cast a rapid glance at her forearm. He thrust back the lace sleeve of her nightdress suddenly, disclosing several needle punctures in the skin, and a red flush below the hollow of the elbow.

"Pardon me, what are these?"

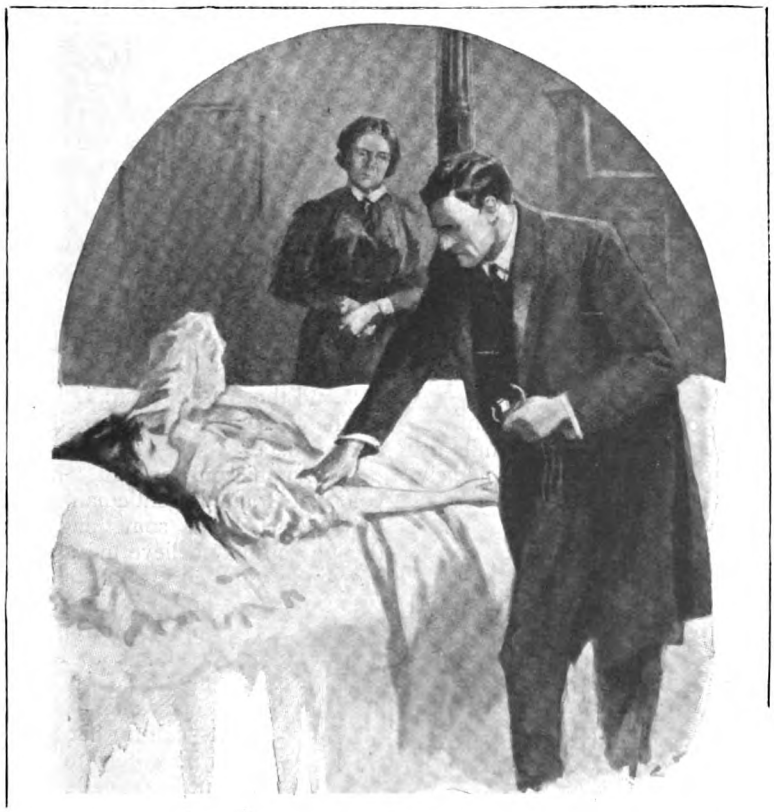
She had coloured confusedly, conscious of the questioning stare of his keen eyes, the alertness of his critical intelligence. Her lips quivered. Jamieson saw a slight shadow as of pain flit across her face. She was concealing something. Of that he felt assured.

stood grave-faced beside her. The look was full of a swift and wistful appeal that puzzled while it compelled his sympathy.

"You will see my uncle again?"

"Yes."

"Am I very ill?"



"HE THRUST BACK THE LACE SLEEVE, DISCLOSING SEVERAL NEEDLE PUNCTURES IN THE SKIN."

"I had neuralgia some days ago——"

"Yes?"

She turned restlessly in the bed, avoiding his eyes instinctively.

"I took morphia——"

"Morphia!"

"Yes. It was foolish of me, but the pain was so bad. I used a hypodermic syringe. I will not do it again."

Jamieson was feeling her forearm with his fingers, still watching her narrowly, sensible of a suspicious sympathy drawing him towards his patient. He was the more convinced that she was concealing something from him, and the situation baffled his decision for the moment. Amoory's niece turned her head and looked at him as he

Jamieson pursed up his lips and glanced at her tentatively.

"You are feverish."

"Yes."

"Try and sleep; I will see you again early in the morning."

Jamieson descended the stairs, feeling like a man challenged by some problematical responsibility. Anthony Amoory was waiting for him in the library, wandering restlessly about the room. A pot of strong coffee stood on the table, with choice china, and a case of excellent cigars. The elder man pointed Jamieson to a chair, closed the door, and began to pour out the coffee.

"Well, sir?" he said, with the air of a man under severe and stoical self-restraint.

Jamieson took a cigar from the case that the Assyriologist offered him, shot a keen glance at Amoory as he lit a match, and held it with steady hand.

"Miss Grey has a high temperature," he said.

The Assyriologist sighed, and fumbled with the cigar-case.

"She tells me that she has taken morphia."

"What?"

"There are puncture marks in her right forearm."

Amoory had turned; his refined face was white and under strain. The two men eyed each other a moment in silence, the strong intellect in either keenly on the alert.

"Well, sir?" said the elder man, turning aside with a deep drawing of the breath.

Jamieson, still baffled, watched Amoory with critical intentness.

"Frankly——" he began.

"My niece's condition puzzles you?"

"Exactly."

"Thanks, sir; you are an honest man."

Amoory had turned again. His military moustache seemed to bristle almost fiercely above his firm, clean-cut mouth. His grey eyes glistened. He faced Jamieson without flinching, squaring his shoulders, and speaking with the incisive brevity of a man sure of his own convictions.

"I will tell you, sir, from what my niece is suffering."

Jamieson bit his cigar and looked curiously at Amoory.

"From septicæmia—blood-poisoning."

"What?"

"Septicæmia, sir. Ask me no questions for the moment. If necessary—which God forbid—I will tell you in due course how she contracted the disease."

Jamieson, startled out of his professional composure, laid his cigar aside, drank down a cup of black coffee, and stood up so as to face the Assyriologist.

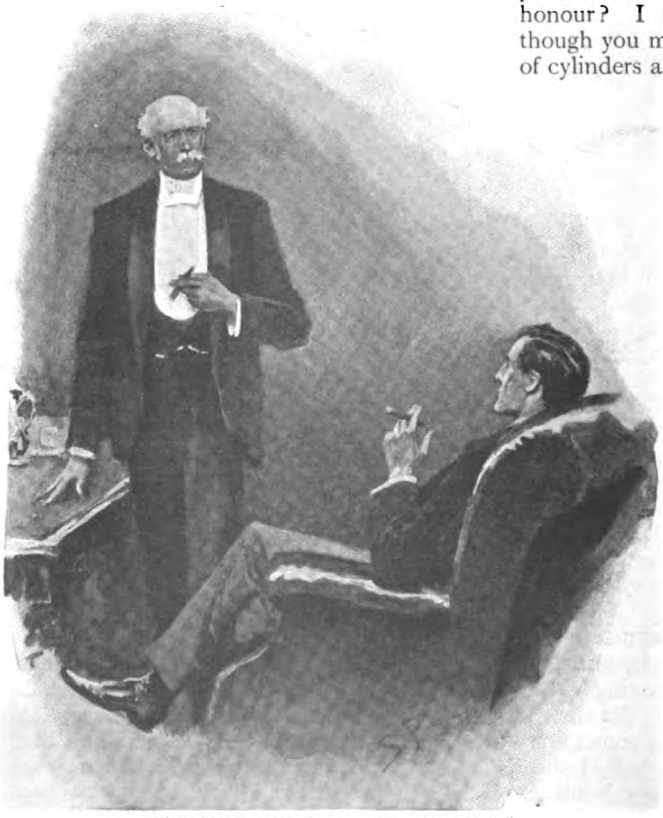
"Do you know, sir, what you are talking about?" he asked, with blunt brevity.

"Perfectly."

"And those needle-marks?"

The elder man's eyes flashed a look at the doctor's face.

"Dr. Jamieson," he said, "need I remind you that I am a gentleman and a man of honour? I know something of medicine, though you may believe me a mere collector of cylinders and curios. I am trusting you, and I desire you to trust me in return, to put faith in my assurances. I tell you that my niece is suffering from septicæmia—blood-poisoning—call it what you will. Are you willing to take my diagnosis on oath, and act upon it, or are you not?"



"HE FACED JAMIESON WITHOUT FLINCHING."

Jamieson's strong face looked grim.

"It is not usual, sir," he said, "for a doctor to take his diagnosis from a layman."

"Not usual, sir, no. But in this case the layman knows more than the physician."

Jamieson picked up his cigar, knocked off the ash, relit it, and smoked reflectively. He was attempting to master the spirit of antagonism that the elder man's attitude tended to inspire, and to grapple the extraordinary problem with which he was confronted. The trend of the interview was against all the instincts of his

scientific training. He began to wonder whether Amoory was mad, and whether he was justified in accepting so peculiar a responsibility.

"If you would be more frank with me, sir," he said, "my position would be easier."

The Assyriologist nodded sympathetically.

"The question is, sir," he answered, "are you willing to trust me or not? I have made my appeal to you as man to man. If you doubt my sincerity—then I can say no more."

Jamieson glanced at the elder man's face. Its expression of sorrowful reserve moved him strangely.

"I will accept the responsibility," he said.

Amoory held out his hand with a brave smile.

"You shall not regret it," he answered; "as a man of honour, I promise you that."

Within ten minutes Jamieson was on the road again to King's Malling, with the dim clouds scudding over the starless sky and the wind roaring through the woods with a fierce and melancholy abandonment. Dense darkness hid the road save where the light from the carriage lamps fell before them in double beams. The groom appeared tired and surly and disinclined to gossip. Jamieson, buttoning up his great-coat to the chin, lay back in the dog-cart deep in thought.

A peculiar feeling of dissatisfaction settled gradually upon him. He was neither a superstitious being nor a man given to sensational lines of thought, yet the sense of doubt and of restlessness increased in him as he saw the dark trees waving in the wind. The night was full of the hoarse mystery of the unknown. Its troubled turbulence seemed to exaggerate the peculiar impressions that the scenes at Firlands had wrought upon Jamieson's scientific and level consciousness. He found himself wondering again whether Anthony Amoory was mad, and whether it was not his duty to insist upon the immediate advice of an experienced consultant. Many bizarre and extravagant possibilities flitted through the doctor's brain. He recalled certain sensational tales that he had read in a contemporary magazine, describing the peculiar and exciting experiences of an impossible and priggish young physician. It was two in the morning, when all life is at low ebb. Jamieson felt the cold striking him even through his heavy coat. The moaning of the wind was enough to make any man miserable and credulous at such an hour.

The familiar glint of the bottles in the surgery and the warm glow of the lamp recovered Jamieson from his temporary depression. He had ordered the groom to wait, intending to return immediately to Firlands. Lighting the glass spirit-lamp he sterilized his syringe and needles, took two bottles of serum from his instrument cabinet, and made up a mixture of carbolic acid and quinine. Finally he filled up a telegram form instructing a well-known firm in London to dispatch several phials of antistreptococcus serum by special messenger to King's Malling. Knocking up his groom, who slept in a cottage off the stable-yard, Jamieson told the man to send off the telegram as soon as the post-office was open, and to meet the midday trains at Malling Station till the special messenger arrived from town. The doctor was trusting to the information Amoory had given him. For the moment there was nothing more that he could do.

Jamieson's spirits recovered their vigour as he drove back again through the woods to Amoory's house. His thoughts reverted from the peculiar personality of the Assyriologist to the sensitive and wistful face of the girl lying in the great bed in the tapestried bedroom. Even here he was met by mystery, but by a mystery that did not lack in charm. Jamieson felt a peculiar sympathy drawing him towards Amoory's niece, even though he was convinced that she was concealing something from his knowledge. Her eyes were the eyes of a brave and unselfish woman. She seemed to possess that magic unapproachableness that characterizes those women who build up the ideals of the race. Jamieson felt markedly attracted towards her, and suddenly concerned in the danger that seemed to threaten her. A sense of elation woke in him as he realized that he was to champion her against disease. What if old Amoory were mad, he—Jamieson—was not a man to be frightened by any fear of incapacity! He was alive, capable, clever to his finger-tips, instinct with all that splendid intelligence that has compelled Nature to unlock her secrets to the passionate patience of man.

Amoory was walking to and fro restlessly in the hall when the dog-cart stopped before the white-fronted house. He gave Jamieson a hand-grip that bespoke his gratitude to the younger man for the trust he was willing to accord him.

"You are soon back," he said.

Jamieson, who was still studying the scholar with a view to discovering symptoms of mental aberration, pulled off his gloves and laid his great-coat across a chair.

"I have some serum with me," he said,

"and I have wired to town for more. You see, sir, I am ready to follow out your suggestions conscientiously."

Amoory, whose refined and clever face began to betray signs of the spiritual torment he was suffering, accompanied Jamieson to the gallery, where the housekeeper was waiting.

"Jamieson!" he said, laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Yes, sir."

"You shall not regret this."

"I hope not," retorted the doctor, bluntly. "I am not a man who goes back upon my word."

Jamieson followed the housekeeper into the tapestried bedroom, his eyes glancing with critical eagerness at the face upon the pillow. The cheeks were more flushed, the eyes brighter than before, the lips looking like threads of scarlet when contrasted with the black masses of the girl's hair. She smiled as Jamieson crossed the room towards her. Already she had discovered a sense of relief in the presence of this grave-faced man with the determined mouth and the watchful eyes.

"How good of you to come again so soon!"

Jamieson seated himself beside the bed.

"I am so sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Believe me, it is no trouble."

"You have seen Mr. Amoory again?"

"Yes."

"How does he seem?"

"Much worried about you—as is only natural."

She smiled wistfully, and laid her hand on Jamieson's arm.

"You must do your best for me for his sake," she said, simply.

"For your own sake, Miss Grey," he retorted, his strong face flushing curiously before her eyes

Three days passed. Jamieson of King's Malling made frequent pilgrimages to the white house cloistered amid its firs. Anthony Amoory would meet him with an anxious face and a sad courtliness that conquered the younger man's suspicions. Jamieson began to confess to a strong liking for the Assyriologist, though possibly his mind was biased by sentiments more subtle and saving in their source. They were anxious days for Jamieson and for Amoory—days when the fever ran in flood and the heavy eyes and flushed face, the hurrying pulse and the rapid breath, seemed to threaten ultimate defeat.

It was the morning of the fourth day when Jamieson, pale, and tired about the eyes, came down from the sick-room to find Amoory waiting for him in the hall. The scholar's eyes were turned to the younger man with a species of dog-like appeal. He looked thin and haggard, shrunken about the shoulders. The air of spruce and military well-being was in abeyance, as though the trivial niceties of life had lost their least significance.

"Well, sir; well?"

There was a glint as of triumphant hope in Jamieson's eyes. He appeared composed and confident despite the tired lines about his mouth.

"I think that we shall win," he said.

"Ah!"

"THE SCHOLAR'S EYES WERE TURNED TO THE YOUNGER MAN WITH A SPECIES OF DOG-LIKE APPEAL."

"The temperature is down, and there have been no more rigors. Miss Grey has been sleeping well. The worst seems past."

Amoory's figure seemed to recover its erectness of a sudden. He walked to the window, turned, and strode back again, jingling his keys in his pocket, his moustachios twitching, his step light and almost boyish.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, with peculiar emphasis. "You have done well, Jamieson; I do not know how I shall be able to thank you."

There was silence between them for a moment. Then Amoory, squaring his shoulders, walked to the hall window again and looked out into the garden.

"Jamieson!" he said, curtly, over his shoulder.

"Yes."

"I promised you an explanation."

A strange smile passed over the younger man's face, as though it had been touched by a beam of sunlight.

"Miss Grey has asked me to promise——" he began.

"Hey—what?"

Amoory had swung round with an alert stare.

"That I would ask you no questions."

"No questions!"

"Yes."

"Well, sir; well?"

"I accepted her demand."

"You did?"

"Unconditionally."

The Assyriologist's face betrayed the working within him of some deep emotion. He fingered his chin, looked at Jamieson reflectively under his grizzled brows, and smiled, with a softening of his clean-cut mouth that was almost womanly.

"Jamieson," he said, "that girl has the courage of a Christian martyr. I suppose I must hold you bound by your promise."

"I am content," said the younger man, simply.

"So am I, sir. Nor shall I forget the way that you have trusted me."

It was early in May, with the countryside green with the returning spring, when Vivienne walked once more in her garden amid the fir-woods. Jamieson still persisted that her convalescence was not complete, and Vivienne, despite the ripening colour on her cheeks, was content to humour him in the deception. Anthony Amoory had opened his heart to the younger man's friendship, and offered to teach him many things concerning the dim and distant East. Even the gossips of King's Malling came to hear that young Jamieson was compromising his precious liberty. They scoffed at the suggestion that the doctor drove daily to Firlands for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of Assyrian cylinders. Several of his feminine acquaintances had noticed that Jamieson was possessed by a distraught and interesting melancholy. It was stated also that Anthony Amoory's niece was an heiress, and, of course, "young Jamieson" was a man with a future.

Any interested spinster who had been favoured with a glimpse of a corner of the Firlands garden one May evening would have diagnosed the doctor's disease with no great difficulty. Vivienne was lying in a basket-chair under a laburnum, dressed in white linen, a red sash about her waist, and a scarlet cushion under her glossy hair. She had a book in her lap; a gate-legged table, with choice china thereon, was beside her. Jamieson sat facing her on a garden-chair, looking very grave and handsome, his eyes fixed upon Miss Vivienne with a melancholy steadfastness that was remarkably expressive.

The girl shifted the red cushion under her head, and looked dreamily at the evening sky.

"Why do you wish to be told the truth?" she asked, turning the pages of the book mechanically, and smiling enigmatically to herself the while.

Jamieson rested his elbows on his knees.

"I may claim some privilege, may I not?" he said, reverently enough.

"Yes, to be sure."

"Your illness still puzzles me."

"And your professional vanity bridles at the thought?"

"No; not that."

"Well?"

"It is because I believe the secret will teach me to honour you the more."

Vivienne turned her eyes suddenly to Jamieson's face. He was looking at her very earnestly, his strong and nervous hands clasped between his knees. His face betrayed all that was in his heart. No great penetration was needed to fathom the depths of his desire. Vivienne rose up suddenly from her chair, blushing slightly, and putting back her black hair with her hands.

"I think you deserve to be trusted," she said.

"Thank you."

"Come. I will show you the skeleton in the cupboard."

She crossed the garden, entered the house,

and led Jamieson up the stairway and along the gallery to the western wing. Taking a key from her pocket she unlocked the door of a room at the end of the gallery, passed in, and beckoned to him to follow. Puzzled, and not a little astonished, he found himself in

"'I THINK YOU DESERVE TO BE TRUSTED,' SHE SAID."

what appeared to be a bacteriological laboratory, lighted by a skylight in the roof. An incubator stood in one corner. The long table was littered with scientific instruments, a microscope, culture tubes, glass jars, and the like. Against one wall stood a bookcase filled with the latest scientific works in all languages. Cases of microscopic slides and specimen bottles were ranged on shelves around the walls.

Jamieson turned to the girl with a puzzled smile.

"Your sanctum?" he asked.

"No; my uncle's."

"Ah!"

She leant against the table, her hands playing with the chain of amethysts that hung down over her bosom.

"My uncle has been a student of bacteriology for years," she said, speaking a little hurriedly and looking in Jamieson's face; "it has been a great secret, known only to a few chosen friends. Mr. Amoory has studied for years on the Continent, and learnt much from Pasteur at Paris. His great work has been the attempt to produce an antitoxin that would react against tetanus. For years I have followed him in his work."

She stopped, drew in her breath, and looked questioningly at Jamieson. An expression of partial bewilderment still possessed the man's face. He stood with his arms folded, regarding the girl with curious intentness.

"My uncle made many serums," she continued.

"Yes; I understand."

"He worked on Pasteur's lines, and fully believes that he has succeeded. He experimented first upon animals, and then—upon himself."

Jamieson's face was very grave.

"Upon himself?"

"Yes. After treatment with his serums he inoculated a wound in his foot from a strong culture of tetanus bacilli."

"And the result?"

"He escaped unharmed."

She leant her hands upon the table and stood leaning back a little, propping herself upon her arms. There was an expression of great earnestness upon her face, a warm glow of womanly enthusiasm that was utterly heroic.

"I think it is a noble work," she said, "to strive to save one's fellows from the grip of some terrible disease."

Jamieson bowed his head in acquiescence.

"My uncle wished for a further experiment."

"Yes."

"To test his conclusions."

"I understand."

"I offered myself."

"You!"

"Yes. He would not hear of it at first, but at last I succeeded in persuading him. That was the beginning of my illness."

Jamieson stood looking at her with a species of wondering homage. Her courage seemed to hold itself in no vain conceit, and her divine modesty was an example to the gods. To Jamieson her youth and beauty seemed to cry out against so hazardous a sacrifice. Was such nobleness to be crucified in such a cause?

"Well?" he said, quietly.

She roused herself and continued.

"My uncle made what he called 'a gross and criminal blunder.'"

"Ah!"

"I was to be protected with his serums previous to inoculation."

"Yes."

"His serums had become contaminated."

"Contaminated?"

"After the first two injections I became very feverish. He examined the serum under the microscope, and found that he had injected a culture of cocci into my blood."

She halted, looked up at Jamieson, and smiled. He was leaning forward slightly with an expression of devout dread upon his face, realizing, as he did, the peril that she had tempted.

"Now—you understand?"

Almost instinctively he bowed to her, as though the knightly spirit of pure manhood in him constrained him to the homage.

"I understand," he said, slowly.

"You were very good—and patient with me."

"Thank you."

"Had I died, my uncle would have confessed everything. The shame of it would have killed him."

She gave a low, tremulous laugh, moved away from the table, and half turned to look at the books in the great bookcase. Jamieson, his face like the face of a fanatic, started towards her and stretched out his right hand.

"Vivienne!"

She turned again, looking almost frightened, and stood with her hands over her heart.

"Yes," she said.

"Promise me——"

"What shall I promise you?"

"That you will never risk your life again. Heavens! It would be sacrilege. You will promise me this?"

She gave a shy and tremulous little laugh,

"SHE TURNED AGAIN, LOOKING ALMOST FRIGHTENED."

colouring, and holding herself somewhat aloof from him.

"I suppose I must make you the promise," she said.

"I claim it—yes; and I would ask more."

And, since he had saved her life, who was better fitted to cherish it than young Jamieson of King's Malling?

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

SHARPER THAN A NEEDLE.

By John J. Ward,

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Original Photo-micrographs by the Author.

"As sharp as a needle" is an expression that comes readily enough to the tongue when speaking of anything that pricks or stings, but in reality the needle is an altogether inadequate standard for comparison with the instruments that Nature fashions. Although our knowledge of the misapplied use of a needle-point may painfully impress us with a belief in its exceeding sharpness, yet, in truth, most of the pricks and stings that we receive when trespassing into the domains of the plant and insect world are inflicted with much sharper instruments. How much sharper I will endeavour to show in the course of this article.

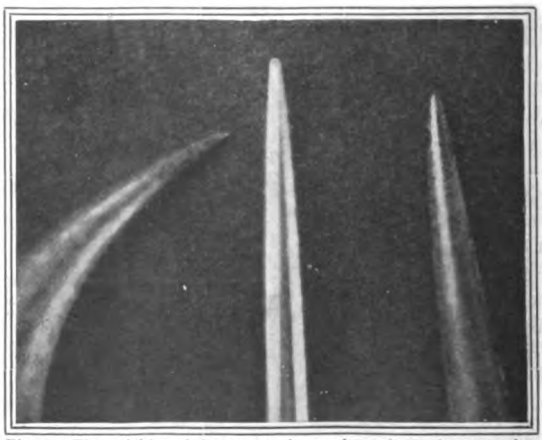


Fig. 1.—The prickles of the rose and gooseberry have sharper points than a fine needle, which is shown between them. They are here magnified twenty-five diameters.

To commence with, we may take some comparatively large examples from the plant world. Everybody who has gathered gooseberries has made some considerable acquaintance with the prickles that so pertinaciously defend the branches of these bushes. You may exercise every care as the fingers approach the prickles, but so sure as you directly touch the tip of one of them you immediately realize that it has penetrated the flesh. You might touch a needle-point many times with the same pressure and yet receive no wound. The reason is not far to seek, since, although the gooseberry prickle is thicker than a needle immediately below the point, yet at its very tip it is drawn much finer. In Fig. 1 I have endeavoured to show this by photographing these objects together, magnified about twenty-five diameters. In the centre is shown the point of a new No. 9 needle, so that it is what would be termed a "fine" needle. On the right of it is the tip of the gooseberry prickle. A glance at the two shows that the point of the needle is much blunter than that of the prickle. On the left of the photograph, too, a rose prickle is shown, and the tip of this is seen to be even sharper than that from the gooseberry tree.

Fig. 2.—The tiny sting of the nettle is a stiff, tube-like hair loaded with formic acid. It is shown here magnified to scale with Fig. 1. A glance at the Figs. will explain how it is that the nettle-sting so readily penetrates the flesh.

Gooseberry and rose prickles, though, are giants amongst this order of weapons, as may be proved by glancing at Fig. 2, where a sting of the nettle is shown magnified at the same rate as the previous examples. Here we have but a stiff, tiny hair, with its tip closed by a minute bulb turned slightly to one side. It might be thought that this latter feature would hinder its penetrating powers; but at the slightest touch this end-bulb breaks off, and then

the sharp, open tube becomes a veritable poison fang and punctures the skin, the pressure upon the hair forcing up through the tube the acrid fluid which is stored in a reservoir at its swollen base. In this way the poison enters the wound, and thus the painful inflammation produced by a nettle-sting is brought about.

We may now, for comparison, turn from the sting of the nettle to that of the wasp, and so learn how two similarly effective defences, in the plant and insect world respectively, are brought about by entirely different means, although the same poison is used in both cases.

In illustration Fig. 3 is shown a dissection of the stinging parts of a wasp's anatomy, which is again magnified in the same proportions as the previous examples. In the centre is a dark-coloured horny sheath along which the two finer darts (seen on each side) work alternately, and at the back of these are two

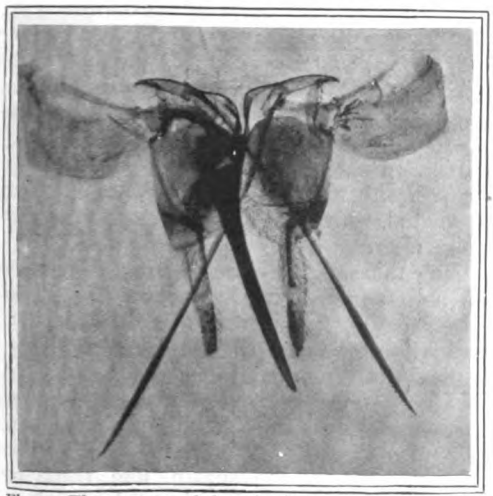


Fig. 3.—The anatomy of a wasp's sting—magnified twenty-five diameters. The dark-coloured object in the centre is the sheath, to either side are the piercing darts, and behind these are two sensitive feelers. The darts and sheath together constitute the tiny sting that the wasp protrudes.

sensitive feelers. Again, in Fig. 4, a side view is given of a similar set of organs, but in this case they are those of the queen wasp.

When the wasp uses its sting the sheath and darts penetrate the flesh together, the tip of the sheath entering first. The darts are beautifully grooved to fit the sheath, and when in contact with it form a kind of tube through which the poisonous formic acid is conveyed. When the sting is inserted in the flesh these darts work forward alternately along the sheath, the poison being pumped into the wound by this action. Also, the tips of the darts are provided with barbs

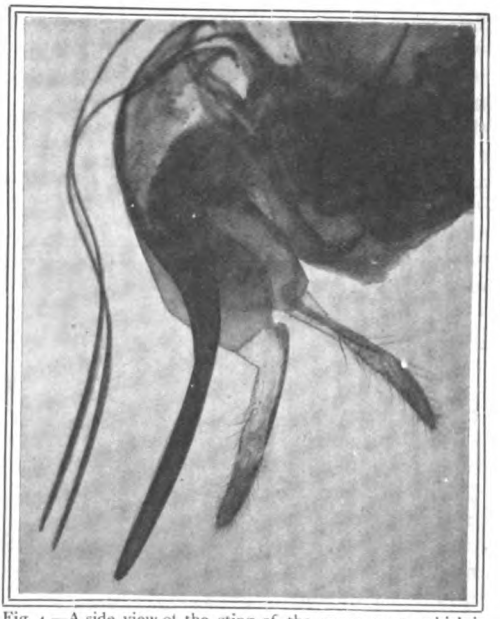


Fig. 4.—A side view of the sting of the queen wasp, which is rarely used for offence, but for its natural function—egg-depositing—magnified twenty-five diameters.

which readily permit them to penetrate the flesh, but impede their withdrawal. A glance at Fig. 5 will explain this. The tip of the right-hand dart in Fig. 3 is there shown magnified about three hundred and fifty diameters. The presence of these barbs also explains how it is that sometimes the stings of wasps are left sticking in the wound.

In the latter case it is said that the wasp dies. While some wasps doubtless meet their death in this fashion, yet I am inclined to think that many who lose their sting, or a part of it, live afterwards to tell the tale. When a wasp loses its sting, it is really a case of the biter being bitten. The real function of these barbs is most probably that of obtaining a firm hold of the victim's flesh, so that a good supply of poison can be pumped

Fig. 5.—The tip of the dart shown to the right of Fig. 3 magnified three hundred and fifty diameters. The barbs explain why the sting is so often left in the wound.

up into the wound from the duct in which it is stored. The weapon, therefore, is well designed to benefit the wasp community by impressing upon victims the fact that these insects are best left alone. It appears, however, to be a weapon which, although most effective in practice, yet has its dangers for its possessor. Has Nature, then, outwitted herself in producing this weapon? For it surely cannot be desirable to exterminate the species by hoisting it on its own petard.

It is interesting here to note that the tips of the darts in the queen wasp have but very minute barbs, and sometimes they are quite plain; the sheath also is heavier and blunter. The queen, it should be observed, does not take the same risk that the common workers do; for, although she can use her sting as a weapon of offence, yet she rarely does so, she prefers to use this organ for its primitive and more natural purpose, viz., egg-depositing.

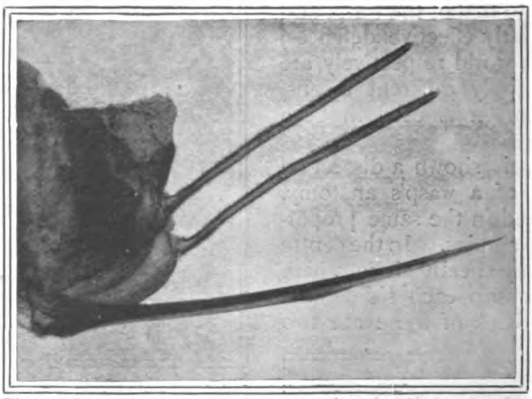


Fig. 6.—The ovipositor of an ichneumon fly—magnified twenty-five diameters. An instrument designed for depositing eggs within the bodies of caterpillars.

As the social habit of the wasps developed, and the ovipositor of the workers (which are really imperfect females) lost its primitive function, it was then slowly evolved into the present fighting weapon, and so benefited the community in another direction. Although this change may result in the occasional death of a worker, yet this may be but one weak spot in a scheme which on the whole has proved eminently successful, and in due course, when Nature discovers the leakage in this direction, there may follow wasps with smoother barbs, or, perhaps, with stronger muscles to extricate their darts.

It may at first seem an extraordinary change from the simple ovipositor to the complex sting with poison-duct, specially barbed darts, and levers to work them, but really it is a very simple one, for to-day there are many species of insects that still continue to use their ovipositors in the proper manner; and these illustrate how simple the change from ovipositor to sting might be.

An example of this kind is illustrated in Fig. 6, which shows the tail-end of a fly that was busily searching the leaves of the plants in my garden. As the photograph shows, it carries a somewhat formidable weapon and two sensitive feelers above this. This object also was photographed under the same magnification as the needle-point and prickles (Fig. 1); therefore the weapon is seen to be a very delicate one. If we carefully examine this instrument, however, we find that, like the sting of the wasp, it is composed of three parts, a sheath and two barbed darts. In Fig. 7 is shown the tip of a similar weapon with its parts separated and further magnified, which will make the arrangement more clear.

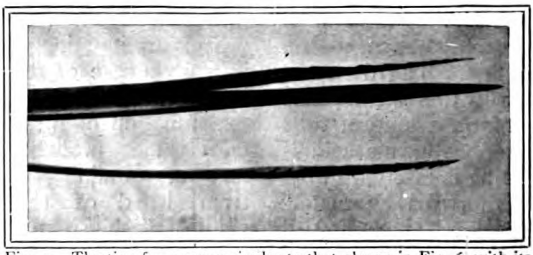


Fig. 7.—The tip of a weapon similar to that shown in Fig. 6, with its parts separated and further magnified, showing how they resemble the sting of the wasp.

Now this weapon is not a sting, for it has no poison-duct in connection with it. The insect that carried it was an ichneumon fly, and it was seeking amongst the plants in my garden for plump-bodied caterpillars. Its mission, on finding these, was to alight upon them and thrust into their bodies its long, sting-like organ. The darts then work alternately along the sheath, like those of the sting of the wasp, but, instead of poison being passed through the tube, one or more eggs would be deposited. In due course these eggs would hatch, and the young maggots would thrive at the expense of their caterpillar host, which, although feeding ravenously, yet would slowly decline; the boarders, however, steadily grow and fatten. Just when the caterpillar's resources are nearly exhausted the ichneumon grubs become full-fed, and form little cocoons about the

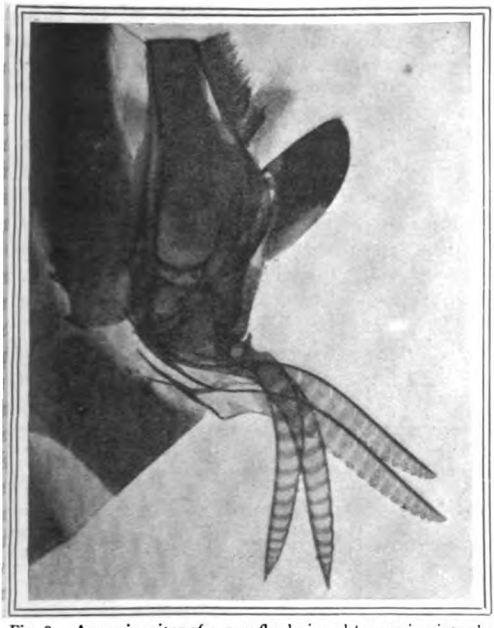


Fig. 8.—An ovipositor of a saw-fly designed for sawing into the young bark of trees—magnified twenty-five diameters.

empty skin of their late host; and soon from these cocoons emerge a family of ichneumon flies, all trim and ready to meet their mates, and then to seek for more caterpillars in which to place their eggs.

Here, then, we have an instance of an ovipositor carrying on its proper function. Now let us suppose that, as in the case of the wasps, a social tendency should be evolved amongst ichneumon flies. The habit of thrusting the ovipositor into victims being already in existence would probably continue, even though neuters or workers eventually might be produced. Then, if while the evolution of the social habit was advancing a brood should be produced in which the developing workers had a tendency to secrete an acrid fluid while using their degenerating ovipositors, and this characteristic proved to serve a protective function, the species would benefit by this variation, and slowly but surely the poison-duct would be developed in future generations, along with the adaptations of the ovipositor to its new function. That such a variation might occur is very probable, for many insects secrete acrid fluids when egg-depositing. The gall-flies are familiar examples, the various galls and excrescences of trees being the visible products of the work of such fluids.

The ovipositors of the various saw-flies also offer excellent examples of the proper use of these organs. In Fig. 8 one of these is illustrated, showing genuine saws and sheaths which work in an almost identical manner with the sting and ovipositor previously described. Here, however, a different weapon is needed, for the offspring is a vegetarian. The mother insect inserts her saws in the young bark of the tree and carefully places her eggs beneath it, where they are protected until they hatch out the young larvæ, which come forth to prey upon the fresh green leaves.

In looking at the magnified photographs of these microscopic weapons we are, perhaps, apt to forget their delicacy. When, therefore, we see the captured and angry wasp protrude its tiny stinging organ, let us remember that it is not just the simple point that it seems, but, like the ovipositor of the ichneumon fly and the saw-fly, comprises a set of beautifully-constructed instruments made with a precision of mechanical skill that is marvellous to contemplate, especially when considered in relationship with the machinery that guides their use.

However, for a final consideration we may glance at another set of piercing instruments —a set which probably represents the most delicate combination of surgical appliances that the world has ever seen. In this instance we have to deal with mouth-weapons, and not those of the tail end as in the previous examples.

In Fig. 9 are shown the head and mouth parts of that most formidable of insect pests —the mosquito. The delicate mouth-weapons have been spread out to show their number, and the whole is again magnified to scale with the needle point and prickles. Above appear part of the antennæ, which need not

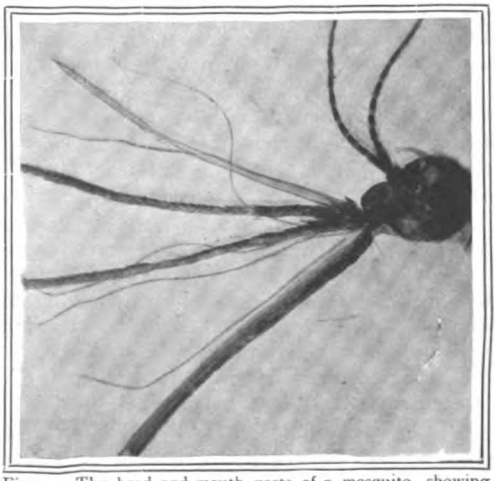


Fig. 9.—The head and mouth parts of a mosquito, showing the delicate thread-like lancets and stylets—magnified twenty-five diameters.

concern us; then below these are three dark-coloured organs. The two central ones are sensitive feelers, while the lowermost and thickest is the flexible proboscis or sucking-trunk through which the mosquito imbibes human blood; this organ also constitutes the lower lip of the mouth-parts. The upper lip is seen above the two feelers as a broad, sharp, blade-like object, and then there remain five fine, thread-like organs—which, let us remember, are here magnified twenty-five diameters. These delicate structures are of a very horny consistency, and although in the illustration they possess a wavy appearance, yet, when the pressure under which they are held is removed, they, together with the upper lip, immediately straighten out and spring back to their groove in the proboscis, and so disappear from view. It is in this manner that the female mosquito (for the male does not possess lancets) carries her weapons while she gently hums her way on her search for victims.

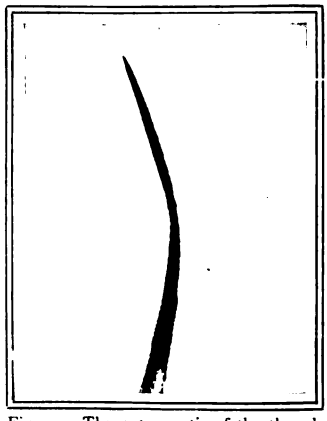


Fig. 10.—The extreme tip of the thread-like stylet at the top of Fig. 9, magnified to the same scale as Fig. 5, *i.e.*, three hundred and fifty diameters.

Presently the victim is forthcoming, and the lady gaily alights upon a selected spot. Immediately the divided tip of the proboscis is spread out upon the victim's skin, and from between these sucking lobes appear the upper lip and the combined five thread-like organs (which are the stylets and lancets), and these together are driven deeply into the flesh, the combined instruments forming a most efficient tool, and one of marvellous strength considering the delicacy of the parts that compose it. Compared with the sting of the wasp it becomes quite a tiny weapon, and, as we have seen, it is composed of six stylets and lancets, each of which is most wonderfully made. In proof of this I have photographed (Fig. 10) the extreme tip of the thread-like organ shown at the top in Fig. 9 to the same scale as the dart of the wasp shown in Fig. 5. A comparison of the two illustrations will reveal the astonishing delicacy of the mosquito's weapon, yet, delicate as it is, it is not the less skilfully constructed, for, as the photograph shows, it is barbed and pointed with the same mechanical precision as the wasp's tiny dart, which, when we examined it, we thought a miracle of workmanship.

The mosquito drives in her weapons up to the hilt, while the sucking-lobes of the proboscis press around the base and greedily absorb the blood which the barbed weapons cause to flow, the proboscis itself curving out at its centre away from the knives, thus accommodating itself to the depth to which they descend, and all the while conveying the blood upwards.

Such, then, is the work of these tiny piercing instruments. However, this is not the worst mischief they can perform. When those delicate lancets are withdrawn they may not only have been the means of removing a small quantity of our blood, but they may have left something within our blood—they may have conveyed to us the terrible malaria fever. Indeed, the mosquitoes of the genus *(Anopheles)* whose mouth-parts I have shown in the last two illustrations are the ones that are responsible for the transferring of the parasite of this fearful disease of warm, marshy countries from one human being to another.

The malaria parasite requires the blood of man and the stomach of a mosquito to complete its development. The parasite can reproduce itself vegetatively in the blood corpuscles of man, and is thence transferred to the stomach of the mosquito that attacks him; the parasite there completes its development and produces its generation. Afterwards the offspring of the parasite is conveyed to man in the saliva that the mosquito secretes when sucking his blood; and so the disease is spread, and the curious life-cycle of the parasite recommenced.

In conclusion, then, our brief study of sharp points has led us to note many curious, and I trust interesting, aspects of plant and insect life; and when we consider the fact that all the marvellous organs whose functions we have glanced at are smaller, and often much smaller, than a needle-point, we shall indeed realize that between Nature's work and man's there is no comparison.

Lastly, I desire to acknowledge the kind assistance of Major E. F. Becher, of Cheltenham, with the insect dissections which I have photographed in Figs. 4 and 8, and also of Mr. R. Hancock, of Stechford, Birmingham, with those shown in Figs. 3 and 9.

PICTURES FROM THE REFUSE HEAP.

By Carlo Lavi.

MR. PHILIP LOTEN AND HIS MUSEUM.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

NOT every day can be found such remarkable patience, combined with an artistic faculty for arranging details, as is displayed by Mr. Philip Loten. He has devoted himself to the artistic reproduction of Nature without the use of either brush or pencil, with such success that his ingenuity has resulted in pictures so true to life as to be absolute works of art, yet made from materials which would certainly not be selected by any other artist. The home of this genius—for he cannot be classed as anything else — lies on the Humber, and Hull is the nearest town of any importance. Easington, the village where Mr. P. Loten was born now nearly sixty years ago, is on the sea-coast, and is sheltered from the fury of the ocean by the peculiar formation of the coast-line. The well-known Spurn Point is only six miles away, while the little village is seven miles from the nearest railway station. By profession Mr. Loten is a practical taxidermist, but he delights in the production of pictures from all sorts of unpromising materials. Birds' feathers, onion-peel, egg-shells, fish-bones, and other refuse are hardly the kind of things any ordinary person would choose if he were asked to reproduce some of the beauties of Nature. Yet this is the material out of which real works of art are produced by this remarkable man.

"Come inside," was his cordial welcome as I appeared before the door of Mr. Loten's museum. "We will see what we can do for you," he said, as I explained the object of my visit; and as we viewed his various treasures in birds and butterflies, I told him that I wished to confine my attention to the

A CORNER IN THE MUSEUM—A GALLERY OF REFUSE-PICTURES.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

A HEAP OF MATERIAL—FISH-BONES, EGG-SHELLS, ONION-PEEL, AND STRAWS.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

pictures he had made practically from the refuse heap.

"Very well," he said, as he conducted me towards a bench or table, which was set up in a kind of workshop; "there is a heap of the somewhat strange materials with which I work."

"It almost looks like the remains of a dog's meal," I remarked, and the truth of my idea can be seen from our illustration of the raw beginnings of what are eventually made into excellent pictures.

"This is how I work," Mr. Loten explained, as he seated himself at the table and commenced to cut up this fish-bone and arrange that piece of shell with the fine tweezers and taxidermist's instruments lying on the table. "Patience is a great thing," he said; "but if you are thoroughly interested in your work it makes a vast difference, you know. Some of these pictures take a long time to complete; in fact, they can none of them be done in a hurry. A small one such as this," he said, showing me a picture about a foot in height, "contains very much less work than one this size, which you can see is over half as tall as I am. This large panel is made from fish-bones and scales," the artist remarked, as he stepped back to regard his work, "and took me a long time to finish. Although a lot of my work is made from fish-bones, I use other unlikely material. For instance, this picture of may-blossom and ferns is constructed out of old postage-stamps."

A BUNCH OF CARNATIONS MADE OF FISH-BONES.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

Carnations are at once one of the prettiest of flowers and are full of minute folds and frillings. Yet Mr. Loten, starting with the same unpromising material — fish-bones — has produced a representation of these lovely flowers which is true in detail

ZINNIAS AND MAY-BLOSSOM MADE FROM WHEAT-STRAW.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

to Nature, and in its framed case makes a most charming picture.

"Fish-bones again," explained my guide, as he took down a branch of what to any eye looked like part of an ivy-vine. "This took me a long time to complete, owing to the care I had to expend in copying the lines and markings, which are a prominent feature in ivy-leaves. But the longer a picture takes me, and the more trouble it gives me, the more satisfaction I derive from the survey of my work. It is this that has probably tempted me to select such extraordinary and seemingly impossible materials for the production of my pictures. Anyone could secure fair effects from the best selection of suitable things, if he possessed a certain amount of knowledge; but I think my pictures are absolutely unique.

"Perhaps the flowers in that basket are made from a little more promising selection," said Mr. Loten, as he pointed out some nice specimens of his handiwork; "they are from pink flamingo feathers, and, although flowers made from feathers are well known, I think my work will compare with any you are likely to see."

Wheat-straw, which is at once stiff and brittle, and therefore awkward to bend to the artist's ideas, has been selected for a pretty combination of zinnias and may-blossom, shown herewith. The marvellous patience and attention to detail which were evident in every leaf and petal could only be obtained by a close student of Nature.

Maidenhair fern from onion-peel and a study in bird-life from the same source left me wondering. For when a cheery little robin is produced, true to Nature's colouring, we must admit that an amazing amount of care and skill must have been exercised in the work, and that only a student who loved Nature and knew it thoroughly could have followed so faithfully the various shades and lines.

Hidden away in an almost desolate spot though Mr. Loten's museum is, thousands of people visit it yearly to marvel at his work, and that his life-long labours have resulted in the display of extraordinary merit can be fully appreciated from our illustrations.

A ROBIN REDBREAST MADE FROM ONION-PEEL.
From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.

THE FAMOUS BOX TRICK

WHICH OBTAINED THE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD FROM MR. MASKELYNE.

NOW EXPLAINED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY THE INVENTOR, J. W. LYNN.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to give a correct explanation of the *modus operandi* employed by myself in the famous Box Trick. It will be as well, before explaining "how it is done," to say something about the case.

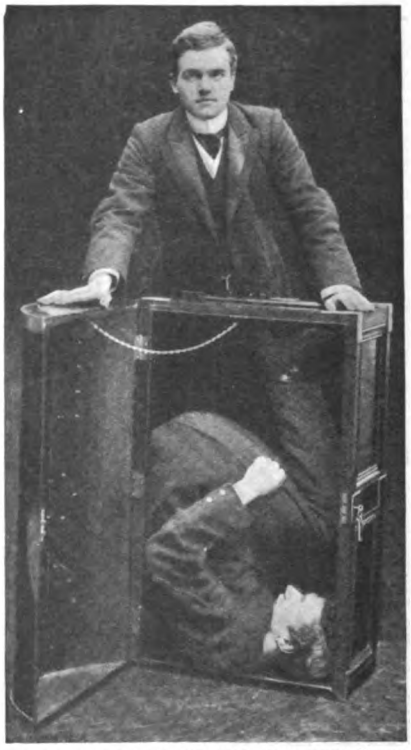
The celebrated Mr. Maskelyne, formerly of the Egyptian Hall, and now of St. George's Hall, London, for many years offered a reward of five hundred pounds to anyone who could produce an exact imitation of his famous Box Trick. Many claimed the reward, but for upwards of twenty-five years no one succeeded in obtaining it. On December 24th, 1897, however, my late partners, Mr. E. Stollery and Mr. F. G. Evans, wrote to the challenger, asking him to inspect the apparatus which they had invented. This invitation was declined by Mr. Maskelyne, who, moreover, repudiated their contention and claim to the reward.

The case was taken to the Law Courts, and on June 20th, 1898, was tried before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury. Upon this occasion the jury could not agree, and, Mr. Maskelyne refusing to accept the verdict of the majority, the jury were dismissed. The case was re-tried on October 31st before Mr. Justice Lawrance and a special jury, and this time the jury agreed, giving a verdict for the plaintiffs. Against this decision Mr. Maskelyne appealed, giving six reasons for his dissatisfaction.

The case was heard in the Court of Appeal by Lords Justices Smith, Rigby, and Collins, who unanimously dismissed it upon all points.

Finally, Mr. Maskelyne appealed to the House of Lords, either to reverse this decision or to grant him a new trial. The case was heard by Lords Macnaghten, Brampton, Davey, Shand, and Morris, and was decided absolutely in favour of the claimants, the appeal being dismissed on all points by Lords Macnaghten, Davey, and Shand, whilst Lords Brampton and Morris favoured a new trial.

The famous Box Trick, as presented by Mr. Maskelyne, consisted in placing a man in a box, which was then locked and enveloped in a canvas wrapper, corded, and sealed. The box was then placed in a cabinet, and in the space of a few seconds the man had vanished from the box and appeared at the end of the hall or in the gallery.



DR. LYNN AND THE ORIGINAL BOX, WITH "THE GREAT CARLTON," HIS ASSISTANT, INSIDE.
From a Photograph.

Now, many people were of opinion that Mr. Maskelyne should not have lost the case or been compelled to pay the five hundred pounds. Mr. Maskelyne himself contended that his secret had not been discovered. The jury, however, took our view, that even if we had not discovered his trick, we had discovered one so like it that, to the audience, it would not matter a pin's point whose box was used.

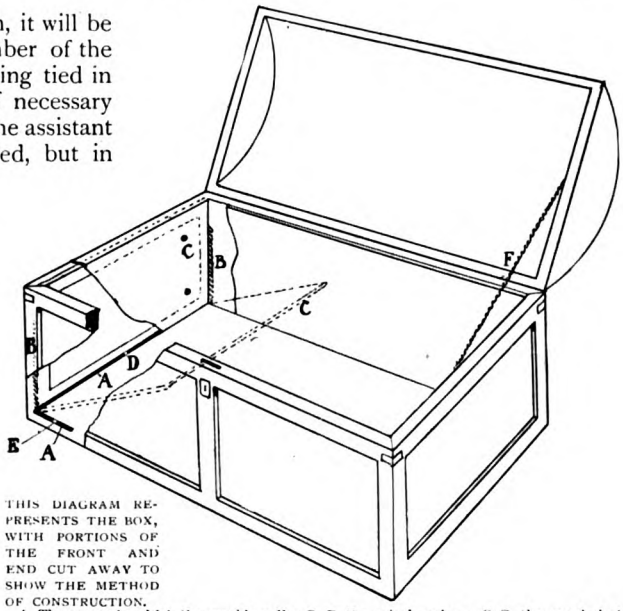
The photograph reproduced here represents the original box. Inside the box is shown "the Great Carlton," who at that time was my assistant.

I will now proceed to describe the box and the method by which the trick was accomplished. This article, which I have written especially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, reveals, for absolutely the first time, the secret which has excited so much interest and curiosity.

The box is constructed of mahogany and bound with brass. Its length is thirty-eight and a half inches, its height nineteen and a half inches, and its width twenty-three and a half inches. These are the outside measurements.

The lid of the box is oval, which, it will be seen, is a great help when a member of the audience is roping the box, as, being tied in the centre, it can be slipped off if necessary on either side. In most box tricks the assistant has left the box before it is corded, but in this case the man is in the box until it is placed in the cabinet. In another way it differs from most tricks of the kind, as there is no "faked" key employed. The box is *really* a puzzle, and the assistant who is inside cannot release himself until the conjurer gets the box ready for opening.

The accompanying diagram, which shows a portion of the front of the box cut away to reveal the interior, will help to make things clear. In the bottom of the box, at the left-hand end, there is a groove (*a a*), and at each corner of that end is a concealed spiral spring (*b b*). A small marble (*d*) runs in the groove (*a a*), and prevents the lower edge of the end of the box, which is really a sliding panel, from being pulled down, the spiral spring keeping it up about three-quarters of an inch. The lock of the box faces the audience. When the assistant has entered the box is locked and a canvas cover lashed on it, as shown in the illustration. It is then turned backwards so as to show the bottom. The box then tipped slightly on the right end, and finally upright on the left end, as shown in the photograph. These tipping movements, as may be easily understood by looking at the diagram, have caused the marble to run down the groove (*e*) under the lower edge of the panel (*c c*) into the shorter groove in the front of the box. The panel no longer being supported by the marble, all that remains to be done is for the assistant to introduce two fingers into the air-holes in the panel (*c*), and to press down the panel towards the bottom of the box. The panel opens as shown by the dotted lines, and taking hold of the knot at the end of the rope which lashes the canvas, he unties it, pulls it through the lace-holes, gets out, closes the panel, and re-laces the canvas, leaving the box apparently untouched, though it is now empty.



THIS DIAGRAM REPRESENTS THE BOX, WITH PORTIONS OF THE FRONT AND END CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

A. The groove in which the marble rolls; B, B, the spiral springs; C, C, the panel shut and open; D, the first position of the marble; E, the position of the marble after the box has been tilted; F, the chain which supports the lid, and which, by its rattling, disguises the sound of the rolling marble.

THE BOX LOCKED AND COVERED WITH A CANVAS SHEET.
From a Photograph.

Such is the actual method of working the Box Trick which obtained the five hundred pounds reward. Nothing could well seem simpler—when once it is explained. Yet in all the years during which it has been before the public no one has offered a solution of the mystery at all approaching the truth.

[In our next number we shall publish Dr. Lynn's explanation of another mystery, the Great Packing Case Trick, which, not being the subject of a law suit, did not excite so much public interest as that above described, yet is quite as ingenious and interesting.]

The clever draughtsman, Mr. John Hassall, although unable to be present at the last meeting, sent the above "suggestion for a new portrait dado," entitled, "The leading members of the Strand Club: how they look to me."

FOUR enthusiastic members, repairing to the rendezvous which witnesses the monthly conviviality of the Strand Club, found the Jokesmiths' Hall deserted. The premises, so often illumined by quip and comic contour, were plunged in Cimmerian gloom. Sadly they retraced their steps, unable to solve the mystery. Not until last month was the puzzle elucidated by the reading of several affidavits by Bolman, the secretary, from Messrs. Pears, Richardson, Mullins, Baumer, Reynolds, Harrison, Boyle, and Furniss, that they had been absent in Asia, Africa, Australia, America, and Peebles, N.B. A physician's certificate arrived for Boyd, stating that he was incapable at present of indulging in any violent form of exercise whatever, or exposure to any puns manufactured south of the Tweed. Lance Thackeray telegraphed from the Cataract Hotel, Assouan: "Dervishes delighted. Unfortunately, reports of Strand Club proceedings making old Nile drier than usual."

Tom Browne, fresh from America, told a pathetic tale in which a tramp, a dog, and a motor-car played conspicuous parts, and finished up by giving a graphic delineation of the affecting scene upon the Club easel.

Browne: A tramp paced the high road. Behind the tramp ran a faithful dog. Just then a motor-car appeared, and the tramp had barely time to step aside. But, alas! the dog was killed.

After a brief interval, during which the

TOM BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE TRAMP.

artist struggled vainly to control his feelings, the harrowing narrative was resumed.

The car stopped, and the owner jumped down and pressed a sovereign in the man's hand. The man appeared deeply moved, and the owner of the car took out another sovereign and gave it to him, murmuring many apologies. Then he got into the car and sped away.

The poor fellow took up the body of the faithful animal, victim of a terrible catastrophe, and laid it gently behind the hedge. Then he pulled out the sovereigns and looked at them.

"Poor dog!" he murmured. "I wonder who he belonged to?"

During the general gloom which followed the termination of this lachrymose recital, Wornung rose unsteadily to his feet.

I am reminded, said he, of the last visit I paid to my dentist. Whilst waiting in the antechamber with a small company whose feelings, I cannot but think, must have closely resembled those of the honourable members here assembled at the present moment, the sound of a brief but succinct dialogue was wafted to us through the half-open door. I had previously seen a huge and exceedingly uncouth individual enter the sanctum, and no doubt it was to him that the dentist's words were addressed. They were something as follows:—

McCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE DENTIST STORY.

Dentist: "You needn't open your mouth quite so much as that, you know."

Victim: "But I tho awt thaw wanted to shove those there pincers insoide, maister."

Dentist: "True, I must congratulate you, sir, upon your perspicacity. But (very sweetly), it is really not necessary for *me* to get inside as well!"

No sooner had McCormick retired from the drawing-board, after having immortalized the foregoing reminiscence with his accustomed verve and *éclat*, when Graham, seizing the crayon, executed a vigorous and highly entertaining sketch. This he proceeded to explain in the following way:—

GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY.

"A member of a tennis club to which I have the honour of belonging, who is remarkable, if for nothing else, for the beautiful symmetrical curves of his nether limbs, arrived one afternoon at the club grounds wearing an extraordinary network arrangement strapped on to his legs.

"'My dear fellow,' I expostulated, 'what

on earth is that thing you've got tied on to you?'

"The man looked at me pityingly, exuding jubilation from every pore. 'Hush!' he whispered, mysteriously. 'I've discovered it at last. This is undoubtedly *the* invention of the century.'

"'But,' I gasped, 'what is it? What is it for? What does it do?'

"'Well,' was the reply, 'I have always felt so fearfully annoyed when the confounded balls went through my legs. And now——!'"

Hesketh: Talking of extraordinary animals, I met a friend of mine once who was accompanied by the most weird-looking dog I ever saw in my life. I don't think I can explain it verbally; but if Barraud wouldn't mind—— Thank you.

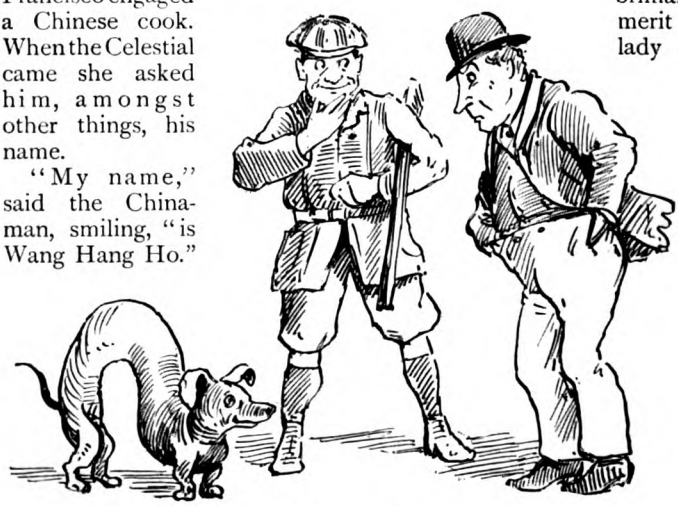
After a short whispered colloquy between the artist and narrator, Barraud proceeded to draw on the board the diagram below, and Hesketh proceeded with his yarn.

"Tell me," I said. "Is that the missing link between a dachshund and a German sausage, or can it be that my optical organs are somewhat deranged, and I see things that are not?"

My friend grinned and vouchsafed the following explanation: "You see here," he said, "an animal gifted with the most remarkable mimetic proclivities. I've had him up in London lately, and after a month of chasing cats this is the result."

Muttle (irrelevantly): A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came she asked him, amongst other things, his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."



BARRAUD'S DOG SKETCH.

FRANK REYNOLDS'S SKETCH OF THE LADY AND THE CHINAMAN.

"Oh, I cannot remember all that," said the lady; "I will call you John."

John smiled all over, and asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman, he no savee Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy!"

Frank Reynolds was unanimously selected by the Club to provide a suitable illustration to this narrative.

Lorrison: Here is a little story that a distressed lady poured into my ears the other day, and which, I may mention, besides its other brilliant qualities, has the additional merit of being strictly true. This lady is the happy mother of a numerous progeny, and hearing a more than usually deafening noise proceeding from the direction of the nursery, she betook herself thither to ascertain the cause of the tumult.

"Good gracious!" she cried, on opening the door. "What's all this noise about?"

"Oh, mumsie!" cried her first-born, her face shining with delight, and almost bursting with suppressed excitement. "It's such fun! Grandpa and Uncle Bob have been

BAUMER'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY OF THE CHILDREN, GRANDPA, AND UNCLE BOB.

locked in the cupboard for an hour. We're waiting till they get a little angrier, and then we're going to play 'Going into the Lions' Cage.'"

The Chairman called upon Baumer for an illustration to the foregoing, and his graphic portrayal of the scene is reproduced.

It was now almost time to break up the meeting, and Will Owen was requested to furnish a story worthy of being placed last on the list, so that the members could depart with the strains of its scintillating wit still ringing in their ears, happy in the knowledge that, had they stayed up all the night, the brilliancy of this particular yarn could never be exceeded.

Owen (dubiously): I don't know about scintillating wit, but I think I have a fish story here that—well, here it is.

Maria Jane (to her young man, who enters bearing a monstrous fish): "My, Jarge, what a bee-autiful fish! Where did you get it?"

Jarge: "A man give it me at Billingsgate a week ago. I've been keeping it for your birthday, Maria."

Maria Jane: "But my birthday ain't till to-morrow."

Jarge: "I know, Maria. But, well—to tell the truth—me—*an' the fish*—is gettin' kind o' impatient. So I just dropped in to know if you'd mind callin' it your birthday to-day."

Will Owen finished his sketch with a gratified smile, and turned to receive the plaudits of the Club. But the Club-room was empty. Not a member could be seen. Only too well had he fulfilled his mission.

WILL OWEN'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS FISH STORY.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE difficulty was not only that Gerald had got the ring on and couldn't get it off, and was therefore invisible, but that Mabel, who had been invisible and therefore possible to be smuggled into the house, was now plain to be seen and impossible for smuggling purposes.

The children would have not only to account for the apparent absence of one of themselves, but for the obvious presence of a perfect stranger.

"I can't go back to aunt. I can't and I won't," said Mabel, firmly, "not if I was visible twenty times over."

"She'd smell a rat if you did," Gerald owned—"about the motor-car, I mean, and the adopting lady. And what we're to say to mademoiselle about you——!" he tugged at the ring.

"Suppose you told the truth," said Mabel, meaningly.

"She wouldn't believe it," said Cathy; "or, if she did, she'd go stark, staring, raving mad."

"No," said Gerald's voice, "we daren't *tell* her. But she's really rather decent. Let's ask her to let you stay the night because it's too late for you to get home."

"That's all right," said Jimmy; "but what about you?"

"I shall go to bed," said Gerald, "with a bad headache. Oh, *that's* not a lie. I've got one right enough. It's the sun, I think. I know blacklead attracts the concentration of the sun."

"More likely the pears and the gingerbread," said Jimmy, unkindly. "Well, let's get along. I wish it was me was invisible. I'd do something different from going to bed with a silly headache, I know that."

"What would you do?" asked the voice of Gerald just behind him.

"Do keep in one place, you silly cuckoo," said Jimmy. "You make me feel all jumpy." He had indeed jumped rather violently. "Here, walk between Cathy and me."

"What *would* you do?" repeated Gerald from that apparently unoccupied position.

"I'd be a burglar," said Jimmy.

Cathy and Mabel in one breath reminded him how wrong burgling was, and Jimmy replied:—

"Well, then—a detective."

"There's got to be something to detect before you can begin detectiving," said Mabel.

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"Detectives don't always detect things," said Jimmy, very truly. "If I couldn't be anything else I'd be a baffled detective. You could be one all right, and have no end of larks just the same. Why don't you do it?"

"It's exactly what I *am* going to do," said Gerald. "We'll go round by the police-station and see what they've got in the way of crimes."

They did, and read the notices on the board outside. Two dogs had been lost, a purse, and a portfolio of papers "of no value to any but the owner." Also Houghton Grange had been broken into and a quantity of silver plate stolen. "Twenty pounds reward offered for any information that may lead to the recovery of the missing property."

"That burglary's my lay," said Gerald; "I'll detect that. Here comes Jackson," he added; "he's going off duty. Ask him about it. 'The fell detective, being invisible, was unable to pump the constable, but the young brother of our hero made the inquiries in quite a creditable manner.' Be creditable, Jimmy."

"'WHAT'S THAT?' THE POLICEMAN ASKED, QUICKLY."

Jimmy hailed the constable.

"Halloa, Jackson," he said; and Jackson replied: "Halloa, young shaver!"

"Shaver yourself," said Jimmy, but without malice.

"What you doing this time of night?" the constable asked, jocosely. "All the dicky birds is gone to their little nesteses."

"We've been to the fair," said Kathleen. "There was a conjurer there. I wish you could have seen him."

"Heard about him," said Jackson; "all fake, you know. The quickness of the 'and deceives the hi."

Such is fame. Gerald, standing in the shadow, jingled the loose money in his pocket to console himself.

"What's that?" the policeman asked, quickly.

"Our money jingling," said Jimmy, with perfect truth.

"It's well to be some people," Jackson remarked; "wish I'd got my pockets full to jingle with."

"Well, why haven't you?" asked Mabel. "Why don't you get that twenty pounds reward?"

"I'll tell you why I don't. Because in this 'ere realm of liberty, and Britannia ruling the waves, you ain't allowed to arrest a chap on suspicion, even if you know pufficklywell who done the job."

"What a shame!" said Jimmy, warmly. "And who *do* you think did it?"

"I don't think—I know." Jackson's voice was ponderous as his boots. "It's a man what's known to the police on account of a heap o' crimes he's done, but we never can't bring it home to 'im, nor yet get sufficient evidence to convict."

"Well," said Jimmy, "when I've left school I'll come to you and be apprenticed, and be a detective. Just now I think we'd better get home and detect our supper. Good night."

They watched the policeman's broad form disappear through the swing door of the police-station; and as it settled itself into quiet again the voice of Gerald was heard complaining bitterly.

"You've no more brains than a halfpenny bun," he said; "no details about how and when the silver was taken."

"But he told us he knew," Jimmy urged.

"Yes, that's all you've got out of him. A silly policeman's silly idea. Go home and detect your precious supper! It's all you're fit for."

"What'll you do about supper?" Mabel asked.

"Buns!" said Gerald; "halfpenny buns. They'll make me think of my dear little brother and sister. Perhaps you've got enough sense to buy buns? I can't go into a shop in this state."

"Don't you be so disagreeable," said Mabel, with spirit. "We did our best. If I were Cathy you should whistle for your nasty buns."

"If you were Cathy the gallant young detective would have left home long ago. Better the cabin of a tramp steamer than the best family mansion that's got a brawling sister in it," said Gerald. "You're a bit of an outsider at present, my gentle maiden. Jimmy and Cathy know well enough when their bold leader is chaffing and when he isn't."

"Not when we can't see your face, we don't," said Cathy, in tones of relief. "I really thought you were in a flaring wax, and so did Jimmy, didn't you?"

"Oh, rot!" said Gerald. "Come on. This way to the bun shop."

They went. And it was while Cathy and Jimmy were in the shop and the others were gazing through the glass at the jam tarts and Swiss rolls and Victoria sandwiches and Bath buns under the spread yellow muslin in the window, that Gerald discoursed in Mabel's ear of the plans and hopes of one entering on a detective career.

"I MUST GO HOME—NOW—THIS MINUTE."

"I shall keep my eyes open to-night, I can tell you," he began. "I shall keep my eyes skinned, and no jolly error. The invisible detective may not only find out about the purse and the silver, but detect some crime that isn't even done yet. And I shall hang about till I see some suspicious-looking characters leave the town, and follow them furtively and catch them red-handed, with their hands full of priceless jewels, and hand them over."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, so sharply and suddenly that Gerald was roused from his dream to express sympathy.

"Pain?" he said, quite kindly. "It's the apples—they *were* rather hard."

"Oh, it's not that," said Mabel, very earnestly. "Oh, how awful! I never thought of that before."

"Never thought of *what?*" Gerald asked, impatiently.

"The window."

"What window?"

"The panelled-room window. At home, you know. At the castle. That settles it—I *must* go home. We left it open and the shutters as well. And all the jewels and things there. Auntie'll never go in; she never does. That settles it—I *must* go home—now—this minute."

Here the others issued from the shop, bun-bearing, and the situation was hastily explained to them.

"So you see I must go," Mabel ended.

And Kathleen agreed that she must.

But Jimmy said he didn't see what good it would do. "Because the key's inside the door, anyhow."

"She *will* be cross," said Mabel, sadly. "She'll have to get the gardeners to get a ladder and——"

"Hooray!" said Gerald. "Here's me! 'Nobler and more secret than gardeners or ladders was the invisible Jerry.' I'll climb in at the window—it's all ivy, I know I could—and shut the window and the shutters all sereno, put the key back on the nail, and slip out unperceived the back way, threading my way through the maze of unconscious retainers. There'll be plenty of time. I don't suppose burglars begin their fell work until the night is far advanced."

"Won't you be afraid?" Mabel asked. "Will it be safe—suppose you were caught?"

"As houses. I can't be," Gerald answered, and wondered that the question came from Mabel and not from Kathleen, who was

usually inclined to fuss a little annoyingly about the danger and folly of adventures.

But all Kathleen said was, "Well, good-bye; we'll come and see you to-morrow, Mabel. The floral temple at half-past ten. I hope you won't get into an awful row about the motor-car lady."

"Let's detect our supper now," said Jimmy.

"All right," said Gerald, a little bitterly. It is hard to enter on an adventure like this and to find the sympathetic interest of years suddenly cut off at the meter, as it were. Gerald felt that he ought, at a time like this, to have been the centre of interest. And he wasn't. They could actually talk about supper. Well, let them. He didn't care! He spoke with sharp sternness. "Leave the pantry window undone for me to get in by when I've done my detecting. Come on, Mabel." He caught her hand. "Bags I the buns, though," he added, by a happy afterthought, and snatching the bag pressed it on Mabel, and the sound of four boots echoed on the pavement of the High Street as the outlines of the running Mabel grew small with distance.

Mademoiselle was in the drawing-room. She was sitting by the window in the waning light, reading a letter.

"Ah, *vous voici!*" she said, unintelligibly. "You are again late; and my little Gerald, where is he?"

This was an awful moment. Jimmy's detective scheme had not included any answer to this inevitable question. The silence was unbroken till Jimmy spoke.

"He *said* he was going to bed because he had a headache." And this, of course, was true.

"This poor Gerald," said mademoiselle, "is it that I should mount him some supper?"

"He never eats anything when he's got one of his headaches," Kathleen said. And this also was the truth.

Jimmy and Kathleen went to bed, wholly untroubled by anxiety about their brother, and mademoiselle pulled out the bundle of letters and read them amid the ruins of the simple supper.

"It is ripping being out late like this," said Gerald, through the soft summer dusk.

"Yes," said Mabel, a solitary figure plodding along the high road. "I do hope auntie won't be *very* furious."

"Have another bun," suggested Gerald, kindly, and a sociable munching followed.

It was the aunt herself who opened to a very pale and trembling Mabel the door which is appointed for the entrances and exits of the domestic staff at Yalding Towers. She looked over Mabel's head first, as if she expected to see someone taller. Then a very small voice said:—

"Aunt!"

The aunt started back, then made a step towards Mabel.

"You naughty, naughty girl," she cried, angrily; "how could you give me such a fright? I've a good mind to keep you in bed for a week for this, miss. Oh, Mabel, thank Heaven you're safe!" And with that the aunt's arms went round Mabel and Mabel's round the aunt in such a hug as they had never met in before.

"But you didn't seem to care a bit this morning," said Mabel, when she had realized that her aunt really had been anxious, realiy was glad to have her safe home again.

"How do you know?"

"I was there listening. Don't be angry, auntie."

"I feel as if I never could be angry with you again, now I've got you safe," said the aunt, surprisingly.

"But how was it?" Mabel asked.

"My dear," said the aunt, impressively, "I've been in a sort of trance. I think I must be going to be ill. I've always been fond of you, but I didn't want to spoil you. But yesterday, about half-past three, I was talking about you to Mr. Lewson, at the fair, and quite suddenly I felt as if you didn't matter at all. And I felt the same when I got your letter and when those children came. And to-day in the middle of tea I suddenly woke up and realized that you were gone. It was awful. I think I must be going to be ill. Oh, Mabel, why did you do it?"

"It was—a joke," said Mabel, feebly. And then the two went in and the door was shut.

"That's most uncommon odd," said Gerald, outside; "looks like more magic to me. I don't feel as if we'd got to the bottom of this yet, by any manner of means. There's more about this castle than meets the eye."

There certainly was. In this castle happened to be—but it would not be fair to Gerald to tell you more about it than he knew on that night when he went alone and invisible through the shadowy, great grounds of it to look for the open window of the panelled room. He knew that night no more than I have told you; but as he went along the dewy lawns and through the groups of shrubs and trees, where pools lay

"OH, MABEL, WHY DID YOU DO IT?"

like giant looking-glasses reflecting the quiet stars, and the white limbs of statues gleamed against a background of shadow, he began to feel—well, not very excited, not surprised, not anxious, but—different.

The incident of the invisible Princess had surprised, the incident of the conjuring had excited, and the sudden decision to be a detective had brought its own anxieties; but all these happenings, though wonderful and unusual, had seemed to be, after all, inside the circle of possible things—wonderful, as the chemical experiments are where two liquids poured together make fire; surprising as legerdemain, thrilling as a juggler's display, but nothing more. And now a new feeling came to him as he walked through those gardens; by day those gardens were like dreams, at night they were like visions. He could not see his feet as he walked, but he saw the movement of the dewy grass-blades that his feet displaced. And he had that extraordinary feeling so difficult to describe, and yet so real and so unforgetable—the feeling that he was in another world, that had covered up and hidden the old world as a carpet covers a floor. The floor was there all right, underneath, but what he walked on was the carpet that covered it—and that carpet was drenched in magic, as the turf was drenched in dew.

The feeling was very wonderful; perhaps you will feel it some day. There are still some places in the world where it can be felt, but they grow fewer every year. The enchantment of the garden held him.

"I'll not go in yet," he told himself; "it's too early. And perhaps I shall never be here at night again. I suppose it *is* the night that makes everything look so different?"

Something white moved under a weeping willow; white hands parted the long, rustling leaves. A white figure came out, a creature with horns and goat's legs and the head and arms of a boy. And Gerald was not afraid. That was the most wonderful thing of all, though he would never have owned it. The white thing stretched its limbs, rolled on the grass, righted itself, and frisked away across the lawn. Still something white gleamed under the willow—three steps nearer and Gerald saw that it was the pedestal of a statue—empty.

"They come alive," he said; and another white shape came out of the Temple of Flora and disappeared in the laurels. "The statues come alive."

There was a crunching of the little stones in the gravel of the drive. Something enormously long and darkly grey came crawling towards him, slowly, heavily. The moon came out just in time to show its shape. It was one of those great lizards that you see at the Crystal Palace, made in stone, of the same awful size which they were millions of years ago when they were masters of the world, before Man was.

"It can't see me," said Gerald. "I am not afraid. *It's* come to life, too."

As it writhed past him he reached out a hand and touched the side of its gigantic tail. It was of stone. It had not "come alive," as he had fancied, but *was* alive in its stone. It turned, however, at the touch; but Gerald also had turned, and was running with all his speed towards the house. Because at that stony touch Fear had come into the garden and almost caught him. It was Fear that he ran from, and not the moving stone beast.

He stood panting under the fifth window; when he had climbed to the window-ledge by the twisted net of ivy that clung to the wall, he looked back over the grey slope—

there was a splashing at the fish-pool that had mirrored the stars—the shape of the great stone beast was wallowing in the shallows among the lily-pads.

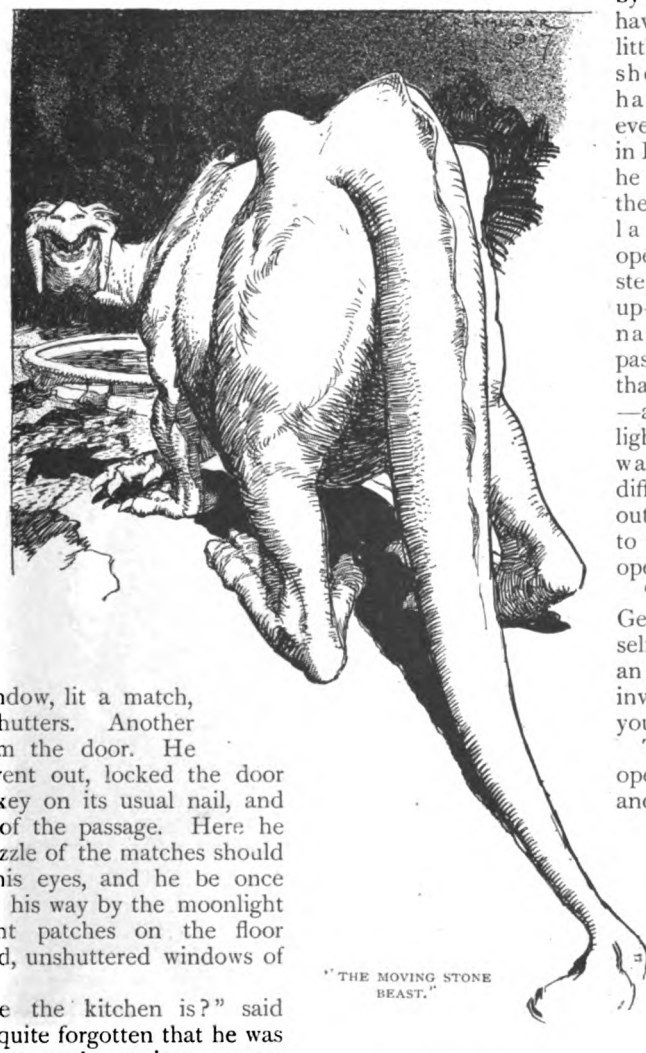
Once inside the room Gerald turned for another look. The fish-pond lay still and dark, reflecting the moon. Through a gap in the drooping willow the moonlight fell, on a statue that stood calm and motionless on its pedestal. Everything was in its place now in the garden. Nothing moved or stirred.

"How extraordinarily rum!" said Gerald. "I shouldn't have thought you *could* go to sleep walking through a garden and dream—like that."

He shut the window, lit a match, and closed the shutters. Another match showed him the door. He turned the key, went out, locked the door again, hung the key on its usual nail, and crept to the end of the passage. Here he waited till the dazzle of the matches should have gone from his eyes, and he be once more able to find his way by the moonlight that fell in bright patches on the floor through the barred, unshuttered windows of the hall.

"Wonder where the kitchen is?" said Gerald. He had quite forgotten that he was a detective. He was only anxious to get home and tell the others about that extraordinarily odd dream that he had had in the gardens. "I suppose it doesn't matter *what* doors I open. I'm invisible all right still, I suppose? Yes; can't see my hand before my face." He held up a hand for the purpose. "Here goes."

He opened many doors, wandered into long rooms with furniture dressed in brown holland covers that looked white in that strange light, rooms with chandeliers hanging in big bags from the high ceilings, rooms whose walls were alive with pictures, rooms whose walls were deadened with rows on rows of old books, state bedrooms in whose great plumed four-posters Queen Elizabeth had no doubt slept. (That queen, by the way, must have been very little at home, for she seems to have slept in every old house in England.) But he could not find the kitchen. At last a door opened on stone steps that went up—there was a narrow stone passage — steps that went down —a door with a light under it. It was, somehow, difficult to put out one's hand to that door and open it.



"THE MOVING STONE BEAST."

"Nonsense," Gerald told himself; "don't be an ass. Are you invisible, or aren't you?"

Then he opened the door, and someone inside said something in a sudden rough growl.

Gerald stood back flattened against the wall, as a man sprang to the doorway and flashed a lantern into the passage.

"All right," said the man, with almost a sob of relief. "It was only the door swung open, it's that heavy—that's all."

"Blow the door," said another growling voice; "blessed if I didn't think it was a fair cop that time."

They closed the door. Gerald did not mind. In fact, he rather preferred that it should be so. He didn't like the look of those men. There was an air of threat about

them. In their presence even invisibility seemed too thin a disguise. And Gerald had seen as much as he wanted to see. He had seen that he had been right about the gang. By wonderful luck—beginner's luck, a card-player would have told him—he had discovered a burglary on the very first night of his detective career. The men were taking silver out of two great chests, wrapping it in rags, and packing it in baize sacks. The door of the room was of iron, six inches thick. It was, in fact, the strong-room, and these men had picked the lock. The tools they had done it with lay on the floor, on a neat cloth roll, such as wood-carvers keep their chisels in.

"Hurry up," Gerald heard. "You needn't take all night over it."

The silver rattled slightly. "You're a rattling of them trays like bloomin' castanets," said the gruffest voice. Gerald turned and went away, very carefully and very quickly. And it is a most curious thing that, though he couldn't find the way to the servants' wing when he had nothing else to think of, yet now, with his mind full, so to speak, of silver forks and silver cups, and the question of who might be coming after him down those twisting passages, he went straight as an arrow to the door that led from the hall to the place he wanted to get to.

As he went the happenings took words in his mind.

"The fortunate detective," he told himself, "having succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, himself left the spot in search of assistance."

But what assistance? There were, no doubt, men in the house; also the aunt; but he could not warn them, he was too hopelessly invisible to carry any weight with strangers. The assistance of Mabel would not be of much value. The police? Before they could be got—and the getting of them presented difficulties—the burglars would have cleared away with their sacks of silver.

Gerald stopped and thought hard; he held his head with both hands to do it. You know the way—the same as you sometimes do for simple equations or the dates of the battles of the Civil War.

Then with pencil, note-book, a window-ledge, and all the cleverness he could find at the moment, he wrote:—

"*You know the room where the silver is. Burglars are burgling it, the thick door is picked. Send a man for police. I will follow the burglars if they get away ere police arrive on the spot.*"

He hesitated a moment, and ended:—

"*From a Friend. This is not a sell.*"

This letter, tied tightly round a stone by means of a shoe-lace, thundered through the window of the room where Mabel and her aunt, in the ardour of reunion, were enjoying a supper of unusual charm—stewed plums, cream, sponge-cakes, custard in cups, and cold bread-and-butter pudding.

Gerald, in hungry invisibility, looked wistfully at the supper before he threw the stone. He waited till the shrieks had died away, saw the stone picked up, the warning letter read.

"THE MEN WERE TAKING SILVER OUT OF TWO GREAT CHESTS."

"Nonsense," said the aunt, growing calmer. "How wicked! Of course, it's a hoax."

"Oh, do send for the police, like he says," wailed Mabel.

"Like who says?" snapped the aunt.

"Whoever it is," Mabel moaned.

"Send for the police at once," said Gerald, outside, in the manliest voice he could find. "You'll only blame yourself if you don't. I can't do any more for you."

"I—I'll set the dogs on you," cried the aunt.

"Oh, auntie, *don't!*" Mabel was dancing with agitation. "It's true—I know it's true. Do—do wake Bates."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the aunt. No more did Bates when, owing to Mabel's persistent worryings, he was awakened. But when he had seen the paper, and had to choose whether he'd go to the strong-room and see that there really wasn't anything to believe or go for the police on his bicycle, he chose the latter course.

When the police arrived the strong-room door stood ajar, and the silver, or as much of it as four men could carry, was gone.

Gerald's note-book and pencil came into play again later on that night. It was five in the morning before he crept into bed tired out, and cold as a stone.

"Master Gerald!"—it was Eliza's voice in his ears—"it's seven o'clock and another fine day, and there's been another burglary—— My cats alive!" she screamed, as she drew up the blind and turned towards the bed; "look at his bed, all crocked with black, and him not there. Oh, Jiminy!" It was a scream this time. Kathleen came running from her room; Jimmy sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Whatever is it?" Kathleen cried.

"I dunno when I 'ad such a turn." Eliza sat down heavily on a box as she spoke. "First thing his bed all empty and black as the chimley back, and him not in it, and then when I looks again he *is* in it all the time. I must be going silly. I thought as much when I heard them haunting angel voices yesterday morning. But I'll tell mam'selle of you, my lad, with your tricks, you may rely on that. Blacking yourself all over like a dirty nigger and crocking up your clean sheets and pillow-cases. It's going back of beyond, this is."

"Look here," said Gerald, slowly; "I'm going to tell you something."

Eliza simply snorted, and that was rude of her; but then she had had a shock and had not got over it.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Gerald, very earnest, through the grey of his partly-rubbed-off blacklead.

"Yes," said Eliza.

"Then keep it and I'll give you two bob."

"But what was you going to tell me?"

"That. About the two bob and the secret. And you keep your mouth shut."

"I didn't ought to take it," said Eliza, holding out her hand eagerly. "Now you get up, and mind you wash all the corners, Master Gerald."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're safe," said Kathleen, when Eliza had gone.

"You didn't seem to care much last night," said Gerald, coldly.

"I can't think how I let you go. I didn't care last night. But when I woke this morning and remembered!"

"There, that'll do—it'll come off on you," said Gerald through the reckless hugging of his sister.

"How did you get visible?" Jimmy asked.

"It just happened, when she called me—the ring came off."

"Tell us all about everything," said Kathleen.

"Not yet," said Gerald, mysteriously.

"Where's the ring?" Jimmy asked, after breakfast. "*I* want to have a try now."

"I—I forgot it," said Gerald; "I expect it's in the bed somewhere."

But it wasn't.

Eliza had made the bed.

"I'll swear there ain't no ring there," she said. "I should 'a' seen it if there had 'a' been."

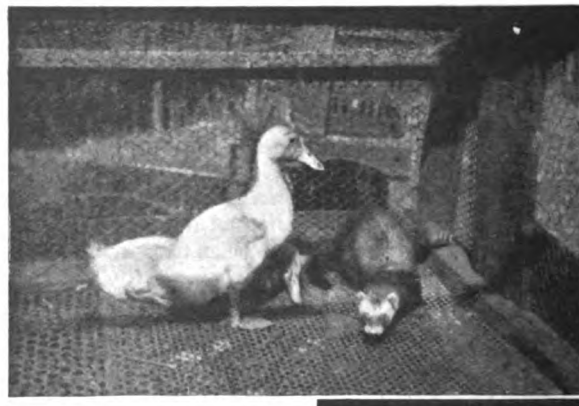
(*To be continued.*)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The attention of all readers of "The Strand Magazine" is called to page 78 in the advertisements, where will be found full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

CURIOSITIES.

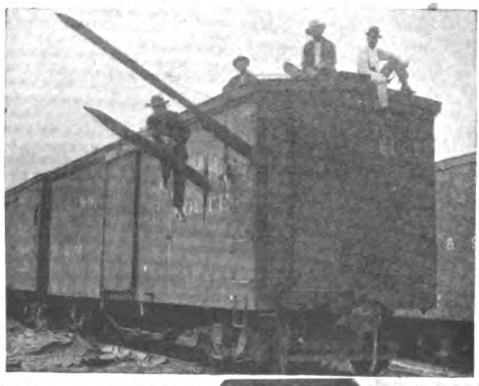
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A CURIOUS FOSTER-MOTHER.



HERE is a photograph of a curious yet happy family living in Diss at the present time. The owner, Mr. Gibson, breeds ducks and ferrets, but he is usually very careful to keep them apart, as the ferret is a deadly enemy of ducks, and if left loose among them would kill a large number in a single night. Some weeks ago Mr. Gibson had a ferret with four young ones. One Saturday he threw two partially hatched ducks into the ferrets' nest for them to eat. He did not visit the ferrets again until the following Tuesday, when he was astonished to find two healthy young ducks walking about amongst the ferrets. The old ferret had completed the hatching and had adopted the ducks, and is now more fond of them than of her own young ones.—Mr. F. S. Maling, Diss.

THE POWER OF A CYCLONE.

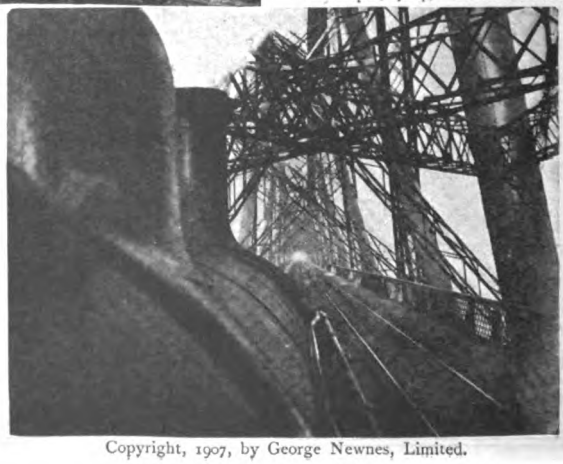


THIS picture shows a railway goods van into which two pieces of timber, two inches by four inches, were driven by the force of the wind and so firmly embedded that they sustained a man's weight. This extraordinary incident occurred during the cyclone at Mobile, Ala., on September 27th, 1906.—Miss Lucile Zelnicker, 452, Church Street, Mobile, Ala.

A UNIQUE WEDDING-CAKE.

AT a wedding recently held at a home in New York, the surprise of the evening was a huge frosted cake. As the cake was borne in by two waiters, all eyes were upon it in pleasant anticipation of a royal feast. According to custom, the bride was handed a knife with which to cut the cake. She approached the confection with this intention; this was the signal for the climax. The top of the cake, released by a spring, flew in the air. The interior of the cake was filled with bridal roses. As the guests crowded around for a better view, the roses were thrown in the air, baptizing all with a shower of rose leaves. Then a little lass, who had been hidden by the flowers, arose and tendered the bride a bouquet of roses. The top was decorated with Cupids and scrolls of flowers and fruit. After the banquet the cake was broken up and the pieces of sugar sculpture were distributed as souvenirs. The maker of this wonderful cake is Mr. Clarence M. Pietzsch, a young artist of this city.—Mr. Maurice Rudolph, 714, Dodd Street, W. Hoboken, N.J.

HOW AN ENGINE-DRIVER SEES THE FORTH BRIDGE.



ALTHOUGH numerous photographs are to be seen of the Forth Bridge, I do not remember having seen one illustrating the bridge as it is seen by the men who work trains over it. I took the enclosed snap-shot through the look-out glass of a locomotive when crossing the bridge.—Mr. Henry Hodge, 72, Clift Terrace, Carlisle.

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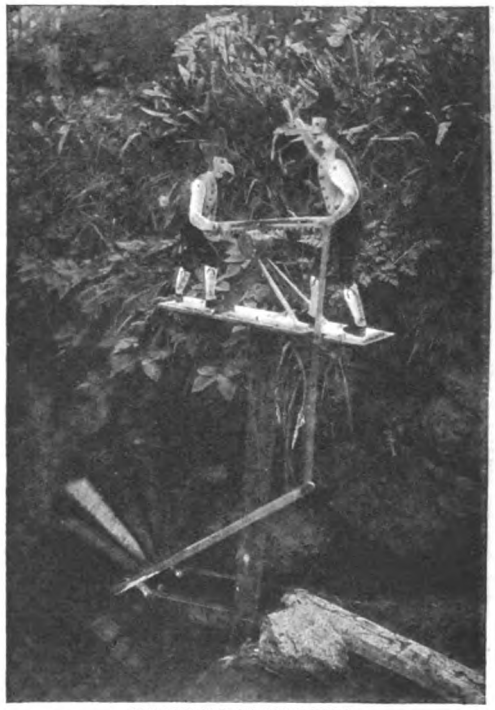
A SNAP-SHOT OF A BALLOON ACCIDENT.

I SEND you a photograph of Professor R. Thompson, a well-known parachutist, having an accident while about two hundred feet in the air, which almost cost him his life. The guy-ropes were given to boys, who were to hold them until the aeronaut should shout to let go, but owing to a mistake one set of boys who were in charge of one of the ropes held it too long and the balloon left the ground very much tilted. The weight of the aeronaut caused the

balloon to tear (as is seen in the picture), and the parachute, balloon, and man came tumbling to the earth. Luckily he struck some telephone wires and broke his fall, eventually falling on to a lawn in front of the post-office building. He sustained a few broken ribs, a broken leg, and other painful injuries, which kept him in the hospital for about five weeks. The bag seen hanging to the trapeze is full of entrance tickets to an amusement park, which he was to distribute over the city. The photograph was taken by a friend of mine in the month of August, 1906, at Duluth, Minnesota. It was a rainy day, and the time of the exposure was one one-hundredth of a second. The wires seen in the upper part of the picture were between the camera and the performer; they are the ones that he fell on. —Mr. Charles E. Browne, Roswell, New Mexico, Box J.

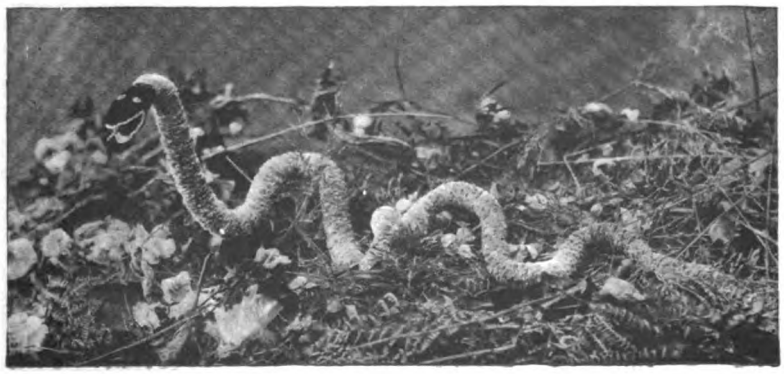


NATURE'S PLAYTHING.

ON a mountain road by the wayside at Hornberg, in the Black Forest, there is a small mechanical toy, put there by some local artisan. It is composed of a couple of carved and gaily-painted figures of little wooden sawyers. As the wheel in the tiny mountain brook goes round, worked by the running water, the saw moves backwards and forwards. Hornberg is near that part of the Black Forest where most of the children's toys are made.—Mr. H. Vivian, Woking.

A POSTAGE-STAMP SNAKE.

I SEND you a photograph of a snake made of postage-stamps. It contains, I believe, from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand stamps. The only portion not made of stamps is the head, which is of black velvet, with eyes of white beads, also teeth of beads; the fang is a match stuck into the mouth. The snake was made by Mrs. Membury, of Hyde Corner, Bridport, Dorset, and took about three years to complete. The length is four feet nine inches.—Mr. S. G. Witcomb, Middle Street, Yeovil.



A LEAPING SALMON.

"ONE day in early August six years ago, when visiting the Big Sevogle, a tributary of the North-West Miramichi, I observed a large number of salmon attempting to leap up over the nine feet perpendicular fall a short distance above the Square Forks. I timed the leaps and counted thirty-three in forty-five minutes. The scene suggested a unique photograph, so the next week found me back at the spot with my old five by seven Blair camera and sixteen Stanley plates. I made a raft of three cedar sleeper logs by battening them together with short boards nailed to their upper sides, and by means of two suitable lines leading from the up-stream end I had my assistants draw it, with myself seated on it with the camera on its tripod in front of me, as near to the fall as I dared to approach, and fasten it there. The salmon were not leaping so plentifully as the week before, but I snapped nine of my sixteen plates the first afternoon, and the remaining seven the next. It was all guess work with a mechanical focus, and although I had, on developing them, but one perfect picture out of the sixteen plates, I felt that the result was worth going some forty miles to get." This is the story told by Mr. D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick, who lent the writer the negative, so that a bromide enlargement of six feet by four could be made and added to the collection of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada. — Mr. W. E. Wingham, Moncton, N.B., Canada.

STRANGE ACCIDENTS TO BEES.

A FRIEND of mine, knowing that I was interested in the photography of insects, one day brought me a bee, spiked on a sprig of blackthorn. On going to the spot—a secluded hedge far away from any road, and on private property—where the bee had been found, we noticed that the spike had been facing the wind, and that there were a number of bees flying overhead between a certain field and the garden. It seemed a case of unintentional suicide, aided by the wind, and this theory was confirmed by

our finding another bee in an exactly similar situation, but which had been dead for some days. The first bee was alive when brought to me, so was placed in a "killing bottle." In the photograph the upper spike is slipped into the sprig containing the lower spike. This was not a butcher-bird's larder.—Mr. C. Brightwen Rowntree, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

"HAND-SEWN" BOOTS.

THE photograph reproduced here is one of a foot in a shoe taken by X-rays. Whilst experimenting with X-rays I wished to see whether the rays easily passed through leather, and as I was wearing a pair of cycling shoes, guaranteed to be hand-sewn and having no nails in them, I decided to take a photograph of my foot. The reason for desiring no nails was on account of the fact that the rays cannot pass through metal. On developing the plate, however, I discovered that the guarantee with regard to nails was a fraud, as these can be seen in the photograph, and look as though they were driven in by an amateur. The bones and joints of the foot can be clearly seen; the rings are the eyelets for fastening the shoes with laces. The photograph only shows the sole of the foot, as I did not possess at the time a plate large enough to take the whole of it—Mr. P. W. Scholefield, 19, Timson St., Failsworth, Manchester.

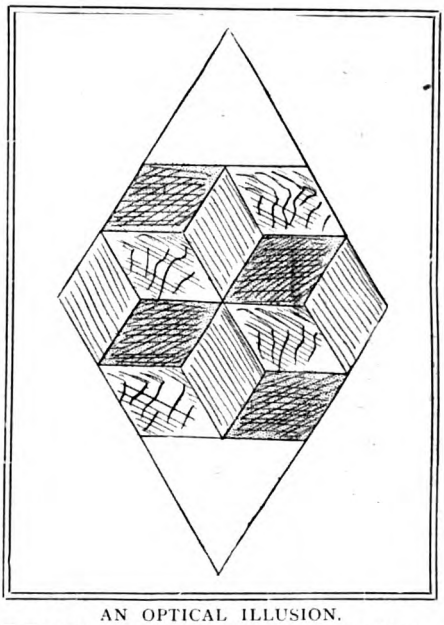
A CHINESE CHRISTMAS CARD.

HERE is a Chinese Christmas card. It is hand-painted on rice-paper, which is very brittle. The pidgin English at the top has only been introduced recently, the characters at the side being the

greeting in Chinese. These cards are in common use among the natives at Christmas and the New Year.—Sergeant-Major L. Bliss, The Drill Hall, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.

AN EXCELLENT PUZZLE: FIND THE DOG'S OWNER.

THIS photograph of dog and puppies was about to be thrown away as a failure, when on turning the picture sideways it was found that the dog's body has the appearance of a man's head. We trust this picture will prove to be an amusing puzzle to your readers.—Police-Constable Leppington and Mr. Chas. Haigh, South View, Strensall, Yorks.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

WHEN looking at this drawing there will appear to be at first one cube upon two, and on closing the eyes and then looking again it will seem as though there are two cubes upon one.—Mr. H. Macleston, The Cottage, Keresley, Coventry.

A PREHISTORIC CYCLIST.

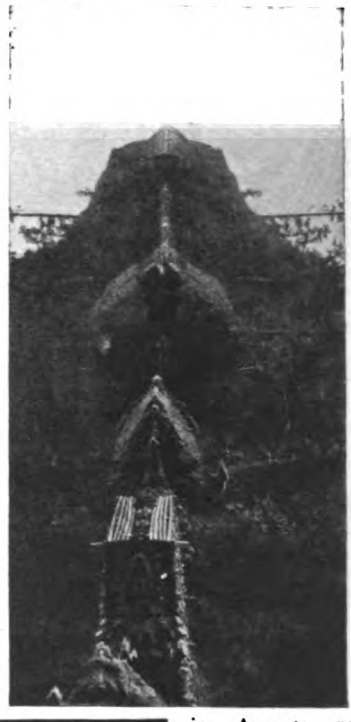
THE subject of my photograph is intended to represent a cyclist of the prehistoric period, and gained a first prize at a cycle carnival held at Shrewsbury. The construction of the bicycle is well worth studying.—Mr. B. Price, 18, Orchard Street, Bury St. Edmunds.

A MISER'S COAT.

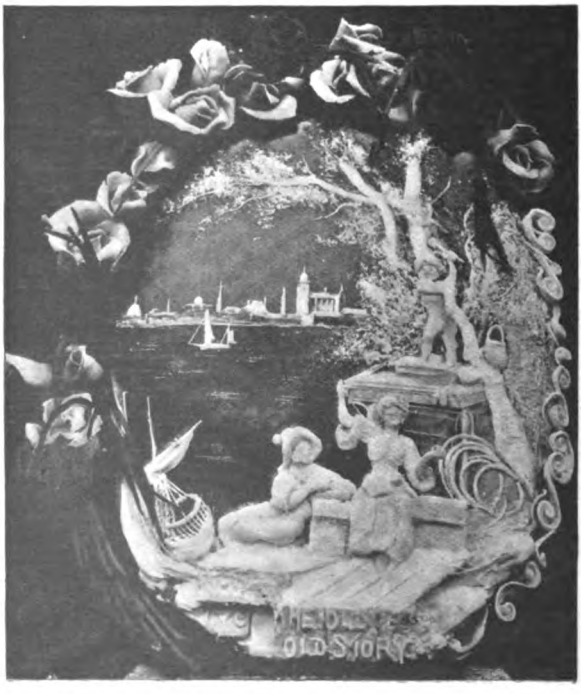
THIS photograph is of an old coat which formerly was worn continuously for forty-three years by the Rev. Morgan Jones, who was the curate of Blewbury, and locally known as the Blewbury Miser. The coat in question, when the miser first commenced his curacy, was a surtout, much the worse for wear; after some time, however, he had it turned inside out and made up into a common coat. Whenever it became rent or torn it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands. At length pieces fell out and were lost; and, as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat, as shown in the photograph, was reduced to a jacket with as many patches in it as there are days in the year. The coat is now one hundred years old, and is in my possession. — Mr. Eli Caudwell, 2A, Fifth Avenue, Queen's Park, W.

WHAT IS THIS?

MY photograph shows the power of reflection of Lake Missasaga, Ontario. As shown here, the picture resembles a covered pathway over a hill. The picture was taken

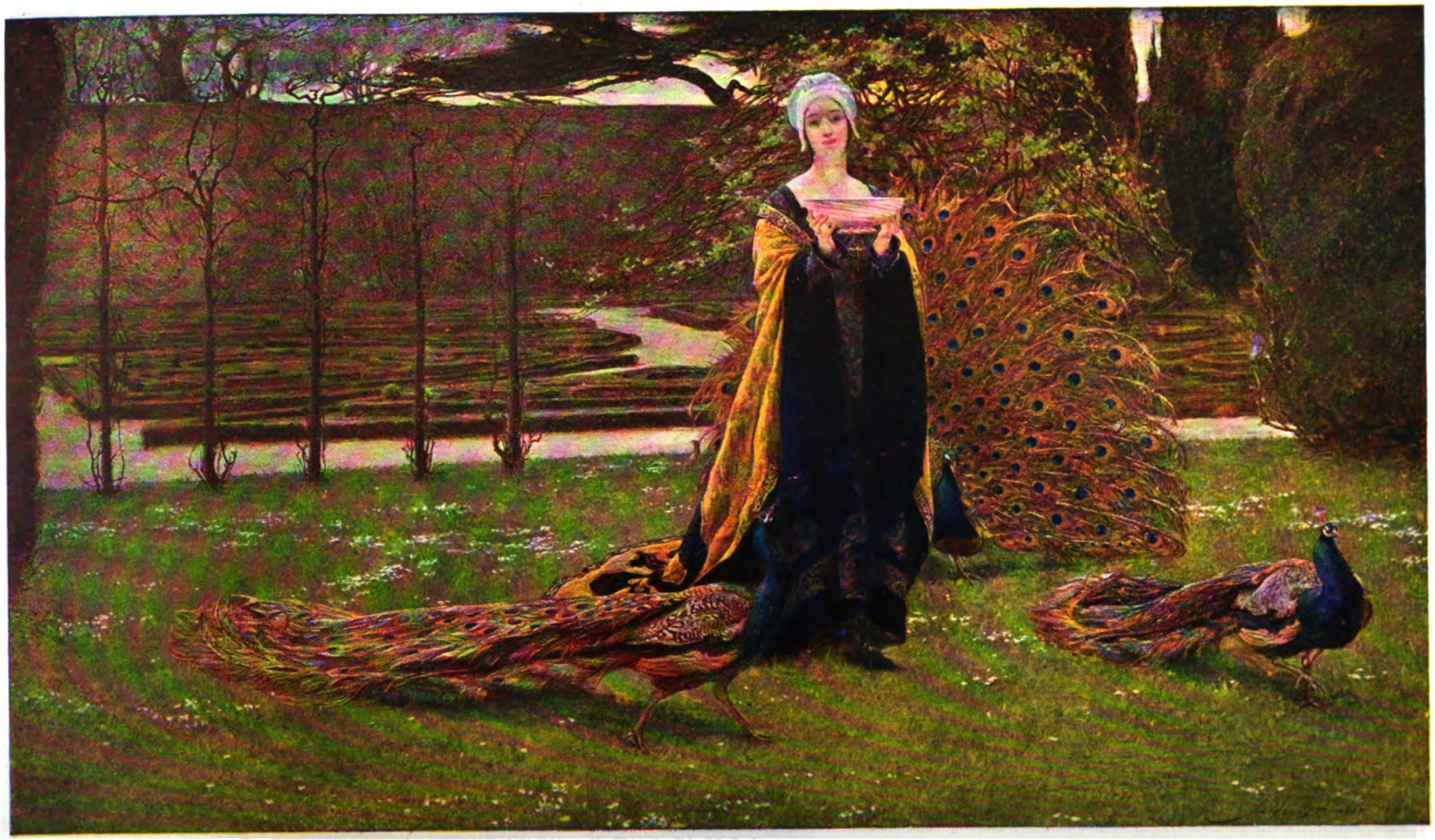


in August, 1905, during a dull day.— Mr. L. F. Brown, 40, Exchange Place, New York City.



PICTURES IN SUGAR.

THE original idea of producing pictures in sugar is essentially English, the secret being known to few men only, and they are consequently in great demand. Every part of the picture reproduced here is made entirely of sugar, and was executed by Mr. J mes, confectioner, Westcliff-on-Sea.— Messrs. H. Hamilton and Co., 135A, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.



"MY LADY'S GARDEN." By YOUNG HUNTER.

(By permission of C. E. Clifford & Co., the Publishers, 21, Haymarket, London, W.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii. APRIL, 1907. No. 196.

Some Popular Pictures—Past and Present.

THERE is no certain guide to popularity in picture-making. Fashion changes, the taste of the public alters, new schools arise, subjects this year welcomed with enthusiasm are next year proscribed. But there are some pictures which in all epochs of taste bid fair to hold their own. They have, both in theme and treatment, a perennial freshness, which appeals with ever-increasing force to all picture-lovers. Of such are the paintings reproduced in this article. But, although these pictures are favourites with all lovers of good painting, the special influence they exert upon the beholder must vary considerably, according to the character and disposition of the individual. For each picture appeals with peculiar force to a different temperament. Thus, to those whose delight it is to dream sweet, golden dreams of the dear bygone ages of chivalry and romance, and whose thoughts dwell rather amid the roses and hollyhocks, stately lily, and humble cornflower of an old English garden than in the bustle and turmoil of life in the great cities, Mr. Young Hunter's charming painting, "My Lady's Garden," must appeal with irresistible effect. The picture brings with it an atmosphere of peace and quiet restfulness that cannot fail to refresh the weary seeker after the beautiful. One can almost hear the faint drone of the busy bees as they flit from flower to flower; well-nigh inhale the heavy, scent-laden atmosphere in which a thousand flowers mingle their sweet perfumes in delicious fragrance.

"VENICE FROM THE GIUDECCA." By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

"My Lady's Garden" was the first picture

"LE CHAGRIN D'AMOUR." By T. R. LAMONT, A.R.W.S.

of any note to be painted by Mr. Young Hunter. Finished in 1899, and exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, it was not slow to attract the attention of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, who, recognising the sterling merit of the work, caused it, at the close of the exhibition at Burlington House, to be transferred to the Tate Gallery, where it now hangs.

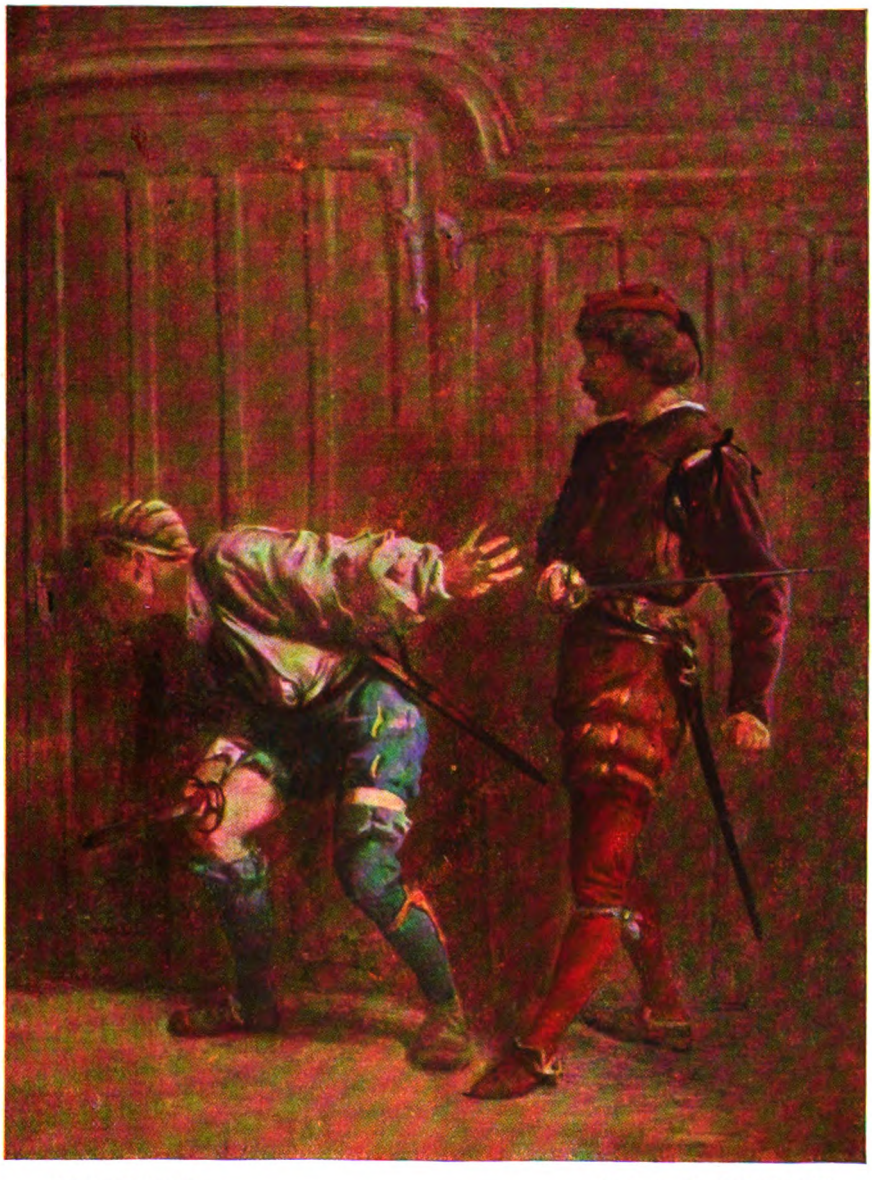
"I had," remarked Mr. Young Hunter, "a studio in Kensington at the time, and, by kind permission of Lady Ilchester, the background, and, in fact, the whole setting, was painted in the garden of Holland House. I had to carry the picture between there and the studio, but sometimes I left it in the ballroom in the garden. I had a few sittings for the figure in these grounds, and I made numerous drawings of Lady Ilchester's peacocks, as well as of those in the park. The painting of the birds was done with the aid of stuffed ones, but I was surprised to find that those in the Natural History Museum were not correct enough to be of any use to me. The 'eyes' in the tail of the real bird are in exact order, the spaces between them forming diamond shapes, and by drawing circular intersecting lines the 'eyes' will be found placed with mathematical regularity. Those in the Museum are irregular, and the feeling of symmetry is therefore lost."

It is interesting to note that the model for "my lady" was none other than Mrs. Young

Hunter, whose skill with the brush is no less well-known than her accomplished husband's.

Venice was to Turner, England's greatest landscape painter, the veritable city of his dreams. His poetical imagination revelled almost wantonly in its golden sunshine, its blue waters, its marble palaces, hoary with age and stained with the verdant tints of sea-weed. But it has been said that, except in his earlier pictures, Turner was never famous for attention to architectural minuteness, often leaving the spectator to imagine what was intended instead of expressing it. But in "Venice from the Giudecca" we see another phase of the painter's art, distinguished by the scrupulous attention paid by the artist to the minutest details of his glowing subject.

Turner's biographer wonders what his art would have been had he chanced to be born in Venice when the city was in all her glory, and her no less illustrious school of painting was at the height of its fame. He would never have been the rival of Titian, of



"THE BRAVOES. By J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

"A MUSICAL STORY BY CHOPIN." By A. C. GOW, R.A.

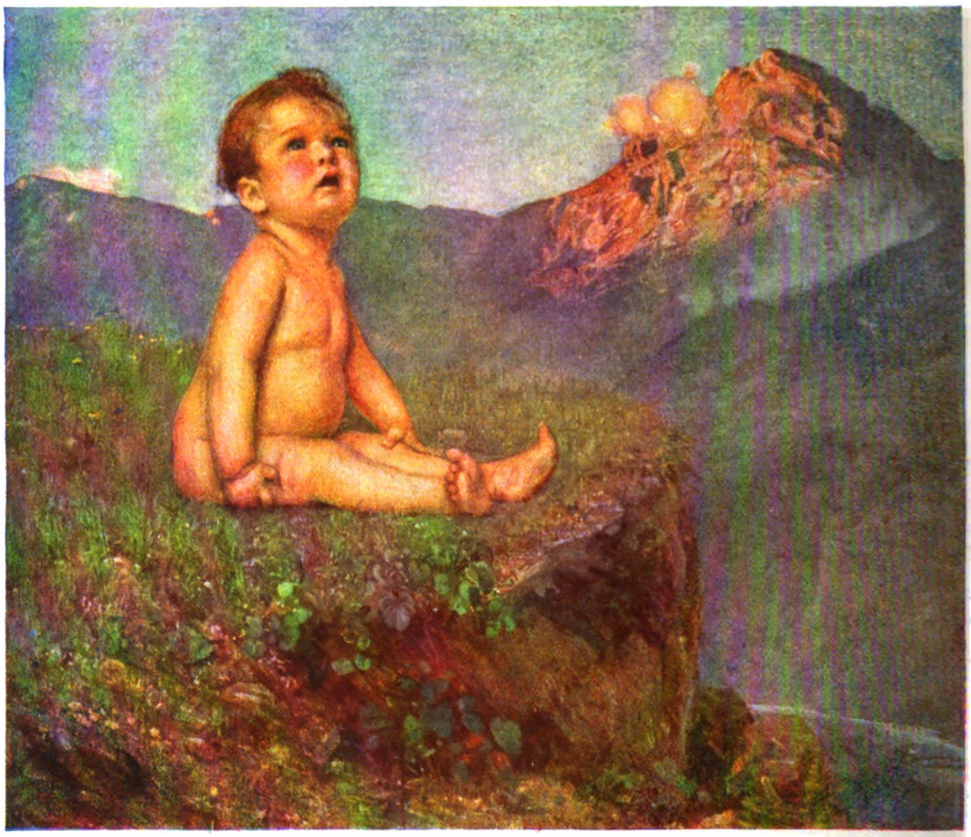
(By permission of the owners of the Copyright, Leggatt Brothers, 62, Chenpside, and 30, St. James's Street, S.W.)

Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, or Giorgione; the communings of Turner's soul were with Nature—with the skies and the oceans and the rivers; with rocks and woods and flowery plains; not absolutely, not even in part, a misanthrope, yet he abjured in no small degree the society of his kind, his chief intercourse with men being through the works of their hands. He studied mankind only as pictorial aids; and a range of pictorial architecture, such as we see in his Venetian pictures, would have a greater charm for him than any dramatic historical incident, however striking. His first visit to Italy opened a new world to him. The country, with its delicious scenery, its noble edifices and brilliant atmosphere, fascinated him and appeared to turn the current of his thoughts, giving to them new, comprehensive, and magnificent ideas. Venice, in particular, he made his "vantage-ground."

His picture, "Venice from the Giudecca," is most attractive. On the left rise the domes and towers of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this there is a perspective view of the Ducal Palace, above which peeps the mosque-like domes of St. Mark, and on their left the Campanile lifts its tall and graceful form. The foreground is occupied by a multitude of small craft—fishing boats, fruit boats, and vessels laden with merchandise. The combination of materials is most picturesque, and all is seen under an effect at once brilliant and beautiful. The work belongs to the collection bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the South Kensington Museum.

"Le Chagrin d'Amour," by T. R. Lamont, A.R.W.S., depicts one of those scenes which the painters of the age of Watteau and Greuze were so fond of conjuring up on canvas. This picture will appeal both to those who have tasted the sweets of love and to those whose paths have never been crossed by the mischievous and elusive boy-god; for to the former it will call up happy memories of the golden age of youth, when life was no more than a happy dreamland of languorous pleasures and "linked sweetness long drawn out," while in the loveless, or, rather, the unloved ones, it will surely stir some secret and long-silent

"AUTOLYCUS." By C. R. LESLIE, R.A.



"OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE INTO HERE." By RALPH PEACOCK.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

(Copyright, 1904, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

chord within their breasts, to answering strains of vibrant and heartfelt regret for the great "might have been."

Seated on a stone settee, beneath the shade of the encircling trees (trees, by the way, such as Mr. Marcus Stone loves to depict), we see two figures, a youth and a maid. He is reading her some stanzas, the lines pulsating and throbbing with the fierce joy of love, as it tells of some olden-day romance, whilst she, enraptured by the recital, lets her mandolin fall unheeded to the ground as she leans breathlessly forward to catch the passionate words as they flow mellifluously from her companion's lips.

So absorbed are they by their occupation that, Paolo and Francesca-like, they have not noticed the approach of the stranger clad in monkish garb, who stands gazing wonderingly at them. It is not difficult to guess the thoughts that are flooding the mind of the ascetic priest. "See," he mournfully reflects, "what I have missed—what joys might have been mine!" But not for him are the sweets of love. He has chosen his path—a rough and lonely one to tread—and he must continue it to the end; and as he watches the happy pair he regretfully thinks that, surely,

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

An artist whose works are a constant source of delight to all those whose thoughts incline to martial subjects is Jean-Louis-Ernest Meissonier, whose celebrated picture, "The Bravoes," we reproduce.

In this painting, which was purchased by the late Sir Richard Wallace, and is now at Hertford House, we see one desperate assassin listening at a closed door while his fellow-mercenary, naked rapier in hand, awaits stealthily the coming of their victim. It is interesting to point out the resemblance between the situation thus depicted by

Meissonier and another picture now in the national collection at Millbank by Mr. John Seymour Lucas, R.A., showing the assassins lying in ambush for the Duc de Guise.

What may be described as pseudo-historical pictures also appeal to a wide public, especially if a vein of sentiment runs through them. There is a wide range of such canvases, which includes such pictures as "Nelson's First Sweetheart," "The Childhood of Mozart," "Napoleon at Brienne," and the picture by Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., "A Musical Story by Chopin." As a child the great Polish musician was, as is well known, a delicate, fanciful creature.

Liszt tells us that the boy Chopin was seen suffering, indeed, but always trying to smile, patient and apparently happy, and his friends were so glad that he did not become moody or morose that they were satisfied to cherish his good qualities, believing that he opened his heart to them without reserve, and gave to them all his secret thoughts.

The habits in which Chopin grew up, in which he was rocked as in a form-strengthening cradle, were those peculiar to calm, occupied, and tranquil characters. These early examples of simplicity, piety, and integrity always remained the nearest and dearest to him. Domestic virtues, religious habits, pious charities, and rigid modesty surrounded him from his infancy with that pure atmosphere in which his rich imagination assumed the velvety tenderness characterizing the plants which have never been exposed to the dust of the beaten highways. He commenced the study of music at an early age.

"Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely," writes George Sand; "at fifteen years of age he united the charms of adolescence with the gravity of a more mature age. He was delicate both in body and mind. Through the want of muscular development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which had, if we may venture to speak, neither age nor sex. It was not the bold and masculine air of the descendant of a race of magnates, who knew nothing but drinking, hunting, and making war; neither was it the effeminate loveliness of a cherub *couleur de rose*. It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the Middle Ages adorned the Christian temples: a beautiful angel with a form pure and slight as a young god of Olympus, with a face like that of a majestic woman filled with a divine sorrow, and, as the crown of all, an expression at the same time tender and severe, chaste and impassioned.

"Always plunged in reveries, realities displeased him. As a child he could never touch a sharp instrument without injuring himself with it; as a man he never found himself face to face with a being different to himself without being wounded by the living contradiction."

It is related of the boy Chopin that, instead of telling stories as his fellows did, he could express himself only on the piano, thus relating the fancies which crowded in on his imagination. Such is the scene shown in Mr. Gow's canvas.

Seated at the piano the youthful composer is letting his imagination run riot as he tenderly draws from the instrument those sweet harmonies for which his name will be for ever famous. Clustered around the precocious player are his school-companions, lost in amazement at their playfellow's strange talents, and held in thrall by the inspired strains he is evoking; while seated by the window the usher finds unconsciously his attention diverted from the tome he has been studiously perusing as he listens in wonder to the feast of music conjured up by his tiny pupil.

Such faculty had Chopin for kindling within his listeners' minds the richly imaginative fancies that through the medium of his favourite instrument he translated into music, that as he played they could almost see pass in mystic array before their eyes the vivid phantasmagoria of the musician's dreams. Now, perchance, the thundering tread of a thousand war-horses as they sweep majestically to the charge, now the hoarse cries of combatants mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, and now the calm of a red and golden sunset as it casts its last fiery rays upon a deserted and dead-strewn battlefield, break in turn upon their enraptured senses; and the little audience sit in hushed silence, until at length the baby fingers stop exhausted, and the last passionate notes of his wonderful "musical story" break and tremble into silence.

It was in the year before the Royal Academy departed from Somerset House that Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., exhibited his famous "Autolycus." Yet, although not shown till 1836, we know from a letter written by the painter to his friend, Washington Irving, that it was planned and partly painted before 1823. Leslie has been called the English Teniers, perhaps from the care with which he painted, and his love

for odd countryside characters. He rarely told a story, but was content to seek his subjects in the stories of others. Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière were among his chief sources of inspiration. In the scene from "The Winter's Tale" we are shown Autolycus puffing his pedlar's wares amongst the shepherds and shepherdesses. Close at hand is the old shepherd's hut. With his box of trinkets and gewgaws about his neck, the pedlar is in the act of trolling out the title of his wonderful ballad "of a fish that appeared on the coast on Wednesday, the four score of April, fifty thousand fathom above water, and sung the ballad against the hard heart of maids." With greedy eyes Mopsa and Dorcas are scanning the toys, while another shepherdess listens entranced to the tale, "very pitiful and as true," and the clown, eager for ballads, bids the knave "lay it by." Overhead is a bright and breezy blue sky, with white clouds. A stretch of level mead, with sheep feeding, is beyond. On the advice of Constable the painter introduced a mountain ash with its scarlet berries. Indeed, the influence of Constable is felt throughout in the charming character of "summery, open-air freshness and breeziness." "For my part," wrote the celebrated Tom Taylor, "I feel this to be, on the whole, the most cheery and happy work of the painter. It is free from chalkiness, and its colour is bright and harmonious. I should," adds, however, the former editor of *Punch*, "have been thankful for the absence of the vermilion cap which Autolycus wears." But Leslie had borrowed the notion of vermilion element in every picture from the Dutch painters, and deemed no picture complete without it. It is interesting to learn that Washington Irving also particularly admired the expression and character of Autolycus.

The model for "Autolycus" was, it is said, a London street porter. We are told that Leslie was very quick in working, especially in painting heads. "I don't think," writes his son, G. D. Leslie, R.A., "he ever kept a model more than two hours at a time, and generally finished a head the second day, though he frequently rubbed his work out if it was not satisfactory to him and painted it in afresh. I often sat to him and he had always finished before I was tired. I have," he adds, "often seen him laughing at some expression that pleased him in his picture." Humour was Leslie's strong point, and, though hearty, it is always refined. The "Autolycus" was painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now at South Kensington.

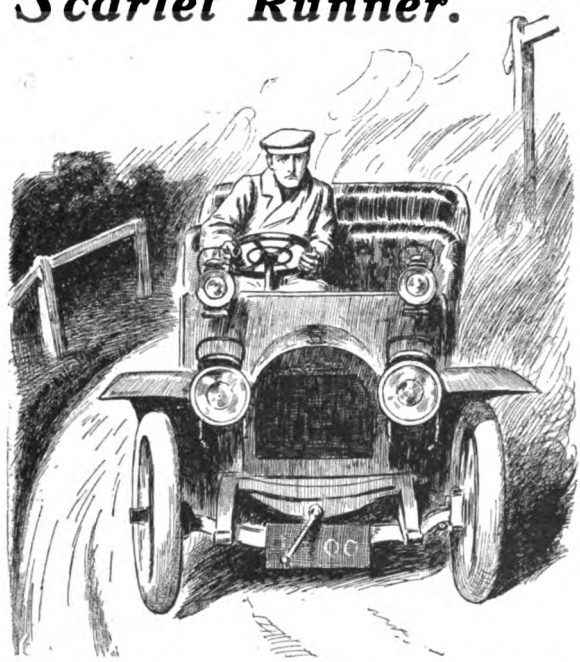
Of a totally different order of popularity, and appealing to altogether different emotions and appreciations, is Mr. Ralph Peacock's recent picture, "Out of the Everywhere Into Here."

There never was a Royal Academy exhibition without this infantile interest. The delineation of babies, indeed, began with oil painting itself, and one may say that for centuries the greatest masters chiefly concerned themselves with the Child. Since purely religious has given way to secular art, the child is still with us, in one form or another. The infants Hercules, Romulus and Remus, and Cupids by the score are common enough in all the eighteenth and early nineteenth century canvases. But perhaps no painter before Mr. Peacock ever gave us such a downright baby—"My own first-born," as he writes to THE STRAND—shorn of all accessories, both of costume and furniture: a little scrap of the Finite placed suddenly, as it were, in the very bosom of the Infinite. There is here no mother, no nurse, no dwelling, no swaddling clothes even; just the vast immensity of the mundane planet and the mighty mystery of the firmament to emphasize the helplessness of the solitary human speck on the summit of a mountain peak. This truly is not an ordinary "baby picture." There is a powerful lesson here, which goes straight home to the spectator, however unsympathetic and little tolerant of "baby pictures." Of course, the idea is not Mr. Peacock's own; the credit of that belongs to the late George Macdonald, whose verses, "Baby," are known in every nursery in the land:—

> Where did you come from, baby, dear?
> Out of the everywhere into here.
>
> Where did you get those eyes so blue?
> Out of the sky as I came through.

But although the artist derived his inspiration from the poet's verses, he can yet put in a strong claim to originality. The treatment is his own. It is no small thing to bring mystery and dignity into unattended babyhood, and especially rosy, healthy babyhood, and not such uncanny babes as might have sprung from the brush of Rossetti, or Burne-Jones, or Madox Brown. For, although we have spoken of the helplessness of the babe in Mr. Peacock's picture, yet, in truth, he does not seem, considering the potentialities of babyhood, helpless at all; he is, in spite of his large-eyed wonder and chubby nudity, very sturdy and strong-lunged, a very child-man, well able to weather the world on its own account.

The Scarlet Runner.



V.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NUREMBERG WATCH.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

CHRISTOPHER RACE had had a hard run with his motor the day before; and while lazily drinking his early tea in bed he read the morning paper.

His own advertisement was there; but it was not that which interested him, nor was it any of the latest earthquakes or national complications. He had glanced over the events of yesterday, and at last settled eagerly to reading the Mendell Poisoning Case, as half London was doing at this very hour. The paper in his hands was an illustrated one, and this morning there were sketches of young Lady Mendell, accused of poisoning her elderly husband; the celebrated K.C. who was her counsel; Miss Mendell, the sister-in-law, a philanthropist, and witness for the prosecution; and Miss Mendell's secretary.

Lady Mendell looked pretty and interesting even in the rough line drawing; but it was not the face of the young woman (once popular, now notorious) which engaged Christopher's attention: it was the strong profile of Sir Gordon Race, his distant cousin, engaged for the defence.

So far away was the relationship that it was merely by courtesy it could be said to exist; and Christopher was aware that his famous "forty-second' cousin would scarcely know him if they passed each other in the street. Nevertheless, the amateur chauffeur was privately proud of the tie of kinship between him and the brilliant K.C. who had received a baronetcy as a tribute of Royal and national admiration.

The trial was a more than usually interesting murder trial, for only a few months ago the accused had been prominent in society, a young woman married to a rich old man, a City knight, who had been received among her girlhood's friends for his wife's sake. Lady Mendell's dead father, a man of science, had been a friend and protector of Gordon Race while Gordon Race had been young and obscure. It seemed a debt of gratitude that the K.C. should defend his old friend's daughter; and the fact that he had taken

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up her cause added to the piquancy of the case.

"If anyone can get her off, it will be he," Christopher was saying to himself, when there came a knock at his bedroom door. "Please, sir," announced the one overworked servant of the house, "there's a lady to see you in a hurry, and she won't take 'no' for a hanswer, because her business is *that* important."

"Any name?" Christopher called out.

"Miss Poinsett; and I was to say it was about your motor-car and Sir Gordon Rice."

Astonished, Christopher set down his half-full tea-cup. He had counted on another half-hour in bed; but this combination could not be resisted. A lady—at a quarter before eight in the morning, and an errand which apparently brought together Scarlet Runner and the very man who had been in his thoughts at the moment of her arrival.

Without asking further questions Christopher jumped up and into his bath. To the lady, who had been asked to wait in his sitting-room, appeared at the end of twenty minutes a clean-shaven and well-groomed young man. But, if that young man had hoped to be rewarded for meritorious speed by a vision of beauty, he was disappointed. A plainly-dressed woman of medium height and size half rose from a chair at his entrance; and she was so closely veiled in thick, ugly tissue that to search vainly for her features was like being struck suddenly with blindness.

Her neat black dress was (or appeared to the eye of a man) precisely like the dress which every other middle-class woman hurrying to Oxford Street or Bond Street would be wearing this morning; and Christopher knew that, unless she chose to raise her veil, he would be unable to swear to the identity of his unknown client, should he meet her in the street ten minutes after she left his sitting-room.

"Forgive my disturbing you," the veiled lady began, in a cultivated, if somewhat affected, voice, "but it was necessary that I should see you early. A great deal depends upon it. I saw your advertisement last night for the first time. It gave your address, and though you invite your clients to write, not to call, I ventured to disobey. Of course, you are the Mr. Christopher Race whose great exploit in Dalvania we all read about—the Mr. Race who helped to seat the new King and Queen on their throne."

"I did what I could; it wasn't much, for it was a foregone conclusion that they should win," said Christopher.

"And your car is the one that Prince Peter of Dalvania and his bride eloped in?"

"Oh, yes. Scarlet Runner was in that little romance."

"I was sure of it. Mr. Race, I believe you are a lucky person. You not only have luck yourself, but you bring luck to others. If not, you would never have got your car back to England intact after the adventures you went through in Dalvania. That is one reason I have come to you. The other is because you must be a relation of Sir Gordon Race. It's not a common name."

Christopher smiled and began to be a little bored, for he hated gush; and as he was something of a hero since the Dalvanian affair, he could afford to choose his clients.

"Naturally I claim Sir Gordon as my cousin," he said, "but Sir Gordon would not claim me, because I doubt if he'd remember me from any other member of the race of Adam. I met him several years ago at a dinner given by an uncle of mine who's delighted if he can find a drop of his own blood in the veins of a celebrity."

"At least," the veiled visitor broke in, "Sir Gordon wouldn't refuse to see you if you sent in your name at his house?"

"Perhaps not, if he wasn't too deeply engaged."

"That brings me," the lady went on, "to my object. I don't ask how much you charge for your motor, by the hour, because the price doesn't matter. I am anxious for you to go at once, and as quickly as possible, to Sir Gordon Race's house in Curzon Street—that means going in your car—and doing an errand for me. It seems small, but it is really of importance, and I will pay whatever you ask, in advance."

"Thanks," said Christopher. "But perhaps you have forgotten that to-day is the great day in the Mendell case. Any other would be better for finding Sir Gordon free. This is his day to address the jury in defence of Lady Mendell."

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten," answered the veiled woman. "That is the reason I chose this morning. It's early, as you know, to your sorrow." She laughed perfunctorily. "Sir Gordon won't be at the court yet—it's the Old Bailey, isn't it?—for a couple of hours. Even the greatest advocate in England must breakfast when engaged in the most important case, and I think he will be eating his when you arrive, if you'll kindly start at once."

"I haven't had mine yet," smiled Christopher.

"*Did* you have it regularly—in Dalvania?"

"No," he admitted. "That was part of the fun. And I don't mind delaying this morning if you give me a good reason, madam."

"My name is Miss Poinsett," his visitor announced. "I am an old acquaintance, with cause for gratitude to Sir Gordon Race. I beg you to take him a parcel which, in my belief, will bring him the best of good luck for this great day. He's to make his speech in defence of Lady Mendell. Her fate depends on him, for if she has a single chance for her life it lies in the effect his words may produce on the jury."

"That is true," said Christopher. "Sir Gordon could draw tears from the eyes of a potato. He plays on the feelings of a jury as if they were the strings of a violin. Lady Mendell was more than lucky to get him."

"And I want to add to her *bonne chance* by sending her advocate a *fetish*," urged the lady who called herself Miss Poinsett. "You see, I am interested for them both. I have my own reasons—you can fancy them, perhaps—for not going to Sir Gordon's house myself, and it would probably be useless sending an ordinary messenger. Such a person would never get into Sir Gordon's presence, but you will. The packet which I send, with best and kindest wishes, must be put into his *own* hands. I thought of you, the bearer of his own name, when I saw your advertisement and remembered what I'd read of your presence of mind as well as pluck, as the one man for my mission. Here, in an envelope, is payment in advance. Break the seal, if you choose, now; but in any case I think you will be satisfied."

"Really, the small thing you ask isn't worth payment," said Christopher, guessing at some old love affair. "My car is at a garage close by, and will be ready to start at a moment's notice. It will take me only a few minutes to run up to Curzon Street, if you're really bent on having me carry your message."

"I couldn't consent to your doing it without being paid for time and trouble," said the lady, laying a sealed envelope on the table.

Christopher made no further objections, as it was not worth while to argue, and his client took from a leather bag which hung from her arm a small, daintily tied up parcel, not more than four inches square, and wrapped in white paper such as jewellers use.

"There is something rather fragile as well as valuable in the little box," said she. "But I may trust you not to let it drop. And you will insist on seeing Sir Gordon yourself. If you send in your name he will be certain to see you, if you mention that it is important."

"'THERE IS SOMETHING RATHER FRAGILE AS WELL AS VALUABLE IN THE LITTLE BOX,' SAID SHE."

A few minutes later he was spinning towards Curzon Street, in Scarlet Runner, and reached Sir Gordon Race's house just as another large motor-car had drawn up before it. Evidently the occupants of this car were expected, for the door was opened by a footman before two ladies had had time to alight.

They passed into the hall at once, but Christopher saw that they were young and pretty, one a charming girl with brilliant colouring and naturally wavy hair of a wonderful golden brown.

The chauffeur of the big blue car moved on a few yards to give the red car place, and the servant kept the door open for the newcomer. Another footman had shown the ladies in; and the expression of the man at the door was not encouraging. His stolid features seemed to say "Not at home," even

while he civilly awaited the stranger's question. But instead of asking if Sir Gordon would see him, Christopher took out a card and wrote on it a request for a moment's interview, adding that he had "come from Miss Poinsett, bringing a present from her which must be delivered personally."

"Please give this to Sir Gordon Race," he said, with confidence; and the servant, seeing that the name on the card was the same as that of his master, invited the visitor in without hesitation. Christopher was shown into a room which seemed to be a combination of drawing-room and library; and he was allowed to sit there for so many minutes that he would have been anxious for the safety of Scarlet Runner, if he had not taken the precaution to bring a chauffeur from the garage.

When he had begun to grow impatient there came through a closed door the sound of laughter from the adjoining room, and an instant later the door opened for Sir Gordon Race himself.

The famous K.C. was young for the position he had won in the world—scarcely over forty—and his clean-shaven face was as fine in outline as a profile on some old Roman coin. He was not what women would call a handsome man, but the extraordinary magnetism which was said almost to hypnotize a jury shone in his eyes and gave a singular attraction to his smile. He had Christopher's card in his hand, accepted the young man as a cousin, said that he remembered their meeting, and invited him to stop for breakfast. Then, when Christopher refused, trying to take his leave after delivering Miss Poinsett's parcel, Sir Gordon would not let him go.

"The invitation for breakfast is not only from me, but from two ladies, my guests," he said. And as he spoke he glanced towards the door, which he had left wide open. Beyond, Christopher could not help seeing a handsome breakfast-room, and the late occupants of the blue motor-car seated at a table gleaming with old silver and decorated with June roses.

"We're cousins, and, it seems, not strangers," he went on, leading Christopher towards the open door. "Really, you must come. There's a little mystery to be cleared up, and only you can clear it—this mystery of Miss Poinsett." By this time he had brought the young man into the breakfast-room. "I have Mrs. and Miss Collingwood's permission to introduce you. They've kindly come to wish me luck for to-day, since they're not able to see me through it, as I hoped they might. In half an hour they're off house-hunting with their motor, instead of going into court to learn the fate of that poor little woman."

"And before we go Sir Gordon has promised that we shall see what Miss Poinsett has sent him," laughed the girl with brown-gold hair, accepting Christopher as a relative of her host.

"Also that we shall hear what Miss Poinsett is like," merrily added Mrs. Collingwood, who was too young to be other than the girl's stepmother.

Christopher glanced from one to the other, and guessed at the situation.

The message written on his card had apparently caused a discussion, and he had been called in to settle it. He deduced that Miss Collingwood (evidently an American girl, accustomed to have every whim humoured) was either the great man's *fiancée* or on the point of becoming so. Sir Gordon doubtless wished to prove that Miss Poinsett was nothing to him, and Christopher had been summoned as an independent witness for the defence.

"If I ever heard of Miss Poinsett, I've forgotten her name," said Sir Gordon. "Did she give you any reason why she should send me a present?"

"It was to bring you good luck for to-day," said Christopher.

"Very kind, I'm sure," remarked Sir Gordon. "Is she a friend of yours?"

Christopher frankly related the story of the veiled lady's visit, and added that he did not know whether she were really Miss Poinsett or a deputy of Miss Poinsett.

"To show you that neither do *I* know Miss Poinsett, I beg you'll open the parcel," said Sir Gordon to Miss Collingwood.

"Supposing there's a letter inside?" The girl was smiling, yet Christopher fancied that this was not quite a joke for her.

"Then you're to read it out to me," Sir Gordon answered. And now the young man was sure that he was right in one particular: this famous K.C. of forty was deeply in love with the girl of twenty.

There was a delicious breakfast, but the host and his three guests were neglecting it. No one could think of anything save the little white parcel, whose dainty ribbons Miss Collingwood had begun half-hesitatingly to untie. The paper concealed a pasteboard box, and within the box, on a bed of jeweller's cotton, lay a quaint and beautiful antique

watch of nearly the size and somewhat the shape of an egg. The rich yellow gold was chased in an elaborate pattern of tiny figures, representing birds and animals, and the face of the watch was of blue enamel, set round with small jewels.

"What a lovely present!" exclaimed Mrs. Collingwood. "Just the kind of thing that my husband adores."

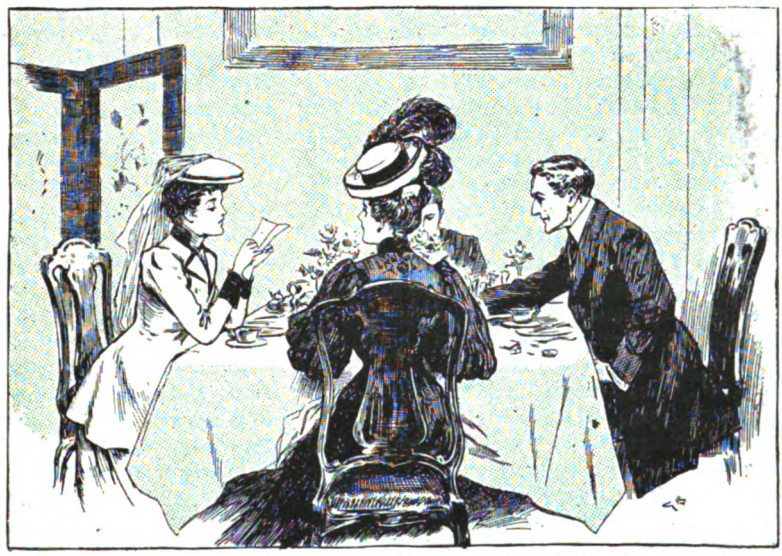
"There's a note with it," announced the girl, her cheeks growing pink.

"I said you were to read it," insisted Sir Gordon.

Miss Collingwood opened a folded bit of paper. "Aloud?"

"Yes, aloud."

"On this, your great day, in a great case," the young voice read, "I send you this in memory of *another* great day in a great case; and may it bring you the good luck I wish you. Would that this old Nuremberg watch were filled with diamonds as brilliant as your own arguments; but since I have not those to give, I give my best. Of its kind this watch is perfect, as you will see by the date, and an examination of the works, which are unique. — Yours, ELIZABETH POINSETT."



"I SEND YOU THIS IN MEMORY OF ANOTHER GREAT DAY."

"Elizabeth Poinsett!" echoed Sir Gordon. "By Jove! That case I had forgotten."

"Ah! I thought you'd find the name had associations!" exclaimed Miss Collingwood, flushing.

"To show you how much I value them and their souvenir, I beg you to accept the watch," said Sir Gordon. "Let it bring *you* luck instead of me."

"I couldn't think of taking it," cried the girl.

"For your father, if not for yourself," pleaded Sir Gordon. "As Mrs. Collingwood says, it's just the thing to please a collector, and it's wasted on me."

"Send it back to Miss Poinsett."

"She went away from my place without leaving an address," Christopher ventured to put in.

"Such a present from Sir Gordon would certainly put your father into a splendid humour, Nora, dear," suggested the pretty stepmother, with a meaning arch of the eyebrows, from which Christopher deduced parental disapproval of the K.C.'s suit. Probably Miss Collingwood was a great heiress, for whom her father expected a duke —or an earl, at the least.

"Nora, dear," weakened, then yielded. She thanked Sir Gordon charmingly, and, letting the box lie on the table, slipped the fat gold globe into an inside pocket of her smart tailor-made jacket.

"We ought to be going," said Mrs. Collingwood, who was as English in type as her stepdaughter was American. "Henry allowed us half an hour to tell you that, after all your kindness in getting us seats, we couldn't be in court to-day. Oh, it really is too bad. I'm so disappointed not to hear your speech, and so is Nora. Fancy having to spend *such* a day in looking for a country house! We might as well have started on our search to-morrow; but—you don't know what American men are, Sir Gordon. They're charming—my husband especially—but if they want to do a thing they must do it *to-day!* I hope we sha'n't have to stop at some outlandish place to-night where we can't get an evening paper to read your speech, and perhaps the verdict."

Thus speaking, she gathered up from the table several clippings with photographs of country houses, which she had been showing Sir Gordon. But the long apology caused Christopher to suspect a hidden reason for Mr. Collingwood's ultimatum. A girl half won would be wholly won if she were allowed to hear her lover's eloquence to-day!

His errand accomplished, his breakfast supposed to be finished, Christopher took his leave, not wishing to linger until the departure of the ladies. Instead of returning to the garage, he ran out to South Kensington to call on a possible client who had asked to see the car, and an hour passed before he brought Scarlet Runner to the door of his lodgings. He intended to stop for a few moments, pick up the correspondence he had missed by his early start, and set out again on another errand. Until this moment he had forgotten the envelope left by the veiled lady, but seeing it on the table he had the curiosity to open it. Within was a smaller envelope, and this contained, in lieu of cheque or bank note, five gold sovereigns. Miss Poinsett's generosity combined itself apparently with a wish to preserve her privacy as carefully as she hid her face.

Several letters had come by post, but one, arriving by district messenger in Christopher's absence, had been laid on top of the others. Opening it, his blood rushed tingling to the roots of his hair as his eyes travelled down the neatly typewritten page:—

"Circumstances have put the writer into possession of a secret which conscience compels him to reveal. If you would save the life of Sir Gordon Race, go back to him instantly. Say that in the antique watch sent him this morning is an explosive strong enough to kill six men. Even if the case is opened, a spring must be touched which will mean destruction."

This was all; but it brought Christopher Race to his feet and set his heart thumping. The anonymous letter might be a practical joke—it might be the work of a madman; but it might also be the truth; and, without stopping to dwell upon probabilities, Christopher bolted downstairs, tucking the sheet of paper and envelope into his pocket.

Without a word to the chauffeur who sat in the car, he sprang to the driver's seat and started Scarlet Runner towards Curzon Street. He felt curiously sick, and there was a tightness in his throat, as once more he rang the bell at Sir Gordon Race's house; but the stolid face of the footman gave him a sudden sense of relief. At least, no tragedy had happened yet.

"Sir Gordon has been gone in his motor about twenty minutes, sir," said the footman, adding, as he saw the look of disappointment on Christopher's face, "It's just possible, if very important, you may catch him at his chambers in King's Bench Walk before he goes to the Old Bailey."

Forgetting to answer, the young man rushed to the car, and swept away from the house at a speed beyond the legal limit. How he yearned for a clear road, out in the open! Never before had his nerves so jerked with impatience in the stream of traffic, stealing an inch here, an inch there, from other motors, from lumbering omnibuses, and darting hansoms, rushing down any narrow lane that temporarily opened, slowing hastily under the hostile eye of a policeman. Risking detention, he seized a chance to tear down Constitution Hill, and took at speed the long stretch of road past the Wellington Barracks to Westminster, on, on along the Embankment; and in probably the shortest time on record for the distance, in hours of traffic, he turned into King's Bench Walk. Nevertheless, he had arrived too late. Sir Gordon had already left his chambers.

Off again sped Scarlet Runner like a red arrow, the silent chauffeur wondering at Race's tense face and reckless driving. Ludgate Hill was crowded, and many precious minutes were wasted before Christopher could leap from the car near the entrance to that grim haunt of lost hopes, the Old Bailey.

The stir and movement round the public entrance to the court, and the line of people waiting *en queue* along the pavement, would have told Christopher that some great trial was proceeding within, even if he had not known of the popular excitement roused by the Mendell case. Each approach was guarded by burly constables; but Christopher wrote hastily on a visiting-card: "I must see you instantly on a matter of life and death. It concerns the ladies who visited you this morning." This he gave, with a sovereign, to the most intelligent-looking of the policemen, and told him that somehow it must be got immediately to Sir Gordon Race.

Christopher's face forbade arguments and challenged interest. The policeman vanished, to return presently followed by a legal-looking person with the precise side-whiskers of a lawyer's clerk. Sir Gordon would see Mr. Race. He was to "come this way—by the counsel's entrance, please."

The spacious new court of the rebuilt Old Bailey was crowded to overflowing, and the heavy atmosphere moved with the inarticulate buzz and murmur of intense interest and controlled excitement. Christopher saw, as in a vision, the twelve serious faces in the jury-box, the black and white lines of wigged and gowned counsel, the craning heads in the galleries, the flower-like cluster of delicately-dressed ladies with seats on the bench, and in the dock one slender figure—one lonely, hunted woman, with a tall, grim warder towering like a dark statue at her side.

This picture was painted on his brain when a hush fell upon the court, save for the rustling as people got to their feet while the judge came in and bowed gravely to the counsel. It was as the judge sat down and the murmur swelled again that Christopher reached a seat exactly in front of Sir Gordon Race. Leaning towards him, the great man fixed the new-comer with a glance that had something of sternness, something of apprehension in it; and silently he pointed to the pencilled words on the card.

For reply, Christopher handed him the anonymous letter, and watched the elder man's face change as he read. Would he disbelieve the warning? Christopher asked himself. Would he think his young cousin a fool, or worse, for disturbing him? But Sir Gordon's tightening lips, and the pallor that followed a dark flush, answered these questions.

Lady Mendell's defender had turned so white that hundreds of curious eyes fastened on his face and tried to read its secret. Women whispered, asking each other who could be this handsome young man, dressed like a motorist, who had suddenly appeared with news evidently so startling to the famous K.C. Was it possible that there was about to be a dramatic and unexpected turn in the trial? Whatever it was, it could scarcely be favourable to Sir Gordon's client, if an opinion might be formed from his look and bearing.

The eager eyes turned from the man to the woman whose life perhaps hung upon some magic turn of his eloquence to-day. She, too, feared and wondered, as all her friends and enemies in court could see in her wide eyes. Still, Sir Gordon whispered to the young motorist, calling his clerk into consultation and giving hurried directions, though the judge coughed dryly, and ushers, jury, prisoner, and public waited in surprise and growing bewilderment.

Not for an instant had Sir Gordon accepted the supposition that the writer of the anonymous letter was mad or jesting grimly. "What a fool I was not to suspect!" he said. "There's one person on this earth—in this court now—who has everything to gain by putting me out of the fight to-day. Great Heaven! If I had any heart left in me, what I could make out of this for Lady Mendell! How I could break her enemies if—but this has broken me. Nothing matters here. I must get out of this—I must follow Nora—Miss Collingwood—and save her——"

"Send me instead, I beg of you," broke in Christopher "You can't go. You'll realize that when you're yourself again. If you desert Lady Mendell now you'll condemn her to death, and I promise you I'll do all

"SIR GORDON WHISPERED TO THE YOUNG MOTORIST."

to save Miss Collingwood and her people that you could. Trust me and tell me where to go with my motor."

"You're right," said Sir Gordon, the blood slowly flowing back to his white face. "I can't play traitor. More than ever now I must stand by Lady Mendell. I see a way out of the tangle for her—don't ask me questions. You'll know what there is to know by to-morrow. To-day you'll do for me as much as one man could for another if you save the woman I'd give a dozen lives to save. Now, listen; they were going to Somerset to look at country places. Collingwood fancies that county, and likes old houses. He wants to buy one. Mrs. Collingwood showed me the orders to view she'd got from the agents; I remember the names of four houses. I think there were no more, though one or two may have slipped my memory. I'll have my clerk telegraph a warning to Collingwood at each place; but that's a forlorn hope without you and your motor." He called the clerk with side-whiskers, and scribbling four addresses on a leaf of his notebook tore it out and gave it to the man, with instructions. Then he repeated the same process with Christopher, and had barely jotted down the last name when the judge coughed for the second time.

The cousins exchanged a look, and Christopher turned away. By the time he had reached the door and stopped for one backward glance Sir Gordon was on his feet, ready to speak. He was still pale, but all the old fire burned in his eyes. Christopher expected to hear the stereotyped words, "Gentlemen of the jury," but to his surprise and the amazement of the Court Sir Gordon began with a request to the judge. Evidence of vital importance had come to hand. He begged the privilege of recalling two of the witnesses for the prosecution.

Christopher dared not linger; but, hurrying off on his quest of life and death, the question would spring into his mind: What evidence of vital importance in this case had he, all unwittingly, brought to Sir Gordon with the anonymous letter?

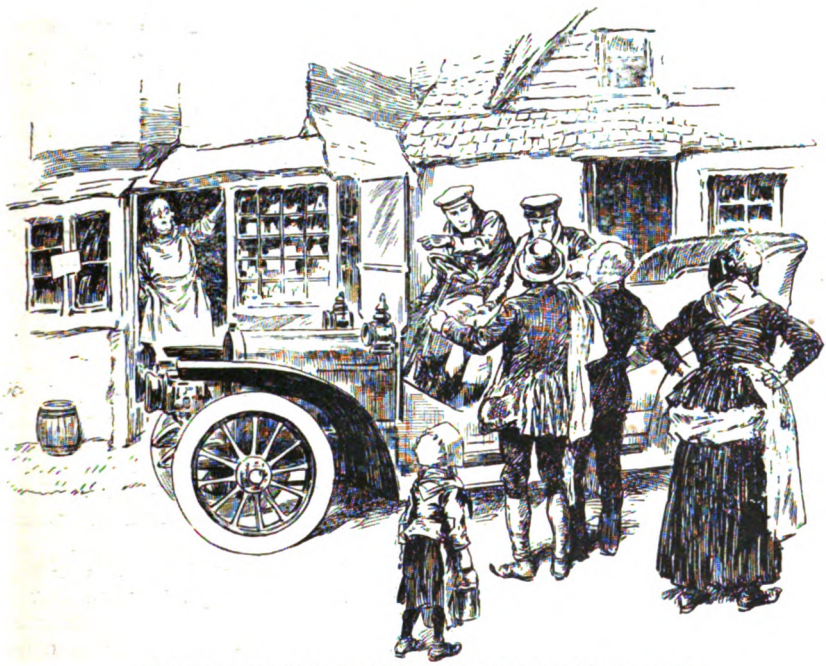
Through the City traffic forged Scarlet Runner, her bonnet pointing for the Marble Arch and the Bath road. All four houses whose names were written on the torn leaf from the notebook were within a radius of thirty miles from Bath, as Christopher knew from reference to the elaborate road maps always ready in the car. His plan of action was arranged; so much was clear; yet his heart was heavy as he drove on. It had been well enough to encourage Sir Gordon but the young man choked with a sickly foreboding. He had started on his mission too late. What hope was there, really, that the girl or her father—a man professedly a collector of antiques—would not by this time have opened the case of the Nuremberg watch? If only he had gone straight back to his lodgings from Sir Gordon's house, what a difference it would have made! Horrid pictures rose between his eyes and the fair summer landscape. He saw the beautiful girl, charming in her pretty tailor-made jacket, with the Nuremberg watch lying in the pocket where she had so carelessly thrust it. A chance blow on the fat, globe-like case—he grew cold at the thought, and put it from him, only to see another picture rise: the girl handing the watch to her father, he opening it, while the faces of the young wife and daughter bent down in smiling curiosity. Horrible! Christopher dared not think, lest he should lose his nerve and the respect of Scarlet Runner.

From the Marble Arch he steered straight for Bath and the West. Soon a clear course lay before him, and he took advantage of it to the utmost, travelling at a speed not greatly inferior to some of the best trains which would run westward to-day.

The first of the four houses on Sir Gordon's list was some miles on the London side of Bath, and Christopher found it after an inquiry or two—a stately Georgian mansion. His heart leaped when he learned that the Collingwoods had been there. Two hours ago, then, they had been alive and well. This raised his hopes, for, if the Nuremberg watch had been neglected thus far, it might lie safely, forgotten and untouched, in Miss Collingwood's pocket until evening; or it might even have been left behind in London. Having been informed by a caretaker that the "American gentleman thought the house was not big or cheerful enough," Christopher went on in better spirits. Mr. Collingwood's directions to his chauffeur had been overheard by the caretaker; there was no difficulty in taking up the chase as far as the next house visited by the blue motor. This was on the outskirts of a village; and while Christopher finished his inquiries there he sent his chauffeur flying off in Scarlet Runner to the post-office with a reassuring telegram for Sir Gordon Race.

At Greystoke Hall the Collingwoods had duly arrived, but had not even entered the

doors, as the two ladies had pronounced the place "uninteresting," and "the gentleman had got into a temper." It was not known which direction they had taken afterwards, and Christopher was obliged to ask questions in the village. This delayed him a little; and after all he was put on the wrong scent, having to retrace his steps for several miles, to the cross-road where he had gone after a motor that was not the Collingwoods'.



"CHRISTOPHER WAS OBLIGED TO ASK QUESTIONS IN THE VILLAGE."

More time than he liked to think of had been wasted before he had called at the two remaining houses on the list, only to find that the Americans had not been at either.

All Christopher's fears returned. He could get news of no accident on the way, yet it looked ominous that Mr. Collingwood had not carried out his programme. At the first two houses the telegrams from Sir Gordon's clerk had arrived after the departure of the motorists; at the last two they had not been claimed. Christopher was at a loss what to do for the best, for the one clue he had to the Collingwoods' movements was lost; yet there was no time to spend by the way in making inquiries here and there. When he had thought until his head ached, he decided to run into Bath, which now lay near, and call on the most prominent house-agent there—a firm which advertised largely in the illustrated papers. It occurred to him that, not feeling greatly attracted by the photographs of the remaining places (which were not, in fact, as picturesque as the first) Mr. Collingwood might, in a fit of impatience, have determined to seek further information in Bath.

Twilight was drawing on when he drew up before the door of Richardson and Millington, in Bath, and Christopher was thankful to find the office not yet closed. To his joy, his wisdom in coming was proved. The Collingwoods had called, between three and four o'clock, and had spent some time discussing particulars of various houses in the agents' books. In the end they had found one, the description and photograph of which had delighted all three. It was an Elizabethan house of some historic interest, called Atherton Manor, and there was a large estate attached; but Mr. Collingwood had remarked that this would be no objection if he liked the place. It was late to visit it that afternoon, as it lay twenty miles or more out of Bath; but the American gentleman had seemed very energetic, and had insisted upon going. He had been interested to hear that the owners—the two heiresses of the estate—were still living at the Manor, which must be sold owing to the conditions of the father's will. Mr. Collingwood had heard of some valuable pictures and jewels, which were heirlooms in the Atherton family, for he had inquired if they were kept in the house; and, on being told they were still there, he had been anxious to set off at once with an order to view.

"Did the ladies object?" asked Christopher.

"Yes," replied the agent. "The younger one complained of fatigue, saying she wished

to stop in Bath ; and the elder lady thought it would be well to remain on account of the hour, and a storm coming up. But the gentleman wouldn't listen. It was the heirlooms that determined him ; and though there was some talk about an antique watch which the young lady had forgotten to show her father being as well worth his attention as any of the Atherton things, he hardly listened, but hurried the ladies out of the office."

"Was nothing else said about the watch?" asked Christopher.

"Mr. Collingwood promised to have a look at it later. I think, from the little discussion, it was a question of some present from a person he didn't care for and was not interested in ; but, of course, it was no affair of mine, and I paid no great attention."

Race waited for no more, but got out of the office as quickly as he could with decency, and dashed off in the direction he had been told to take. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast, but was too excited for hunger ; and his chauffeur, though visibly sunk in gloom for the last few hours, made no complaint.

Christopher dared not stop to send another wire to Sir Gordon, as he had thought of doing. The lurid pictures came and went again before his eyes. Talk of the Atherton heirlooms might at any moment bring up once more the subject of the Nuremberg watch. There was little doubt left that Nora Collingwood had brought it from London. Race could not understand why it had not already been examined by Mr. Collingwood, since it had been mentioned, and since he had a fad for all that was antique.

The approaching storm, which Mrs. Collingwood had pleaded as an excuse to stop in Bath, was about to burst. Purple clouds boiled up over the horizon, strange clouds, edged and veined with copper; and as Scarlet Runner rushed on, her lamps lit for the unnatural darkness, pale serpents of lightning writhed across the heavens. Soon came the first big drops of rain, heavy as nail-heads ; next, a threatening mutter of thunder which broke in an explosion of rage at the end ; and a cataract of water streamed down, as if the black sky were a coarse-meshed sieve. Rain splashed on the road and poured on the weather glass which protected the driver's seat of the car ; then the fresh mud fountained up, covering the great clear pane with its brown spray, so that it was with difficulty Race could see to drive. He could no longer "scorch," though the road was free of traffic, but had to moderate his pace, the while he tingled with impatience and peered anxiously down cross-roads.

There was no one of whom he could ask the way, but he remembered that he had been told to wheel sharp to the right at a point where three poplars marked a turning ; and suddenly he saw them loom black against the lightning, like three giant soldiers guarding a shield of steel.

Half a mile beyond were the stone gate-posts with their carved wolves rampant, for which the agent had warned him to look. The gate was closed, and there were no lights in the low-built lodge, nor did anyone come at his call ; so the car must be stopped and the gate, which was not locked, pushed open by the tired chauffeur.

Christopher took Scarlet Runner in, past the lodge, where there was still no sign of life, and up a slightly ascending avenue that turned and twisted under a tunnel-like arch of branches.

Still the avenue wound on, but half a mile, perhaps, beyond the stone gate-posts and the dark lodge a turn in the drive brought the tunnel of trees to an end. Through rain and darkness he spied at a distance, across wide lawns, a long, low house, whose irregular shape was cut, sharp and black, out of the sombre fabric of the sky. Christopher saw no lights, but intervening shrubberies might hide some windows of the lower floors ; and the agent had said with certainty that people were living in the house. Race had slowed down, for the white glare of his lamps on pale mud and wet grass was bewildering, but he was proceeding gently when with a sudden bump Scarlet Runner's front tyres struck some tense yet curiously yielding obstacle. Surprised, Christopher stopped the car so abruptly that inadvertently he stopped the engine as well.

Instantly he jumped down to see what was amiss, and even the famishing chauffeur forgot his anguish in this new excitement.

The obstruction, whatever it might be, was mysteriously invisible, but in a moment Christopher had stumbled over a thick wire tightly stretched across the drive at a height of twelve or fifteen inches above the ground. Had Scarlet Runner been going at an ordinary pace, there would certainly have been an ugly accident.

As Christopher pitched forward, and righted himself hurriedly, the chauffeur cried out, and would have broken into excited questioning ; but Race silenced him with a raised finger of warning.

"There's something very queer here," he

"'THERE'S SOMETHING VERY QUEER HERE,' HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE."

said, in a low voice. "Best make no noise for a bit, until we're sure of our ground. They can't have heard the car at the house—the wind and rain are too loud; and, as the drive seems to wind round to the other side, the principal rooms and entrance are probably there. Wait a bit and I'll reconnoitre."

The chauffeur kept his place, and Christopher took the electric torch from under the front seat. Armed with this he stepped over the wire, and discovered in the fresh mud clear traces of a motor-car's pneumatics. They passed beyond the obstacle and disappeared behind a curtain of darkness, making it evident that the wire had been stretched since the Collingwoods had gone by—either driving to the house or leaving it.

Christopher racked his brain for a solution of the mystery, which hovered and eluded him, like some dim figure in a dream, and he was half ashamed of the idea that came into his mind. It would be almost too strange that such a thing should happen precisely at this crisis of affairs; yet—there was an old proverb which affirmed that certain happenings were too strange not to be true; and Christopher had always found the world a queer world.

As he had thought, the drive wound round to the other side of the big, rambling house, but on foot he could take a short cut across the slope of the lawn and skirt to the south, thus reaching the entrance. Also, if there were more stretched wires, he might avoid them by finding his way across the grass. Telling the chauffeur to stand byScarlet Runner, unless called, Christopher began to climb a slight eminence, the wind and rain in his face, as his feet squashed through the soaked, spongy grass. Mounting to the top, he came into full sight of the house, above the shrubbery and some low-growing trees. At the extreme western end was a row of three lighted, diamond-paned windows on the ground floor. The room within was hidden by semi-transparent green curtains; but Christopher guessed that it was the dining-room, and that the family were still lingering at the dinner-table. Had the Athertons persuaded the Collingwoods to stay the night on account of the storm, and a little on account of the heirlooms—or had the blue motor-car sped away long ago, carrying the Nuremberg watch and deadly danger with it? In any case, despite the peril of delays, it was Christopher's humane duty to make sure if he were right or wrong in that queer idea concerning the wire; and even as he told himself this he came near to tumbling over another, barring a narrow path across the lawn. Then, recovering his balance, he saw in a window at the east end of the house a light suddenly flash up, disappear, and flash again. All the other windows in that wing were black, as this one had been a moment ago; for the bedrooms of the old-fashioned house doubtless depended upon candles for light, and remained in darkness when their occupants were absent.

This light, which cast its white beam up and down, shining out through thin white curtains, was neither the light of a candle nor a lamp. It was a strange, will-o'-the-wisp of a light, and seemed to confirm

those odd ideas which had played shyly in Christopher Race's brain.

Instantly he extinguished his electric torch and, abandoning his quest of the front door, ran towards the window. The east wing was evidently a modern addition, for there were long French windows opening to the ground. All were closed and curtained, but the curtains were of the thinnest muslin, and as Christopher noiselessly approached the lighted panes he suddenly saw, as in a vision, what was passing on the other side.

A man, with a small, wiry figure, and a half-mask of crape or some black material hiding the upper part of his face, was tip-toeing, cat-like, about the room, guiding his movements by means of a dark lantern. He had evidently just satisfied himself that there were things worth having in the room, despite the risk of the thin curtains; and, having locked the door of an adjoining room, he placed on the floor by the dressing-table a partly-filled bag of plunder, already secured, before moving towards the door leading out to the corridor. Here he suffered a disappointment. Flashing his lantern up and down the oak, he found no bolt, no key in the lock. For a second he hesitated; but there was a litter of jewelled gold brushes, and bottles, and boxes on the dressing-table (such luxurious things as American heiresses can afford to carry about when they travel), and men of his profession must be accustomed to such risks, such disappointments, in old-fashioned, carelessly-conducted houses Having flashed a ray of light over the tempting display on the table, he advanced to the window and softly opened it, that his way of escape might be ready if needed.

"I'll let him gather up the spoil and then, as he comes out, I'll nab him and yell to my chauffeur," thought Christopher.

For a brief moment he had forgotten the Nuremberg watch, and all the conflicting interests entangled round it; but as the long beam of light once more lit up the dressing-table he had the best of reasons for remembering it again. There it lay, plainly visible, as the dark, moving arm advanced to push the crowding gold toilet things aside. The lean hand grabbed it up, and as it withdrew into shadow the unlocked door suddenly opened. Framed in a square of dim light from the corridor stood Nora Collingwood, a flickering candle in her hand.

With a shriek of fear and surprise she started back, then, recovering herself, bravely rushed forward to save her treasures. Out went the light of the dark lantern, and with one spring the burglar made for the window, swooping swiftly as he went, to pick up the bag at his feet.

A thousand thoughts seemed to flash and light up Christopher's brain, like the bursting of fireworks.

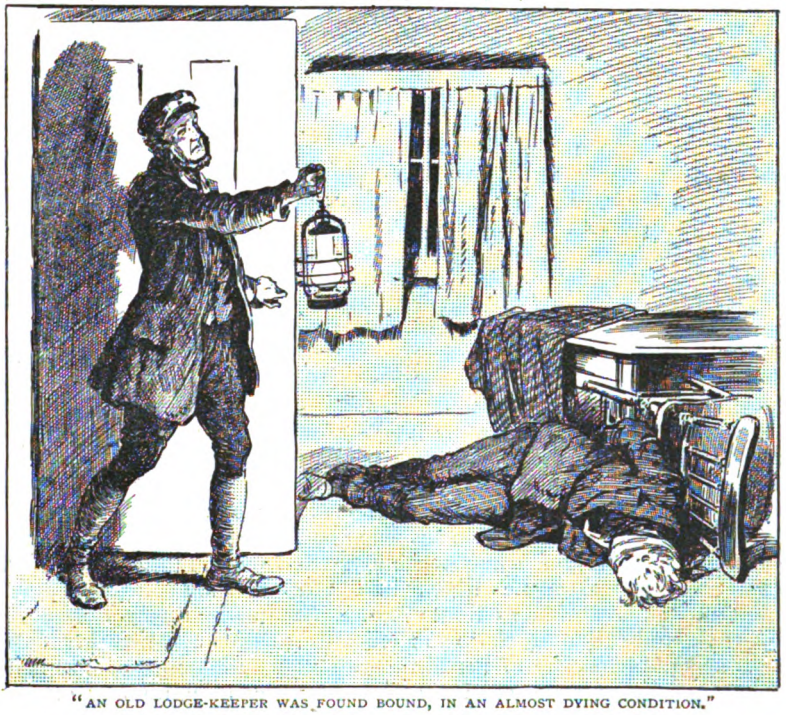
The Nuremberg watch! The thief had it, in pocket or bag. If Christopher grappled with him, in the struggle they would both be killed, perhaps the girl too, for she was close to the window, at the man's heels, and there were voices and quick-running footsteps in the corridor outside the open door.

"CHRISTOPHER, SEIZING HIM WITH A BULLDOG GRIP, CAUGHT HIM OFF HIS FEET."

There was half a second to decide what to do, and then the lean figure had dashed through the window into Christopher's arms. In the shock of surprise the escaping thief recoiled, snatching out a revolver; and Christopher, seizing him with a bulldog grip by coat-collar and leather belt, caught him off his feet and cast him away like a parcel. The revolver exploded in the air as the man fell; and as he touched earth there followed a terrific

detonation. Instinct impelled Christopher to throw himself flat on his face, but he had no time to carry out his intention. The force of the explosion, even at a distance of twelve or fourteen feet, whirled him like a leaf against the house, throwing him backward into the open French window.

Broken glass rained about him; there were cries and waving lights, and faces bent above him as he lay dazed and only half conscious. One of the faces was Nora Collingwood's—or he dreamed it—and dimly he heard himself murmuring, "It's all right—you're safe—Nuremberg watch—explosive—I followed—to warn—send word—Sir Gordon."



"AN OLD LODGE-KEEPER WAS FOUND BOUND, IN AN ALMOST DYING CONDITION."

Christopher suffered no serious injuries, but the effects of the explosion and the heavy fall on the back of his head took a form resembling concussion of the brain. For twenty-four hours he was unable to speak coherently, and the family at Atherton Manor might have suspected him to be an accomplice of the dead burglar, had it not been for the somewhat confused evidence of his chauffeur, and the knowledge of the Collingwoods that he was a cousin of Sir Gordon Race.

They kept him that night and next day at the Manor. Meanwhile, no one in London (save the one man whom it most concerned) guessed that a provincial burglary sensation described in a newspaper paragraph had any bearing upon the Mendell trial. Neither did anyone guess that it had any interest for the great K.C. whose name, at the time when the paragraph appeared, was in everybody's mouth.

At an old country house, twenty miles or so from Bath, an enterprising burglar had contrived to enter while the family and their guests were at dinner. He had opened a concealed safe in the library, whose whereabouts was known to few, and secured several valuable heirlooms in the shape of jewels; he had gone into the picture gallery and cut from their frames two priceless portraits; and had then proceeded to ransack the bedrooms, meaning to escape through a window on the ground floor. If he had accomplices (as was suspected, since an old lodge-keeper was found bound and in an almost dying condition) they had got safely away; but a curious accident had cost the principal actor his life.

At this point in the newspaper narrative the explosion which had killed the burglar was described; but, as Christopher had not been able to clear up the mystery, the explanation was necessarily vague. "It was believed that an antique watch among the stolen articles had contained an extraordinary infernal machine, but nothing was yet known definitely; and all friends of the ladies at Atherton Manor would be glad to hear that a bag, containing their heirlooms, had been dropped by the thief at some distance from the spot where the explosion occurred."

Christopher's part in the drama was scarcely understood, and therefore the newspaper correspondent who wrote up the sensation in time for the morning papers thought

best to refer to him but sketchily. The name of Christopher Race became, by a misprint, "Christopher Dace"; but even had he retained the "R," which made the difference between importance and insignificance, it would have mattered little to London that day. There was only one Race whose name was worth speaking, and it rang through England.

Yesterday the Mendell murder case had come to an end, but in a sensational and utterly unlooked-for way. Opinion as to its result had been divided. Some had considered the evidence against the beautiful Lady Mendell so overwhelming that she must be found guilty and sentenced to death. Others had argued that, as the evidence was purely circumstantial, Sir Gordon Race's speech to the jury would, at least, save her from the severest penalty.

But the end had been reached in a way which no one could have foreseen, not even those best acquainted with all the details of the affair. The Mendell case had simply ceased to exist in the form it had assumed before the world.

Sir Gordon had obtained permission to recall two witnesses—Miss Mendell and her secretary. Miss Mendell, the half-sister of the murdered man, had been the principal witness against Lady Mendell. A middle-aged woman, who posed and occasionally lectured as a philanthropist, no suspicion had clung to her, despite some terrible cross-questioning early in the trial. She had lived in her half-brother's house before his marriage, and continued to do so afterwards; and though the whole of his fortune would come to her in case of Lady Mendell's decease, people had said that she was already rich enough not to need it. As for Miss Mendell's secretary, he was an interesting enough figure—a young man who had started life brilliantly as a clever chemist. Failing health had reduced him to extreme poverty. Miss Mendell had befriended him; had taken him as her chief assistant in philanthropic and other work. He owed everything to her, and it was not surprising that such evidence as he had given had been in praise of his benefactress, in dispraise of young Lady Mendell.

Nobody had expected a surprise from that quarter; but a few questions from Sir Gordon Race, put to Miss Mendell and her secretary, had altered the whole aspect of the case. All had seemed bewildering at first. What did it matter if young Hartley Norman, the secretary, had looked up for his employer some old cases where Sir Gordon had been counsel for the defence? What if there had been a Miss Poinsett concerned in one of those cases? What if Norman, in his days as a chemist, had been known for his experiments in the invention of explosives? What had that to do with the Mendell poisoning affair; and what if, among other valuable antiques, the murdered man had had in his collection an ancient Nuremberg watch? What if he had given it to his sister, or what if she had chosen to take it as a souvenir?

Soon, however, such questionings had ceased among the audience. Order had come out of chaos, and, though denying everything, Miss Mendell and Norman had been thrown into such pale and trembling confusion by the weapon of unexpected cross-questionings that it was as if they became their own and each other's accusers.

Miss Mendell had sought to destroy her sister-in-law's defender, lest the woman she hated should be saved, and the fortune she desired lost. The secretary had helped her, not knowing her true design, but, finding it out, had weakened. The one mistake in her calculations had been in trusting him too fully. Terrible admissions were wrung from the stricken man and woman—admissions bearing upon the past as well as the present. On the incident of the Nuremberg watch Sir Gordon Race, with almost diabolic ingenuity, made the poisoning case turn, and turn against Miss Mendell. After the cross-questioning of the pair by Lady Mendell's counsel, no jury on earth would have convicted the younger woman, unless the elder had first been made to stand her trial for her brother's murder, and been proved innocent.

Only one man in England could have accomplished this change, the world was saying, and perhaps a certain American millionaire decided that such a son-in-law might be almost as acceptable as a duke. At all events, the engagement of Sir Gordon Race to Miss Nora Collingwood, of New York, was announced during the trial of Miss Mendell for the crime which had so nearly engulfed the innocent. But Christopher Race was the first man allowed to offer his congratulations; and his idea for a wedding present caused him to search the curiosity shops for a Nuremberg watch of the early sixteenth century.

By I. J. Paderewski

[This article by the great pianist was very carefully prepared. It was told by him to an interviewer, who transferred the thoughts to paper. Then Mr. Paderewski went carefully over the manuscript. The article may, therefore, be said to represent Mr. Paderewski's exact views on piano-playing, prepared under the most careful conditions.]

THE first requisite to becoming a really good pianist is talent. I will say this, however: that, given good tuition, anyone with the ability to work, and application to it, can learn to play; but it will not be artistic. Nearly everyone has talent for something, and the great point is to discover that talent, to give it a fair trial in cultivation, and to stick to its development. If your talent is not for music, then find out in what branch it lies. Money—and time, which is still more precious, as it can never be regained—will be saved, the whole life turned into another channel, and its usefulness will be increased.

But lack of energy or inclination for hard work must not be confounded with lack of talent. There are many with talent who are too lazy to work; such would not make success in any art, no matter how great their aptitude. For this there is no excuse; anyone can develop energy.

The first quality for the piano student is a natural musical gift, and then for its cultivation the energy for hard work, and the important requirement of a good, thorough teacher. In this last the responsibility of a choice rests with parents, whose indifference or lack of insight may wreck the best prospects.

The Sane Way to Study the Piano.

The sane, healthy way to study the piano is to apply one's thought directly to the work, laid out methodically by the teacher, for a certain length of time every day. That length of time depends entirely upon the future that the student may decide upon. If he or she takes up music as a professional, four hours daily should be given to study; if as an amateur, two hours is enough. In both cases the divisions of time devoted to practice should be not less than one hour.

The fault most general, not only with girl students, but with professionals, is the sitting at the piano as a pastime instead of working seriously. There is no instrument that offers such inducement to idle away time as the piano. Instead of taking the study of it as a very earnest one, many fall into the way of looking upon it as an amusement, idling away hours in passing agreeably from one thing to another. These misspent hours end in a smattering of knowledge and a certain amount of faulty fluency, of no solid use when it comes to practical application.

The Things that Constitute Technique.

Of course, in playing the piano the fundamental factor is technique, but that word technique includes everything. It includes not dexterity alone, as many mistakenly think, but also touch, rhythmic precision, and pedalling. That combination is what I call technical equipment.

I consider it my duty to say why I mean that true technique comprises everything. There are good artists who have only one or two of those factors of it that I have named.

They may have good facility and strength, but no rhythm, and no knowledge of how to use the pedals. In this class it would be easy to find many great artists whose incomplete command of all that goes to make technique would confirm what I have said. Again, some have all but the beautiful tone. The true technique is not made up of one or more of its necessary factors, but it must comprise them all, and each demands its special training and study: dexterity, rhythm, correct pedalling, and tone.

In speaking, then, on the subject of piano-playing, what should first be considered are these very factors of technique and how to get them.

How to Secure Finger Dexterity.

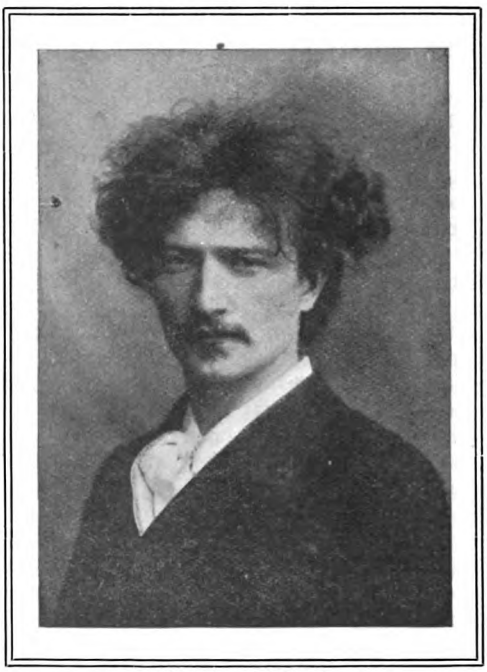
The length of time to be devoted daily to finger dexterity depends upon what stage of technical development the student is in. For those who have the fingers already prepared, naturally less time is required, and more may be given to the study of pieces. But, no matter what stage of progress the student has reached, one hour daily of this branch of technique is indispensable.

First, begin your study each day with the five-finger exercises and the scales. Play them slowly, very legato, and with a deep touch, giving particular attention in the scales to the passing of the thumb under the hand and of the hand over the thumb. The real secret of playing rapid, brilliant scales is this quick, quiet passing of thumb and hand, and by it many difficulties may be avoided.

The position of the hand in this is of great importance. In playing up the scale with the right hand, and in playing down the scale with the left, the part of the hand toward the thumb should be held considerably higher than the part toward the little finger. Thus, by raising the inner part of the hand next to the thumb, and dropping the outer part next to the little finger, there is more room for the thumb to pass under the fingers unobstructed and easily.

In coming down the scale with the right hand, and in going up with the left, the position of the hand should be reversed—that is, hold the hand lower toward the thumb, and higher toward the little finger. By observing this position you will already be partially prepared for the passing of the fingers over the thumb, and have also, as in the case of the first position mentioned, a shorter distance to go to strike the keys.

These positions of the hand are of utmost importance not only in scales, but also in acquiring fluency in arpeggios, and in passage-playing of all kinds.



MR. I. J. PADEREWSKI.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

Thick Fingers Acquire the Best Touch.

With many the quality of tone is inborn, and connected with a natural sense of musical beauty. This depends, too, in great measure upon the construction of the hand and fingers. People with thick fingers have a natural tone, and consequently little difficulty in developing a beautiful touch. Others will have to work a great deal under good direction before they acquire that same beautiful tone. In the latter case the practising of slow passages with a deep touch, and without lifting the fingers very high, is most important. At the same time each separate tone should be listened to and its quality noted. The position of the hand in training depends on its natural construction, and requires individual treatment. For instance, in training, the strong hand with the thick fingers may be held even, with the knuckles down, while the weak hand with long fingers should be held with the back ball-shaped or arched, with the knuckles up.

In the training of the hand a great fault is

very common, not only among amateurs, but even among professionals, and that is the bending out of the first joints of the fingers where their cushions touch the key. Such a position of the finger, its point bent out, makes the getting of a good tone impossible. Students and teachers should pay great attention to the "breaking down" of the last joints of the fingers; it is a difficulty that must be settled in the very beginning. I even go so far as to say that those whose finger-joints "break down" should not play the piano unless they have energy enough to correct the fault, and it can be corrected.

The ability of producing a legato may be acquired by two means: First by careful fingering, and second, by the use of the pedal. In the first case the quick, careful passing of the thumb under the fingers is the practical factor, always studying slowly, with a deep touch, and listening closely to the binding together of the notes. In the second case the judicious use of the pedal is the aim.

MR. PADEREWSKI PLAYING, SHOWING THE CORRECT POSITION AT THE PIANO.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The Use of the Pedal.

As a hint to amateurs, I would say that it is a mistake to be afraid to use the pedal in playing scales. In quick scales the pedal may be most effectively used to give brilliance and colour, but only under a certain rule. Use it on the unimportant notes—that is, on the central portion of the scale — but never on the important or closing notes. By this plan you give brilliance and colour to the quick, passing notes leading up to the climax; then, by shutting the pedal off, the final and important notes ring out with an added value, clear, firm, and effective.

It would take a volume to tell all about the pedal, but these two things are the fundamental principles of its uses to work upon, and need a very careful application. Change the pedal with every change of harmony. In playing the lower notes on the keyboard its change should be still more frequent, because of the slow vibrations and the thickness of the tone in that part of the instrument.

The manner of holding the wrist should be individual, according to the need of the pupil, and must be decided by the teacher. Some play quick octaves and staccato passages by holding the wrist very high, while others employ a method exactly the opposite.

Facility in octave-playing is not a matter of strength, for often players who have quick movement in octaves have not much strength. Of course, there are exceptions, such as Rubinstein, who had wrist fluency, lightness, and endurance.

Position and Relaxation at the Piano.

One of the most important things in piano-playing is relaxation, thoroughly natural ease of attitude, and absolute absence of stiffness or rigidity in sitting at the instrument. Before the study of technique is begun, ease of attitude in the player must be fixed by the teacher. Poses and nervous movements cannot be too zealously guarded against. Many professionals might well practise before a mirror to observe themselves. The effect of even beautiful playing is spoiled by grimaces and restless bodily movements.

Only too many think that they display a vast deal of feeling if they make frequent ritardandi and long pauses on single notes. I would call this over-sentimentalism simply the abuse of rhythm. The only way to avoid this is to keep as strictly as possible to the rhythm and the tempo. Nothing is to be gained by such affectations but distortion of the composer's ideas. Under this same head comes the exaggeration of the rubato, so deplorably frequent in the playing of Chopin. This springs from the same mistaken notion that it adds feeling and character. The only remedy of the fault is to stick closely to both rhythm and tempo.

I am a believer in discipline. As long as a student is enjoying the advice of a teacher he should follow his directions absolutely. Anyone who would insist upon his own interpretation should not have a teacher. If he thus imposes upon the teacher, and he gives in, the loss is the student's. A teacher, of even a small reputation, represents a system, and it is of the greatest importance in any kind of work to have a system.

My Recommendation of Technical Studies.

As technical studies I recommend Czerny's Opus 740, and Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," the Tausig edition. The Czerny is pure technique, and the Clementi is extensive and brilliant. These, together with some special finger exercises by the teacher, suited to the individual need of the pupil, will, for a considerable time, be quite sufficient in the way of purely technical studies. Afterward the "Wohltemperirte Clavier" by Bach, indispensable in training the independence of the fingers and the tone, should be taken up, and in due course the studies by Chopin.

I do not believe in the clavier as a help to the student, because by it he loses the possibility of controlling his playing. Its help will be not for him, but for his neighbours—it will keep him from disturbing them.

It is only by playing the scales with strong accent, and the slower the better, that precision and independence of the fingers are acquired. First play the scale through, accenting the notes according to the natural rhythm. Then, as in speech, let the accent fall upon the weak note instead of upon the strong one, and play the scale, accenting every second note; afterward place the accent upon every third note, then upon every fourth. This gives absolute command of the fingers, and is the only way to acquire it.

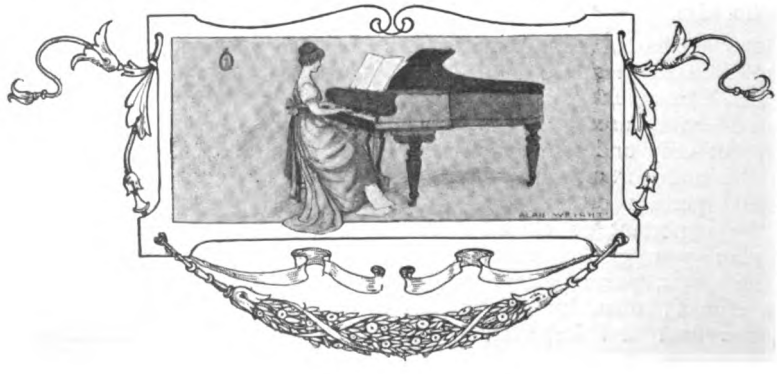
Some Good Compositions to Study.

The piano is so rich in literature for the student at every stage of his advancement that a book would be required to give a list of all the works open to selection. To give a partial catalogue would only mean to slight a vast number of works equally worthy of mention.

I shall confine myself to naming some composers who, in the general run of study, would be of advantage to the student, and yet are neglected. First of all I should advise Mozart, because, with our modern nerves and excitement, it becomes difficult to play with calm and simplicity. And these are the qualities that are required by Mozart.

Of neglected older composers one of the greatest of them all is Mendelssohn, whose "Songs Without Words" are of such admirable use in acquiring a singing quality of tone, and whose style of writing for the piano is of the best. Then, too, for brilliancy of technique I should advise Weber.

For advanced pianists I would recommend the playing of Moszkowski among the modern composers. His compositions from the pianistic and pedagogic point of view are perfect, and it is my conviction that it is scarcely possible to imagine a more perfect "*clavier Satz*" than Moszkowski gives us.



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SAM BRIGGS.

THE first time I met him was in the train. I was going up to business in the same compartment with my friend Tanner, and opposite to us was what I should describe as a long, lean, long-haired, long-bearded, yellow-skinned party, who looked as if he was just recovering from an attack of yellow jaundice. He nodded to my friend Tanner, and then he made a remark, and my friend made another, and I made one, and then conversation became what you might call general; and it had not started long before I began to wonder if that party had quite recovered from that attack of yellow jaundice yet. Anyone more cantankerous I never had the pleasure of meeting. I could hardly open my mouth without his wanting to bite my head off.

I certainly do not think it is the part of a gentleman to call another gentleman a fool simply because his opinions are not what yours are, right or wrong. Which is what he called me. I merely made a remark on a subject which is commonly allowed to be of the nature of politics, and if he didn't lean forward in his seat and say to me, right out loud :—

"You're a young fool!" And then he added, most offensively, "If you were only to talk about what you know something about you'd never speak at all."

Of course, I am not the sort of person to have a remark of that kind made to me without making the man who makes it prove his words. So, sharp as a razor, I said to him :—

"Before you talk like that," I said, "I should go home," I said, "and have your hair cut."

Yellow! He was yellow before; but when I said that to him he went as yellow as saffron. The general impression in the carriage was that there was going to be positive unpleasantness; and he did say something about throwing me on to the line; but my friend Tanner interfered, and though the atmosphere kept on being a little heated, there was nothing actually disagreeable. Still, at the same time, when we got to the City we were not on what you might call terms of real friendliness.

Therefore, you may imagine my surprise when, having parted from my friend Tanner, he came up to me and fell in at my side, as if we were going the same way, and said :—

"That was a nice little talk we had in the train."

I could not say I thought so; but I did not know what his motives might be, so I merely remarked :—

"I'm glad you think so."

"I do think so," he said. "It was a talk which I sha'n't easily forget. I've a good memory for some things — a very good memory; and the fact of having met you, and having had that talk with you, will linger in it long, Mr. ——. I've not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Briggs," I said, "is my name—Sam Briggs, and I'm not ashamed of it."

"I'm sure you're not," he replied. "You're a very remarkable man, Mr. Briggs—one of the most remarkable men I ever met—and it's because you're such a remarkable man that I want you to do me a favour."

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye; soaping me up like that! I wondered if he wanted to borrow a trifle—it seemed to me he had face enough; so I hedged.

"Depends on what it is," I told him.

"I want you," he said, "to spend a social evening."

That took me aback; after what had passed between us, his saying a thing like that was unexpected.

"Thank you all the same, there's one thing against it," I informed him, "and that is that I don't know who you are, or what your name is, or where you live, or anything at all about you."

"That need make no difference," he explained, "not the least—not to a man like you. What I want you to do is to call to-night at 44, Violet Villas, Hackney Downs, and ask for Mr. Macfarlane, and I assure you you'll receive a welcome of a kind you've never had before; you'll spend a social evening you'll never forget."

"Well," I remarked, "as a matter of fact I am not engaged this evening."

"Then I can rely on you—you'll have a memorable experience. You'll find some other remarkable men there, and — some remarkable ladies; one in particular — a wonderful creature. You want a lady to appreciate you as you deserve to be appreciated; she'll do it, Mr. Briggs, though you'll find that the men won't be backward. Now, do say 'yes'!"

"Since you are so pressing, really—— What name did you mention?"

I took out my note-book.

"That's right—make a note of it, then you'll make no mistake. Macfarlane—Willie Macfarlane—ask for Mr. Willie Macfarlane, 44, Violet Villas, Hackney Downs."

"What about the time?"

"Shall we say as soon after seven as you can make it? Don't be later than you can help, because the social evening begins at seven, and you don't want to miss any of the fun, do you?"

I did not; I felt that myself. So that's how we settled it; I was to be there as close to seven as I could; he was so pressing there was no saying "no" to him.

When we parted we shook hands in a way I never thought we should have done when he was sitting opposite my friend Tanner. Which only shows, I said to myself, as I was hurrying off, being a bit behind, that you never can tell a man's character when first you see him.

It so happened that things at the office were slack that day, so I was able to leave early, and there being plenty of time, I went home to change. What with one thing and another it was some time before I got really started, and through my never having been in that part before it was later than I expected when I got to Hackney Downs; and when I got there I didn't know where I was. Nobody seemed to have heard of Violet Villas. I rather wished I hadn't put my new boots on. They are a bit what you might call close-fitting. One party said he thought it was that way; and when I had gone as far that way as I cared for, and, in fact, farther, another party said he thought it was the other way, so off I tramped again; the consequence of which was that before I found out where I was I was practically limping.

"I don't know," I said to myself, "if there's supposed to be some joke about this," I said; "but if there's going to be much more of it I'm off home."

My right boot seemed to have grown smaller since I started; I had to hold on to some railings to rest my foot. Presently an elderly gentleman came along.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "which is Violet Villas?"

He looked at me as if he wanted to know me next time we met.

"Come this way," he said. He took me to the corner. "Can you read?" he asked.

"Certainly I can read," I told him.

He pointed up at the wall.

"Look up there; V-i-o-l-e-t, Violet, V-i-l-l-a-s, Villas. Next time you use your eyes, my lad."

Off he went without waiting for me to say "Thank you"; which was perhaps as well. There was a policeman over the way. I cannot say that I care for policemen, not as a general rule; as a class they seem to me to be so wanting in intelligence. However, I made for him.

"HE POINTED UP AT THE WALL—'V-I-O-L-E-T, VIOLET, V-I-L-L-A-S, VILLAS.'"

"Can you tell me," I said, "where Mr. Macfarlane lives?"

"Willie Macfarlane?"

"Yes: Mr. Willie Macfarlane."

I plucked up when he said that; after all, some of those policemen have sense.

"You see that house there? That's where Willie Macfarlane lives—the house with the red blinds. It's known round here as the Red House—as you'll find, if you're going there, not without reason."

He looked at me and he smiled, and he went stamping down the street in the way those police have; though what there was to amuse him was beyond me altogether. I do not mind admitting, at the same time, that there was something about his words and his manner which made one, as it were, what you might call a trifle uneasy. Known as the Red House, was it? The Red House! There was something about a name like that which, when you came to think of it, was not, to be perfectly candid, what you might term altogether pleasant. I rather wished I had asked that policeman—I had half a mind to call him back again; I could not help feeling that I would just as soon he had explained. Because, of course, when you came to look facts in the face, my friend was a complete stranger to me; and when I recalled what I had felt about him when I first saw him in the train, and the decidedly unpleasant remarks he had made to me, I rather felt, upon the whole, that I wished I had not accepted his pressing invitation to spend a social evening. At the same time it would be ridiculous for me not to see it through, especially after coming all the way right across London, just because of what a policeman had happened to say. I would tell them about him; they would make a great joke of it. So I went up the steps of the house and knocked at the door.

No one answered. My impulse was to creep down the steps and sneak off as if I had never knocked at all; but if they caught me at it they might wonder what the game was, and that would be awkward. I did not want to begin a social evening with any unpleasantness; so I went to the other extreme—I caught hold of the knocker and I laid it on. And it was opened like a flash of lightning by a young fellow with the very reddest head of hair I ever did see—positively sinister it made him look. He asked no questions; he did not give me a chance to open my mouth; but he began at me at sight in a way that took me by surprise.

"So it's you, is it? At last! And a nice noise you make now that you are here, trying to knock the door down. Come inside!"

I went inside—at least, he dragged me; taking me by the shoulder, swinging me round as if I were a teetotum, so that by the time I knew where I was the door was shut, and he and I were in the passage.

"Does Mr. Willie Macfarlane live here?" I asked.

"Willie Macfarlane? So that's it, is it? You'll get Willie Macfarlane soon. We'll talk to you. Give me your hat and stick. That's just about the kind of stick we shall be wanting." I gave him neither, he took them both, and he cut my walking-cane through the air in a style which made me jump aside, in spite of the way my boot was hurting me. "You go in there!"

He opened the door of a room at the back, and he pushed me through it. Then he shut the door behind me with a bang.

I hope I am the last person in the world

to find fault without cause, but all I can say is that that young fellow's style of treating me was not my idea of starting what I should call a social evening. Anything less like sociability than the room looked like into which he had shoved me—because a shove it certainly was—I should say wouldn't be easy to find. The photographs which covered the walls—well, there! the look of them was enough to crush any feeling towards gaiety I might have had. I was calling myself names for ever having come, when a sound rang through the house which—I can't say it curdled my blood, but it did make me feel queerish. It was something between the bellow of a bull and the scream of a steam-whistle; and it was followed by a noise as if someone overhead was leaving no stone unturned to bring the house down. I was beginning to wonder if I was in a lunatic asylum, and was making up my mind to make a bolt for it while there still was time, when the door opened and there came in one of the most unprepossessing-looking parties I ever yet encountered. He was big, broad, and fat, with no neck, a small round head, ginger-coloured hair, and eyes which, so far as I could judge, were not only bloodshot, but odd ones. He never said a word as he came in, but planting himself in front of the fireplace he stood and stared at me in dead silence. I tried to say something, but—with him staring at me like that—all my words seemed nowhere. At last he did speak.

"I am Ebenezer Posford," he remarked, in what was more like a croak than a voice.

"Are you?" I said; I felt as if I must say something. "I—I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Posford. My name——"

"Never mind what your name is; I know all about you. What I want is for you to know something about me. I say my name is Ebenezer Posford."

"Yes; you—you said so before."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Sauce! Very well, sauce away. Only let me tell you that if you speak again before I've finished I'll knock your head off your shoulders—with that." He stretched his first out towards me; I never saw one like it for size, and colour, and hardness; it fascinated me, that fist did. "I say again what I've said before—that I am Ebenezer Posford. It is not so long ago that I was known as the Southwark Slogger; it's a name you may have heard—a good many have. I tell you this so that you may know exactly where you are; so now you understand." I would have given a trifle to have been able to slip out of the room unnoticed; I don't think that boot of mine would have kept me from doing a bit of moving; but that was all I did understand. I certainly did not understand why he should speak to me like that; and with that fist of his stretched out I did not feel like asking. He went on: "So now that we do understand each other, is there anything you'd like to say?"

There were a good many things I would have liked to say; but, just then, I did not know how to say them. All I could do was to stammer:—

"I—I—you don't happen to be aware, Mr. Posford, which is the shortest way to Walham Green?"

"Never you mind about that. By the time I've done with you, you won't want to know the way to anywhere. You're going to be taught a lesson to-night which, although I dare say you've stood in need of more than once before, now that you are going to have it, will last you for the rest of your life."

I did not know what he meant—at least, I hoped I didn't—but to look at him, and to hear him, made my blood run cold. I sat down, though no one had asked me to take a chair; but the truth is, it was all I could do to stand.

"I can't help thinking," I managed to get out, "that there's some mistake. I don't say that the fault is yours, Mr. Posford——"

"No, I shouldn't; you might be sorry for it afterwards."

"But I don't remember to have had the pleasure of meeting you before——"

"It's a pleasure which, now that it has come, I don't fancy you'll care to have repeated."

"And—and the fact is I came to see Mr. Macfarlane."

"You'll see him soon enough, you may take it from me."

"What's that?" I cried.

The same sound which rang through the house before came again, only much louder than before, to say nothing of the noise which followed—it made me jump off the chair I had just sat down on.

"That is Mr. Macfarlane."

"Is—is he ill?"

"It depends on what you call ill. He wants to get at you, and they're trying to keep him off you, and, in consequence, that's how he expresses his feelings."

"But—but he asked me to come and spend a social evening."

"A social evening is what he called it, is it? Macfarlane has his own ideas of humour.

You'll find it a very social evening before he's done with you; you wait!"

"You'll allow me to remark, Mr. Posford, that I also have my ideas, and you'll permit me to state——"

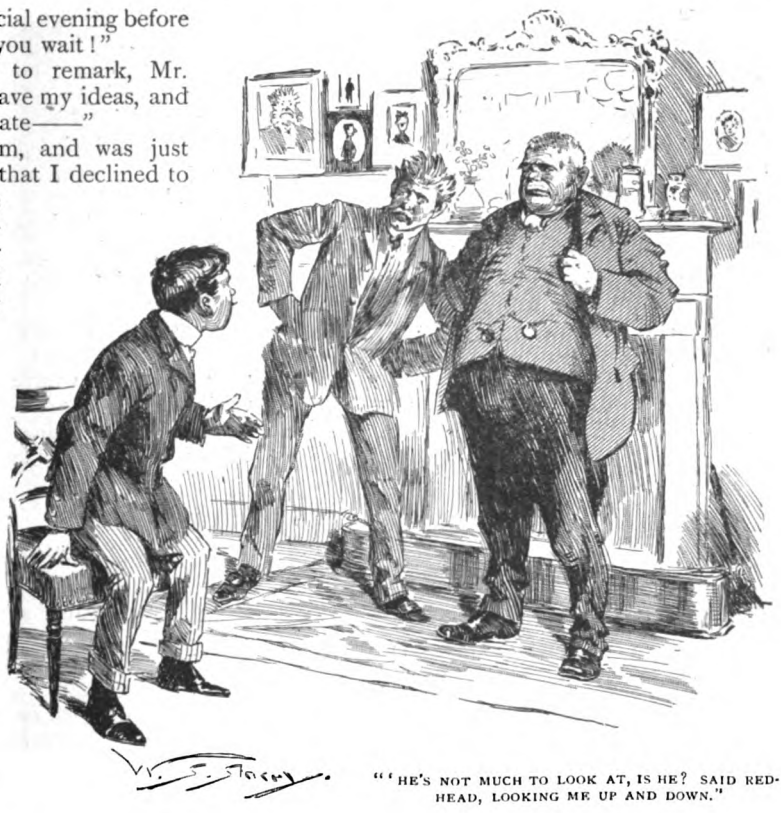
I was getting warm, and was just about to inform him that I declined to stay in the house another single moment, when the door was opened again and that red-headed fellow reappeared.

"Getting on nicely together, you two?" he said.

"Oh, very nicely," said Mr. Posford, "Ar; just starting to get friendly."

"He's not much to look at, is he?" said red-head, looking me up and down as if I was there for exhibition.

"You've got to look at him twice," said Posford, "before you can see him once."



"'HE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, IS HE? SAID RED-HEAD, LOOKING ME UP AND DOWN."

"There certainly is not much of him to make a fuss about."

"Fuss! Him! Why, he's more like a monkey than a man, and not a fully-grown monkey either."

"Extraordinary what some women can take to!"

"If they can take to him, it is."

"Extraordinary!"

It dawned upon me that these observations were meant for my benefit; I could not help seeing it, they were so pointed. Now, I am a man who, when things reach a certain limit, puts his foot down; and so I proceeded to show them.

"You'll allow me to remark," I said, "that I've not met either of you gentlemen before—that may be my misfortune, or it may not—and I've not come here to meet you now. I came here to spend a social evening, at his special invitation, with Mr. Macfarlane."

"Very well, then," said red-head; "you're beginning by spending the first part of it with me. I'm his son."

His son! I stared. I had never dreamed that he was old enough to have a son like that.

"Perhaps," I ventured to hint, "you mean that he's your brother?"

"I mean that I'm his son; at least, I'm one of them, because I've got four brothers, and I'm the youngest—they're trying to calm my father at this moment, or he'd have killed you before now. So now you'll understand what my feelings are when I think that a miserable, half-grown, half-baked animal like you has been playing hanky-panky tricks with my sister."

"Me!—playing tricks!—with your sister!" I gasped. I had to, because it burst upon me all of a sudden that there must be a misunderstanding somewhere. "But," I said, "so far as I know, I never saw your sister in my life."

Red-head looked at Posford. "You hear that? He has got a face, hasn't he?"

"And no mistake! But we'll spoil it for him before we're through—that is, if you can spoil a thing like that."

"If you'll permit me to explain," I cried, "I'll make it perfectly clear."

"Here comes my father—he'll make things clear; he'll do all the explaining you want, and perhaps a trifle more."

There was a din outside as if half-a-dozen people were falling downstairs; then the door was burst open, and there entered what seemed to me to be half-a-dozen people fighting. The room was all anyhow, and Mr. Posford had me by the collar, as if it had anything to do with me, before I began to understand what really was happening. The biggest man I think I ever did set eyes on—he must have been six feet six if he was an inch, and he was broad to match—was behaving as if he was stark, staring mad. His hair, his beard, and his face were all of them bright scarlet, though there were white hairs here and there, because anyone could see that he was not so young as he had been. Four other chaps, a size smaller than he was, but not so very much smaller, were hanging on to him for all they were worth; there was no mistaking they were his sons, because their heads and faces were the same shade as his was. And when a big woman, who I dare say was somewhere in the fifties, came in at the back, with hair of another shade of red, I began to understand what that policeman had meant by saying that the house was known as the Red House; I couldn't have believed, if I hadn't seen it for myself, that people's hair could have been so red. And there was that great scarlet-headed giant shouting and struggling, and going on like a lunatic, shaking the whole house every time he moved.

"Where is he?" he yelled. "Let me get at him! Let me get within reach of the villain who's trifled with my daughter's affections!"

"He's all right—I've got tight hold of him," said Mr. Posford, which, if he meant me, he had—a good deal tighter than I cared for. I should have liked to have told him that it was very far from being all right.

Old Macfarlane looked my way.

"What!" he shouted. "What—that!" I thought he was going to have a fit. And the way he shouted, getting louder and louder, it was a wonder it did not bring the roof down. "That thing—that microbe—played the fool with a girl of mine!"

"I did not play the fool with a girl of yours!" I bawled. "And don't you call me a microbe."

The red-head who had opened the door started to talk.

"Now, father, if you'll be still I'll see what I can make of this person, and then, if you like, you can deal with him afterwards. Be so good as to listen to me, Mr. Curling."

Curling? It seemed that he was calling me Curling.

"My name's not Curling," I interrupted.

"Oh, now it's not Curling; you've had so many names in your time that it's a little difficult. What does your name happen to be just now?"

"I've only had one name all my life, and I've got it now, and that's Briggs—Sam Briggs."

"Briggs? And you've only had one name all your life? This is getting better and better. You introduced yourself to my sister——"

"I tell you I never did!"

"Posford, can't you make him keep his mouth shut till I have had a chance to get a word in edgeways?"

"If he opens it again before you've finished I'll twist his windpipe."

"You introduced yourself to my sister under the name of Lancelot Montgomery, and you asked her to call you Lance; it was only later that she learned, by accident, that your name was Curling—Augustus Curling. I understand that she has known you as Augustus Curling for some time now; as Augustus Curling you as good as asked her to be your wife; and, in consequence of your conduct to her as Augustus Curling, my father, who is sitting here, wrote and requested you to come and make yourself known, as a man should do, to her relations and her friends, and to furnish those explanations which he felt, and which we felt, were required, and therefore it is as Augustus Curling you are here."

"Pardon me——" I got no farther; Posford stopped me.

"One moment; then you shall speak. What we want you to do, in the first place, is to tell us, quite frankly and clearly, what, with respect to my sister, are your intentions. Posford, let him answer."

Posford let me answer—though it was some seconds before I had breath enough to do it.

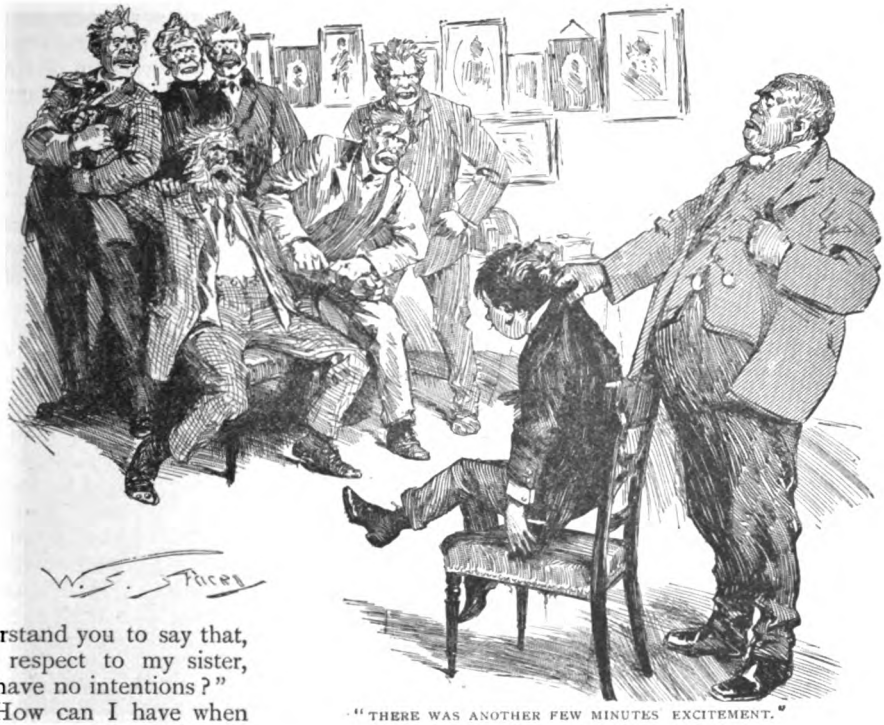
"My intentions!" I said. "What's the use of asking what my intentions are? I have no intentions."

"You have no intentions?"

"No intentions!" roared the six-foot-sixer; up he jumped again. "Let me—let me!"

But they would not let him, luckily for me; there was another few minutes' excitement; then peace once more; and the red-head again.

"Father, if you'll only keep calm I shall soon have done with him, then you can have your turn." He turned to me. "Did I



"THERE WAS ANOTHER FEW MINUTES' EXCITEMENT."

understand you to say that, with respect to my sister, you have no intentions?"

"How can I have when I've never met your sister?"

"You have never met my sister?"

"I've never even seen her."

"You—as my father says—you microbe!"

"Don't you call me a microbe! And, anyhow, I'd as soon be a microbe as have hair the colour of some I see!"

Then I thought there was going to be trouble.

There was completer silence than there had been yet; I believe they were so taken by surprise that all idea of killing me was surprised right out of them. Off started red-head again.

"You've an agreeable way about you, Mr. Curling."

"My name's not Curling!"

"You have impudence enough to stand there and say, before all of us, that you never met my sister, that you never saw her. It seems to me that this is a most mysterious business, and I mean to get to the bottom of it. There's something at the back of all this, unless I'm very much mistaken." He turned to the old lady. "Mother, you go upstairs and send her down."

Out went the old lady. Presently there was a noise outside, and then the door was opened and a female came in who must have been over six foot, and whose hair was the reddest of the lot. Whether she was young or not I am not in a position to say; no woman with hair that colour ever would be young to me.

"Oh, Augustus!" she howled, holding her handkerchief up to both her eyes, "why are you treating me like this? After all that's passed between us, and all you've said and promised, I never thought you could have done it."

"So," chipped in Red-head No. 1, "you are him, after all!"

"I'm nothing of the kind," I said; "and don't you make any error. Can't the lady take the handkerchief from before her eyes and have a look at me?"

"Now, Flora"—fancy calling a female like that Flora!—"look at him and tell us who this is."

She removed her handkerchief, and stared about her like a moon-struck calf.

"Where is my Augustus?" she inquired.

"Isn't this him?"

"That!" She glanced my way; from her manner she did not seem to like the look of me any more than I liked the look of her. "That! My Augustus! How dare you insult me!" If she did not stride right over to me and pick me up off the floor and hold me right up in the air—which will show

the kind of person she was! "What have you done with my Augustus?" she demanded; and she shook me so that I could almost feel my teeth rattling.

"If you don't put me down," I said, "I shall hit you!"

Hit her! I might as well have hit the Monument; I was like an infant in her hands. That is the worst of being a neat figure.

Oh, dear, there were some lively doings! Talk about Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday!—it was a wonder they did not bring the house down. What happened to me I can't exactly say; seemed as if I was like the ball at a Rugby football match; everyone had a grab at me. All I know is that at last I was thrown down the front door-steps into the street, and my hat and stick thrown after me. I believe it was done to save my life.

But I was so addled that for ever so long I could not stand up; and when I did stand up I was so stiff I couldn't move; and when I started to move, what with my aches and pains, and my tight boot, I could only hobble. It took me I don't know how long to get round the corner, and then who should come sailing up to me but the party of the train, as bold as brass and as perky as a pigeon.

"Good evening, Mr. Briggs," he said, quite affable.

I could only gasp; it was a case where it was impossible for anyone to have done more.

"You!" I said; "you! Well, upon my word!"

"Have you had a social evening, Mr. Briggs? Been having a pleasant time with Willie Macfarlane and his family? Nice healthy lot, I've been given to understand, with hearty manners. And Miss Macfarlane—have you seen her? I hope that, as I said she would do, she has appreciated you at your proper worth."

"You beauty!" I said, "if I wasn't already pretty nearly falling to pieces," I said, "I'd—I'd——"

While I was searching for language with which properly to express my feelings I heard a voice behind me which I had heard just lately.

"Augustus! Oh, there's Augustus!"

He heard it too, and he gave a jump.

"You little hound!" he said, in quite a different tone of voice; "is this a trap you've laid for me?"

"'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY AUGUSTUS?' SHE DEMANDED."

Off he scooted like a runaway motor-car.

I looked round, and there was Miss Macfarlane, and Posford, and some of her brothers. Some of them went after him, but they never caught him—too soon they came back to join in the fun.

"You young rat!" said Posford, "you told us that fellow was a stranger to you, and that you never saw him before this morning; and here he is hanging about round the corner, waiting to meet you. It's a conspiracy between you, that's what it is, and it would serve you right if we were to break every bone in your body!"

He started to do it, too; and he might have succeeded if the policeman of whom I had asked the way had not come up and stopped him.

"Here, what's all this?" he asked.

Posford, what he called, explained.

"Officer, this young scoundrel has been treating a lady shamefully, disgracefully! It would be no more than he deserves if we were to take the skin right off his body!"

That policeman, with the sort of common sense a policeman generally shows, took it all for granted.

"I saw him hanging about some time ago, and I wondered then what game he was up to. Now, what you had better do is to take yourself right off."

I took myself right off, with, as it were, my tail between my legs—as if I had done anything wrong! I got home at last—I don't know how, but I did get home somehow; I know that when I did get home I was simply no good for anything. My word, what a night I had!

The next morning when I got down to the station my friend Tanner was asking me if I had brought my eye up against an open door or something, when in came the train, and if that party didn't put his head out of one of the windows and begin shouting to me.

"Halloa, Briggs!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, so that everyone could hear. "How are you, Briggs? Come in here, Briggs, and tell me all about the pleasant time you had at Willie Macfarlane's!"

I simply rushed at him.

"Let me get at him!" I yelled.

But they would not let me—they dared not; a porter held me tight, the train went out of the station, and left me standing on the platform. That was a nice thing! The consequence was that I was late at the office, and got a wigging—besides having unpleasant things said about the marks upon my features.

"'LET ME GET AT HIM!' I YELLED."

That was two months ago. This evening a small parcel came to me at my house. In it was a cardboard box, and in the box was a piece of wedding-cake, and on the top of the cake was a card, and on the card was: "With Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Curling's Compliments"—that was engraved; and underneath was written, in ink—"Mrs. Curling was Miss Macfarlane. In Memory of a Social Evening."

Fancy me touching that piece of wedding-cake! Think of me eating it! Why, a crumb of it would have choked me! There are some nice people in this world!

I gave it to my sister. She tells me that it was not worth eating. I have no doubt whatever that she's right—he was that kind of man.

Bridge—Ideal and Unideal.

By William Dalton,

Author of "Dalton on Bridge," "'Saturday' Bridge," "Bridge at a Glance," etc.

THE IDEAL RUBBER.

No doubt different people's notions of an ideal rubber of bridge would diverge very widely. Some would prefer the solemn and stately rubber, on the lines of scientific whist as it used to be played, purely business-like from beginning to end; while others would prefer a bright and cheery rubber, with a little harmless chaff thrown in to lighten the solemnity of the occasion.

Some men, again, prefer "mixed" bridge, saying that ladies are quite as reliable partners as men, and that their presence lends an additional charm to the fascination of the game. Others, less gallant, prefer a rubber composed entirely of men, on the ground that the presence of ladies at the bridge-table is apt to detract from the serious attention which the game demands.

In my own mind there are two ideals—the one perfect as regards conditions and surroundings, and the other perfect, or as nearly perfect as it can be, from the purely "bridge" point of view.

Let us take the former and lighter one first. I can imagine no more ideal way of spending a pleasant hour or two than in playing bridge on the deck of a steam-yacht in the Mediterranean, with one's best pal and two very charming ladies, all good, sound, and quick players, in perfect weather, under a cloudless sky, with an awning overhead to keep off the sun, in flannels and a light hat, one's favourite brand of cigarettes, and a long cool drink at one's elbow; on the one side the glorious scenery of the Alpes Maritimes, with the promontory of Monaco or pretty little Mentone nestling at their feet, on the other the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Is that too frivolous to appeal to the imagination of the up-to-date bridge-player? If so, let us turn to my other and sterner ideal—Bridge, with a big B.

My ideal rubber of scientific bridge must, I fear, be confined to members of the male sex. There are many very skilful and very charming lady bridge-players, with whom it is at any time a great pleasure to play, but for the purposes of this article my ideal rubber shall consist entirely of men. There are many requirements to make it ideal.

ONE IDEAL WAY OF PLAYING BRIDGE—ON A YACHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The first essential is that all the players should be of somewhere about equal calibre as regards play. One would naturally prefer that they should all be first-class players, but this is not of such great

importance as the fact of their all being fairly equal.

It is no great matter whether the standard of play is high or low, good or indifferent, provided that all the players are about on the same level, otherwise there is certain to be friction. One bad player with three good ones will upset the calculations altogether and will effectually spoil the rubber; and one player very much better than the company he is playing with will upset things quite as much, or even more. The others will be hampered by their knowledge of his superior skill, and they will be rather afraid to make their ordinary declarations and to play their own game, but will be constantly looking to him or appealing to him to know whether they have done right.

Then as to stakes. The points must be well within the compass of all the players, not too high and not too low. Nothing is more destructive of good bridge than high points—that is, higher than some of the players can well afford. As soon as a man begins to play for higher points than he can well afford, his play will begin to deteriorate. His declarations will be somewhat cramped for fear of losing too much if he finds his partner with a very bad hand, and he will not do himself justice. High points are naturally relative. What are high points for some people may be very low for others. The object to aim at is to fix the points at such a figure that all the players can well afford to play for them, and at the same time sufficiently high to ensure everyone being anxious to win. Very low points are an equal mistake. Some players, when they are playing for points which have little or no value for them, are apt to take liberties and to make ultra risky declarations, not caring whether they win or lose. We all know that a No-Trump hand is much more interesting to play than a spade hand, but it may be very irritating to a player to whom the points are of distinct value to see his partner lose three or four by cards on a ridiculous No-Trump declaration, and then to be told "It was only a halfpenny declaration," or something to that effect.

My ideal rubber is composed of five men, four playing and one sitting out. A set rubber of only four players is a mistake if it is likely to be a long sitting. It is too great a strain to go on playing for hours without any rest, and also a set rubber is very apt to go all one way and to victimize one player heavily, which is not desirable. The ordinary table of club bridge consists of six players, two sitting out, but in that case everybody has to look on for one rubber out of every three, which is rather too much. The ideal number is undoubtedly five.

Then as to the *locale*. Some men say that they prefer playing at a club, because they are free to leave off exactly when they like, without any question of breaking up or spoiling the rubber. There is something in this; but, on the other hand, one cannot choose one's company in club bridge, any member may cut in to any table, and it sometimes happens that the company is not at all to one's liking.

My ideal rubber shall not be played in a club card-room, nor in a country-house smoking-room, but in a comfortable bachelor's flat in London, and after dinner.

Our five players, who are all friends, have dined together, wisely and well, at a club or at a restaurant, and they then adjourn to the rooms of one of the party for purposes of bridge. The flat is comfortably, or even luxuriantly furnished, with comfortable chairs, nicely-shaded lights, cigars, cigarettes, and whisky and soda on the sideboard for anyone who likes to help himself, and later on there will be a plate or two of sandwiches.

There now only remains the personal element, but what an important one! All our five friends must be bright and cheery, good-natured, and perfectly even-tempered. Even and good-tempered not only in ordinary life, but also at the bridge-table, which is sometimes quite another matter. It is a singular fact that some people, who are pleasant, unargumentative, considerate, and tactful under ordinary conditions, seem to lose all these delightful qualities directly they sit down to play bridge. It seems to have a curiously deleterious sort of effect on them.

None of our five friends are like that. They are all good losers—that is an absolute essential — pleasant, unargumentative, and quick players; not phenomenally quick—that is, liable to rush and flurry the others —but quick in the ordinary bridge acceptation of the term. They are all well acquainted with the rules, and are careful to observe the ethics of the game, by which is meant not merely the laws and regulations, but rather the unwritten laws prescribed by custom and etiquette, and which are quite familiar to all habitual players.

We thus arrive at the conditions of our ideal rubber. Scene: A comfortable bachelor's flat in London. Time: After dinner. Five players, four playing and one sitting out in turn. All good, sound, practised players,

AN IDEAL RUBBER OF SCIENTIFIC BRIDGE.

about on the same level as regards play, and also as regards means.

They are playing for fairly high points, as high as they can comfortably afford, but not so high that any one of them will be seriously inconvenienced if he happens to lose five or six rubbers on the balance. They are all quick players, and all bright, cheery, and absolutely even-tempered and good-natured, if five such are to be found. No grumbler, no bad loser, no holder of post-mortems, no one in the least prone to find fault or to point out his partner's mistakes, has any possible chance of gaining admittance into the charmed circle. The play is quick, pleasant, and bright, and of a high standard of excellence. Conversation and chaff are by no means tabooed, but they are confined to the incidents of the game itself and do not stray into extraneous channels during the play of a hand. The laws and etiquette of the game are strictly observed, but they are interpreted in a liberal spirit, not in a captious one.

The term "ideal" is generally regarded as the reverse of "practical," but I think it will be acknowledged that a rubber such as I have endeavoured to describe, although ideal, is at the same time essentially practical.

As regards "mixed" bridge, there is one requirement which is absolutely necessary if the ideal is to be even distantly approached, and that is that husband and wife should never play at the same table. Married people are like planets. They may be very brilliant apart, but they do not shine in conjunction, and nowhere is this more noticeable than at the bridge-table. Just think a moment. Do you not know several husbands and wives, both keen bridge-players, both very pleasant to play with individually, but together, at the same table, whether as partners or as opponents, almost insufferable? I do.

Everyone who has played the game much will admit that a congenial atmosphere and pleasant, good-tempered people to play with add much more to the enjoyment of the game than any amount of technical skill. Many players say that they like to be told when they make mistakes, but they don't like it. They may even think that they do, but they don't in their heart of hearts, and especially before other people. The player who habitually calls attention to his partner's mistakes, and who takes trouble to explain why the hand ought to have been played differently, may be very instructive to play with, and he may be thanked very prettily for his help, but depend upon it he will not be very popular at the bridge-table.

There are certain players, and such are usually exceptionally good players, who are delightful to play with, who never lose their temper, never appear to notice their partner's mistakes, and never under any circumstances bustle their partner.

There is one friend of mine in particular, well known in London clubland, who is as remarkable for his unfailing tact and courtesy at the bridge-table as for his great skill in playing the cards. He possesses a marvellous knack of instilling confidence into his partner and of putting him on good terms with himself, with the result that indifferent players always seem to play better with him than with any other partner. Instead of scowling, as is the manner of some, when he cuts with a notoriously bad player, he will openly express his pleasure, and he will then proceed to flatter his partner so judiciously that he will almost induce him to imagine that he is a fine player; and I have seen bad

players, when they were his partner, rise to heights hitherto undreamt of and play their cards almost perfectly. There you have a picture of the "ideal" bridge-player.

I remember once seeing his partner, who was a moderate and rather nervous player, make a terrible mess of a No-Trump hand, and lose the odd trick instead of winning two by cards and the game. He said not a word, but his partner, with some glimmering consciousness that he had made an ass of himself, asked, "Did I play that right?" Instead of the vituperation, more or less pronounced, which he would have met with from most partners, the answer he got was, "You did very well. There certainly was another way of playing the hand, which might have turned out better, but I have no doubt that your view of the situation was the right one."

There are many good stories told about the methods of this ideal player, and many *bons mots* of bridge are attributed to him, but the following is one of the best.

He was playing "family" bridge in the country, and he had as partner a very charming little lady, whose good looks were only equalled by her want of knowledge of the game of bridge. Thanks to exceptionally good cards, aided by his own skill in playing them, they succeeded in winning three rubbers running.

When it was over, the lady, very much fed up by her success, said: "I wish you would tell me exactly, Mr. 'Jones,' what you think of my bridge. I don't want any of your silly nonsense, but I should like to know, really and honestly, what you think of my play."

This was rather a poser for our friend, but he was equal to the occasion. He said:—

"It has often struck me as being very curious how the card faculty seems to run in certain families. Your play reminds me to some extent of your sister's" (who was a remarkably fine player), "and still more of your mother's."

"My mother, Mr. 'Jones'?" said the lady, very much surprised. "But my mother does not play bridge, and never did."

"I know," was the answer; "that's why."

THE UNIDEAL RUBBER.

The unideal rubber, or, at any rate, the rubber with some unideal element in it, is, alas! only too common. It is rarely that one gets a rubber without some discordant element in it, small or great. One of the players is too bad, or too good, or too slow, or too fast, or too something to make the game thoroughly pleasant for the others.

Perhaps the most unideal player of all is the man who is always laying down the law, and telling his partner, and often his opponents as well, what they ought to have declared, or how they ought to have played. He is generally not a very good player himself—the best players are proverbially the most tolerant—and he is very often wrong in what he says.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW, REALLY AND HONESTLY, WHAT YOU THINK OF MY PLAY."

He always judges by results, after seeing all the hands, and it is so easy to say how the hand ought to have been played, when the position of all the cards is known. He is always prepared with an opinion on any point, and hardly a hand passes without his calling his unhappy partner over the coals for something or other. It is curious to notice how quickly he dries up when a greater than himself appears. If a player with a well-known reputation happens to join the table he becomes discreetly silent, and for that rubber at least there is peace.

I was very much amused one day at

Harrogate. I was playing a rubber in the local club with a partner whom I had never seen before. Towards the end of the rubber I had to play a No-Trump hand. It was a rather awkward hand, and I took a wrong view of the situation and lost the odd trick, involving the loss of the game and rubber, when I might have won it. We were playing for halfpenny or farthing points, I forget which. After we had settled up, my partner leant across to me and said:—

"You must find this game very expensive, don't you?"

I said, "No, I don't think I do particularly. Why?"

He replied, "I should have thought that anyone who played as badly as you do would have found it very expensive to play for these high points."

I had nothing more to say, and the matter ended; but I met my friend again the next afternoon, and he took particular pains to explain how pleased he was to meet me, and that he had no idea who I was when we played together the day before.

Next to the fault-finder, or perhaps even before him, comes the bad loser. He is simply an intolerable nuisance at the card-table, and ought to be ostracized altogether, and the habitual grumbler ought to go with him. There are players who consistently grumble all the time, even when they are winning.

Then there is the inattentive player who never knows what are trumps, or whose turn it is to lead, or the state of the score, or anything else, and he has to be informed on all these points when at last he turns his attention to the matter in hand. He is probably talking to a friend behind him or at the next table, and, valuable as his opinions may be on the Education Bill, or as to whether the House of Lords is an anachronism or a blessing to the country, the bridge-table is not the place where one wishes to hear them. One favourite performance of the inattentive player is to be engaged in drinking his tea and eating buttered toast when it is his turn to deal. Buttered toast and muffins, and even jam sandwiches, are most excellent things in their way for those with strong digestions, but their consumption while playing bridge is not to be recommended to beginners, as the cards are apt to suffer very materially.

Then there is the telephone fiend—he must certainly be added to the list. If there happens to be a telephone in the room or in the house, he is constantly being called away in the middle of a rubber. "Excuse me a moment. I am wanted at the telephone." Off he goes, probably just as the cards have been dealt, and the other three players have to sit and look at one another for five minutes, while he discusses the value of Canadian Pacifics, or explains to his wife that he is detained in the City and cannot come home to dinner. Then he comes back. "So sorry to keep you, but my broker rang me up. Things are going very badly and I have lost three hundred pounds." For which mercy everybody is unfeignedly thankful.

There are many others—a long list of them. The bad winner—he is almost worse than the bad loser. One can sympathize to a certain extent with a man who is holding very bad cards; but the bad winner, who wins your money and then crows over you and attributes it all to his own good play, is beyond salvation.

The cantankerous player, who is always looking out for opportunities of exacting vexatious penalties. The deaf player, who never hears the declaration, and has to have it shouted at him. The talkative player, who keeps up a running fire of idiotic small talk all the time. The player who insists on looking over the other hands when he is dummy, regardless of its being against the rules to do so. The player with a cold in his head—but that is his infirmity, not his fault.

Last, but by no means least, the slow player, who dwells over every card that he plays, and who will hesitate for two or three minutes whether to play an eight or a six, when it is absolutely immaterial which he plays. Slow players and bad losers ought to be compelled to make up tables of their own and always to play together. The bad losers could go on deploring their luck all the time that the slow players were hesitating, and thus everybody would be doing something.

Let us try to draw a picture of a typical unideal rubber. Imagine a very nervous and rather indifferent player, playing his first rubber in a club with three men who are all strangers to him. It is his deal, and he has just made a defensive spade declaration on his own hand, knowing no better. His partner, a very choleric-looking Indian colonel, has started up in his chair, thrown down his cards, and is glaring at him as if he would like to exterminate him.

His opponent on the right, a mild-looking old gentleman, has just asked, "What did you say? No Trumps?" and is holding up an ear-trumpet for his answer. The player on his left, whose turn it is to lead, is turned away from the table, enjoying his tea and a plenti-

"UNIDEAL BRIDGE."

fully-buttered muffin, the butter running over his fingers, to the imminent detriment of the cards, and he is paying absolutely no attention to the game at all, but telling a funny story to a man at the next table. Does the position of the dealer in this case appeal to anyone as being thoroughly enjoyable?

A good story was told a few years ago about a rubber of bridge, which could hardly be considered an ideal one for at least two of the players concerned. A certain man had just been elected a member of a very exclusive London club, where the points at bridge were very high and the standard of play distinctly good.

Being fond of bridge, although a very moderate player, he found his way to the card-room on the first afternoon of his membership, and cut into a rubber. As luck would have it, his first partner was the one man whom he ought to have studiously avoided—a very fine bridge-player, but very intolerant of mistakes on the part of his partner, and notorious for expressing his opinion on such occasions in very plain and forcible language.

The new-comer, being very nervous and rather frightened by his partner, forgot the little that he did know and committed every atrocity that he was capable of. The result was that they lost a big rubber, and then the vials of his partner's wrath were poured forth on his offending head. "Your first rubber in the club, is it? I hope to goodness it will be your last. Have you ever played the game before, anywhere? It beats me what could have induced you to join a club like this, still less to play for these points. The best thing you can do is to take your name off the club at once; and, what's more, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a monkey myself to take your name off to-morrow."

Our friend fled from the card-room and from the club, but as he was going out he met a friend on the doorstep, who stopped him and said, "What's the matter, old man? You look rather upset."

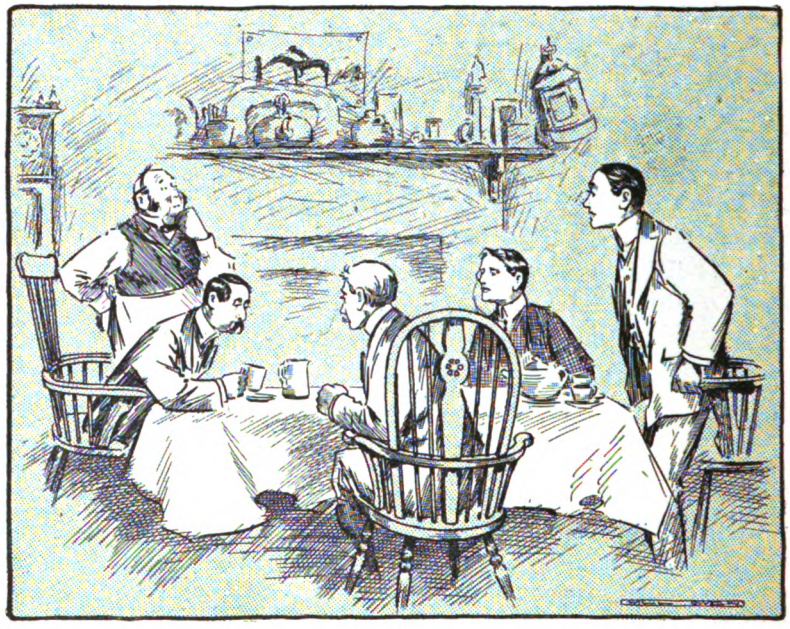
"I should think I am upset," he replied. "I have been insulted—fearfully insulted."

"Have you?" said his friend. "That's bad. Who by? Tell me all about it."

So the story was told, and finished up with—"He actually said that he would give me five hundred pounds himself to take my name off the club to-morrow. What do you advise me to do about it?"

"What do I advise you?" said his friend, seizing him by the arm and dragging him back into the club. "Why, don't be a fool. Go back at once; you are sure to get a thousand!"

THE TOLL-HOUSE



BY W. W. JACOBS

"IT'S all nonsense," said Jack Barnes. "Of course people have died in the house; people die in every house. As for the noises—wind in the chimney and rats in the wainscot are very convincing to a nervous man. Give me another cup of tea, Meagle."

"Lester and White are first," said Meagle, who was presiding at the tea-table of the Three Feathers Inn. "You've had two."

Lester and White finished their cups with irritating slowness, pausing between sips to sniff the aroma, and to discover the sex and dates of arrival of the "strangers" which floated in some numbers in the beverage. Mr. Meagle served them to the brim, and then, turning to the grimly expectant Mr. Barnes, blandly requested him to ring for hot water.

"We'll try and keep your nerves in their present healthy condition," he remarked. "For my part I have a sort of half-and-half belief in the supernatural."

"All sensible people have," said Lester. "An aunt of mine saw a ghost once."

White nodded.

"I had an uncle that saw one," he said.

"It always is somebody else that sees them," said Barnes.

"Well, there is the house," said Meagle, "a large house at an absurdly low rent, and nobody will take it. It has taken toll of at least one life of every family that has lived there—however short the time—and since it has stood empty caretaker after caretaker has died there. The last caretaker died fifteen years ago."

"Exactly," said Barnes. "Long enough ago for legends to accumulate."

"I'll bet you a sovereign you won't spend the night there alone, for all your talk," said White, suddenly.

"And I," said Lester.

"No," said Barnes, slowly. "I don't believe in ghosts nor in any supernatural things whatever; all the same, I admit that

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I should not care to pass a night there alone."

"But why not?" inquired White.

"Wind in the chimney," said Meagle, with a grin.

"Rats in the wainscot," chimed in Lester.

"As you like," said Barnes, colouring.

"Suppose we all go?" said Meagle. "Start after supper, and get there about eleven? We have been walking for ten days now without an adventure—except Barnes's discovery that ditch-water smells longest. It will be a novelty, at any rate, and, if we break the spell by all surviving, the grateful owner ought to come down handsome."

"Let's see what the landlord has to say about it first," said Lester. "There is no fun in passing a night in an ordinary empty house. Let us make sure that it is haunted."

He rang the bell, and, sending for the landlord, appealed to him in the name of our common humanity not to let them waste a night watching in a house in which spectres and hobgoblins had no part. The reply was more than reassuring, and the landlord, after describing with considerable art the exact appearance of a head which had been seen hanging out of a window in the moonlight, wound up with a polite but urgent request that they would settle his bill before they went.

"It's all very well for you young gentlemen to have your fun," he said, indulgently; "but, supposing as how you are all found dead in the morning, what about me? It ain't called the Toll-House for nothing, you know."

"Who died there last?" inquired Barnes, with an air of polite derision.

"A tramp," was the reply. "He went there for the sake of half a crown, and they found him next morning hanging from the balusters, dead."

"Suicide," said Barnes. "Unsound mind."

The landlord nodded. "That's what the jury brought it in," he said, slowly; "but his mind was sound enough when he went in there. I'd known him, off and on, for years. I'm a poor man, but I wouldn't spend the night in that house for a hundred pounds."

He repeated this remark as they started on their expedition a few hours later. They left as the inn was closing for the night; bolts shot noisily behind them, and, as the regular customers trudged slowly homewards, they set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the house. Most of the cottages were already in darkness, and lights in others went out as they passed.

"It seems rather hard that we have got to lose a night's rest in order to convince Barnes of the existence of ghosts," said White.

"It's in a good cause," said Meagle. "A most worthy object; and something seems to tell me that we shall succeed. You didn't forget the candles, Lester?"

"I have brought two," was the reply; "all the old man could spare."

There was but little moon, and the night was cloudy. The road between high hedges was dark, and in one place, where it ran through a wood, so black that they twice stumbled in the uneven ground at the side of it,

"Fancy leaving our comfortable beds for this!" said White again. "Let me see; this desirable residential sepulchre lies to the right, doesn't it?"

"Farther on," said Meagle.

They walked on for some time in silence, broken only by White's tribute to the softness, the cleanliness, and the comfort of the bed which was receding farther and farther into the distance. Under Meagle's guidance they turned off at last to the right, and, after a walk of a quarter of a mile, saw the gates of the house before them.

The lodge was almost hidden by overgrown shrubs and the drive was choked with rank growths. Meagle leading, they pushed through it until the dark pile of the house loomed above them.

"There is a window at the back where we can get in, so the landlord says," said Lester, as they stood before the hall door.

"Window?" said Meagle. "Nonsense. Let's do the thing properly. Where's the knocker?"

He felt for it in the darkness and gave a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door.

"Don't play the fool," said Barnes, crossly.

"Ghostly servants are all asleep," said Meagle, gravely, "but *I'll* wake them up before I've done with them. It's scandalous keeping us out here in the dark."

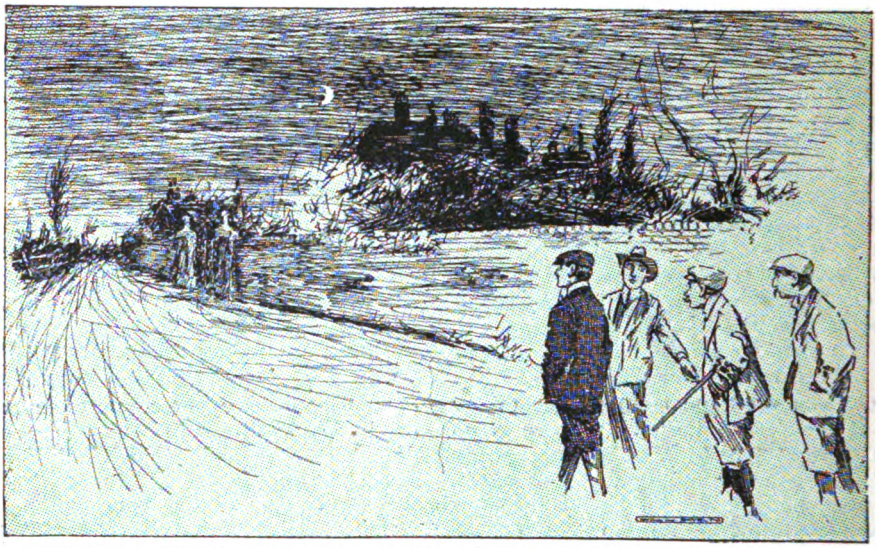
He plied the knocker again, and the noise volleyed in the emptiness beyond. Then with a sudden exclamation he put out his hands and stumbled forward.

"Why, it was open all the time," he said, with an odd catch in his voice. "Come on."

"I don't believe it was open," said Lester, hanging back. "Somebody is playing us a trick."

"Nonsense," said Meagle, sharply. "Give me a candle. Thanks. Who's got a match?"

Barnes produced a box and struck one, and Meagle, shielding the candle with his



"AFTER A WALK OF A QUARTER OF A MILE THEY SAW THE GATES OF THE HOUSE BEFORE THEM."

hand, led the way forward to the foot of the stairs. "Shut the door, somebody," he said; "there's too much draught."

"It is shut," said White, glancing behind him.

Meagle fingered his chin. "Who shut it?" he inquired, looking from one to the other. "Who came in last?"

"I did," said Lester, "but I don't remember shutting it—perhaps I did, though."

Meagle, about to speak, thought better of it, and, still carefully guarding the flame, began to explore the house, with the others close behind. Shadows danced on the walls and lurked in the corners as they proceeded. At the end of the passage they found a second staircase, and ascending it slowly gained the first floor.

"Careful!" said Meagle, as they gained the landing.

He held the candle forward and showed where the balusters had broken away. Then he peered curiously into the void beneath.

"This is where the tramp hanged himself, I suppose," he said, thoughtfully.

"You've got an unwholesome mind," said White, as they walked on. "This place is quite creepy enough without your remembering that. Now let's find a comfortable room and have a little nip of whisky apiece and a pipe. How will this do?"

He opened a door at the end of the passage and revealed a small square room. Meagle led the way with the candle, and, first melting a drop or two of tallow, stuck it on the mantelpiece. The others seated themselves on the floor and watched pleasantly as White drew from his pocket a small bottle of whisky and a tin cup.

"H'm! I've forgotten the water," he exclaimed.

"I'll soon get some," said Meagle.

He tugged violently at the bell-handle, and the rusty jangling of a bell sounded from a distant kitchen. He rang again.

"Don't play the fool," said Barnes, roughly.

Meagle laughed. "I only wanted to convince you," he said, kindly. "There ought to be, at any rate, one ghost in the servants' hall."

Barnes held up his hand for silence.

"Yes?" said Meagle, with a grin at the other two. "Is anybody coming?"

"Suppose we drop this game and go back," said Barnes, suddenly. "I don't believe in spirits, but nerves are outside anybody's command. You may laugh as you like, but it really seemed to me that I heard a door open below and steps on the stairs."

His voice was drowned in a roar of laughter.

"He is coming round," said Meagle, with a smirk. "By the time I have done with him he will be a confirmed believer. Well, who will go and get some water? Will you, Barnes?"

"No," was the reply.

"If there is any it might not be safe to drink after all these years," said Lester. "We must do without it."

Meagle nodded, and taking a seat on the floor held out his hand for the cup. Pipes

were lit, and the clean, wholesome smell of tobacco filled the room. White produced a pack of cards; talk and laughter rang through the room and died away reluctantly in distant corridors.

"Empty rooms always delude me into the belief that I possess a deep voice," said Meagle. "To-morrow I——"

He started up with a smothered exclamation as the light went out suddenly and something struck him on the head. The others sprang to their feet. Then Meagle laughed.

"It's the candle," he exclaimed. "I didn't stick it enough."

Barnes struck a match, and re-lighting the candle stuck it on the mantelpiece, and sitting down took up his cards again.

"What was I going to say?" said Meagle. "Oh, I know; to-morrow I——"

"Listen!" said White, laying his hand on the other's sleeve. "Upon my word I really thought I heard a laugh."

"Look here!" said Barnes. "What do you say to going back? I've had enough of this. I keep fancying that I hear things too; sounds of something moving about in the passage outside. I know it's only fancy, but it's uncomfortable."

"You go if you want to," said Meagle, "and we will play dummy. Or you might ask the tramp to take your hand for you, as you go downstairs."

Barnes shivered and exclaimed angrily. He got up and, walking to the half-closed door, listened.

"Go outside," said Meagle, winking at the other two. "I'll dare you to go down to the hall door and back by yourself."

Barnes came back and, bending forward, lit his pipe at the candle.

"I am nervous, but rational," he said, blowing out a thin cloud of smoke. "My nerves tell me that there is something prowling up and down the long passage outside; my reason tells me that that is all nonsense. Where are my cards?"

He sat down again, and, taking up his hand, looked through it carefully and led.

"Your play, White," he said, after a pause.

White made no sign.

"Why, he is asleep," said Meagle. "Wake up, old man. Wake up and play."

Lester, who was sitting next to him, took the sleeping man by the arm and shook him, gently at first and then with some roughness; but White, with his back against the wall and his head bowed, made no sign. Meagle bawled in his ear and then turned a puzzled face to the others.

"He sleeps like the dead," he said, grimacing. "Well, there are still three of us to keep each other company."

"Yes," said Lester, nodding. "Unless—— Good Lord! suppose——"

He broke off, and eyed them trembling.

"Suppose what?" inquired Meagle.

"Nothing," stammered Lester. "Let's wake him. Try him again. *White!* WHITE!"

"It's no good," said Meagle, seriously; "there's something wrong about that sleep."

"That's what I meant," said Lester; "and if *he* goes to sleep like that, why shouldn't——"

Meagle sprang to his feet. "Nonsense," he said, roughly. "He's tired out; that's all. Still, let's take him up and clear out. You take his legs and Barnes will lead the way with the candle. *Yes? Who's that?*"

He looked up quickly towards the door. "Thought I heard somebody tap," he said, with a shamefaced laugh. "Now, Lester, up with him. One, two—— *Lester! Lester!*"

He sprang forward too late; Lester, with his face buried in his arms, had rolled over on the floor fast asleep, and his utmost efforts failed to awake him.

"He — is — asleep," he stammered. "Asleep!"

Barnes, who had taken the candle from the mantelpiece, stood peering at the sleepers in silence and dropping tallow over the floor.

"We must get out of this," said Meagle. "Quick!"

Barnes hesitated. "We can't leave them here——" he began.

"We must," said Meagle, in strident tones "If you go to sleep I shall—— Quick! Come!"

He seized the other by the arm and strove to drag him to the door. Barnes shook him off, and, putting the candle back on the mantelpiece, tried again to arouse the sleepers.

"It's no good," he said at last, and, turning from them, watched Meagle. "Don't you go to sleep," he said, anxiously.

Meagle shook his head, and they stood for some time in uneasy silence. "May as well shut the door," said Barnes at last.

He crossed over and closed it gently. Then at a scuffling noise behind him he turned and saw Meagle in a heap on the hearthstone.

With a sharp catch in his breath he stood motionless. Inside the room the candle, fluttering in the draught, showed dimly the

"BARNES, WHO HAD TAKEN THE CANDLE FROM THE MANTELPIECE, STOOD PEERING AT THE SLEEPERS IN SILENCE."

grotesque attitudes of the sleepers. Beyond the door there seemed to his overwrought imagination a strange and stealthy unrest. He tried to whistle, but his lips were parched, and in a mechanical fashion he stooped, and began to pick up the cards which littered the floor.

He stopped once or twice and stood with bent head listening. The unrest outside seemed to increase; a loud creaking sounded from the stairs.

"Who is there?" he cried, loudly.

The creaking ceased. He crossed to the door and, flinging it open, strode out into the corridor. As he walked his fears left him suddenly.

"Come on!" he cried, with a low laugh. "All of you! All of you! Show your faces—your infernal ugly faces! Don't skulk!"

He laughed again and walked on; and the heap in the fireplace put out its head tortoise fashion and listened in horror to the retreating footsteps. Not until they had become inaudible in the distance did the listener's features relax.

"Good Lord, Lester, we've driven him mad," he said, in a frightened whisper. "We must go after him."

There was no reply. Meagle sprang to his feet.

"Do you hear?" he cried. "Stop your fooling now; this is serious. *White! Lester!* Do you hear?"

He bent and surveyed them in angry bewilderment. "All right," he said, in a trembling voice. "You won't frighten me, you know."

He turned away and walked with exaggerated carelessness in the direction of the door. He even went outside and peeped through the crack, but the sleepers did not stir. He glanced into the blackness behind, and then came hastily into the room again.

He stood for a few seconds regarding them. The stillness in the house was horrible; he could not even hear them breathe. With a sudden resolution he snatched the candle from the mantelpiece and held the flame to White's finger. Then as he reeled back stupefied the footsteps again became audible.

He stood with the candle in his shaking hand, listening. He heard them ascending the farther staircase, but they stopped suddenly as he went to the door. He walked a little way along the passage, and they went scurrying down the stairs and then at a jog-trot along the corridor below. He went back to the main staircase, and they ceased again.

For a time he hung over the balusters, listening and trying to pierce the blackness below; then slowly, step by step, he made his way downstairs and, holding the candle above his head, peered about him.

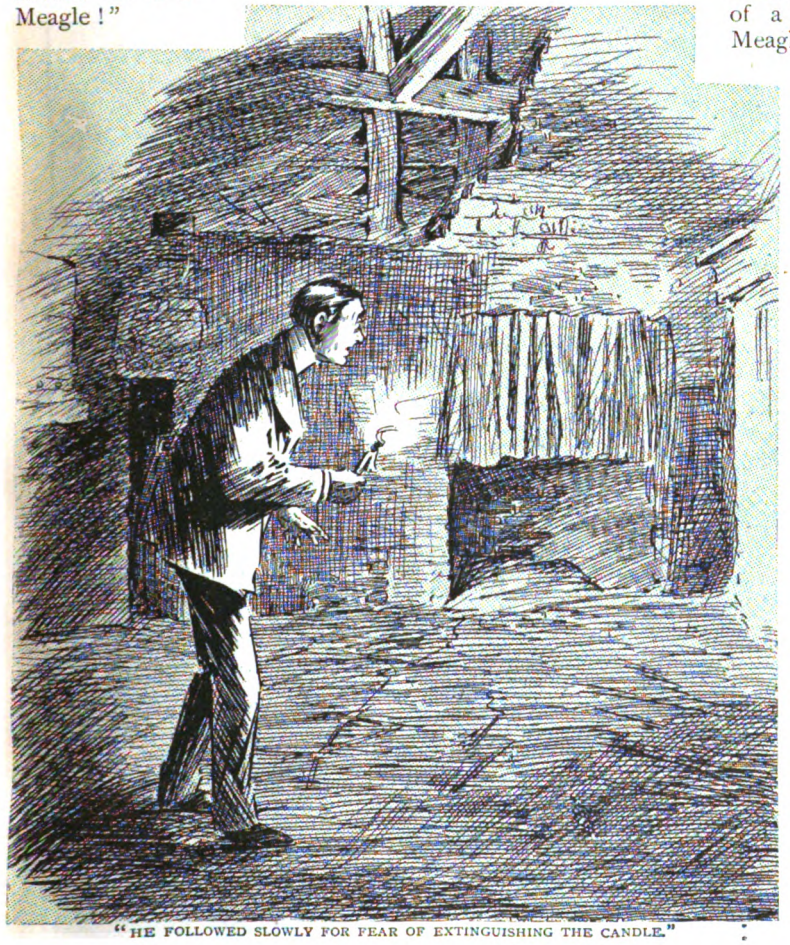
"Barnes!" he called. "Where are you?"

Shaking with fright he made his way along the passage, and summoning up all his courage pushed open doors and gazed fearfully into empty rooms. Then, quite suddenly, he heard the footsteps in front of him.

He followed slowly for fear of extinguishing the candle, until they led him at last into a vast bare kitchen, with damp walls and a broken floor. In front of him a door leading

into an inside room had just closed. He ran towards it and flung it open, and a cold air blew out the candle. He stood aghast.

"Barnes!" he cried again. "Don't be afraid! It is I—Meagle!"



"HE FOLLOWED SLOWLY FOR FEAR OF EXTINGUISHING THE CANDLE."

There was no answer. He stood gazing into the darkness, and all the time the idea of something close at hand watching was upon him. Then suddenly the steps broke out overhead again.

He drew back hastily, and passing through the kitchen groped his way along the narrow passages. He now could see better in the darkness, and finding himself at last at the foot of the staircase began to ascend it noiselessly. He reached the landing just in time to see a figure disappear round the angle of a wall. Still careful to make no noise, he followed the sound of the steps until they led him to the top floor, and he cornered the chase at the end of a short passage.

"Barnes!" he whispered. "Barnes!"

Something stirred in the darkness. A small circular window at the end of the passage just softened the blackness and revealed the dim outlines of a motionless figure. Meagle, in place of advancing, stood almost as still as a sudden horrible doubt took possession of him. With his eyes fixed on the shape in front he fell back slowly and, as it advanced upon him, burst into a terrible cry.

"Barnes! For God's sake! Is it *you?*"

The echoes of his voice left the air quivering, but the figure before him paid no heed. For a moment he tried to brace his courage up to endure its approach, then with a smothered cry he turned and fled.

The passages wound like a maze, and he threaded them blindly in a vain search for the stairs. If he could get down and open the hall door——

He caught his breath in a sob; the steps had begun again. At a lumbering trot they clattered up and down the bare passages, in and out, up and down, as though in search of him. He stood appalled, and then as they drew near entered a small room and stood behind the door as they rushed by. He came out and ran swiftly and noiselessly in the other direction, and in a moment the steps were after him. He found the long corridor and raced along it at top speed. The stairs he knew were at the end, and with the steps close behind he descended them in blind haste. The steps gained on him, and he shrank to the side to let them pass, still continuing his headlong flight. Then suddenly he seemed to slip off the earth into space.

"THE OTHERS DREW NEAR, AND ALL THREE STOOD GAZING AT THE DEAD MAN BELOW."

Lester awoke in the morning to find the sunshine streaming into the room, and White sitting up and regarding with some perplexity a badly-blistered finger.

"Where are the others?" inquired Lester.

"Gone, I suppose," said White. "We must have been asleep."

Lester arose and, stretching his stiffened limbs, dusted his clothes with his hands, and went out into the corridor. White followed. At the noise of their approach a figure which had been lying asleep at the other end sat up and revealed the face of Barnes. "Why, I've been asleep," he said, in surprise. "I don't remember coming here. How did I get here?"

"Nice place to come for a nap," said Lester, severely, as he pointed to the gap in the balusters. "Look there! Another yard and where would you have been?"

He walked carelessly to the edge and looked over. In response to his startled cry the others drew near, and all three stood gazing at the dead man below.

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VII.—THROUGH DICKENS-LAND.

THE land of Charles Dickens is spread out over a large part of the map of England. At the same time Londoners have some reason to claim Dickens as the novelist of London, inasmuch as it contains probably about half the scenery of his novels. Born at Portsea, he came to London at the age of eleven, living with his poverty-stricken family at Bayham Street, Camden Town. He went to school at Wellington House, Hampstead Road ("Our School," in sketches from "Reprinted Pieces"), from which he was removed to become a solicitor's clerk in Lincoln's Inn and afterwards in Gray's Inn, where he began to obtain that knowledge of the legal purlieus shown in his novels. At South Square, Gray's Inn (formerly Holborn Court), he found lodgings for Traddles ("David Copperfield"), whilst just across Holborn the old houses of Staple Inn easily lent themselves to romantic fancy, particularly as regards Mr. Grewgious and his pretty ward ("Edwin Drood"). In Took's Court, Cursitor Street, renamed by Dickens "Cook's Court," was the house of Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer in "Bleak House," only two minutes' walk from Lincoln's Inn Hall, the old Chancery Court in which the great law-suit of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce in the same novel was fought. At 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, we shall find the residence of Mr. Tulkinghorn, the solicitor in the case; whilst at Ely Place, a short distance away, may be

1. Dickens's Birthplace, Portsea

5. Front of Staple Inn, Holborn (BLEAK HOUSE, Etc.)

2. Bayham Street, Camden Town: Where Dickens Lived

6. Staple Inn, Holborn (EDWIN DROOD)

8. Old Chancery Court, Lincoln's Inn (BLEAK HOUSE)

3. Dickens's School, Hampstead Road

9. 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields (BLEAK HOUSE)

4. South Square, Gray's Inn (DAVID COPPERFIELD)

7. Took's Court, Cursitor Street (BLEAK HOUSE)

10. Ely Place (DAVID COPPERFIELD)

11. St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street (THE CHIMES)

located another of Dickens's lawyers, Mr. Waterbrook in "David Copperfield." In Fleet Street, St. Dunstan's Church ("The Chimes") is to be noted, and also Middle Temple Gateway, which figures in several books. The picturesque Temple fountain becomes doubly picturesque as the trysting-place of John Westlock and Ruth Pinch ("Martin Chuzzlewit"), and close by is Pump Court, where John had his daily employment. In Paper Buildings Mr. Chester, in "Barnaby Rudge," had rooms, and here also were the Stryver Chambers, in the "Tale of Two Cities." At Whitefriars Gate, as recorded in "Great Expectations," Pip received Wemmick's warning not to go home, and just outside the Gate is Hanging Sword Alley, of "A Tale of Two Cities." On the other side of the Temple, in one of the old houses in Essex Street, Magwitch, the convict, found shelter, whilst a little farther west, in Buckingham Street, Adelphi—the last house on the left-hand side of the street—we can see the lodgings of David Copperfield.

With the Albany, Piccadilly, which figures in "Our Mutual Friend," we

12. Middle Temple Gateway
("VARIOUS WORKS")

17 Essex Street, Strand
("GREAT EXPECTATIONS")

13. The Fountain, Middle Temple
("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")

18. Buckingham Street, Adelphi
("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

22. Marylebone Church—Interior
("DOMBEY AND SON")

14. Pump Court, Temple
("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")

19. The Albany, Piccadilly
("OUR MUTUAL FRIEND")

23. Newman Street, Oxford Street
("BLEAK HOUSE")

15. Paper Buildings, Temple
("A TALE OF TWO CITIES")

20. Dickens's House 1, Devonshire Terrace.

24 Carnaby Street, Soho
("NICHOLAS NICKLEBY")

16. Whitefriars Gate, Inner Temple
("GREAT EXPECTATIONS")

21 Marylebone Church
("DOMBEY AND SON")

25. Foundling Hospital, Bloomsbury
("LITTLE DORRIT")

enter the West-end district, where the novelist resided during the later years of his life, for some years at 1, Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone, near the parish church, the scene of Paul Dombey's christening and other episodes in "Dombey and Son."

In Newman Street, Oxford Street, Turveydrop's Academy ("Bleak House") may be found, whilst in adjacent Soho, Kenwig's house ("Nicholas Nickleby") has been identified in Carnaby Street, and Dr. Manette's ("Tale of Two Cities") as Carlisle House, Carlisle Street.

In Bloomsbury there is the Foundling Hospital, which has such an important place in one of the early chapters of "Little Dorrit," and close by is 48, Doughty Street, where Dickens lived during the greater part of the time he was writing "Pickwick."

In the City are many classic spots. Of Doctors' Commons, as it appears in "David Copperfield," "Little Dorrit," and other novels, Dean's Court is the only vestige left, and the surroundings of the George and Vulture Inn, Lombard Street, where Pickwick stayed, are much changed, but the Dick Whittington Inn, Smithfield, and the

30. Dick Whittington Inn, Smithfield ("GREAT EXPECTATIONS")

34. King's Head Court, E.C. ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")

27. Where "Pickwick" was Partly Written, 48, Doughty St., W.C.

31. Newman's Court, Cornhill ("PICKWICK")

35. St. Saviour's Dock ("OLIVER TWIST")

28. Dean's Court, St. Paul's ("DAVID COPPERFIELD" AND "LITTLE DORRIT")

32. Aldgate Pump ("DOMBEY AND SON")

36. View from Quilp's Wharf ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")

37. St. George the Martyr Church, Southwark ("LITTLE DORRIT")

38. Vestry, St. George's Church, Southwark ("LITTLE DORRIT")

26. Carlisle House, Carlisle Street, Soho ("TALE OF TWO CITIES")

29. George & Vulture Inn, George Yard, E.C. ("PICKWICK")

33. The Little Wooden Midshipman, 136, The Minories ("DOMBEY AND SON")

39. Little Dorrit's Playground, Portion of Marshalsea Prison ("LITTLE DORRIT")

40. Spaniards' Inn, Hampstead Heath ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

41. Old Hornsey Church ("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

42. City Road, Islington ("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

43. Goswell Road ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

44. King's Head Inn, Chigwell ("BARNABY RUDGE")

45. Coffee Room, King's Head Inn, Chigwell ("BARNABY RUDGE")

46. Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars ("TALE OF TWO CITIES")

47. High Street, Rochester (SEVERAL WORKS)

48. Bull Hotel, Rochester ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

49. Staircase, Bull Hotel, Rochester ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

50. Ball Room, Bull Hotel, Rochester ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

51. Pickwick's Bedroom, Bull Hotel, Rochester ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

52. Sitting Room, Bull Hotel, Rochester ("GREAT EXPECTATIONS")

53. Rochester Cathedral ("EDWIN DROOD")

had her boarding-house. St. Saviour's Dock, just below London Bridge, appears in "Oliver Twist," and near by we have all the environment of Quilp's Wharf ("Old Curiosity Shop"). On the other side of the river only the site of the old Marshalsea Prison can be seen from the little green oasis in Southwark which the L.C.C. has appropriately named "Little Dorrit's Playground"; but quite intact is the adjoining St. George's Church, where Little Dorrit was married, as well as the vestry where she slept when shut out from the Marshalsea.

In suburban London few scenes from the novels can be identified. Prominent exceptions are the Spaniards' Inn, Hampstead, where Mrs. Bardell, in "The Pickwick Papers," entertained her friends; and old Hornsey Church, where Betsy Trotwood's husband was buried ("David Copperfield"). On the way thither Goswell Road (then Street), where Mrs. Bardell had Mr. Pickwick as her lodger, and City Road, where Micawber resided, will be seen to have undergone no great change. On the eastern side of London will be found an inn of even greater interest—the King's Head, Chigwell, original of the Maypole in "Barnaby Rudge."

Next to London, Rochester and its neigh-

office of Dodson and Fogg in Newman's (in "Pickwick" it is Freeman's) Court, Cornhill, are to be seen much as Dickens describes them. Aldgate Pump ("Dombey and Son") survives, and actual acquaintance can be made with Captain Cuttle's "Little Midshipman" outside the shop of a ship's instrument maker in the Minories. King's Head Court is believed to be the original of the "kind of paved yard" where Mrs. Todgers, in "Martin Chuzzlewit,"

54. Crypt, Rochester Cathedral
(EDWIN DROOD)

55. Rochester Castle
(EDWIN DROOD)

56. Minor Canon Row, Rochester
(EDWIN DROOD)

57. The Monks' Vineyard, Rochester
(EDWIN DROOD)

58. Jasper's Gateway, Rochester
(EDWIN DROOD)

59. Eastgate House, Rochester
(EDWIN DROOD)

60. High Street, Rochester
(EDWIN DROOD)

61. Rochester Town Hall
(GREAT EXPECTATIONS)

62. Restoration House, Rochester
(GREAT EXPECTATIONS)

63. Watts's Charity, Rochester
("SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS")

64. Cooling Church
(GREAT EXPECTATIONS)

65. Cooling Churchyard
(GREAT EXPECTATIONS)

66. The Horseshoe and Castle, Cooling
(GREAT EXPECTATIONS)

67. Cob Tree Hall, Sandling, Kent
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

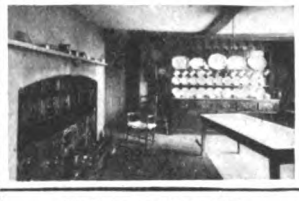
bourhood have the greatest interest for the Dickensonian. The High Street is described in several books, and its Bull Hotel is the most famous of all the Pickwickian hostelries, with the spacious room in which the ball took place, and the bedchamber occupied by Pickwick. The room in which Pip ("Great Expectations") had his dinner is also pointed out, although in this novel the inn is called the Blue Boar. Memories of "Edwin Drood" — in which novel Rochester is "Cloisterham" — will take us to the cathedral, in whose crypt Durdles hunted for "old 'uns," to the old Castle, Minor Canon Row, and the Monks' Vineyard. Jasper's Gateway is to be seen in reality, whilst in Eastgate House we shall recognise the "Nuns' House," Miss Twinkleton's boarding-school, and, in an old gabled building in the High Street, the establishment of both Mr. Sapsea ("Edwin Drood") and Mr. Pumblechock ("Great Expectations"). Restoration House, a fine old mansion, appears in "Great Expectations" as "Satis House," the home of Miss Havisham, whilst the Town Hall recalls the apprenticeship of Pip to Mr. Gargery. And before leaving Rochester we must not forget the quaint buildings of Watts's Charity, which Dickens has immortalized in his story of "The Seven Poor Travellers."

Between Rochester and Maidstone will be found many noted scenes. At the village of Cooling there is all the "local colour" of the early chapters of "Great Expectations." The graves of Pip's family may be seen in the churchyard, whilst the Horseshoe and Castle Inn answers to the description of the Three Jolly Bargemen. At Sandling we have in Cob Tree Hall the original of Dingley Dell, with its hospitable kitchen, and the skating-pond on which the Pickwickians came to grief. At Aylesford Bridge the Pickwickians are supposed to have crossed the Medway on their return to London, and at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, they recovered Mr. Tupman after his threat

of suicide. In Cobham Park may be seen the Swiss Chalet which was Dickens's summer "workshop" in the grounds of Gadshill Place, whence it was removed after his death. The novelist's last home is, of course, only a few miles distant; and in the same neighbourhood are the wonderful stones, known as Kit's Coty House, which so exercised the ingenious minds of the Pickwick Club.

The city of Canterbury was, of course, the scene of several chapters in "David Copperfield"; but, except the Cathedral and the Fountain Hotel, Dickens has described scarcely anything with sufficient exactness to admit of certain identification.

In the West of England, Bath and Salisbury are important centres of Dickensian interest. The Pump Room, with its "Tompion clock and a statue of Beau Nash," and the Assembly Rooms recall the festive life of the Pickwickians; whilst in Queen Square may be pointed out the house of Mr. Angelo Bantam, the Crescent being ever memorable as the scene of Mr. Winkle's misadventure with Dowler. Salisbury—Cathedral, High Street, Poultry Cross—is fully described in "Martin Chuzzlewit";



68. Kitchen at Cob Tree Hall
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

69. Pond at Cob Tree Hall
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

70. Aylesford, Kent
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

71. Leather Bottle Inn, Cobham
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

72. Bar Parlour, Leather Bottle Inn
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

73. Dickens's Swiss Chalet in Cobham Park

74. Gadshill Place: Dickens's Last Home

75. Kit's Coty House, near Maidstone
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

76. Canterbury Cathedral
("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

77. Fountain Hotel, Canterbury
("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

78. Assembly Rooms, Bath
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

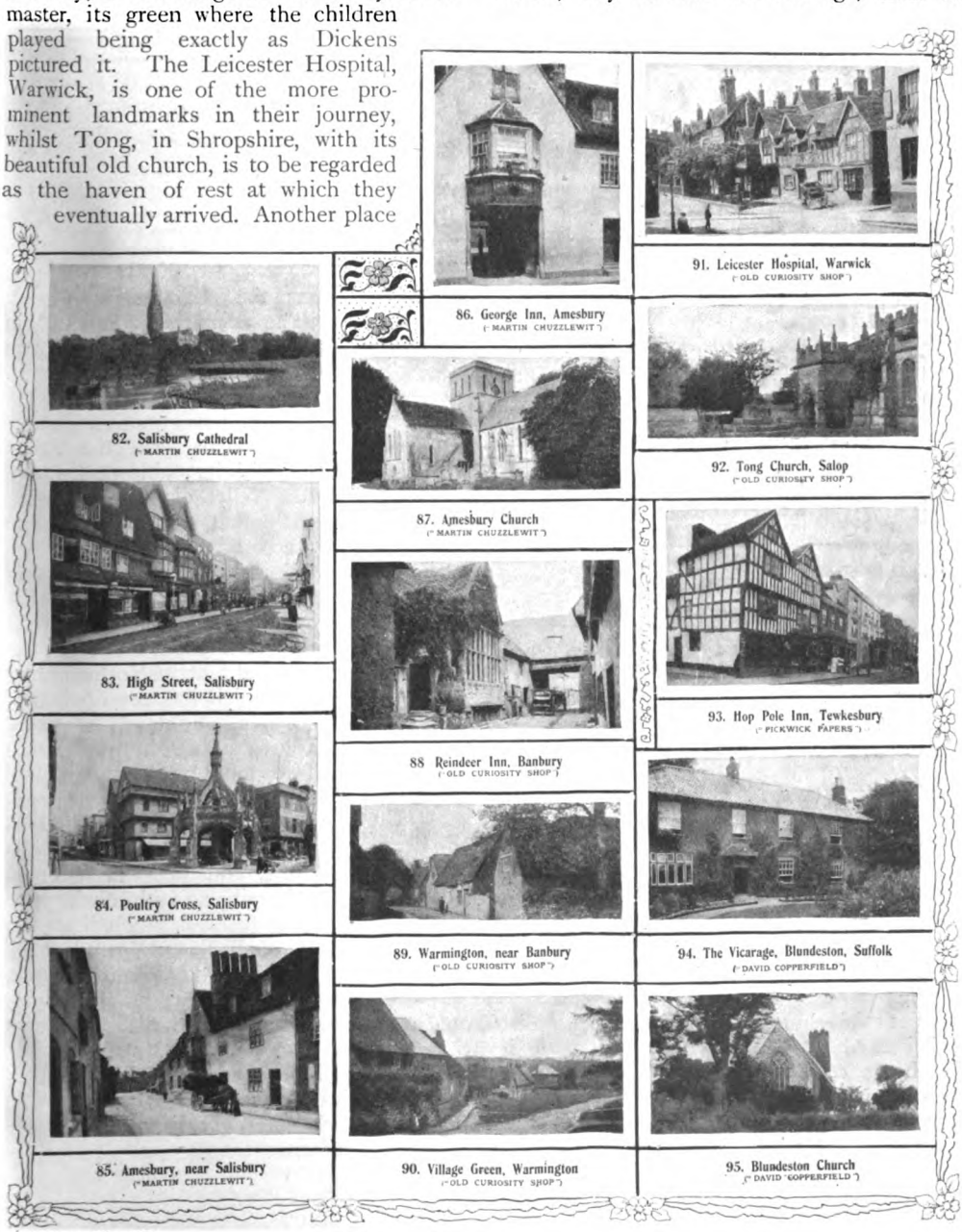
79. Pump Room, Bath
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

80. "Bantam's" House, Bath
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

81. The Crescent, Bath
("PICKWICK PAPERS")

and the same novel has given celebrity to Amesbury, a little town eight miles distant, as the home of Mr. Pecksniff, its George Inn being the Blue Dragon, where so much of its incident takes place. Banbury has been identified as the *locale* of the race-meeting in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the Reindeer being the resting-place for the night of Little Nell and the Grandfather. Warmington, near Banbury, is the village of the kindly schoolmaster, its green where the children played being exactly as Dickens pictured it. The Leicester Hospital, Warwick, is one of the more prominent landmarks in their journey, whilst Tong, in Shropshire, with its beautiful old church, is to be regarded as the haven of rest at which they eventually arrived. Another place in the West Country, the Hop Pole Inn, Tewkesbury, is worth mentioning in connection with Pickwick's dinner in the company of Bob Sawyer, on his journey to Birmingham.

East Anglia suggests Yarmouth and Peggotty's boat, but this, apparently, never existed except in Dickens's imagination. But at Blundeston, a village seven miles from Yarmouth, whose name he very slightly varied, may be seen the vicarage, close to



82. Salisbury Cathedral ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
83. High Street, Salisbury ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
84. Poultry Cross, Salisbury ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
85. Amesbury, near Salisbury ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
86. George Inn, Amesbury ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
87. Amesbury Church ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT")
88 Reindeer Inn, Banbury ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")
89. Warmington, near Banbury ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")
90. Village Green, Warmington ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")
91. Leicester Hospital, Warwick ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")
92. Tong Church, Salop ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP")
93. Hop Pole Inn, Tewkesbury ("PICKWICK PAPERS")
94. The Vicarage, Blundeston, Suffolk ("DAVID COPPERFIELD")
95. Blundeston Church ("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

96. Plough Inn, Hopton, near Yarmouth ("DAVID COPPERFIELD")

97. White Horse Hotel, Ipswich ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

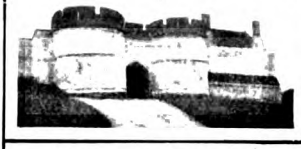
98. St. Clement's Church, Ipswich ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

99. Angel Inn, Bury St. Edmunds ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

100. Yard of Angel Inn, Bury St. Edmunds ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

101. Rockingham Castle ("BLEAK HOUSE")

102. Rockingham Castle, The Ghost's Walk ("BLEAK HOUSE")



103. Gateway, Rockingham Castle ("BLEAK HOUSE")

104. Great Hall, Rockingham Castle ("BLEAK HOUSE")

105. The Trooper's Lodge, Rockingham Castle ("BLEAK HOUSE")

106. Pomfret Arms, Towcester ("PICKWICK PAPERS")

107. Original of Dotheboys Hall, Bowes, Yorkshire ("NICHOLAS NICKLEBY")

the peaceful churchyard, which the novelist rechristened as The Rookery and made it the home of David Copperfield. Barkis, the carrier, plied his trade between Blundestone and Yarmouth; the Plough, at Hopton, was his half-way house. Ipswich was the Eatanswill of "The Pickwick Papers," in whose pages one reads of the White Horse Inn and St. Clement's Church. In Bury St. Edmunds, another famous Pickwickian spot, the Angel Inn, with its stable-yard, where Sam Weller disported himself, is all that can be identified with certainty.

Going north from London the most important place in the geography of the novels is Rockingham Castle, the ancestral seat in Northamptonshire which was the original of Chesney Wold in "Bleak House," although he chose to place the home of the Dedlocks in Lincolnshire. Dickens was several times included in the house-party at Rockingham Castle, and was thus enabled to describe so faithfully its principal features, including the Ghost's Walk and the "trooper's lodge." The Pomfret Arms, Towcester, in the same county, appears in "Pickwick" under the name of the Saracen's Head—it is there that Mr. Pickwick has his unexpected encounter with the rival editors of Eatanswill. At Bowes, in Yorkshire, the original Dotheboys Hall is to be seen.

Illustrated from Photographs by Catharine Weed Ward.

"THE THIEVES' TERROR."

By W. E. Norris.

LADY ALSTONBOROUGH declared that her husband was, beyond all comparison, the fussiest man in the whole world. That statement may have been exaggerated; but she probably did not exceed the limits of truth when she went on to say that nobody else would have summoned his bailiff from the North of England to Central Europe in order to give the man instructions which might just as well have been transmitted by post. His lordship rejoined that he had no time for writing letters; adding that, anyhow, Henderson could now be dispatched straight home in charge of the family jewels, which was one comfort.

"Henderson won't let himself be robbed; I can trust Henderson. Hanged if I can trust your idiot of a maid!"

It would have been permissible even to one who was not fidgety by temperament to feel some anxiety respecting the custody of the famous Alstonborough diamonds, which would never have left England if their owner could have helped it. But as his wife had accompanied him on a special mission of ceremony to an important Court, it had been thought necessary that she should exhibit herself there in full splendour, while certain engagements stood in the way of an immediate return to Alstonborough Castle. Thus it came to pass that John Henderson, a huge, powerful, stolid fellow, who looked no promising subject either for violence or cajolery, was given the precious cases, together with very precise instructions for his guidance during the long journey which lay before him.

"Now mind, Henderson, you are not to let them out of your hands for one single moment, and you mustn't close an eye while you are in the train. Sorry for you: but you will have to take it out in sleep later. Here are the keys, which you'll want at the Custom House; put them in your trousers pocket. Be particularly careful as you're going on board and leaving the steamer, and if anybody shows an inclination to hustle you, send him flying with your elbow. I'm afraid you'll have to stay the night at Reddington; you'll hardly get there in time to catch the last train for the branch line. However, you'll be safe enough by then, I should hope."

Mr. Henderson was of opinion that he would be safe enough the whole way. Never having been out of his native land before, he was naturally a little bewildered by the interrogations of foreign railway officials, and desirous of finding himself once more amongst people who could talk intelligibly; but he was quite sure that nobody could deprive him of what had been entrusted to his care, and for the rest he found that silence, combined with a resolute shake of the head and the production of his ticket, answered all practical purposes. Nevertheless, it is no joke to maintain an unflinchingly erect attitude through an entire day and night, nor can food be partaken of in any comfort while your hands are hampered by clutching a couple of heavy leather cases. Moreover, it was Mr. Henderson's misfortune to be a poor sailor; so that when he reached Charing Cross on the second evening, after a quite uneventful journey, he was nearer to being fagged out than he would have cared to acknowledge. With as little delay as possible he had himself driven to St. Pancras, took his seat in the first northward-bound train, and heaved a great sigh.

"I wouldn't take on such a job a second time for twenty pound!" he muttered. "Not but what his lordship was right to give it me. There's no dependence on servants in a crowd; nor yet I don't know who but me would have kep' awake all this blessed time."

He was not very far from dropping off into a nap as the words passed his lips; but

he shook himself up like a watch-dog when, at the last moment, a belated and unwelcome passenger stepped into the compartment of which he had fondly hoped that he might be left in sole possession. The intruder, a brisk, alert-looking little man, with a clean-shaven face and bright grey eyes, presented no appearance of belonging to the criminal classes; still, the only safe plan when you hold a fortune on your knees is to trust nobody, and John Henderson, defrauded of his forty winks, inwardly commended his fellow-traveller to the devil. Nor was he able to respond otherwise than by a somewhat surly grunt to the latter's cheerful remark of:—

"Just nicked it off! I was more than half afraid that you would start without me, I can tell you."

"AT THE LAST MOMENT A BELATED AND UNWELCOME PASSENGER STEPPED INTO THE COMPARTMENT."

The train had left the terminus and was forging ahead, at an ever-increasing rate of speed, through the suburbs of London before the stranger spoke again. When he did so, it was to make a rather startling announcement.

"Well, Mr. Henderson," said he, smiling, "you don't seem over and above pleased to see me. You ought to be, though, for I'm here to look after you."

"Look after *me!*" growled John, lowering his shaggy eyebrows. "Much obliged; but I can look after myself, I b'lieve. Who are you, if I may take the liberty of askin'?"

"No liberty at all," returned the other, pleasantly. "I'm Inspector Barnes, of Scotland Yard, instructed by telegram from Lord Alstonborough to see that you and those leather cases you're hugging don't come to any harm."

A slight flush overspread John Henderson's weather-beaten cheeks. The principle of trusting nobody may be a sound one, but persons of established integrity cannot be expected to enjoy a personal application of it, and it was but human to retort sullenly:—

"I don't know what 'arm his lordship thought was likely to come to any property put in my keepin'."

"Of course you don't," his neighbour assented, with a good-humoured laugh; "how should an honest man like you know the things that it's my business to know? Come, Mr. Henderson, you mustn't take it amiss that Lord Alstonborough decided, or was advised, to adopt precautions which he ought never to have neglected. As if jewels of that value could be carted about from place to place without every first-class professional thief in London getting wind of what was up! And, mind you, it isn't disparaging you in any sort of way to say that you're no match for a professional thief—let alone two or three acting in concert."

"What d'ye mean?" inquired John, sternly. "You call yourself a police inspector, but you may be a professional thief yourself for anything I know."

"And supposing I were, Mr. Henderson? Supposing I were a professional thief who wanted to get those diamonds away from you without any special trouble, what do you think I should do?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. I can tell you what'd be done to you."

"You would begin by knocking me down, eh? Well, you're strong enough to knock me into the middle of next week. Have a try, if you like."

"Do you mean that?" inquired the

bailiff, exasperated by the other's patronizing manner.

Inspector Barnes nodded, and John, not even taking the trouble to rise, delivered a smashing blow upon the opposite cushions, which had the effect of causing him to overbalance himself, while the elusive inspector, laughing aloud, cried :—

"Go on, my dear man, go on till you're tired! It'll help to keep you awake, and I'll venture to say that you won't touch me once between this and Reddington. Bless your simple soul! If I hadn't learnt the A B C of self-defence long ago, I shouldn't be where I am to-day."

As John did not see fit to comply with an invitation which it would have been an obvious waste of strength and breath to accept, Mr. Barnes presently resumed :—

"No, my dear sir; if I wanted to rob you, I shouldn't choose a railway carriage for the purpose; I should wait for a better opportunity, and then — well, let me see; I might do it in one of half-a-dozen ways. How about this, for instance?"

Like a cat, he sprang upon his neighbour, into whose stomach he thrust his knees and whose bushy moustache he gripped with lithe, tenacious fingers.

"Let go! Let go!" gasped the helpless giant, buffeting the air wildly.

Mr. Barnes at once relaxed his hold and skipped back to his seat. "Merely by way of illustration," he blandly explained. "I could have pulled that moustache of yours out by the roots, and then you wouldn't have done with me. Ever see the French *savate?* Know anything about jiu-jitsu? Ah, well! I could show you a number of tricks that would astonish you a bit; but never mind. All I wish, Mr. Henderson," he went on, in a graver tone, "is to convince you that, powerful as you are, and bravely as I have no doubt you would fight in any ordinary scrimmage, you would be a mere infant in the hands of these rascals."

"What rascals?" John inquired, visibly impressed, but still suspicious and defiant.

"That's more than I can tell you for certain, because it's a large gang. What I can say positively, from information received, is that they are after you, and there are sure to be two, if not three of them. I hadn't time to look whether they were in this train or not, but I don't much believe they are, and I hope they're not, for I shouldn't care to have them see me. More likely they'll come on by the night mail and follow you to the Black Horse at Reddington."

"How come you to know as I was goin' to put up at the Black Horse?" the astonished bailiff asked.

Mr. Barnes did not seem to think so ingenuous a question worthy of any reply. He only mentioned that he would, of course, spend the night in the same hostelry, and that he had confidence in his ability to defeat an attempt which would without doubt be made. But he laughed to scorn the suggestion of informing the local police

"What, give away the whole show and lose my chance of collaring an artist who has slipped through my fingers more than once already? Not me, thank you! When I want a lot of clumsy borough constables I'll send for them,

"LIKE A CAT HE SPRANG UPON HIS NEIGHBOUR."

and that won't be until to-morrow morning, unless I'm much mistaken. I like to do my work single-handed, and, although I'm not a vain man, I may tell you, Mr. Henderson, that it don't often happen to me to bungle it."

Whatever he might be pleased to say of himself, his subsequent conversation did not appear to indicate diffidence as his most salient quality. However, he had an abundance of others which might, perhaps, be held to excuse and account for some lack of that superfluous one. He had travelled in many lands, it seemed, and had learnt pretty well all that there was to learn respecting the strategy and tactics of skilled depredators, British and foreign. Also he had fought them with their own weapons and worsted them times out of mind. That, according to him, was the only way. In no species of warfare or contest could brute force have the ghost of a chance against science.

"They call me 'The Thieves' Terror,' I'm told," he remarked; "and, between you and me, I don't know but what I've fairly earned the name. If it were to come to the ears of certain parties that Sam Barnes was to be at the Black Horse to-night, they mightn't think this job good enough. But then, again, they might; for it would be a big haul if it came off, you see—an uncommon big haul!"

By the time that Reddington was reached John Henderson had become perceptibly less distrustful of his companion and more disposed towards a friendly acceptance of the situation than he had been. If he still felt a trifle sore because Lord Alstonborough, on second thoughts, had deemed him unfit to be left without additional protection, he had to admit that the circumstances were not such as to render that protection unnecessary. Mr. Barnes had demonstrated to him how swiftly he might be grappled with and chloroformed, added to which he almost doubted whether it would be in his power to remain awake throughout another night. The two men supped together, after John had retired to his bedroom to give himself a much-needed wash, and one of them was soon nodding drowsily, despite the other's flow of talk, which continued to be vivacious and interesting. Nevertheless, he was startled into renewed vigilance and solicitude when Mr. Barnes said:—

"Well, now, the best thing you can do is to get to bed and hand those jewels over to me. They'll be safer with me than they are with you, three parts asleep as you are already."

"No, sir," replied John, firmly. "My orders was not to leave go o' them cases for a moment, and I'm goin' to carry out my orders, you may depend."

Mr. Barnes grew a little impatient. He also, he reminded the obstinate bailiff, had received orders, for the due execution of which he would be held responsible. He had a right to consider himself in command, and, unless his plan were adopted, the loss of Lord Alstonborough's property would be a highly probable result.

"You don't know the cunning or the activity of these scamps. Stands to reason that they'll make straight for your room—now don't ask me how they'll get into the house; that's wasting time. They'll make for your room, and it won't do for them to find either me or the cases there. If they were to find me, there'd be no robbery and no conviction; they'd pretend to have made a mistake in the room, that would be all. If they find the cases, it's long odds on their getting away with them before we know where we are. My calculation is that when they discover no swag they'll question you, with a revolver at your head. 'What have you done with those diamonds?' they'll ask. 'Left 'em with a friend of mine in the bedroom opposite,' says you, making believe to be scared to death. And it'll be queer if you and I between us don't make them repent that they ever set foot in that opposite bedroom."

A good deal of further argument and persuasion had to be employed; but at length John Henderson reluctantly yielded.

"I don't know as I'm right," said he, slowly; "but the truth is that what weighs with me more'n anythin' else is my bein' so mortal sleepy. I b'lieve as I should drop off standin' up in another five minutes."

He moved towards the door, relinquishing the precious cases, but paused irresolutely on the threshold. "Beg pardon, Mr. Barnes," he said; "I don't mean no offence; but—this 'ere do look a bit like what I've 'eard termed the confidence trick, don't it? Now, if you was to give me some little security in return for my trustin' of you—any articles of value as you might 'appen to 'ave about you——"

Mr. Barnes, restored to good humour, laughed heartily. "It would look even more like the confidence trick then," he observed. "However, you're very welcome to take charge for the night of all I've got. Here's my watch, which wouldn't fetch a couple of pounds, I'm afraid, and here's my money."

He drew forth his pocket-book, which

contained a few bank-notes, and then produced a handful of sovereigns and loose change. "Twenty-three pounds fifteen and six," he remarked, after counting up the coins. "More than I thought I had with me, but nothing near the value of the smallest of his lordship's diamonds, I suspect. Still, if it helps in any way to ease your mind——"

"It do, sir," John rather sheepishly confessed. "I look upon this as a pledge and proof that you're actin' on the square by me, for no man, I don't care who he is, wants to throw as much money as that away."

"HE DREW FORTH HIS POCKET-BOOK, WHICH CONTAINED A FEW BANK-NOTES."

He climbed the stairs with heavy steps, reached his bedroom, locked the door, pulling a chest of drawers before it for added security, then, without even removing his clothes, flung himself upon the bed, and in less than two minutes was plunged into stertorous slumber.

He never stirred again until the next morning, when a volley of knocks from without roused him to consciousness and to the discovery that it was broad daylight. Staggering to his feet, he removed the chest of drawers, opened the door, and stood face to face with a local superintendent of police in uniform, flanked by a brace of constables.

"Well, Mr. Henderson," began the former, with whom he had some personal acquaintance, "you've done it this time and no mistake! Never should I have believed it of you! To let yourself be drugged and robbed by a thief whom anybody with half an eye could have spotted as a thief—and you with a king's ransom in your care, as one may say! Why, if I didn't know you for a temperate man, I should think you must have been in liquor when you took up with him!"

"What's gone of Inspector Barnes?" asked John, stupidly.

"Inspector Gammon! It's enough to make a man feel quite poorly to listen to you! As for your friend that you brought here with you last night, I only wish I knew where he was. The mischief is that he has got seven or eight clear hours' start of us. Walked out of the house last night as coolly as you please, with a case under each arm, and told the barmaid he had changed his mind about sleeping here. And half an hour ago we got a telegram warning us to look out for him. I'm sorry for you, Mr. Henderson, very sorry for you; but I can't acquit you of blame—I can't, really."

"I 'ad my suspicions about him from the first," murmured John, meditatively; "I 'ad my suspicions. Though he was a sing'larly pleasant-spoken, intelligent style o' man, too."

"You could do with a little of his intelligence yourself, Mr. Henderson, if you'll excuse my saying so," snapped the superintendent. "All I have to say is, I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle when his lordship hears of this. For I tell you plainly it's my belief that those diamonds are out of their settings by now."

"Oh, 'tain't so bad as that," answered John; "they're in their settin's right enough, though they've lost their cases, I reckon."

Unbuttoning his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, he displayed a glittering necklace which

"UNBUTTONING HIS COAT, WAISTCOAT, AND SHIRT, HE DISPLAYED A GLITTERING NECKLACE."

encircled his hirsute throat, while a further process of disrobing revealed tiaras, bracelets, and earrings strangely distributed about other parts of his person.

"Mighty uncomfortable things to lie upon," he remarked, "and yet they didn't keep me awake, not for a minute. That feller drugged my beer, you say. Well, I shouldn't wonder; but it wasn't 'ardly needed, I was that 'eavy with sleep. You see," he went on, "I thought there wouldn't be no 'arm in bein' on the safe side; so when I come upstairs to wash before supper I just took the liberty of openin' them cases and riggin' myself out like what you see. The cases is gone for ever, I doubt, but somethin' pretty well *'ad* to go. Inspector Barnes — so to call him — showed me sufficient to bring it 'ome to me that he was a more slippery customer than I could 'ope to tackle, if it comes to that. Goes by the name o' 'The Thieves' Terror,' so he told me. Maybe he was a bit too clever when he terrified a fellow-traveller as wasn't no thief. Now, what should you suppose might be the worth o' them leather cases?"

"Indeed, I couldn't say, Mr. Henderson," replied the superintendent, suddenly admiring and deferential. "Not more than five or six pounds when they were new, I presume."

"Leavin' me," observed John, "with a balance of eighteen and a gun-metal watch, which my friend Barnes was so kind as to deposit with me as a guarantee o' good faith. Well, he can 'ave his property if he likes to call for it; but I don't somehow expect as he will."

IN the perpetual whirl of excitement enveloping the Stock Exchange, what dramas of life and love, happiness and suffering, often lie hidden no man, not even the oldest operator, may tell. The rise of Westralians by one point may mean two blighted hearts, a drop in Santa Fé's may mean the ruin of a promising career. Although no eye in "the House" may see it, scrip often marches hand in hand with sentiment. Financial "bulls" and "bears" are elsewhere domestic kids and lambs, and bullets and billets-doux are too often the sequel of a deal on 'Change; albeit such, when they occur, are rarely known to the world. But there are other stories, romances, adventures well known in each of the markets and almost daily canvassed in Capel Court. Some of these stories illustrate very vividly the vicissitudes of Stock Exchange finance and the powerful secret agents which sometimes operate behind the scenes.

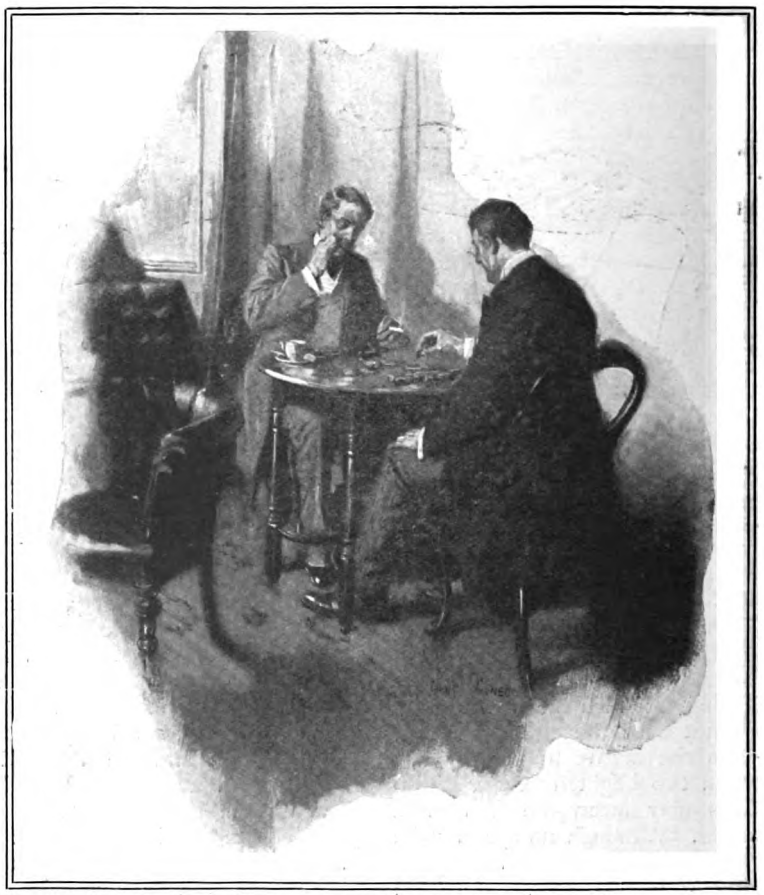
It is, of course, a well-known fact that Wall Street practically controls the Yankee market in London. At ten minutes past three in Throgmorton Street it is ten o'clock in New York, at which hour the American Stock Exchange opens. The prices are immediately cabled over to London, and there is always a great rush to get what is called "parity"—that is to say, the adjustment of the English prices to those ruling in New York. It is not surprising, therefore, that brokers often gamble on the probable American prices, and on one occasion, by sheer barefaced effrontery, a practically insolvent broker was able not only to retrieve his position and rescue himself from a very tight corner, but to come off with a by no means despicable sum in hand.

This broker knew his position to be all but hopeless, and he resolved to stake everything in a final gamble. He thought there was a strong probability of the American prices coming in fairly strong; so he acquired in one way or another during the morning from twenty to thirty thousand shares. Then he walked over to his club and played dominoes for the rest of the afternoon.

His expectations were only too well realized, for the Wall Street prices were exceptionally favourable that day. Thus he was able to retrieve his position, and, incidentally, to save his life, for he had determined to shoot himself if Fortune had once again proved herself a fickle jade.

We can hardly pass by the subject of suicide without recalling to remembrance the tragic end of a well-known financier about a year ago. Falling markets and worthless stocks had all but ruined him, and in his despair he made an end of himself. But at the time of his death he owned forty thousand Vaal River shares and half the Founders' shares in the same stock. These were then hardly worth the paper they were written on, but a few months afterwards realized a colossal sum. The Founders' shares alone realized six thousand pounds each. Had he not been so precipitate in his rash action, this financier would be now a millionaire.

The market is often the scene of tragic

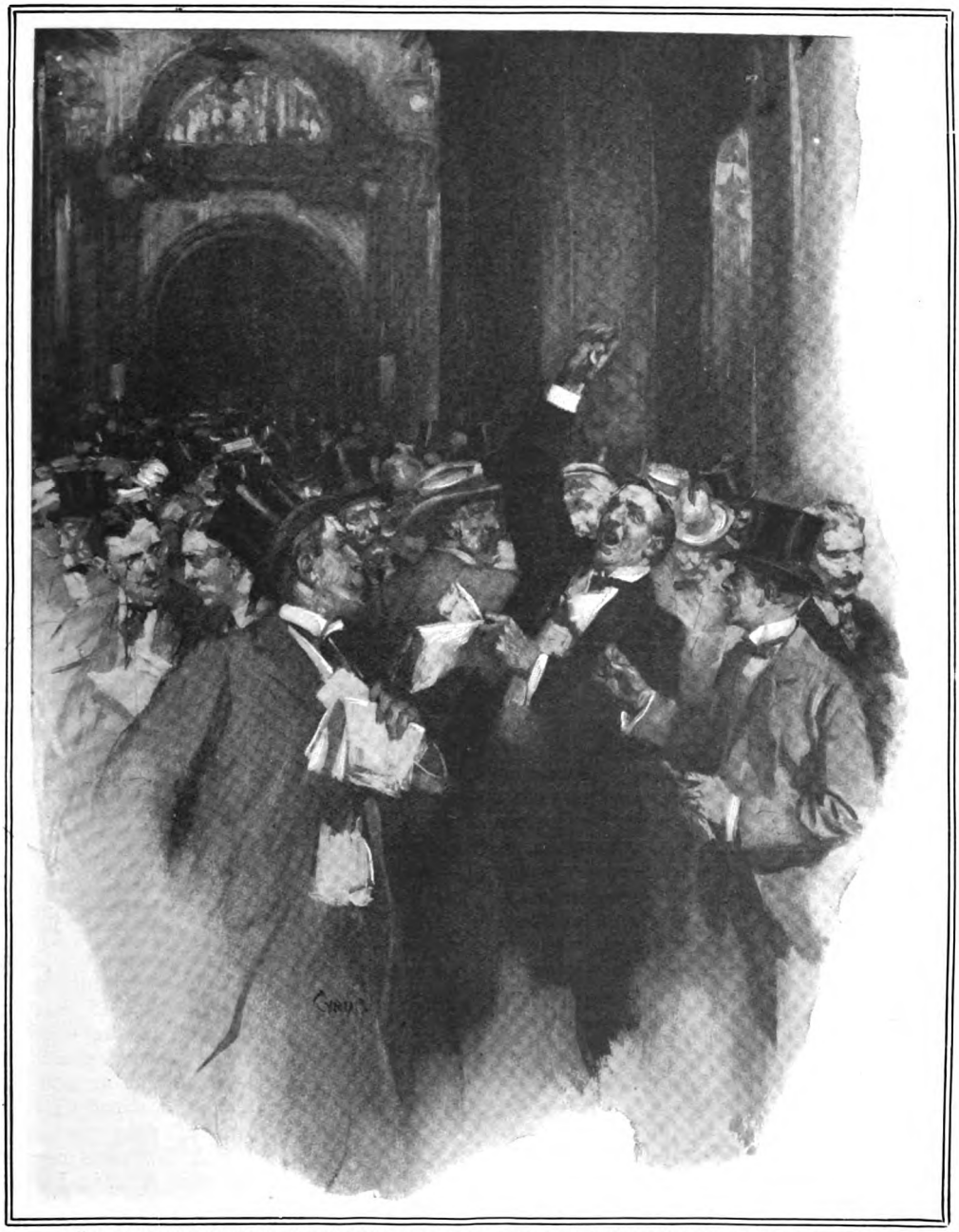


"HE WALKED OVER TO HIS CLUB AND PLAYED DOMINOES FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON."

exploits. Just before a sensational collapse in Northern Pacific stock stunned the members of the London Stock Exchange, a jobber bid for one thousand shares. Another jobber, inclined to sell them, but unable, in consequence of the constant shouting, to make his voice heard above the din, whispered to the man next him—famed for his loud voice—to sell a thousand shares on his behalf, promising an eighth commission for his trouble.

He was a splendid giant of a fellow, and readily agreed to help his friend out of what seemed a trifling difficulty. Drawing himself up to his full height, with a roar like a bull his mighty voice was heard above the pandemonium. Even then so great was the uproar that his stentorian effort was thrice repeated; but it was effectual. The din became hushed, and the swaying, shouting mob focused their eyes upon the owner of this tremendous lung-power. It is needless to say that the thousand shares were instantly sold, and the good-humoured Oxford-bred giant was in high feather when the husky-voiced jobber handed him a cheque for his trouble. But before the next settling-day he was surrounded by a number of brokers, who requested delivery of the thousand shares "I will go and see Brown," he said. Brown was the husky-voiced broker. "Brown! Surely you have heard the news! He has just failed for half a million. We look to you for the shares." The colour left the young broker's face. He found himself suddenly landed with a loss of seventeen thousand pounds, in return for his one-eighth commission. It was said afterwards that he had a weak heart, but, however that may be, he fell dead on the spot.

"Spoof markets" is a term familiar to all who are in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, but it is a remarkable fact that this hoax is being continually played—and played with success—on even the most veteran habitués of Throgmorton Street.



"DRAWING HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, WITH A ROAR LIKE A BULL HIS MIGHTY VOICE WAS HEARD ABOVE THE PANDEMONIUM."

If a jobber finds that things are pretty flat in his own particular market, he will sometimes betake himself to another where business is in a more healthy state. He is generally very ignorant of the condition of affairs in the new market, and probably asks a friend to give him a tip as to what is a good thing to buy. His friend says that in all likelihood there will be a boom in Modder Deep A (a stock which doesn't really exist). The jobber expresses his obligation for the information and begins to deal in these shares. Word is passed round to other brokers in the market to keep the game up, and they quote him a price—say, 2⅜–½.

All day long he buys and sells these shares, and at first is allowed to make a little profit. But it is contrived that towards the end of the afternoon he has sold, say, two thousand more shares than he has bought. Then they start running up the shares. From two they jump to three and then to five, and the broker, realizing that he has lost many thousands of pounds, goes home an apparently ruined man. One can imagine his relief the next morning when he discovers that it is only a hoax; but his feelings meanwhile must be anything but agreeable.

On one such occasion, indeed, the jesters had a tragic reason to regret their grim jest. The unfortunate victim of a "spoof market," realizing that all was lost, got together all his available possessions and took the night train for the Continent. While crossing from Dover, being filled with remorse as well as despair for his cowardly flight, he jumped overboard in mid-Channel, and his body was never recovered.

A leading stockbroker, whom we will call Thompson, was asked a few years ago to make a market for the Lady Hampton Mines, West Australia. But as he asked a bigger fee than the company were prepared to pay, the privilege was bestowed elsewhere. Now Thompson was a very choleric individual, and when he heard he had lost the business he was exceedingly angry; and, with the object of depreciating the value of the shares, offered them freely for sale in the market. When the firm who had been commissioned to make the market heard of this, they sent a representative to buy some shares from him, and, as soon as this transaction was completed, asked him to call in and see them.

"We have," they said, "bought so many Lady Hamptons from you. Now, as a matter of fact, none of this stock has as yet been issued, and it is all locked up in our safe. If we chose we could issue them at ten thousand pounds, or even more, per share, and you would have to buy them at that price. Now, to settle this, we want two hundred and fifty thousand pounds from you to-day, or three hundred thousand pounds to-morrow."

They eventually compromised for one hundred thousand pounds, but, in addition to paying this, Thompson was obliged to write a letter to the *Times* to apologize for his action.

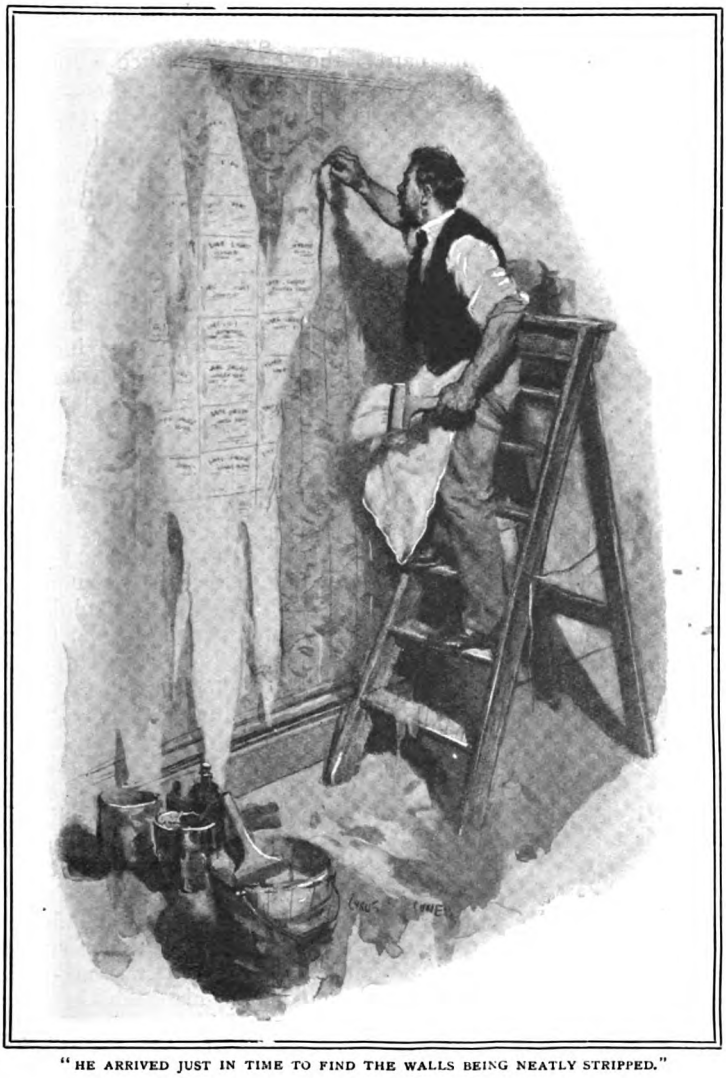
The moral of this story is, of course, never to sell what one cannot obtain.

A certain Stock Exchange speculator had invested four thousand five hundred pounds in River Shore Copper Mines, buying at par. The stock sank lower and lower, frequent calls were made upon it, and finally the property was declared worthless. As a perpetual reminder of his folly, the speculator, Mr. A. B., instead of destroying the certificates, papered the walls of his bedroom with them. Time went on. A. B. became very much impoverished, accepted a clerkship, and rented his house to a clergyman whom we will call X. Five years afterwards a parishioner called on X., and the subject of the room papered with Copper Mine certificates was brought up. X. stated that owing to the difficulty of removing the certificates ordinary wall-paper had been pasted over them. A few days later he received a visit from a house agent, who stated that a client of his required a furnished house in the neighbourhood, and was prepared to pay such a handsome sum that, although taken very much by surprise, a bargain was struck with X. on the spot. The client duly moved in. Quite by accident X. happened to pick up a paper and read an account of a furore on the Stock Exchange over River Copper stock. The price had advanced from eighteenpence a share to twenty pounds, and was steadily rising. By nightfall that same day they had touched ninety pounds per share. Instantly there flashed across his mind the memory of the plastered-up certificates, so long regarded as worthless. He began to suspect a plot, and, consulting a friend, instantly took train from Plymouth to London, where he arrived just in time to find the walls being neatly stripped.

The tenant, however, made no attempt to maintain possession of the hypothecated mining shares. He merely declared that he was acting in the interests of the original owner, a relation of his. Whatever the truth of the affair, an agreement was arrived at, the shares were realized on an already falling market, and the sum of nine thousand pounds held in trust for A. B. Some months later it was ascertained that A. B. had died in Australia, and the sum, less a commission divided between X. and his tenant, was paid to A. B.'s widow and children.

A Cheltenham correspondent wrote to a broker to purchase on his behalf ten shares in Lake Views at five pounds a share, signing his letter "James A. White." The broker bought the shares; they immediately began to rise. He then received a long and intimate letter from his Cheltenham correspondent, winding up with instructions to

sell when the shares were worth twenty pounds. He wrote back: "They will never be worth twenty pounds; better sell now." They did, however, reach twenty pounds, but before he could sell he received another letter, saying, "Do not dispose of my shares until they are worth twenty-five pounds." At twenty-five pounds he sold out and, instructed by his client, invested two thousand pounds, less commission, in Le Roi mining stock, which was then below par. Scarcely had he done so when Lake Views began to drop, and hundreds were ruined. At the same time Le Rois began to rise, and twelve hundred pounds was netted for Mr. White, of Cheltenham. By this time the broker began to have a high opinion of Mr. White's acumen, and when an order reached him to buy two hundred Perivale Preferences, an obscure Australian mine whose value was three shillings and sixpence, he bought one thousand, and mentioned the matter to his friends. There was a run on Perivales, and a few days later mail advices came from Melbourne to say that the long-neglected Perivale was booming, owing to a solid reef having been discovered. The shares immediately went up to four pounds, and in the course of a week had increased to eleven pounds per share. Then



"HE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO FIND THE WALLS BEING NEATLY STRIPPED."

Mr. White wired to ask his broker if he ought not to sell.

"Don't sell. Rising market."

The next morning, however, came a slump. The cause was in the officially cabled discovery that Perivale was a "salted" mine—in other words, a fraudulent concern. Instantly Perivale stock went down with a thud. A great many dealers were hit hard. Other stock which Mr. White, of Cheltenham, held was also affected in sympathy. Telegraphic messages began to pour into the broker's office, gradually in the course of the day growing more and more hysterical. The broker's opinion was that White was an indifferent sportsman, and took his losings badly. But he had little time to think about the matter, for the very next morning he was told a young lady was waiting in an ante-room to see him. He asked for her to be shown in, and found himself confronted by a pretty miss of about sixteen. She appeared greatly agitated, and her eyes streamed with tears. Her first plaintive words were: "Haven't I even my fifty pounds left?" "I don't understand," murmured the broker, who, being a family man himself, would have liked to take her in his arms and dry her tears. "Oh," she replied, "I'm afraid I've been so foolish. But I overheard my brother and my brother-in-law talking about Lake Views last summer, and—and I made up my mind to put poor Aunt Diana's fifty pounds——" "*You!*" ejaculated the astonished broker. "*You!*" "Yes," was the faint reply, with downcast eyelids; "I am James A. White."

One of the most tragic illustrations of the care with which it is necessary to transcribe prices on to the "tape" occurred a few years ago. A broker, who knew that a particular stock in which he was largely interested might be affected by the death of a certain mining magnate, watched the market anxiously. The suspense began to prey on his health, and by his doctor's orders he went to Brighton. Soon after his arrival he saw on the newspaper placards, "Death of Mr. Blank." He ran into his club and saw the news repeated there, followed by the announcement, "Bandfontein shares dropped 18 points." He staggered away from the machine and ordered a brandy and soda. Summoning up his forces he again approached the tape and now read, "Bandfontein drops 34 points!" With a muttered cry and a face like death itself the broker staggered from the club. He went home, wrote a letter to his wife, and swallowed an overdose of morphia, to which terrible drug he was unhappily addicted. He had scarcely left the club when the tape recorded the following: "Bandfontein erratum. For last announcements read Bandfontein dropped one-eighth, and later three-quarters; one-eighth at close, with signs of recovery." The next morning the shares recovered. But it was too late. Deceived by the operator's blunder, the broker was beyond all recovery.

One often hears of small firms being crushed by their larger and more dangerous rivals, but it seldom happens that this malevolent action is the outcome of personal spite, as was the case in the following instance.

Not long ago there was a very astute broker who worked in the office of a great City magnate, still prominent in City finance. He was a quiet, unobtrusive little man, and nobody ever suspected him of doing very much; but he acquired such a position as to get the entire control of a certain stock in his hands. The firm knew of this and sent for him.

"We know," they said, "exactly what your position is, and that you have got the control of the market out of our hands. If you will transfer your holdings in our shares to us, we will give you four hundred thousand pounds. Then you can go back on the market and start again."

The stockbroker thought a minute or two, and then said, "Give me five hundred thousand pounds and I will do it."

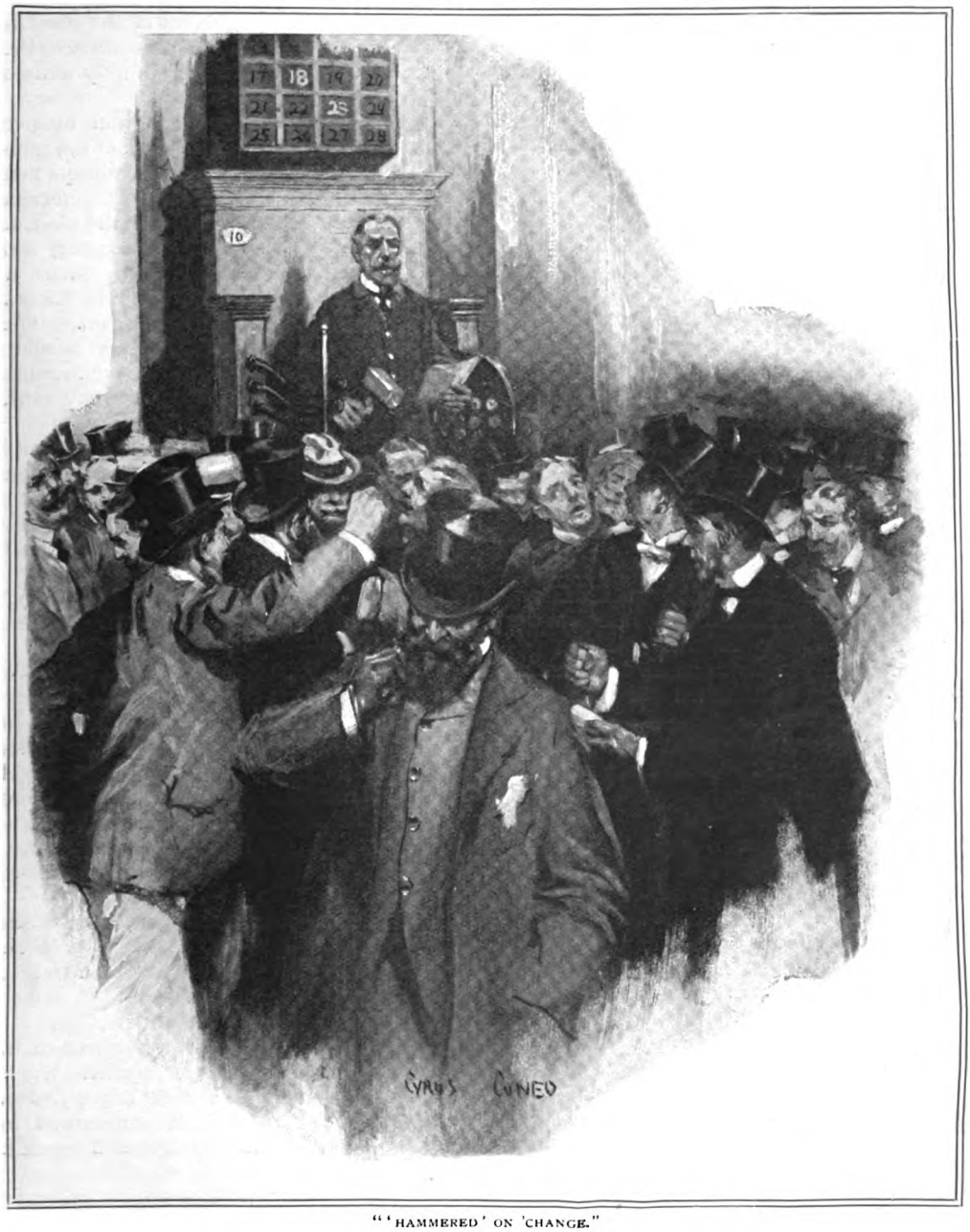
"No," was the reply. "Four hundred thousand pounds is our limit. Take it or leave it. But we want your answer at once."

"Very well," said the broker, "I refuse your offer."

"So be it," said the firm. "You must take the consequences of your refusal."

The magnate was all-powerful. With millions at his back he set to work to "squeeze" his victim. Every share he held became depreciated. Wherever he turned he found himself "cornered." For months he kept up a plucky fight against the combination of interests, but the machinations of so powerful a ring were too much for him. His thousands dropped slowly from him, and after one settling-day the astute broker was "hammered" on 'Change.

It sometimes happens that employés who are entrusted with the secrets of great City magnates use the information they thus acquire to serve their own ends. On one occasion a typist employed by a great



"'HAMMERED' ON 'CHANGE."

financier obtained possession of information which she conveyed to her lover, a small broker, who used the knowledge thus obtained to make profits to the extent of sixty thousand pounds. Discovering the dishonesty, the magnate discharged her and proceeded to ruin her lover. But, for some reason or other, this process was deferred by the broker's good luck. But at last the web of the great financier was seen to be closing about his victim, whose young, beautiful, but unscrupulous wife resolved at any cost to save him. Being denied an interview with her former employer, she obtained a situation in his household as a common servant by means of forged references. In this capacity she earned her mistress's goodwill and obtained possession of some of her master's private

correspondence. It so happened that amongst the letters intercepted was one from the magnate's brother in the Transvaal, giving such information that her husband was able to effect a deal netting him thirty thousand pounds. A second discovery followed, but the pair left England, and the man is now a flourishing bucket-shop proprietor in America.

Of the colossal games of bluff that are sometimes played on the London Stock Exchange, the following may be quoted as an instructive example. Not many years ago a company was formed for the purpose of exploiting an Australian mining property. A ready market was found for it, and by dint of persistent booming a steady rise set in in the price of the shares. When they touched four, a certain financial Colossus began to interest himself in them. He knew that the shares had an entirely artificial value, and that they would never repay the investor. He knew, moreover, that the company at the back of it was financially unsound, and he resolved in consequence to smash them up. With this object in view he immediately began to "bear" the market. The company, astonished to find huge quantities of their shares offered for sale, rapidly bought them up. The price had to be maintained, and it would not suit their plans at all if the bubble were so quickly pricked.

But as fast as they bought the financier continued to sell; and, as a result of the persistent buying, the price of the shares began to rise. From four they jumped to six, and then to ten. It was at this juncture that the company stopped for a moment to consider their position. It was an expensive business for them, this buying up of their own one-pound shares for ten times their nominal value. They must have financial aid from outside or they would not be able to continue the struggle.

They accordingly resolved to form a syndicate, and—entirely ignorant of the identity of the mysterious seller—they invited the financier to join it. But he abruptly refused to have anything to do with it.

Failing in this, they asked him to give them financial assistance. This the millionaire agreed to do, but on condition that they would give him as security sufficient shares in their company to cover the amount of his loans. The company consented, and for every pound advanced by the financier he received an equivalent value in shares. Then the old game began again. The millionaire sold and the syndicate bought; the syndicate bought and the millionaire sold. When the shares stood at twenty-nine, the millionaire began to get tired of the business. He turned to the company and announced his decision to call in his loans. "I do not see," he said, "how this business is going to end. I cannot go on with it any longer; and I must recall all the money I have advanced."

The syndicate were flabbergasted. "But," they protested, "where are we to get the money from?"

"That is your business," replied the Colossus. "You had better sell your stock."

This they had no alternative but to do, with the inevitable result that the price of the shares immediately fell ten points. Then the millionaire called in to see the syndicate. "Look here," he said; "my securities are now useless. I must have immediate repayment."

The company was utterly crushed. They were obliged to sell out the whole of their holdings, and the absurdly inflated prices collapsed like a pricked balloon.

The shares are now worthless, but the financier has no cause to regret his share in the transaction. He had altogether nearly one and a half millions sterling concerned in the deal, and his net profits amounted to over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

I.

QUEENIE lived at The Cot, a small, ivy-covered house, snugly hidden from the bustling, narrow streets of a market town.

The Cot had an old-world slanting roof and latticed windows, which looked out upon the wide-spreading lawns of the peaceful Close, overshadowed by the tower and spire of one of England's most beautiful cathedrals.

Old Mr. Reedson, the organist, called her "The Queen of the Cot," and she was his very dear friend. For years he had been the human instrument bringing voice from that great organ, which made the cathedral ring with sound. He was white-haired now, and his eyes were growing dim, but his touch was as sure and sweet as ever, and his instinct so acute that he could have easily dispensed with his sight.

Often in the twilight of winter afternoons little eight-year-old Queenie, in her warm white coat and furs, would come to sit alone with him in the organ-loft, watching with intense interest the thin fingers roaming over the keys.

The man and the child had much in common. It was a truly sincere and somewhat romantic friendship. Queenie and Mr. Reedson both had ideas. The child lived in a fairy world of her own, which she allowed him to share. Mr. Reedson could tell wonderful stories of the strange sprites inhabiting the old cathedral. For Queenie it was full of fairy lore. She could see with the eye of imagination bright-winged visitants hovering in the strands of delicate light which fell from softly-tinted glass windows. She had personally named each angel in the Minstrels' Gallery, where the carved angel-minstrels performed on instruments of quaint, primitive construction—a cithern, bagpipes,

harp, trumpet, flageolet, violin, guitar, tambour, and cymbals.

She had long since discovered what the voice of the organ meant, and shyly confided her theory to Mr. Reedson.

Many years ago he had been married to an operatic singer. Then dark days of sorrow came, and he was left alone. Queenie's knowledge of death was very vague. She knew it was a going away to a land of great brightness, and she thought when Mr. Reedson played that the voice of his wife rang out through the lofty tubes of the old organ. She especially loved the *vox humana*. Constantly she spoke to him of his wife by her Christian name.

"Now Carolina is carolling," Queenie whispered, when the music took the note of the human voice. "Do you know what she is saying?"

Mr. Reedson shook his head sadly. Often there were tears in his eyes, which the child could not see for the shadows.

He was practising, and the cathedral was empty, save for the noiseless presence of Queenie's dream-children.

"She is saying," continued the little girl, "'You are not forgotten! You are not forgotten!' over and over again, right up into the arches and down into the nave."

She gazed below as she spoke, and even her youthful soul could appreciate the simple beauty of proportion in the stately, old-world building.

"And yet," he replied, "she tells an untruth all the time, because I am forgotten."

"How do you know?" asked Queenie.

"She would come to me—if she remembered," he answered, vaguely, surprising himself, as he often did, at finding that he spoke out his soul to this child-companion.

"But she comes in the music," Queenie declared, a certain note of triumph in her voice which defied contradiction.

"Does she? Are you quite sure?"

He was playing very softly now, that the notes might not drown their conversation.

"Yes. Of course, she wouldn't come to a place that wasn't holy. You see here it is so quiet. She waits till everything is still; then she sings to you when you move your fingers."

Mr. Reedson liked the pretty fancy. No one ever mentioned the name of Carolina in his hearing, save this innocent child, with her sublime unconsciousness that allusion to the past could cause him pain. The whole enchantment of their friendship lay in the fact that she uttered her thoughts just as they welled up from her mind, like a pure spring. In a few years the civilizing instinct of concealment would creep into her life and, like the rest of man and woman-kind, Queenie would hold secret the self within herself. Only now, in the first springtime of her days, she gave out the charm of unfettered expression.

"'SHE IS SAYING,' CONTINUED THE LITTLE GIRL, '"YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN!"'"

"Tell me some more about Carolina," he said.

The grave little face smiled up at him suddenly.

"She hides in corners. I see her shadow sometimes, and I think one day I shall catch her. If I do, what shall I say? Perhaps you have a message I might give. I always look for her."

Mr. Reedson's lips trembled. He turned his head away, and the plaintive wail of the *vox humana* cried aloud: "You are not forgotten!"

"You can repeat," he murmured, "what she says to me in the music."

Queenie hummed softly; then, in her low child-voice, she sang the words in simple repetition, as if chanting an article of faith:—

"You are not forgotten! You are not forgotten!"

For a while they were silent, save for the swelling music. As Mr. Reedson played, a touch of something divine, a radiance which only Queenie saw, came into his eyes. They were mystic, grey-blue eyes, with singularly large pupils. His clear-cut features had the pallor of a marble statue, and the white hair added to the picturesque effect. In Queenie's opinion he was very beautiful. She saw in him a likeness to one of the apostles in the window which lighted the chapel of St. Gabriel.

Suddenly he ceased playing.

"Listen!" he said; "the clock is striking five."

He remembered a stern injunction given him by Queenie's nurse, that if she left her young charge at the cathedral he must send her back in time for tea.

"You must go, little one," he said. "Somehow it is always tea-time with you."

"That's only because the time runs away so quickly when we are up here together," she answered, with a wise little nod. "To-morrow, you know, you are to have tea with me, and eat a big piece of my birthday cake. There will be nine candles, which mean nine years, and each candle is a wish. You think your wish as you light them, and I am not going to light up till you come."

She kissed him with her soft baby lips, little dreaming all that her childlike affection meant to the lonely man, who had lost the one human thing he loved in the whole world. Nobody guessed how nearly that loss had embittered his poetic and highly sensitive nature. Only his great love for music had saved him from developing pessimism.

Queenie knew her way well, and felt no fear at wandering alone down the aisles of the choir, transepts, or nave, like a small snowball in her swansdown cap and soft white boa and muff.

She glanced up at the now dark windows, which in the morning sunlight glowed with a thousand brilliant colours. She always felt keenly the grandeur of the building, though she had lived practically under the shadow of its walls all her short life.

The pattering feet were hurrying through the north choir aisle, when suddenly the tiny pilgrim stood still and stared wonderingly at a kneeling figure—the bent form of a woman in grey.

The dim light fell upon her from a curious oriel window, which originally served as a watching chamber, to guard the shrines and altars in the choir.

So still was this mystic visitor that Queenie felt sure it must be Carolina, listening to her husband's music. The profile had a wan b auty of its own; the faded hair, which had once been gold, was parted on the low white brow and drawn back into a thick mass at the nape of the neck.

"If she sees me perhaps I shall frighten her away," thought the child. "I'll just creep up behind on tip-toe and whisper his message in her ear."

Without another moment's hesitation Queenie acted on this spontaneous idea.

She made no sound as she advanced, but, putting her lips close to the broad-brimmed grey hat, she whispered, fearlessly:—

"Carolina, you are not forgotten!"

The woman started violently, and turned a pair of terrified eyes on the child.

"Oh, please don't be frightened, and please don't vanish!" said Queenie, clasping her hands. "That was a message your husband gave me for you. He is up in the organ-loft, you know."

"Who told you my name?"

The question came falteringly. The stranger stared at Queenie, as if she were some fairy visitant from a land of unreality.

"Mr. Reedson. We often talk of you when he is playing. Couldn't you just fly up and give him a kiss?"

The child waxed enthusiastic. She touched the woman's shoulder caressingly. Her eyes glowed with genuine excitement.

"No, no; you must never tell him that I have been here. Don't you understand, child? I am dead to him."

"Yes, I know. You died a long time ago—that is why he is always so sad; but he

hears your voice in the notes of the organ, and it seems to comfort him a little."

The music ceased, and Carolina, with a quick glance round, moved away, catching Queenie by the arm.

"He may be coming down. Quick—quick—before we are discovered. I want to talk to you, little girl. I want you to meet

"'OH, PLEASE DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, AND PLEASE DON'T VANISH! SAID QUEENIE."

me again. I am staying at the Station Hotel ——"

"Oh!"

Queenie looked up with large, disappointed eyes. "I thought," she stammered, after her exclamation of dismay, "that you lived in Heaven."

The woman smiled.

"No," she said. "I fear I am a long way from Heaven yet."

"After all," the child added, pensively, "I would rather you were at the Station Hotel. It is more convenient for meeting, isn't it?"

They were out now in the keen air, and silver frost touched the multitude of buttresses necessitated by the heavy stone vaults; while above, the delicate fleur-de-lis cresting, which relieved the monotony of the long stretch of roof, was lost in the shadows of evening.

"A long way from Heaven," the woman repeated, wearily, turning her large, pathetic eyes on the child. "I suppose he gave out that I was dead because he did not want the world to know that I had left him. How could I help myself? He married me as a young girl, and wanted to chain me down to a little cathedral town. I had already tasted publicity. I knew what it was to hear the applause—I wanted fame. So I broke my bonds. I took my life into my own hands. I went away."

She broke off suddenly. How absurd to talk like this to a child, to repeat the sorry details of her failure as a wife!

"Why have you come back?" asked Queenie.

She could not quite grasp the tragedy of the situation.

"It's one thing to be young and desire fame; it's another to grow tired and disappointed, to hear the rising generation knocking at the door."

Her words were quite incomprehensible to the child.

"Mr. Reedson will be very interested when I tell him I have seen you," said Queenie, simply.

The flashing eyes of the woman turned on her now with a commanding light. She grasped the little shoulder convulsively.

"That is just what you must not do. Promise me to tell him nothing of all this. I only came to try to catch a glimpse of the man whom, in spite of my folly, I still love. I know now that I exchanged the pure gold of a true affection for the dross of ambition, but it is too late to undo the past."

Queenie looked up tearfully.

"Oh, you are unkind!" she murmured, and her voice trembled.

"Don't, child; don't say that."

"He is always wanting you. He is so much alone. Only to-day he said that he was forgotten, because you would come to him if you remembered. I see what he meant now. He knew you were in the world."

"SHE GRASPED THE LITTLE SHOULDER CONVULSIVELY."

Queenie's thoughts were travelling quickly. She felt she must do something to assure Mr. Reedson's happiness.

They had reached the gate of The Cot. Queenie caught hold of Carolina's dress, and clutched it tightly, as if she would never let her go.

"There is someone in there," she said, pointing to her home, "who is ever, ever so wise. It's mother. She knows Mr. Reedson, not so well as I do, but still she knows him. I think if you were to talk to her you would feel quite differently about things. People often come and ask her advice, because she is never wrong."

Even as Queenie spoke the scarlet blind from the brightly-lighted window was pulled aside, and a voice called:—

"Queenie, is that you?"

"Yes, mother; do come quickly and stop Carolina going away."

The stranger was trying to shake herself free from the clinging baby hands, but it was not so easy. Before she could release herself a graceful, girlish figure appeared at the gate, and a kindly voice asked if anything were wrong.

Queenie answered for Carolina.

"This," she gasped, "is Mr. Reedson's wife. She doesn't want him to know she is here; and, oh, mummy, please do persuade her to stay."

The wanderer found herself looking up into a face of sympathy, so like the face of the child, but with the soul of a woman behind it—a woman who knew and understood.

"We are quite alone," said Queenie's mother. "Won't you come in and rest? You look tired. A cup of tea will do you good."

"Mr. Reedson says it is always tea-time with me," prattled Queenie.

Now that mother had come to the rescue she felt instinctively that all must be well, and ran in before them, convinced that the whole troublesome matter would be set right.

Sure enough, Carolina followed. The two women were talking together in low, quick voices. Evidently Mrs. Reedson was repeating the story of her rash, ambitious youth.

Mother, of course, would put everything

straight! Queenie felt a thrill of pride in mother.

Mrs. Reedson took a chair by the fire, and looked round the "homey" room with a sigh of relief.

He wondered if she really enjoyed the quiet times she spent with him in the organ gallery, or if she only came because she guessed how much her presence meant to the solitary, loveless man.

"THE STRANGER WAS TRYING TO SHAKE HERSELF FREE FROM THE CLINGING BABY HANDS."

"Do you like this better than the Station Hotel?" asked Queenie.

"Oh, yes!" came the grateful answer. "It is a step nearer Heaven, you know."

II.

MR. REEDSON hardly ever missed playing the organ for at least an hour in the afternoon, but the following day he kept a strict eye upon the time. Had he not promised to take tea with "The Queen of the Cot" on this, her natal day?

His offering was ready, in the shape of a musical-box, for the child delighted in tuneful melodies.

He thought, as he played, of all she was to him—that little, bright, busy creature, full of care for others. He could trace in her every word a sweet unselfishness, a nature which loved to please.

She had tried in some way to take Carolina's place, to fill that aching void of loss in the cold heart of the supposed widower.

In some of her moods Queenie was not unlike Carolina. Her merry laugh had often brought his sparkling girl-wife to Mr. Reedson's mind.

What a butterfly's soul he had tried to pin down to an everyday existence! The glow of success, the fullness of a world-wide admiration, were the flowers she sought. In looking back he could not wonder she spread those fair wings and flew away to a wider field of artistic endeavour.

He was surprised as he walked to The Cot to see Queenie trotting to meet him, her face wreathed in smiles, and a strangely bright colour dyeing her cheeks.

"Greetings, my lady fair," he said, with a bow of mock deference. "We are nine years old to-day—a great age, I'll be bound. All homage to the birthday queen. I thought you were expecting some young friends. How is it I find the hostess on her way to meet the least worthy of her guests?"

"I put the children off," she said, hoping he might never guess how great an act of self-sacrifice the simple words betrayed. "I thought I would just like you to come alone."

"But you were so looking forward to having your little friends."

"'GREETINGS, MY LADY FAIR,' HE SAID."

He was still puzzled. Often he found Queenie difficult to understand.

She avoided the remark by alluding to a mysterious parcel under his arm.

"What a big packet you are carrying!" she said. "Can I help you?"

"No. This is a box of charmed music—a fairy box for a fairy Princess."

The child's eyes grew big with wonder. She asked excitedly if it played "Home, Sweet Home."

He nodded assent.

She hurried her steps, as she thanked him warmly. She was desperately impatient to see the box.

"I dreamt last night that I found Carolina in the cathedral," she told him. "She was just under a window, with the twilight all round her. I whispered, 'You are not forgotten,' and I brought her back to The Cot. What would you do if my dream were true? Would you come to tea with me and meet Carolina?"

He was so accustomed to the child's flights of imagination, her words appeared natural enough.

"Yes, I would come," he said, dreamily.

"Even if she were ever so much older, and not so pretty as when she was with you?"

"Our lost ones are always the same age to us," he replied.

"So you still love her?"

"What a strange question, little one! Do we not both love Carolina's voice when she sings to us from the organ?"

They had reached the outer door of The Cot, which stood open to receive them.

Queenie's mother welcomed Mr. Reedson warmly, and the unpacking of the musical-box caused a buzz of excitement, only equalled by the lighting of the candles on the birthday cake.

"I am going to take the taper and say a wish as I light each candle," declared Queenie, who had placed a wreath of flowers on her head—twined by her mother's hands in honour of the day. "Mr. Reedson must sit in the big chair at the head of the table, and the musical-box shall play 'Home, Sweet Home,' to remind him that he had a home once, like ours, when Carolina was with him."

Mr. Reedson lowered his eyes with a little embarrassed movement, and Queenie's mother looked quickly away, that she might not see his expression at that moment.

The music started the familiar air. The musician hardly knew why, but it seemed to rend his heart as the old tune had never rent it before.

The mention of his wife's name brought back their brief life together, when he had expected so much happiness. Now, he felt, he was like the leafless trees without, only there was no spring for him. His days

had set in with the rigour of an everlasting winter.

Queenie spoke her wishes in a tone of grave importance as she lighted the small candles.

Each wish, he noticed, was for somebody's happiness, and the names of various friends passed her lips during the solemn ordeal of illuminating this fateful birthday cake.

Wish eight was directed at her guest, with a smile of great sweetness--"That Mr. Reedson may be happy."

The flame burnt up, leaping to life with a warm glow.

He felt a lump in his throat. He tried to say "Thank you, my dear," but his voice failed him.

Wish nine!

"This is the last and greatest wish," she explained, looking across at him with sphinx-like eyes.

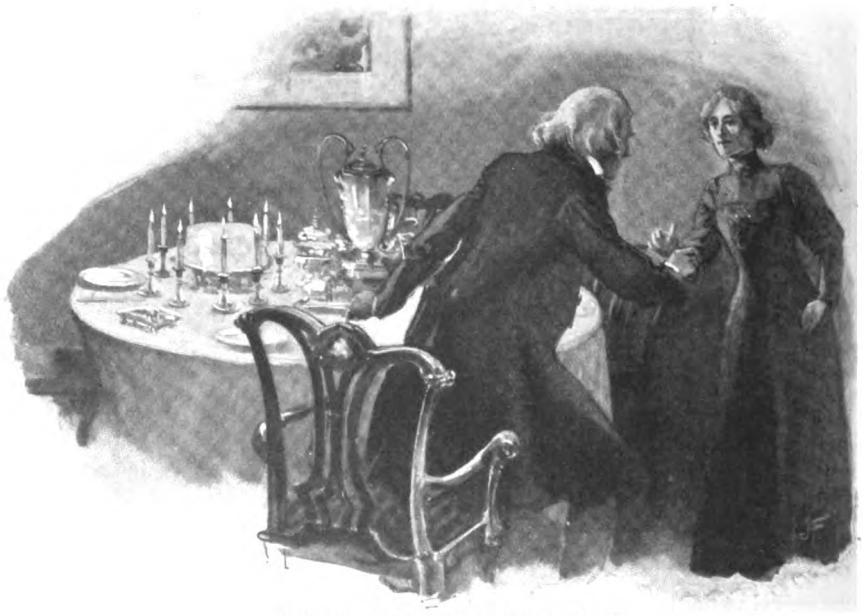
It was the first time he had found himself unable to read the transparent little face.

"That Carolina may return to her husband."

Even as she spoke the door opened, and a figure in grey glided towards Mr. Reedson's chair.

He caught his breath, and stared in dumb amazement at the pale face of Carolina. She put out her hand hesitatingly; he rose and caught it in both his.

Very softly Queenie and her mother stole from the room, leaving those two severed hearts alone in the light of the birthday candles.



"SHE PUT OUT HER HAND HESITATINGLY."

THE CHRONICLES of the STRAND CLUB.

XXI.

HENRY, the time-honoured, joke-stricken waiter at the Strand Tavern, wore a black tie and an expression of portentous lugubrity as he stood in the dining-room doorway. It was nearly eight o'clock; as yet not a single member had turned up. Just as the hands pointed to the hour Mullins and Lorrison appeared arm-in-arm, and were astounded to find the premises utterly deserted. Henry handed them a pile of telegrams, amongst which were the following:—

"Died this morning. Emanuel's last joke fatal.—Hassall."

Another read:—

"Perished miserably this morning, 3 a.m., Hassallitis.—Emanuel."

Mullins turned to the faithful Henry, down whose features a tear-drop gently stole. "And this," said Mullins, "this is British humour."

"Werry fatal, sir," murmured Henry, chokingly.

"Fatal? Why, my dear Henry, this is only their fun!"

"What! Ain't Mr. Emanuel and Mr. Hassall dead, sir?" cried Henry.

"Dead? Stuff and nonsense! It means they are going to a theatre or music-hall—or—or a lodge-meeting, or the Langham Sketching Club. But what about the others?" Lorrison looked over the batch of telegrams. "Counting American notes. Regrets.—Tom Browne." "Spotted Fever.—Lawson Wood." "Will Richardson be there? Reply.—Furniss." "Will Furniss shave? Reply.—Richardson." "Delighted. Can't come.—Buchanan," etc., etc.

"Dear me, dear me!" cried Mullins. "What *are* we to do?"

"It can't be helped," replied Lorrison. "We must dine to amuse Henry. I will tell the stories, and you shall illustrate them yourself. These comic artists are spoilt. I believe we shall be just as well without them. You can draw?"

"I have been known to delineate many subjects so that my intentions can be detected by even the smallest children."

"Good! We will have a 'Strand Club' evening to ourselves."

"Dinner is served," cried Henry.

The inner man being reduced to a state of comparative tranquillity, the post-prandial proceedings were commenced by Lorrison, in his capacity of Chairman, calling upon Lorrison, the distinguished littérateur. Blushing his acknowledgments, Lorrison held a brief whispered colloquy with Mullins, with the result that the following sketch was painfully produced upon the drawing-board.

Lorrison: I was out for a stroll in the Park one day. A most extraordinary specimen of equinity came along. He was built after this pattern.

"Good gracious!" I cried. "Look at that man. He must be crazy to ride such a horse!"

"Not at all. Not at all," replied my

MULLINS'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE STEEPLEJACK STORY.

friend. "That's Mr. Smiffkins, the retired steeplejack."

The Chairman: I call upon our friend Tom Browne to provide a pictorial explanation of a little story I myself propose to relate. Item. An exceedingly irate master of the house. Item. A painfully attenuated domestic servant.

Whereupon Mullins rapidly dashed off the accompanying drawing in a capital imitation of Tom Browne's well-known style; and the Chairman continued his narration.

"Look here," shouts the irascible employer, "why haven't you answered the bell before? I've had to ring three times."

"Please, sir, the door was locked."

"Bah! Locked! Locked! What difference did that make? Why didn't you squirm in through the key-hole?"

"Talking of natural deformity," remarked Lorrison, reflectively, "reminds me of the story of the lady who walked into a milliner's emporium and asked the shopwalker to direct her to the glove department. 'Certainly, madam,' was the reply. 'Walk this way, please'; with which the unfortunate man, who was exceedingly bow-legged, began waddling grotesquely across the shop. The lady watched him in horror. 'Walk *that* way!' she ejaculated. 'Thanks, I'd rather not. Good morning,' and she fled precipitately from the establishment."

With a polite request that Sime would

ILLUSTRATION TO LORRISON'S STORY OF THE BOW-LEGGED SHOPWALKER—NOT BY B. H. SIME.

undertake to immortalize for the benefit of posterity the foregoing scene, Lorrison sank exhausted into his chair, and racked his brains for a fresh story, while Mullins applied himself assiduously to the drawing-board.

"It is not fair," commenced Lorrison, bitterly. At that juncture Boyle and Wornung put in a boisterous arrival. The new-comers were quickly

MULLINS'S DELINEATION OF THE IRATE EMPLOYER AND THE ATTENUATED "SLAVEY."

put into possession of the state of affairs, and, having pronounced a solemn anathema upon the absent ones, Boyle related a dialogue he professed to have overheard between a cabby and a householder that very evening. The vehicle, much to cabby's disgust, had been piled sky-high with a miscellaneous assortment of the family's most cherished belongings, but the task of loading came at length to an end.

"Is that really all?" inquired the Jehu, with polite incredulity.

"Yes," was the reply, "that's all."

The cabman looked surprised. "Seems a pity," he ejaculated, with sardonic humour, "to leave the doorsteps behind, don't it, mum?"

While Mullins, *alias* Sime, *alias* Hassall, *alias* Tom Browne, was engaged in limning forth this scene upon the

SKETCH BY MULLINS TO EXPLAIN THE HIGHWAYMAN STORY.

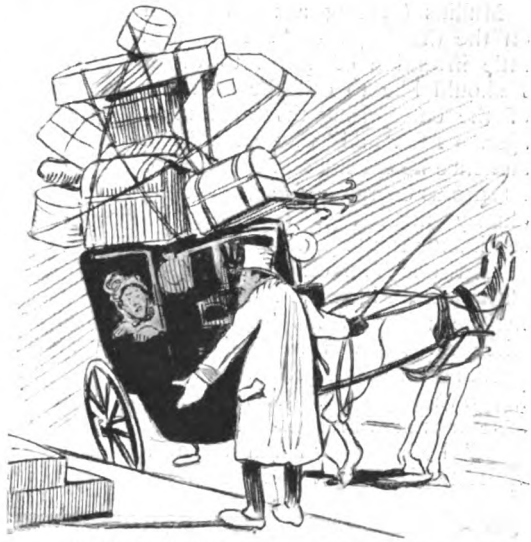
easel, Wornung diverted the company with a story of a highwayman and his unfortunate victim.

"Wot's this?" demands the burly footpad, as he flourishes a photograph he has abstracted from his victim's pocket.

"That? Oh, that's a portrait of my—er—that is the young lady who has consented to become my wife!"

"Take your things back, young man," was the bandit's reply. "You're in more trouble than I am!"

Charles Pears—*alias* Mullins—having



MULLINS'S PORTRAYAL OF THE CAB INCIDENT RELATED BY BOYLE.

been called upon to provide an illustration to Wornung's yarn, Boyle stepped blithely into the breach.

Boyle: If my friend Mullins will kindly delineate for me two or more uncomfortably obese gentlemen, I think I can relate a little yarn to accompany it.

They had been discussing municipal finance, when a speaker exclaimed: "Corporations! I agree with you, my dear sir. Corporations are the great curse of this age!"

MULLINS'S BLACKBOARD SKETCH TO EXPLAIN BOYLE'S "CORPORATION" STORY.

Mullins (making a rapid sketch on the drawing-board): Here is a little invention of mine, to which I should like to call the attention of the enterprising theatrical manager. After all, why should an audience be constrained to squander its surplus energy in the present-day clumsy method of conveying its sentiments to the performers?

Lorrison: The other evening in Bayswater an itinerant musician was in the midst of his performance when a door was suddenly flung open, and a gentleman in his dressing-gown appeared. His countenance was full of indignation. "Look here," he said. "I am an anti-vivisectionist and a member of the

DIAGRAM BY MULLINS TO EXPLAIN HIS THEATRICAL INVENTION.

MULLINS'S ILLUSTRATION TO LORRISON'S STORY OF THE ITINERANT MUSICIAN.

S.P.C.A., and I've a good mind to give you in charge."

"But," protested the foreigner, with surprise, "I was only playing on my violin."

"*What?*" was the reply. "Do you dare—have you the effrontery to declare that you weren't squeezing a tom-cat to death?"

Wornung: Some friends of mine were out motoring the other day, when suddenly a man rushed from the pavement and without a moment's warning flung himself in front of the wheels.

"Good heavens!" they cried, "we have killed a man!"

"Don't you mind me," replied a voice from beneath the motor; "I'm understudy for the 'Uncrushable'!"

MULLINS'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN WORNUNG'S MOTOR STORY.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

By S. Macnaughtan.

JOHN MAITLAND was broke—stone-broke. It was the last seca that had done it.

For four months not a drop of rain had fallen; for four months, day by day, the sun had risen in royal, hot splendour, and had burnt in pitiless glory to a flaming eventide. For four months the aching, hot earth had sweltered, and shimmered, and cracked beneath its rays, and men, looking up to the burnished dome above them, and down to the hard, white earth beneath their horses' hoofs, had bitterly cursed this land of Argentina with all that was in it.

The cattle were dying by hundreds. To-day Maitland had ridden round to all the lagunas and watering-places on his estancia. Every one of them was dry, and all round their edges lay the carcasses of cows and horses in different stages of decay, smelling hideously and swarming with flies. To-morrow all that remained of his stock must be sold. There was hardly a handful of grass on La Dorotea, and the poor brutes were too weak to be driven to distant pastures, even had John been able to pay for grazing for them. He turned away from the watering-places with a sickening sense of defeat and failure.

The unkindly earth had so little pity. Toil as one might, it seemed impossible to make anything pay. Last year's wheat was lying rotting at the railway station, seven leagues away; the market for alfalfa had been low; and now the seca had come and the cattle were dying for want of water.

Maitland turned away from the evil-smelling carcasses and rode slowly homewards across the camp. He was a plain-featured young man, with a big nose, and an air of good breeding about him. He rode into the patio of his house and threw his reins over his horse's neck, leaving him tethered thus in the scanty shade afforded by a stunted paraiso tree. Then he strode over to the corral—a long, thin figure in flannel shirt and brown polo boots, his "rebenque" under his arm and a much-used old grey felt hat pulled down all round over his neck and face. He leaned his arms on the top of the *palo a pique* and looked at the moving, restless cattle, which had been driven up into the corral to show to a purchaser early the next morning.

"Three years' bad luck," he was saying to himself; "three years of the most consumed bad luck that ever befell a man. And not a single break in it either! They say it's a long lane that has no turning! Well, I'm at the end of this lane, anyhow, and it's been uphill all the way and never a good turn in it. To-morrow the cattle have got to go, and I probably sha'n't get five dollars a head for them. And, with the cattle, the place goes too. It will probably fetch enough to pay the mortgages on it."

He turned his back on the corral and the ever-shifting, restless beasts, and looked round on the wide, eye-wearying land and the little red-roofed estancia house set amongst the paraiso trees.

"It's such a nice little place," he said, with a proprietor's rather pathetic appreciation of his own possessions. "It's such a nice little place, in spite of the beastly climate. The house is as handy as can be, and I could have made it look much better if I had ever had a dollar to spend upon it. I meant to have wire gauze put all round the corridor before she came; and the garden was getting on nicely till the locusts ate up everything. I thought of making a little seat for her under the paraiso trees. It's strange to think I shall never see her here after all my dreaming about it. *Merciful Heaven! Why can't it rain?*"

Even now, if a good rain came, he would keep back the cattle and try his luck again. But the sun was setting in blood-red splendour in a cloudless, burnished sky, and the thirsty land gasped under its level rays.

Elijah himself, on Mount Carmel, had not seen a more pitiless drought.

The cattle shifted about uneasily in the confined spaces of the corral, moaning and bellowing and pushing each other with their horns. A white cow with red eyes, from which a silvery saliva exuded over her nose, came staggering out from the closely-packed herd and took a few heavy, uneven steps towards the empty corner of the corral where Maitland leaned against the fence. She stood for a moment, swaying her head from side to side, her flanks heaving, and her pink eyes full of dumb pain. Then she fell to the

"'THREE YEARS' BAD LUCK,' HE WAS SAYING TO HIMSELF."

ground and stretched out her neck on the sun-cracked earth.

"There's another gone, poor brute!" said Maitland.

The well of water in the patio was low, and the water was thick and brackish, but it was precious as Gunga Din's on the field of battle. Maitland drew a pailful of it and carried it to the dying beast in the corral. But the white cow, although she twice tried to raise her head, was past praying for; the flies were settling about her eyes, and the *corranchos*, who scent death from afar, were wheeling overhead. The other animals in the corral lowed after the water in Maitland's pail, advancing towards it, then turning their heads and shying at it in their stupid way.

"They'll only hurt themselves fighting for it, and I can't spare another drop," said John, as he carried the pailful of water away and placed it in the house for his own use.

When cattle die by scores on an Argentine estancia, and when men pray for rain and no rain comes; when the thermometer never drops below eighty degrees by night and frequently passes one hundred degrees by day; when the heart turns sick in the shadowless land, and the water is thick and brackish in the wells—then young men, fresh from England, who have come out to Argentina with expensive outfits, silver-mounted knives, and slouched hats — then these young men begin to mix caña with the brackish water, and then more caña, until there is hardly any taste of the brackish water at all. And the next morning the sun makes their heads ache, and they curse the flies and rage at the heat and long for home. And, unless they are rescued betimes, these young men become of no profit to themselves nor to the Republic of Argentina where they dwell. They live on jobs and hang about the pulperias; also they cease to write home, and they are amongst those who are "lost sight of" in this just world.

For Maitland the keg of caña had no temptations. But there was a long, dark bit of road ahead of him, he knew, and he set his jaw obstinately as he looked forward down the hopeless length of it.

"She'll have to be told in a day or two," he said.

And this because Dorothy Vyse was an heiress, and her wise and sensible father had quite made up his mind that her fortune should not be spent in supporting a penniless husband. He had consented to a three years' engagement between the young people on condition that at the end of that time Maitland should be in a position to marry. Failing this happy state of things the engagement should, at the conclusion of the three years, be at an end. Mr. Vyse was not a man to alter his decision, and in any case, John told himself with a fine air of pride, he could not marry a girl with money unless he had something to offer.

Far away, in a distant province, in an old red-roofed, single-storeyed house with broad verandas about it, and a cool, shady garden, where peach trees grew and pigeons strutted, Dorothy Vyse was dreaming all night long about her wedding and the wedding gown, and all night long Maitland sat in the little estancia house, saying to himself, "It is all over."

He rose in the morning looking an older man, and his face, at no time handsome, wore a haggard look. When he went to the corral he found that another cow had died in the night.

The sale realized his worst expectations. When it was over and John had paid his fare to Buenos Ayres, where he went to see his agent about the disposal of his property, he found that he had exactly a hundred and twelve dollars in the world. Well, it would pay his hotel bill and leave him eighty dollars in his pocket.

Eighty dollars paper! About seven pounds in English money! John looked at the roll of dirty paper money in his hand and laughed.

"I used to think it a handsome tip at Eton," he said, flinging it on the table. He hated the small, dirty roll of notes. Of what use was this ridiculous remnant of his fortune? It could give him nothing that he wanted. The sight of it seemed like a mockery to him, and, absurd though the impulse was, he felt he should like to throw the notes out of the window. There are times when half a loaf seems so much worse than no bread.

"I'll make a real holiday of this," he said, bitterly. "It's what they all seem to think I've come to Buenos Ayres for! I'll gamble my fortune! It's the next best thing to heaving these miserable notes into the fire. At least I can't take to drink if I haven't the price of a cocktail in my pocket. Besides, it will force me to do something; and killing cattle would be a treat compared with sitting here railing at my luck."

He put on his hat and walked down the Calle San Martin to the agency where tickets were sold for the Loteria. The heat was stifling, and the streets were nearly deserted. He walked slowly along in the shade that the shops afforded, and, having bought his ticket, he thrust it into his pocket almost without looking at it.

"The list closes at five o'clock this evening," the patron told him. "The señor was not too soon in taking his ticket, but perhaps he would be all the more lucky." He wished him "buen suerta."

John thanked him and walked home, wondering how he could best break it to Dorothy that he was ruined.

At the hotel he found a letter addressed to him by her dear hand, and he kissed the writing before he broke the seal.

"Oh, ho! So Dorothy is going to be a gambler too! What an absurd, precious little note!"

"DARLING JOHN,—I had such a funny dream last night. I dreamt I won the big Buenos Ayres lottery, so I have quite made up my mind to take a ticket for it. Please buy one for me, John, dear, with the money which I enclose, and take it in your own name, for papa does not approve of gambling, so would not like to see my name as winner of the lottery in the newspaper. We'll have a lovely 'spend' together, and buy all sorts of things for the house.—Your loving DOROTHY."

"I believe I shall be in time if I run," exclaimed John. And he was half-way down the hotel steps as he spoke.

Now, it is a perfectly safe and justifiable proceeding for a man possessed of ordinary good luck to run down the steps of an hotel. But, for a man whose luck is dead against him, even this simple act may be fraught with disaster. There was a cork lying on the steps. The cork occupied a space of exactly one square inch, and the hotel steps were broad and quite empty. There was, therefore, a clear space either side of the cork, upon any portion of which John might have placed his foot with safety. But he chose, instead, the single square inch occupied by the cork, with the result that the cork rolled beneath the intruding foot, and Mr. John Maitland fell to the ground, twisting his ankle badly.

Two young men who were passing the hotel came and helped him to his feet, and one of them—a small man with a small voice—exclaimed, in high falsetto:—

"Johnnie Maitland, by Jove! Whither away in such a hurry, old man? I say," as John sat down on the steps and began to nurse his foot, "I believe you've given your ankle a nasty twist. Let me offer you the support of my strong arm." And he held out a small white hand to the big man on the doorstep.

"Don't play the idiot, little man," said his companion. "This looks like a nasty smash, and you'd better get the doctor, I think."

"Oh, never mind my foot," said John; "but, Tuffnell, will you do something for me? I want a ticket for the Loteria, and the agency will close directly—will you go and buy one for me?"

"Not a bit of use," replied the little man; "*I'm* going to win the lottery, and it would only be a waste of money for you to put in to it. I've had the strongest presentiment for weeks that I shall win."

"You've had the same presentiment about everything you have touched ever since you came out to Buenos Ayres, my friend, and history relateth that you have never won anything yet."

"There must be a lying spirit about somewhere," said the small man, wrinkling up his

"HE HELD OUT A SMALL WHITE HAND TO THE BIG MAN ON THE DOORSTEP."

brows. "Wish he'd stop at home. Well, I'm off to get your ticket. Put your foot up, Maitland."

He hurried off, shouting out his last remarks from a distance, as was his invariable habit. His directions anent bandages and liniment were heard from half-way down the street and made John smile. But the other man looked grave over the injured foot.

"I think you had better see a doctor," he said, reluctantly. Like most Englishmen in Argentina, he knew a little about doctoring and thought he knew a great deal, and it cost him an effort to hand over a "case" to a professional practitioner.

"Oh, it's all right," replied John, remembering that he had no money to pay doctors' fees, and reflecting that it was perhaps rather a mistake to have cleared out his pockets as thoroughly as he had done. "Cold water is the thing, I believe."

"Cold water!" exclaimed Tuffnell, bursting in. "No, my boy, it's belladonna does it, and I've brought some back with me. Oh, here's your ticket. I got it just in time—No. 47,901. Nothing like belladonna."

"And suppose there is a small bone broken?" returned his friend, sarcastically, the jealousy of the amateur doctor audible in his voice.

"I don't believe there is a bone broken," returned the other, resentfully. "Look here, Johnnie, if Ford is going to have all the doctoring of this, you must promise me the next job. I'm a whale at setting collar-bones. Ford, it's painful to me to watch how badly you are doing that bandaging. Good night. I'll look in to-morrow, Maitland, and see if you have survived the treatment. And, oh! by the by, I'll let you know the result of the lottery as soon as I hear. You will be tied by the leg for a day or two, I expect. Ta-ta."

He was gone as he spoke, and Ford, having finished the bandaging to his own complete satisfaction, and having seen John established for the night, left him.

The night was long and close and sultry. The bandaging on John's foot got hot and dry extraordinarily quickly, and he spent his time hobbling between his bed and the washstand redipping the strips of linen in cold water. The next day he sat with his foot on a chair, and kept an empty pipe in his mouth because he had no money to buy tobacco. He read every magazine and newspaper in the hotel, and composed letters to Dorothy which he afterwards destroyed. It was an intolerable day—intolerably hot and intolerably dreary. His new friend Ford came to see him, told him that Tuffnell had had to go out of town, and made John send for the doctor.

The sprain was pronounced a serious one, which would require rest and patience.

Rest and patience! John said, "Thank you," and pawned his watch to pay the doctor's fee and his extended hotel bill. Without a watch one's claims on society seem small indeed. John lived in a state of nervous apprehension lest he should be asked the time, and because he was down on his luck he allowed none of his friends to know he was in Buenos Ayres. He even

felt sorry when Tuffnell returned to town; Tuffnell, to whom an ever-forgiving father sent out quarterly remittances and casual cheques. He dreaded lest the good little man should guess something of his present straits and offer to lend him money.

Still, it was pleasant after the solitary days to see a friend again, and John found himself smiling as he heard Tuffnell bounding up the hotel staircase, talking execrable Spanish to a French waiter all the time. He burst into John's room in characteristic fashion, and began to execute an impromptu dance in the middle of the room.

"*What's up?*" said John, stolidly.

The dance stopped, and Mr. Tuffnell remarked oracularly that he could make John sit up if he chose.

"Out with it, man!" said John, grinning. "You generally are bursting with intelligence."

Tuffnell gave his head a tremendous nod. "You've won!" he said.

"Won what?"

"Oh, my only aunt! He asks *what*, when he spent eighty dollars on the ticket, and nearly broke his best leg and——"

"Not the lottery?" said John. He took hold of Tuffnell sharply by the shoulder, and turned his face to the light that he might see whether or not he was telling the truth.

"Yes, the lottery! You look serious enough over it! Look here, I can't stop a moment."

John still kept his hand on his shoulder. "Bar sells, you know," he said, gravely. "Because—this means a good deal to me."

"It would mean a good deal to anyone, my bloomin' millionaire; seventy-five thousand dollars paper can't be picked up every day of the week. I say, how's the foot, for I really must be going? By George! it's later than I thought. I'm just off to Rosario. Heard of a really good thing this time."

He was, as usual, half-way out of the room as he spoke, but John called him back.

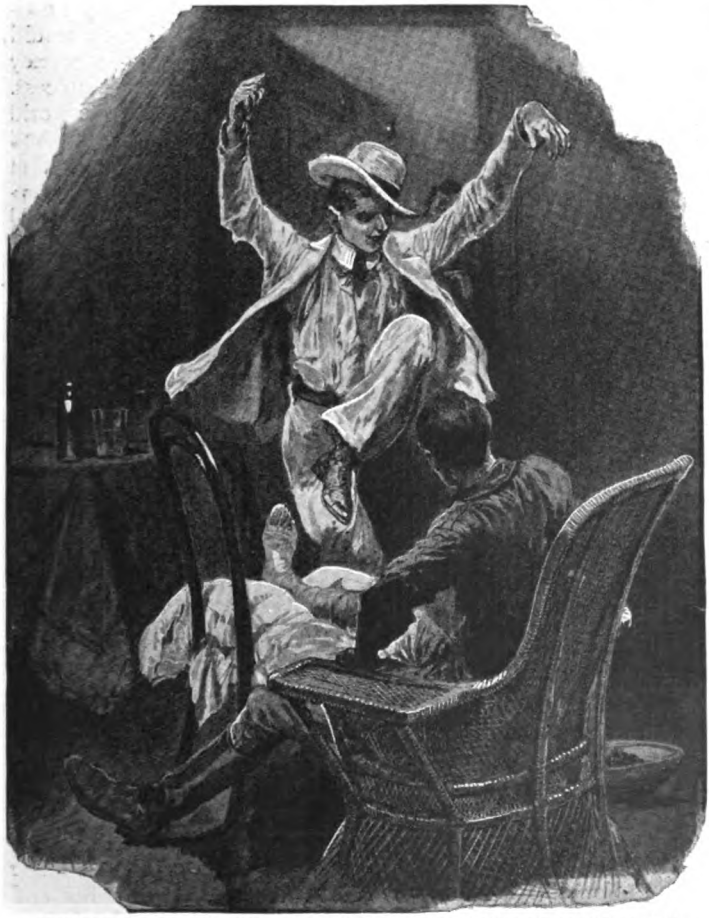
"I'm awfully obliged to you, Tuffnell," he said. "It seemed at first rather too good to be true. But I suppose you are quite sure there is not any mistake?"

He had been obliged to hobble to the door and speak the last part of his remark down the passage, for Mr. Tuffnell had again started to go.

"Quite sure," called out Tuffnell, going downstairs backwards, and piping forth his words in his shrill treble. "The winning number is posted up in the agency—No. 47,901. I thought that was the number of the ticket I had taken for you, but, as I never can remember figures, I asked particularly who it was that held the winning number, and was told it was John Maitland. So you see it's all right. I made quite sure."

"No. 47,901? You are quite sure?" called John, over the banisters.

Tuffnell stopped for a



"HE BEGAN TO DANCE AN IMPROMPTU DANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM."

moment on the last step, and turned his face to the upper landing, where John stood looking over the banisters.

"Yes," he said, mouthing distinctly; "No. 47,901."

John returned to his room and shut the door. He did not need to look at the tickets. It was Dorothy who had won the lottery; not he.

He sat down at the table and spread out the two tickets in front of him. First his own — No. 47,900 — which he had thrust loose into his pocket, and then Dorothy's — No. 47,901 — which he had placed in his pocket-book.

The two tickets seemed to dance before his eyes on the common red tablecloth where he had laid them. Sometimes they even seemed to change places, so that the winning number lay on the right-hand side, and his own ticket — his miserable bit of waste paper, on which he had spent his last eighty dollars—lay on the left.

What an irony it was! Just one figure of difference between his number and Dorothy's. One single figure to ruin his whole life!

This evening Dorothy was seventy-five thousand dollars richer than she had been at this time yesterday. The barrier between her and him was just so much higher than it had been before. The unsurmountable barrier — cold, hard, and glittering — which fate had placed between them had one more golden beam added to its height. He was on one side of it, worse luck, and Dorothy was on the other.

How the two tickets seemed to dance before his eyes, and, good heavens, how hot it was!

He got up and limped to the window. The noise of the clattering, stony streets was borne up to him, the jingle of the tramway bells, and the never-ceasing sound of horses' hoofs slipping on the stones. He found himself longing for the little estancia house, with the silence of the great camp lying all about it and the stars shining overhead.

But the estancia was to be sold. Already he had heard of someone who was in treaty for it. The new-comer would probably alter everything in it, and the place would never look as it used to look in the days when he sat in the little corridor in the evening and dreamed of Dot and himself keeping house together.

What if he had won the lottery instead of her? The thought came to him with a sickening sense of loss and the irony of things. He had limped back to the table again and looked at the tickets. Just the difference between a unit and a "o." The difference between seventy-five thousand dollars and beggary.

And then he began to think of what he would have done if he had won. It was all associated with Dorothy, of course; the estancia re-stocked for her, the house improved for her, and the balance of his winnings laid at her feet! And the maddening part of it all was this—that Dorothy would ten times rather that he had won the lottery instead of herself. Doubtless she had never considered what the consequences would be if she should hold the winning ticket. She would have cut off her right hand rather than that it should have offended by heightening the barrier between them. Poor little Dot, with her "presentiment" that had come so horribly true!

Tuffnell, of course, had thought that he (Maitland) was the winner of the lottery. And everyone else would naturally think the same. His name would be in every newspaper and on every tongue, and men would congratulate him, and seek to borrow money from him on the strength of his success. Not a soul but he himself in all the world knew that it was Dorothy who had won. And when he would have to explain to her that she was wealthier, and therefore farther removed from him than ever, the news would bring nothing but pain and grief to the poor child. From a common-sense point of view it would really be kinder, both to himself and to her, to let matters be as everyone thought they were. He would only have to hold his tongue; no lie would have to be told upon the subject, and no prevarication even need be made! His happiness and Dorothy's could be won with almost an absurdly small amount of deceit. Once again the vision of the little estancia house, with Dot playing at housekeeping, flashed before his mind. He would tell her the whole truth after they were married! And they would laugh together over the change of tickets, and she, with her implicit and childlike trust in him, would say that he had done well.

"Heavens!" cried John, "am I thinking of tampering with a woman's money?" He stuck his elbows on the table and pressed his knuckles hard against his temples, which felt like bursting.

The lottery tickets still lay before him on the cloth. Suppose, after all, he had made a mistake about which ticket was his and which was Dorothy's? He had only glanced

at his own when he bought it, and he had since looked at it and at Dorothy's so long that he almost felt confused about them.

No. 47,901—that was the winning number; but *was* it Dorothy's ticket that he had placed at the left-hand side when he laid them on the table, or was it his own? At the time he had certainly thought it was Dorothy's, but it was most confusing—the two "00's" and the "01." The night was so hot that it made one stupid.

"I believe I am trying to do a dirty trick, but I am not going to be such a mean brute as to pretend I am doing the right thing," said John, sticking out his under lip.

How Dorothy would laugh and cry with joy when he told her he had won! He believed that she would be able to explain to her own entire satisfaction exactly how it was that the "presentiment" had come true after all. Because, of course, she had been thinking so much about him that she had believed it was herself! Whereas now, if she thought about her dream very hard, she would be able to remember quite plainly how it was John that had won the lottery. She and her father were coming down to Buenos Ayres soon, and they would have that lovely "spend" together which she had talked about. There would be a piano for the drawing-room and cool, pretty matting for the floor, and the corridor would have the wire gauze round it, just as he had planned. Afterwards, when the estancia had begun to pay, he would give Dorothy back all that he had spent of the seventy-five thousand dollars, and settle the whole sum upon her. It was only a loan after all.

The night grew hotter every hour. John limped to the window again, and stepped out on to the narrow iron balcony to try to get a little air. The clouds stood up in fold on fold of greenish black, and a hot wind arose and rolled them over against the sleeping city.

Suddenly a heavy peal of thunder sounded overhead and a big drop of rain fell on John's uncovered head. He turned his face up quickly to the storm-charged sky and the low-hanging cloud rack. Then he gave a big, loud laugh, which echoed weird and mirthless down the silent street.

"It's going to rain!" he cried, "and I might have kept the cattle and had another try."

"'IT'S GOING TO RAIN,' HE CRIED, 'AND I MIGHT HAVE KEPT THE CATTLE AND HAD ANOTHER TRY.'"

Fate had been against him all the way, but he would be even with Fate yet!

It meant Dorothy's happiness, too. The long waiting time over, and the wedding-bells ringing, and Dorothy's girl-friends as bridesmaids, and Dot herself all in white, and with her dear hand upon his arm—well, even if he was not going to act quite straight, he was prepared to make the bargain with his eyes open, and to pay for all this with a little bit of his honour.

In the morning he went to Dorothy. He took a long journey to the quiet house with the garden and

the peach trees in it, and the pigeons strutting on the red-tiled roof. He journeyed all that day and the day following to the Vyses' house, and in the cool of an early morning he arrived, and went straight into the shady garden, where he found Dorothy, dressed all in white, "like a bride," he thought.

"Dorothy," he said, "you've won the lottery, and I think I am as nearly as possible a blackguard." Then he told her all about it.

And Dot fixed the thing, of course, in about two minutes, and clapped her hands and said, "The money is mine! Of course, I'll give it to you, John, and it will be just the same as if you'd won it yourself." She began to talk about the wedding preparations and the ring, and the bridesmaids, and her white satin dress, in which even John would say she looked rather nice! And, oh, what luck it was to have had that wonderful dream!

"My dear," he said, "I can't take your money! You can't see that, of course, but it is quite impossible. You know the whole story now, Dot, and I don't think you can say you have missed much in the way of a husband." John was making some ugly faces, and Dot was crying unrestrainedly. "It makes one feel pretty humble," he said at last, "to have wanted for a whole night to behave like a cad."

"'DOROTHY IS THE WINNER,' SAID JOHN. 'I TOOK THE WINNING TICKET FOR HER.'"

"Gambling," remarked Mr. Vyse. "Well, I don't approve of it, John, but I'm glad you've been successful."

This was some hours later, when the post had arrived bringing letters and newspapers from Buenos Ayres.

"Dorothy is the winner," said John. "I took the winning ticket for her in my own name."

"Let me see what it says, father," said Dorothy, looking over his shoulder to avoid the disapproving parental eye. "No. 47,900—was that my number, John?"

"No," he said, "it was No. 47,901; they have made a mistake in the printing."

And the thing remained a mystery until John opened Tuffnell's letter, which said:—

"DEAR J.,—I'm afraid I've made an awful mess somehow. The winning number is No. 47,900, and not No. 47,901, as I said. They certainly said that J. Maitland had won, and I never thought there could be another J. Maitland, so did not bother to look very particularly at the figures. I'm awfully sorry, and feel as if I owed you millions somehow. Who can the other J. Maitland be?

"Yours ever,

"C. TUFFNELL."

John handed the letter to Dorothy, and they went out into the garden together.

Fig. 1.—The common English Arum, familiar everywhere on the banks of watery ditches during May.

The Life Story of the Common Arum, or Cuckoo-Pint.

By John J. Ward,

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THE beauties of Nature, the exquisite forms and colours of natural objects, may brighten man's path through life, yet this is only incidental to their real function—the interests of the organism itself.

Even the green colour of the grass has its specific function, and, likewise, every tiny hair or spot of colour that accompanies a flower or appears on stem or leaf. When a flower secretes rich nectar or honey and sends forth sweet perfumes, at the same time developing showy petals to further advertise the fact that the nectar is there and ready for all the winged insects that care to come to the feast, it is really doing something entirely in its own interests. To put the matter briefly, the plant needs the help of the insect to convey its fertilizing pollen from bloom to bloom to make its seeds fertile, and bribes it with nectar to gain this end. Beyond that point the plant's interest (if we may term it such) in the insect absolutely terminates.

Now, in our May rambles we are almost sure to find in the moist woodlands, or by the watery ditches, blooms of the curious wild arum, cuckoo-pint, wake-robin, lords-and-ladies, as you may like to call it, some of which are illustrated in Fig. 1, and the plant more in detail in Figs. 7 and 9. We shall be struck by the quaintness of their form and colouring, for the arum is one of the most curious plants in the British flora. However, before going into details regarding this extraordinary floral structure, I want to take you back to the beginning of things, and show you how the plant started its career. But, first, I will let you into one little secret regarding the bloom itself.

When a bloom is found fully opened, like that shown in Fig. 7, it will be observed that it narrows off to form a kind of neck just below the central portion, and then swells out again, forming an oval-shaped sac, as is well shown in the photograph. Now, having obtained such a bloom, cut a tiny portion from the substance of the sac with a sharp penknife, so as to make a small hole. Then turn the hole towards the sunlight and watch what happens. Through the opening will come a tiny midge-fly, which at once takes to its wings and disappears from view. Its place, however, is immediately taken by another fly, and presently still others appear, until at last a veritable army of midge-flies is trooping through the hole. It is rarely that one can find a fully-developed arum without its army of tiny midges within. How came these flies there, and what are they doing? These are questions I will endeavour to answer later; meanwhile, we have to learn

something of the early history of the plant.

The arum plant as we know it may start life from a seed, but it more often develops after the manner of the cultivated potato, and, instead of producing a new plant, simply continues the growth of the old one by means of underground tubers.

Fig. 2. — On April 5th the Arum had developed roots and budded out a single leaf.

In Fig. 2 we see one of the little tubers produced underground by an older plant as it appeared on a certain April 5th. It has developed roots below, and above has budded out a single leaf. The rich stores of nourishment in the little tuber gave the plant a good start in life, and, as the roots developed below ground, growth went on apace above, and some eight or nine days later the leaf began to assume its permanent form (Fig. 3). A little later still another leaf was formed to accompany it (Fig. 4). By early May a third leaf had appeared, and, in addition, a curious central object that tapered to a sharp point (Fig. 5).

The work of the three leaves was then to spread themselves out to their fullest extent to the sunlight, for they have the power of absorbing energy from the sun's rays; and this energy is largely utilized in the building processes of this all-important central object, which meanwhile was rapidly progressing. By May 16th it had become quite an important part of the plant (Fig. 6), and was unfolding its structure to the light. Within was a curious, purple-coloured, club-like organ, and the sheath or hood surrounding it was of a pale green colour tinged also with purple. It was on May 19th that it reached its perfection (Fig. 7).

Fig. 3.—Eight or nine days later the leaf began to assume its permanent form.

What did all this mean? What was the purpose of this most quaint floral structure? No butterflies or moths were ever seen to visit this extraordinary-looking blossom; indeed, the whole plant looked weird and uncanny. Its glossy, dark green, sagittate leaves contrasted strongly with the pale-coloured hood of the bloom, and against this stood out conspicuously the purple club; the whole plant, too, is very poisonous, and the odour from it, although not powerful, is certainly not inviting. Still there are living things that know full well how to appreciate that mysterious blossom, for within the lower part of our bloom was a merry throng of tiny midge-flies, such as I have previously referred to, in the midst of a revel they dearly loved.

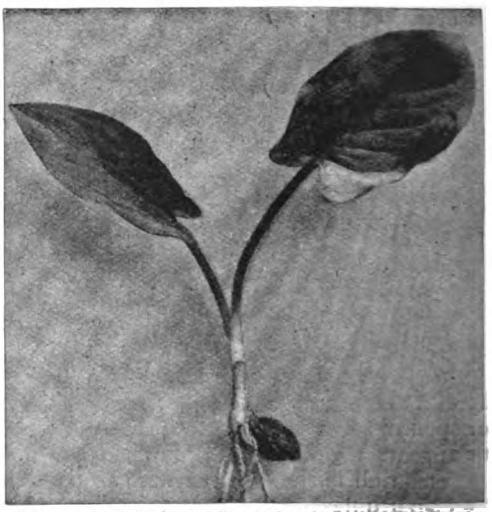


Fig. 4.—A little later still another leaf was formed to accompany it.

The particular little midge that patronizes the arum in this country has no common name, but to distinguish it from other species of midge-flies I will give its entomological name, which is *Psychoda phallænoides*. The little insect is a near relative of the common gnat, and is familiar everywhere during the summer months; a magnified photograph of it is shown in Fig. 8. With wings closed it would about cover the space of a pin's head, and it is very commonly seen hopping and fluttering about in a curious jerky fashion on windows of outhouses and similar places, but it is very difficult to catch. Concerning the life history of the species very little is known, yet it is certain that when arums are blooming

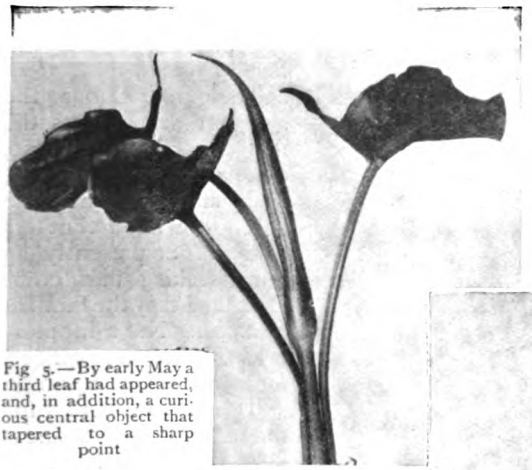


Fig 5.—By early May a third leaf had appeared, and, in addition, a curious central object that tapered to a sharp point

these midges give little time to anything besides drunken orgies within their shelter. You have only to cut open a bloom at the narrow neck portion and look down to the lower part to see the helpless insects lying in heaps, all more or less intoxicated—intoxicated from over-indulgence in arum pollen. Indeed, they are often almost completely buried in the yellow dust, their hairy feelers, legs, wings, and bodies so thickly covered with it that the insect looks twice its natural size when it leaves the bloom. The temperature, too, inside this enclosed area where the flies are found is much above that of the external atmosphere, often from ten to twenty degrees higher.

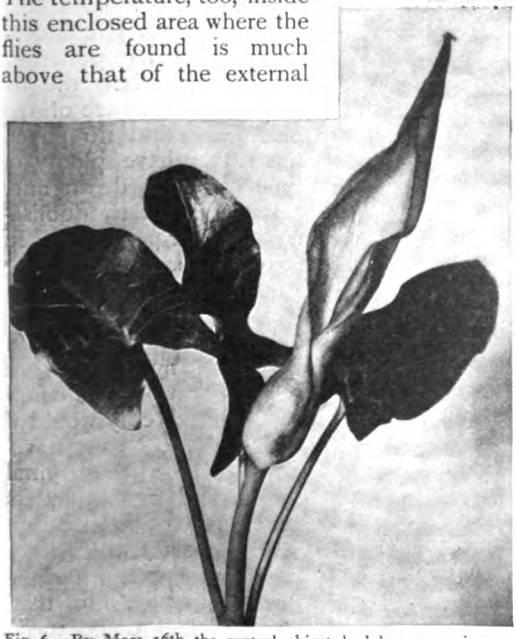


Fig. 6.—By May 16th the central object had become quite an important part of the plant.

The arum's scheme for entrapping these little flies is a most artful one, and more like the ingenious work of a thinking animal than the blind instinct of a mindless plant.

In the first place, the arum bloom is not a flower, but what the botanist terms an inflorescence. That is to say, it is a branch of flowers; just as a shoot of foxgloves would not be a flower, but an inflorescence, or branch of flowers. In Fig. 9 we see one of the blooms cut open, the illustration showing it just before it reaches the stage when the midges visit it. Now, I must here point out that a perfect or complete flower consists of four whorls—the green sepals, the coloured petals, the stamens which produce the fertilizing pollen, and the central pistil, to the surface of which the pollen is conveyed in the process of fertilization. But a flower need not necessarily possess all these parts; almost any whorl may be missing. However, the stamens and pistil are essential, although they need not always be in the same flower—*i.e.*, one flower may have sepals, petals, and stamens, but no pistil, when it becomes a male flower; another flower may have sepals, petals, and pistil, but no stamens, when it becomes a female flower. In such cases the pollen is

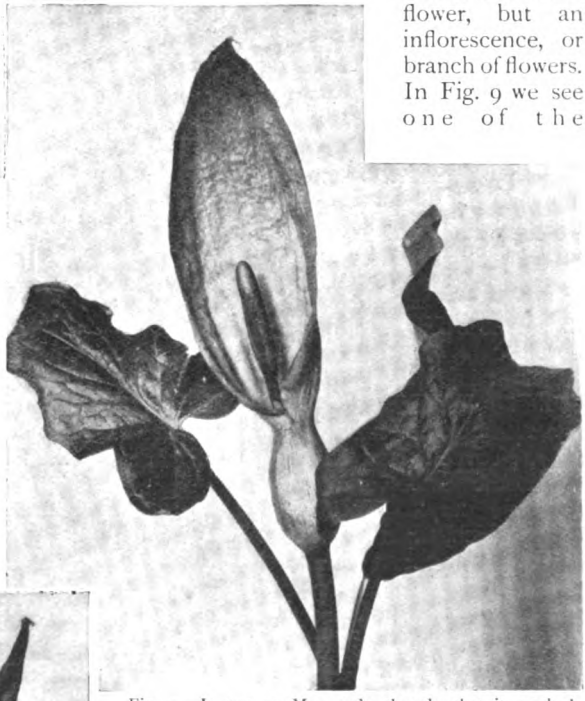


Fig. 7.—It was on May 19th, though, that it reached its perfection.

generally conveyed from one flower to another by means of the insects that visit them alternately. The simplest and most primitive kind of flower consists of a single pistil that produces a seed, or a single pollen-producing stamen, without any sepals or petals around it, and this is what we have in the case of the arum. The arum possesses many flowers, botanically speaking, but it can scarcely be said to possess anything worthy of the name in its popular acceptation, although the inflorescence as a whole partly atones for its delinquencies.

Fig. 8.—A magnified view of one of the numerous midge-flies found within Arum blooms. With wings closed it would about cover the space of a pin's head.

If, now, we look carefully at Fig. 9 we shall observe that at the lower part of the purple club, in the area where the midges are entrapped, there are three kinds of small bodies. Lowest of all are pale-coloured roundish objects; each of these consists of a single pistil containing an embryo seed. Above these are some smaller, curious, purple-coloured knobs which, when mature, burst open and shed quantities of yellow pollen dust. From what I have previously said, it is plain, then, that we have here two groups of the simplest of flowers, just a single stamen, or a single pistil, without any other floral parts. Above these groups of simple male and female flowers we find some other bodies shaped like the lower female flowers, but from their surfaces appear long bristles which stand out away from the axis, and point downwards. These objects are really female flowers modified to serve another purpose in the plant's economy — and of these more anon.

Now that we understand the various parts that constitute the quaint floral structure of the arum, we may proceed to see what connection they have with the tiny midges that so love to visit them.

The purple club is the sign-post that attracts the midges, for it is, of course, quite a conspicuous object as it stands against the pale green hood that envelops it. So presently the arum-seeking flies come along and espy the familiar sign-post. Not a moment is lost. They steer quickly for it and alight upon it, and gleefully descend until they reach the narrow neck portion, where they meet the bristly flowers. These latter, with their bristles pointing downwards, prove no obstacle to the midges, so they travel down to the base of the flower.

Many of the insects have just come from other arum blooms in the near neighbourhood, and about their wings, legs, and bodies they carry traces of their previous feastings in the form of minute pollen grains. But when they reach an arum at about the stage of that shown in Fig. 9 they meet with disappointment, for the arum contrives to induce the midges to enter the bloom well before its pollen is mature. So when the insects reach the base of the bloom and find no pollen there, they have plenty of time to sober down and, perhaps, repent the foolishness of their past orgy. In fact, this period of fasting after one feast often lasts so long that they become really hungry. Of course, you will ask: Why, then, do not the flies leave the bloom? They undoubtedly would if they could, and they travel up and down the central axis many times doubtless with that intention; but when they reach the bristles in the narrowed neck of the bloom they find that, although they could travel down them freely enough

Fig. 9.—A peep within the bloom, showing the lower chamber where the midge-flies are entrapped.

when they entered, yet they cannot return the same way, for the bristles point downwards and make a perfect barrier against their leaving. Indeed, they are prisoners until the arum chooses to release them. There is often ample room for such tiny flies to travel up the sides of the hood, and so miss the bristles, but they make no attempt to escape in this manner; it may be that the hood is too steep and smooth for them to climb.

So the midges crawl about within in durance vile and keep increasing in numbers as new visitors arrive. Meanwhile the lower female flowers arrive at maturity, and the top of each pistil develops a sticky stigma. Amongst these gummy surfaces the tiny flies wander in search of the pollen they need, and from their legs and bodies are rubbed more or less every pollen grain that they brought with them from the arums they have previously visited. And here lies the essence of the whole scheme. Each pistil in this manner eventually gets cross-fertilized with pollen from a neighbouring plant. Of course, the arum will eventually develop pollen of its own, but cross-fertilization results in stronger offspring than those produced by self-fertilization, and so the plant lays itself out to that end.

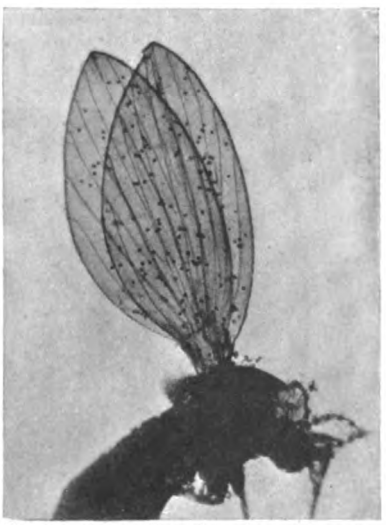


Fig. 10.—A magnified view of the wings of a midge-fly, showing the numerous minute fertilizing pollen grains which it carries from bloom to bloom.

After a time every flower is fertilized, the stigmas begin to shrivel and dry, and then the hungry insects, now almost on the point of starvation, get their reward. Yellow pollen begins to shower down upon them, for the male flowers are now arriving at maturity. The pollen cannot influence the stigmas of the female flowers, for these have now lost their sensitive nature. So the hungry insects gorge themselves until they can hardly crawl, and consequently there they lie in heaps; but still the pollen continues to fall upon them, literally burying them amidst it.

There comes a time of respite, however, later on, when the flies begin to feel that they have had about enough of it and to realize that a little fresh air would be an excellent tonic. So, covered with pollen, they ascend the central axis preparatory to leaving the bloom. The barrier bristles now no longer stop the way, for the plant has no further use for the insects' company; the latter have done their work and received their due payment, therefore they are now allowed their liberty. So, on reaching the purple club, the insect pushes off it into space. The air, together with its flight, refreshes it wonderfully, so much so that probably before it has travelled many yards it becomes fascinated by a most charming purple club standing out fresh and cool against an enfolding pale green sheath. Thus it is enticed once more into another arum bloom, to be prisoner for a few days; and while there it will have plenty of time to clean up its pollen-laden limbs and rub the grains about the sticky stigmas of the flowers within. So the whole process is once more repeated.

In Fig. 10 is shown a magnified view of the wings of a midge taken from an arum that had yet to shed its pollen, and the numerous tiny grains (from a previous bloom) adhering to its wings should be observed. Also we should not fail to remember that only one of these microscopic grains is needed on the stigma to effect the fertilization of the flower.

After the midges have departed with their loads of pollen, no further insect visitors arrive. In fact, the plant at once begins to take in the sign-post. In Fig. 7 we see the arum as it appeared on May 19th, but if we look to Fig. 11, as it appeared on June 8th, we see that appearances had changed very much. Not even the most giddy of midge-flies would ever attempt to visit an arum as it appears in the latter illustration. The purple club has shrivelled away and turned down right to the base of the group of male flowers, and likewise the hood that gave the club such prominence also now cuts a sorry figure. Indeed, at first you might think that the whole thing was dead. However, the leaves are still working to build up this central structure.

In Fig. 12 we see it as it appeared on August 20th. There it will be seen that the turn of the leaves to shrivel had arrived, for they had done their work, and the memorial of that work was conspicuous enough. The

shrivelled hood is seen still clinging to the structure, but bursting from it is a cluster of plump green berries, which immediately they become exposed to the light turn a bright scarlet colour. And so the hood falls away and exposes the berries which stand on their stout stem looking a most conspicuous patch of brilliant red. Why this bold front? Has the arum some other scheme on hand?

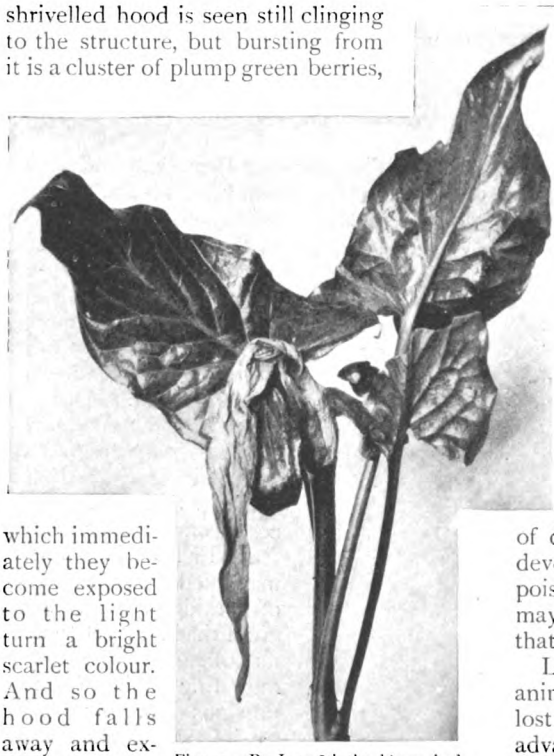


Fig. 11.—By June 8th the bloom had given up enticing midge-flies within its shelter.

Yes; the arum once more needs service from the animal world. Many plants not only bribe insects to assist in fertilizing their flowers, but also induce larger animals to disseminate their seeds. The method adopted is generally that of a juicy, sweet pulp around the hard seed, so that the animal shall carry off the fruit and cast away the stone, or seed, in distant places where it may germinate. In the case of the arum we have this principle carried out exactly. Each of those tiny pistils has now become a red juicy berry containing a hard seed, which boldly invites animals to feast upon it. But the berries are extremely poisonous, and therefore the whole theory is apparently self-contradictory. The fruit is made attractive and inviting to tempt the appetite, but then it is made poisonous to prevent it from being eaten. Surely there is something amiss here!

We have to remember, however, the fact that birds are so constituted that what is poisonous to man and other animals is not always so to them. Thrushes, for example, devour the arum berries with impunity, but at the same time there are many smaller birds and larger animals, not to mention man, to whom these same berries would probably prove fatal. The fact very likely is that the arum specially caters for birds of the thrush class, that consume its fruits and convey its seeds far and wide, and not for nibbling animals which might do the seeds an injury. As the plant has slowly evolved its poisonous properties which prevent undesirable animals from munching its seeds, the thrushes, which best serve the purpose of distribution, have kept even pace in the development of their power to resist the poison; like confirmed opium-eaters, they may now safely consume quantities of poison that would mean death to others.

Let us suppose, however, that a small animal or bird ate such berries and thereby lost its life, the decaying remains would offer advantages to the developing plant after the seed had germinated. By the law of heredity, too, the succeeding generation of arums, on account of this advantage, would develop still stronger poison in their berries.

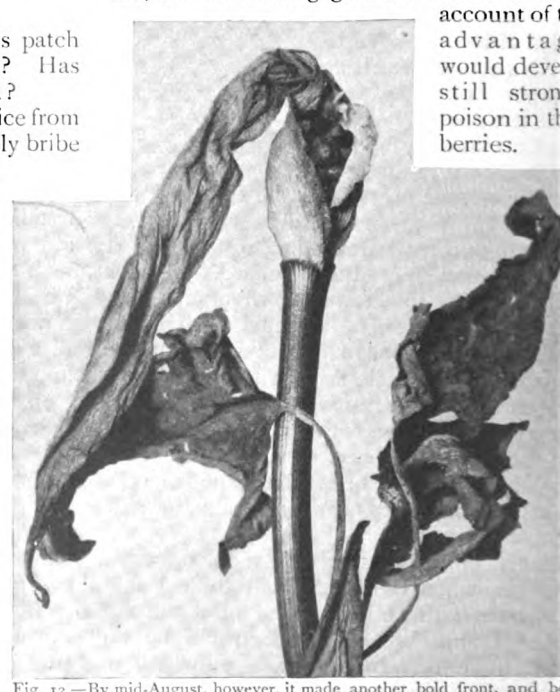


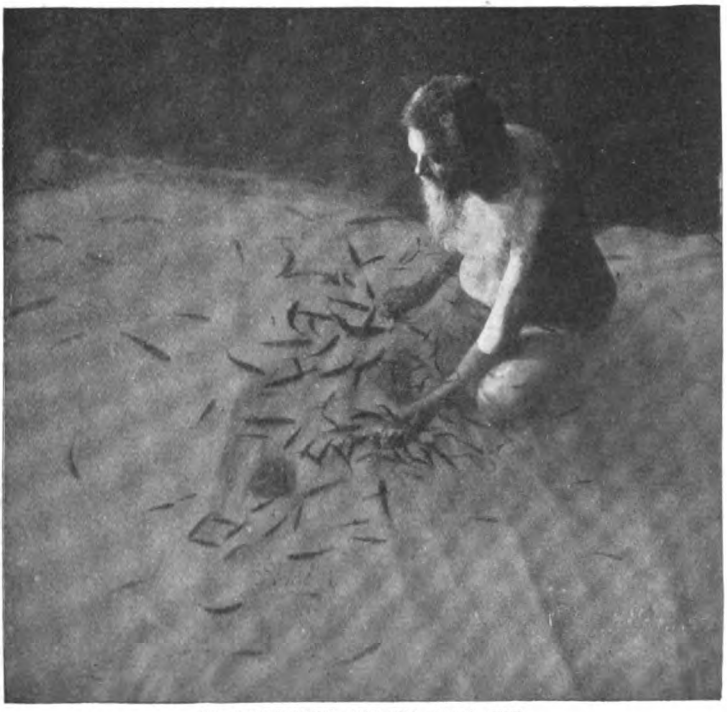
Fig. 12.—By mid-August, however, it made another bold front, and began to reveal a cluster of inviting scarlet berries—fruits that would perhaps mean death to many of the animals that were tempted to eat of them.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

A MAN WHO TAMES FISH.

CAN fish be tamed? It seems impossible. But there exists a man who says he has done it, and photographs have been taken which prove beyond all dispute that he is right. He is a well-known Swiss doctor, Fastenrath by name, and to him we are indebted for the photograph on this page.

For years Dr. Fastenrath was desirous of testing the tamability of fish, and at last a favourable opportunity of doing so presented itself. He was taking baths for his health in a private bathing-house on the Lake of Lugano when he noticed that in a certain part of this building there lived, near a heap of stones, a family of loaches—in all about a hundred or a hundred and fifty fish. "These loaches, of which the largest was about the size of a trout, used frequently to swim into the bath-house; but, of course, would scurry out when I got into the water." It was these fish which the doctor tried to tame.



DR. FASTENRATH AND HIS TAME FISH.
From a Photo. by Eugen Schmidhauser.

To do this he proceeded with caution. At first he sat in the water for a whole hour, quietly holding in each of his hands, which he supported on his knees, a piece of well-soaked bread. The loaches would have nothing to do with him at first. In fact, they were extremely anxious to avoid him. But this was not for long. "In a little while," continues the doctor, "some of the youngest members of the family ventured, with the greatest care, to nibble at the bread, but started off in fright if there was the slightest movement in my hands. Then came a few larger and older fish, and by degrees, in increasing numbers, they approached me, even the oldest and largest, until they became exceedingly friendly. As soon as I stepped into the water they would circle round me, and would make a dart for the bread that I brought. They were not at all disturbed by my movements. I could move as I pleased. I used to lift both hands quickly from the water and plunge them in again, yet they were not scared. They would slip through my fingers, and I used to touch them on their heads and backs, both big and little ones, and they did not mind."

When the doctor got on good terms with the loaches he was photographed in their midst. But, in order that the fish could be shown in the picture, a large white sheet was spread on the ground below the water. Even this did not frighten them away, although heavy stones had to be placed on the sheet to keep it on the bottom, and it was difficult to prevent some of the fish from being stifled under the sheet.

An interesting report was recently made by Dr. Fastenrath to the German Press of his experiments, and drew considerable attention from ichthyologists. To this report we are indebted for some of our details.

A CUP-AND-BALL ACADEMY.

WILL the cup-and-ball game ever regain its former prosperity in France? For a long time this noble game has been in a state of decadence. Is it necessary to say that it has had a glorious past? In the sixteenth century it was the rage at Court and among the people. It was Henry III.'s chief pastime. Often, accompanied by his favourites and his jester, Chicot, he would start off into the streets to rouse the admiration of the passers-by, most of whom were playing the game themselves, as they went

CUP-AND-BALL FAIR.—(FROM A PRINT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.)

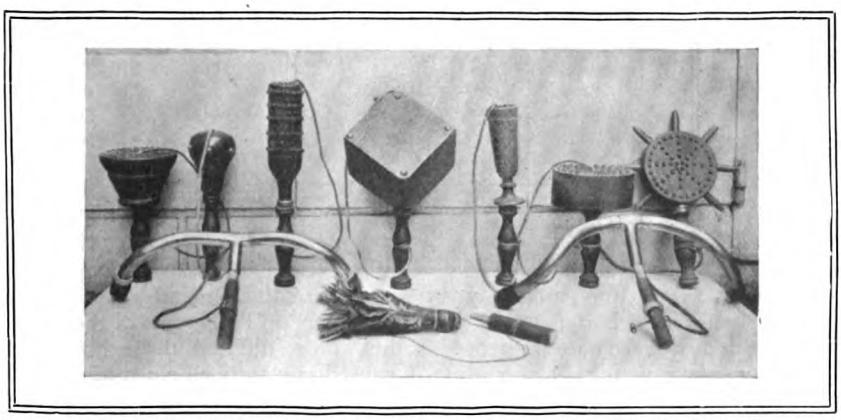
In 1585, Henry III. of France was possessed of a perfect mania for playing cup-and-ball. He carried his cup-and-ball even when he went out walking, and when surrounded by his courtiers, who caught the fashion from him. Then the general people took it up, and cup-and-ball became the rage. The above print gives a most interesting illustration of the ruling passion. Ladies, gallants, and working-folk, from the shopkeeper and milkman down to the shoeblack, are absorbed in the effort to make the little ball fly into the cup. In the background a milk-woman is beating her daughter, apparently for having spent her savings at the stall which bears the inscription, "La foire franche des Bilbocquets de plus à la mode"—*i.e.*, "The shop for the most fashionable cups-and-balls."

From a] A MATCH AT THE CUP-AND-BALL ACADEMY. *[Photo.*

about their business. The very interesting old print which we first reproduce gives an excellent idea of the extraordinary scene.

Louis XIV. did not like the cup-and-ball, which he considered vulgar; but a mighty personage of that time, the Marquis de Bièvre, acquired remarkable skill at the game. He could toss the toy up to the ceiling, both cup-and-ball, and then, catching them in their fall, receive the ball infallibly on the tip of the handle.

The enthusiasts of the nineteenth century comprised no less a person than François Guizot. The grave and serious Cabinet Minister possessed several specimens of different sizes which he kept at the Foreign Office. There lived at that time in Paris another lover of the game, equally enthusiastic—the British Ambassador. One day the Ambassador came to call on the President of the Council. The interview dragged on. The crowd of persons in the ante-chamber



SOME ECCENTRIC SHAPES OF CUP-AND-BALL—"BRUTUS," WHICH IS A CUBE, "THE BICYCLE-HANDLE," "THE FEATHER-BRUSH," AND OTHER FANTASTIC FORMS. *From a] [Photo.*

wondered what weighty interests could be under discussion. At last a secretary of the Embassy took it upon himself to knock at Mr. Guizot's door. On being told to enter, what was his surprise and stupefaction when he found the President and the Ambassador, cup-and-ball in hand, each striving to run up a record score!

Under the Republic President Grévy, when tired of billiards, took up the cup-and-ball. Gambetta also played the game, but very clumsily. He had a bad habit of talking whilst he was playing, and the ball then usually escaped him and alighted on his fingers. Maupassant was an indefatigable player. Armand Silvestre was not much his inferior. In matches between the two Theodore de Banville often acted as umpire. Several painters also patronized the game. Bouguereau, for example, was a very expert player.

A LEARNER SHOULD NOT CHOOSE "THE TERROR," WHICH WEIGHS 10LB. —IT IMPROVES THE BICEPS, BUT IT IS NOT ALTOGETHER PLEASANT TO CATCH IT ON YOUR EYE.
From a] [*Photo.*

For some time after this period the game fell into utter neglect. Now, however, an academy has been formed for its resuscitation by a number of ardent supporters. Thanks to them, the game may yet regain a deserved popularity, and may become the fashion or craze of to-morrow.

Some twenty years ago, at a boarding-school at Fontenay-le-Comte, Vendée, there lived a small boy named Edmond Poineau, who spent a great part of his spare time in playing at cup-and-ball. He gradually became very expert at the game. The boy, being ambitious, thought of doing things that would startle the world, and when, being turned eleven, his parents took him away from the school and got him a situation in Paris at a public-house, he took good care not to drown his ambition in the sink where he washed his glasses. Gradually he became a waiter, and then his own master. But suddenly, one day, his ambition took a definite shape and Edmond Poineau saw his road clear before him, and the voice within him cried insistently: "Revive the ancient game of cup-and-ball!"

He bought a cup-and-ball, got himself into practice, and taught his wife the secrets of the game, which, after all, is essentially adapted to ladies, seeing that it is a mixture of skill and grace. Then he invited his customers to try their hand, and collected a circle of pupils, who in their turn became teachers: at last, assisted by his disciples, he last year founded, at 18, Rue Oberkampf, the Cup-and-Ball Academy. This was a stroke of genius—the outcome of the idea which took root at the boarding-school at Fontenay-le-Comte.

Not content with founding the academy, Edmond Poineau became the apostle of the cup-and-ball. He went out to lecture upon its charms in the provinces, and his words, diffused throughout the country, caused cup-and-ball clubs to spring up everywhere. Now Paris alone comprises three groups: "The Cup-and-Ball Revivalists," "The Cup-and-Ball Awakening," and "The Père Lachaise Living Cup-and-Ballists."

I went to the academy to call on Mr. Edmond Poineau, who received me with the utmost courtesy. He showed me his collection of cups-and-balls, the only one of its kind. The illustration on page 461 shows

them. First come the big monsters—the "Terror," carrying a ball of over ten pounds weight. "Brutus" is a little less heavy, but of cubical shape, with the hole cut at an angle. Then there are the fancy ones—the "Mouse-trap," the "Snuff-box," the "Bottle," the "Tumbler," the "Double Ring," the "Hat-box," the "Champagne Flute," the "Bicycle Handle-bar," and the "Feather-brush." All these instruments are called after the article serving as a ball. The "Bottle" and the "Tumbler" are of wood, but the "Handle-bar" is a real bicycle handle-bar, and the "feather-brush" is actually one of these domestic utensils cut from the handle.

Then there are the series of Lilliputians. The "Artilleryman," which weighs a few grains, is made from a rounded shell-splinter; the "Ribi," made from a ball of cork, is the size of a cherry-stone; and the "Costaud" is represented by a gilt pearl attached to a short stick of the length and bulk of a safety match. You will realize the irony of the name when you are told that "Costaud" is Parisian slang, and means "as strong as a giant."

Mr. Poineau handed me the ordinary instrument for beginners, weighing about three pounds, and agreed to instruct me in the first principles of the game.

"Position: The right leg forward, with the heel slightly in front of the left leg, the right foot pointing outward, the left foot planted square, the body well balanced on the legs. Poise your body elegantly and move it with easy grace. Hold the stick or cup firmly in the right hand, exactly over the string, which drops down vertically, and which must never be touched with the hands.

"Now bend the body slightly; then, at a sharp twitch of the right wrist, the ball rises and describes a semicircle; the eyes follow its course and watch the hole, towards which the right hand guides the stick or handle. If successful, the hole is caught upon the point, and the feat is accomplished."

PRACTISING WITH "THE FEATHER-BRUSH" — AN EXCELLENT CUP-AND-BALL FOR LADIES.
From a Photo.

It is Mr. Poineau who speaks—and who acts also, for that matter. As for myself, the ball of my instrument is repeatedly deposited on my forehead, fingers, or wrists, and I begin to lose heart over these repeated disasters. But Mr. Poineau smiles indulgently and explains that in order to succeed twice out of five times I should have to practise for a week. To become a good player, successful nine times out of ten, would, according to temperament, require a fortnight to three weeks of hard study. Those who suffer from nerves are no more likely to become good players than they are to become good shots. A steady hand, a good eye, these are the qualities required to make a fine exponent of the cup-and-ball game.

The game varies with the shape, size, and weight of the instrument. Between the "Terror" and the "Costaud" there is an ample scope for wrist power. Variety is the chief charm of this game. The smaller the set of instruments, the more difficult the game. With the "Costaud," the record is 1 in 1,000. Even Mr. Poineau himself, though a past-master in the art of cup-and-ball, has had to throw up the tiny little ball one thousand times before gaining a single point!

It is less heartbreaking to practise with the "Terror," of which the record is a "run" of twelve consecutive points. But twenty-five throws with this monster will lay up your arm for a week!

In spite of the effort which its handling requires, the "Terror" has been triumphantly conquered by Mme. Poineau, who is champion with ten consecutive scores. For the fancy series, such as the "Mouse-trap" or the "Snuff-box," the record stands at nine out of ten. But with the standard instrument, weighing three pounds, there are many good players who will score five hundred

successive points—that is to say, they will continue fifteen minutes on end to catch the ball at the end of the stick, without stopping once or missing a single point.

It may interest the reader to hear of the feats of a few famous professionals.

Under the Second Empire a certain Nicolas, who had Latinized his name into Nicolasi, gave public performances at the variety theatres. Playing steadily, he succeeded in making runs of six hundred to eight hundred points. He also succeeded in a *tour de force* practised two centuries previously by the Marquis de Bièvre—that of throwing the instrument into the air, stick and all, and catching the ball on the handle whilst in full flight. At about the same time a left-handed man named Caminel scored five hundred points with an instrument in which the ball was no larger than an orange. More recently, two cup-and-ball players have appeared at circuses; one was a Scandinavian, the other a native of Japan. The Scandinavian, Krag Horsen, made runs of fifty points, but his position during the feat was worthy of note. With one hand holding on to a trapeze suspended in mid-air, he handled his cup-and-ball with the other. This was followed up by another signal feat. Balancing himself on one foot at the top of a pillar, he ran up another large score. As for the Jap, he began a score of forty points with his head downward, his legs in the air, and his left hand supported by a fixed bar. Then he ventured out upon a rope stretched across the arena of the circus, and ran up a double series of thirty, a cup-and-ball in each hand.

M. POINEAU, THE FOUNDER OF THE CUP-AND-BALL ACADEMY, PRACTISING WITH THE "COSTAUD"—ONE CATCH IN A THOUSAND IS THE RECORD WITH THIS TINY INSTRUMENT!
From a Photo.

Henceforth the cup-and-ball will be in a state of full renaissance. This game, which develops the muscles of the wrist, back, and forearm, is an excellent mental and physical exercise. It is an indoor game—perhaps the least expensive of all. The only luxury required by the player of cup-and-ball is that of light. It must have brightness, and plenty of it—sunlight or electric light for choice.

Why should it not succeed in this country? Perhaps it will have its turn here in due course.

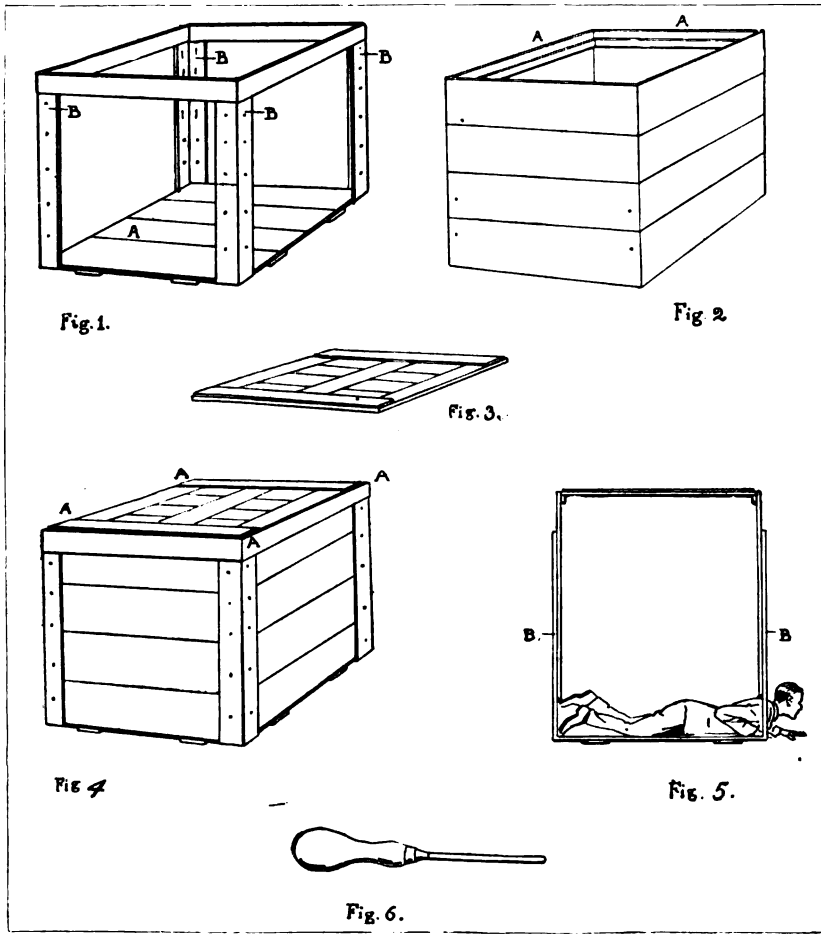
THE SECRET OF THE GREAT PACKING-CASE TRICK.

By Dr. Lynn.

IN finishing my revelation last month of one method of performing the great box trick, I promised to follow it up in the present number by revealing the method of working the trick entitled "The Nailed Packing-Case," an illusion which has been presented by me in various parts of the world with the greatest success. Before proceeding to do so, however, I should like to say that in the title to my previous article I was described in error as the "inventor," instead of the "performer" of the trick. As I stated in the text, the inventors were my partners, Messrs. Stollery and Evans, and their ingenuity it was which won the prize—not mine. Proceeding now to the mystery, "The Nailed Packing-Case," it is, in a different way, quite as perplexing to the spectator as the box trick, though, as in that case, the explanation is really extremely simple. The trick, as performed before the audience, is as follows: A wooden packing-case, of the ordinary appearance, is produced and examined by the audience; and, an assistant having taken his place inside it, the cover is *nailed down* by one of the spectators. The case is then placed in a cabinet, or behind a screen. In a very few seconds it is again revealed, with the assistant outside it, though the lid is still as firmly nailed on as before.

Fig. 1 shows the angle-pieces of a packing-case. B B B B are the angle-pieces, A the boards forming a bottom to the skeleton frame. Fig. 2 shows a square packing-case composed of sixteen boards of a requisite size nailed together, forming a square case having neither top nor bottom, and so made as to slide easily into the skeleton framework

shown in Fig. 1. The bottomless case (Fig. 2) is placed inside the framework (Fig. 1), and a number of very fine holes are drilled right through the angle-pieces into the case. This case is then lifted out of the framework and wire nails are driven into each of the holes in the angle-pieces, excepting the four holes at the bottom corners, these four holes for the present being *left empty*. The nails fairly long nails are pushed into the four holes hitherto left empty. These nails pass into four holes drilled in corresponding positions in the inner case, thus bolting, as it were, the framework to the case. These nails do *not* fit too loosely, but can be readily thrust out by anyone inside the case by pushing the points of the nails with a "fake" similar in shape to that shown in Fig. 6.



driven in the holes are clinched flat inside the angle-pieces so as to form no projections to interfere with freely sliding the case proper into the framework. The *rear* left-hand angle-piece in Fig. 1 shows the nails clinched inside. Now, when the case is slid into the frame, the nail-heads appear to be actually the heads of nails securing the boards to the angle-pieces as in cases of a very ordinary design. The case is now placed again in the framework and four

The case is now to all appearances an ordinary one, and will stand any reasonable amount of examination. The *modus operandi* is also now apparent. As shown in Fig. 5, the man inside the case has no difficulty in pushing out the lower nails, which alone hold the case to the framework, and, raising the case, in creeping out, lowering the case again, and replacing the nails. The lid, of course, has never been tampered with in any way whatever.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER V.

"SEARCH and research proving vain," said Gerald, when every corner of the bedroom had been turned out and the ring had not been found, "the noble detective hero of our tale remarked that he would have other fish to fry in half a jiff, and if the rest of you want to hear about last night, come where no one can hear us.

Oh, come to some island where no one can hear,
And beware of the keyhole that's glued to an ear,"

he whispered, opened the door suddenly, and there, sure enough, was Eliza, stooping without. She flicked feebly at the wainscot with a duster, but concealment was vain.

"You know what listeners never hear," said Jimmy, severely.

"I didn't, then—so there," said Eliza, whose listening ears were crimson. So they passed out and up the High Street, to sit on the churchyard wall and dangle their legs. And all the way Gerald's lips were shut into a thin, obstinate line.

"*Now*," said Kathleen. "Oh, Jerry, don't be a goat. I'm simply dying to hear what happened."

"That's better," said Gerald, and he told his story. As he told it some of the white mystery and magic of the moonlit gardens got into his voice and his words, so that when he told of the statues that came alive, and the great beast that was alive through all its stone, Kathleen thrilled responsive, clutching his arm, and even Jimmy ceased to kick the wall with his boot heels and listened open-mouthed. Then came the thrilling tale of the burglars, and the warning letter flung into the peaceful company of Mabel, her aunt, and the bread-and-butter pudding. Gerald told the story with the greatest enjoyment, and such fullness of detail that the church clock chimed half-past eleven as he said, "Having done all that human agency could do and further help being despaired of, our gallant young detective—— Halloa, there's Mabel!"

There was. The tail-board of a cart shed her almost at their feet.

"I couldn't wait any longer," she explained. "When you didn't come. And I got a lift. Has anything more happened? The burglars had gone when Bates got to the strong-room."

"You don't mean to say all that wheeze is *real?*" Jimmy asked.

"Of course it's real," said Kathleen. "Go on, Jerry. He's just got to where he threw the stone into your bread-and-butter pudding, Mabel. Go on."

Mabel climbed on to the wall. "You've got visible again quicker than I did," she said.

Gerald nodded and resumed:—

"Our story must be told in as few words as possible, owing to the fish-frying taking

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place at twelve, and it's past the half-hour now. Having left his missive to do its warning work, Gerald de Sherlock Holmes sped back wrapped in invisibility to the spot where, by the light of their dark lanterns, the burglars were still—still burgling with the utmost punctuality and dispatch. I didn't see any sense in running into danger, so I just waited outside the passage where the steps are—you know?"

Mabel nodded.

"Presently they came out, very cautiously, of course, and looked about them. They didn't see me, so deeming themselves unobserved they passed in silent Indian file along the passage—one of the sacks of silver grazed my front part—and out into the night."

"But which way?"

"Through the little looking-glass room where you looked at yourself when you were invisible. The hero followed swiftly on his invisible tennis-shoes. The three miscreants instantly sought the shelter of the groves and passed stealthily among the rhododendrons and across the park, and"—his voice dropped and he looked straight before him at the pinky convolvulus netting a heap of stones beyond the white dust of the road—"the stone things that come alive, they kept looking out from between bushes and under trees; and *I* saw them all right, but they didn't see me. They saw the burglars, though, right enough, but the burglars couldn't see them. Rum, wasn't it?"

"The stone things?" Mabel had to have them explained to her.

"*I* never saw them come alive," she said, "and I've been in the gardens in the evening as often as often."

"*I* saw them," said Gerald, stiffly.

"I know, I know." Mabel hastened to put herself right with him. "What I mean to say, I shouldn't wonder if they're only visible when you're *in*visible—the liveness of them, I mean, not the stoniness."

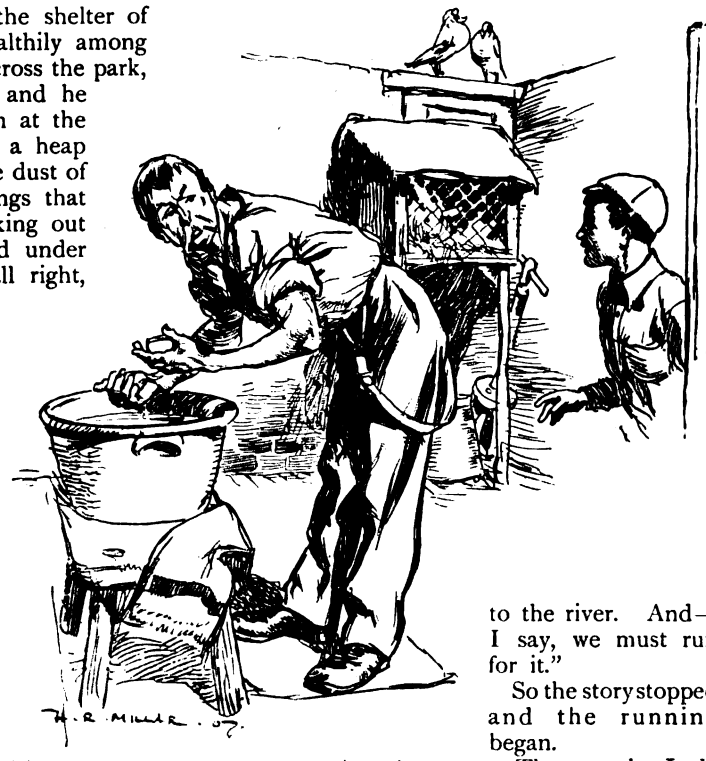
Gerald understood; and I am sure I hope you do.

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," he said. "The castle garden's enchanted right enough; but what I should like to know is *how* and why. I say, come on; I've got to catch Jackson before twelve. We'll walk as far as the market, and then we'll have to run for it."

"But go on with the adventure," said Mabel. "You can talk as we go. Oh, do; it is so awfully thrilling."

This pleased Gerald, of course.

"Well, I just followed, you know, like in a dream, and they got out the cavey way—you know where we got in, and I jolly well thought I'd lost them. I had to wait till they'd moved off down the road, so that they shouldn't hear me rattling the stones, and I had to tear to catch them up. I took my shoes off—I expect my stockings are done for. And I followed and followed and followed, and they went through the place where the poor people live, and right down to the river. And—I say, we must run for it."



"'LOOK HERE, JACKSON,' GERALD SAID, 'WHAT'LL YOU GIVE ME IF I PUT YOU UP TO WINNING THAT FIFTY POUNDS REWARD?'"

So the story stopped and the running began.

They caught Jackson in his own backyard washing at a bench against his own back door.

"Look here, Jackson," Gerald said, "what'll you give me if I put you up to winning that fifty pounds reward?"

"Halves," said Jackson, promptly, "and a

clout 'longside of your head if you was coming any of your nonsense over me."

"It's *not* nonsense," said Gerald, very impressively. "If you'll let us in I'll tell you all about it. And when you've caught the burglars and got the swag back you just give me a quid for luck. Well, last night about eleven I was at Yalding Towers. No—it doesn't matter how I got there or what I got there for—and there was a window open and I got in, and there was a light. And it was in the strong-room, and there were three men putting silver in a bag. I saw them hide the booty, and I know the other stuff from Houghton Grange's in the same place, and I heard them arrange about when to take it away."

"Come and show me where," said Jackson, jumping up so quickly that his Windsor arm-chair fell over backwards, with a crack, on the red-brick floor.

"Not so," said Gerald, calmly; "if you go near the spot before the appointed time you'll find the silver, but you'll never catch the thieves."

"You're right there." The policeman picked up his chair and sat down in it again. "Well?"

"Well, there's to be a motor to meet them in the lane beyond the boat-house by Sadler's Rents at one o'clock to-night. They'll get the things out at half-past twelve and take them along in a boat. So now's your chance to fill your pockets with chink and cover yourself with honour and glory."

"So help me"—Jackson was pensive and half doubtful—"so help me, you *couldn't* have made all this up out of your head."

"Oh, yes, I could; but I didn't. If I were you, I'd go to the place where the silver is, with two other men. You could make a nice little ambush in the wood-yard. It's close there. And I'd have two or three more men up trees in the lane to wait for the motor-car."

"You ought to have been in the force, you ought," said Jackson, admiringly; "but s'pose it *was* a hoax!"

"Well, then, you'd have made an ass of yourself—I don't suppose it 'ud be the first time," said Jimmy.

"Are you on?" said Gerald, in haste. "Hold your jaw, Jimmy, you idiot."

"*Yes*," said Jackson.

"Then, when you're on duty you go down to the wood-yard, and the place where you see me blow my nose is *the* place. The sacks are tied with string to the posts under the water. You just stalk by in your dignified beauty and make a note of the spot. That's where glory waits you, and when Fame elates you and you're a sergeant, please remember me."

Jackson said he was blessed. He said it more than once, and then remarked that he was on, and added that he must be off that instant minute.

Jackson's cottage lies just out of the town beyond the blacksmith's forge, and the children had come to it through the wood. They went back the same way, and then down through the town, Sadler's Rents, and through its narrow, unsavoury streets to the towing-path by the timber-yard. Here they ran along the trunks of the big trees, peeped into the sawpit, and—the men were away at dinner, and this was a favourite play place of every boy within miles—made themselves a see-saw with a fresh-cut, sweet-smelling pine plank and an elm root.

"What a ripping place!" said Mabel, breathless on the see-saw's end. "I believe I like this better than pretending games, or even magic."

"So do I," said Jimmy. "Jerry, don't keep sniffing so; you'll have no nose left."

"I can't help it," Gerald answered; "I daren't use my hankey for fear Jackson's on the look-out somewhere unseen. I wish I'd thought of some other signal. Sniff. No; nor I shouldn't want to now if I hadn't got not to. That's what's so rum. The moment I got down here and remembered what I'd said about the signal I began to have a cold, and——Thank goodness, here he is."

The children, with a fine air of unconcern, abandoned the see-saw.

"Follow my leader!" Gerald cried, and ran along a barked oak trunk, the others following. In and out and round about ran the file of children, over heaps of logs, under the jutting ends of piled planks; and just as the policeman's heavy boots trod the towing-path, Gerald halted at the end of a little landing-stage of rotten boards, with a rickety handrail, cried "Pax," and blew his nose with loud fervour.

"Morning!" he said, immediately.

"Morning," said Jackson. "Got a cold, ain't you?"

"Ah, I shouldn't have a cold if I'd got boots like yours," returned Gerald, admiringly. "Look at them. Anyone 'ud know your fairy footstep a mile off. How do you ever get near enough to anyone to arrest them?" He skipped off the landing-stage, whispered as he passed Jackson, "Courage, prompti-

"GERALD HALTED AT THE END OF A LITTLE LANDING-STAGE OF ROTTEN BOARDS."

tude, and despatch. That's the place," and was off again, the active leader of an active procession.

"We've brought a friend home to dinner," said Kathleen, when Eliza opened the door. "Where's mademoiselle?"

"Gone to see Yalding Towers. To-day's show day, you know. An' just you hurry over your dinners. It's my afternoon out, and my gentleman friend don't like it if he's kept waiting."

"All right; we'll eat like lightning," Gerald promised. "Set another place, there's an angel."

They kept their word. The dinner—it was minced veal and potatoes and rice pudding, perhaps the dullest food in the world—was over in a quarter of an hour.

"And now," said Mabel, when Eliza and a jug of hot water had disappeared up the stairs together, "where's the ring? I ought to put it back."

"I haven't had a turn yet," said Jimmy. "When we find it Cathy and I ought to have turns same as you and Gerald did."

"When you find it?" Mabel's pale face turned paler between her dark locks.

"I'm very sorry—we're all sorry," began Kathleen, and then the story of the losing had to be told.

"You couldn't have looked properly," Mabel protested. "It can't have vanished."

"You don't know what it can do," said Gerald, "no more do we. It's no use getting your quills up, fair lady. Perhaps vanishing itself is just what it does do. You see, it came off my hand in the bed. We looked everywhere."

"Then," said Mabel, at last, "your housemaid must have stolen it. That's all. I shall tell her I think so."

And she would have done it, too, but at that moment the front door banged, and they knew that Eliza had gone forth in all the glory of her best things to meet her "gentleman friend."

Ten minutes later a sudden and violent knocking at the back door prevented anyone from having to be polite about how sorry they were, or fanciful about being sure the ring would turn up soon.

All the servants except Eliza were away on their holidays, so the children went together to open the door, because, as Gerald said, if it was the baker they could buy a cake from him and eat it for dessert. "That kind of dinner sort of *needs* dessert," he said.

But it was not the baker. When they opened the door they saw in the paved court where the pump is, and the dustbin and the water-butt, a young man, with his hat very much on one side, his mouth open under his fair, bristly moustache, and his eyes as nearly round as a human eye can be. He wore a suit of a bright mustard colour, a blue necktie, and a goldish watch-chain across his waistcoat. His body was thrown back and his right arm stretched out towards the door, and his expression was that of a person who is being dragged somewhere against his will. He looked so strange that Kathleen tried to shut the door in his face, murmuring, "Escaped insane." But the door would not close. There was something in the way.

"Leave go of me," said the young man.

"Ho, yus! I'll leave go of you." It was the voice of Eliza, but no Eliza could be seen.

"Who's got hold of you?" asked Kathleen.

"*She* has, miss," replied the unhappy stranger.

"Who's she?" asked Kathleen, to gain time, as she afterwards explained, for she now knew well enough that what was keeping the door open was Eliza's unseen foot.

"My fyongsay, miss—at least, it sounds like her voice and it feels like her bones. But something's come over me, miss, an' I can't see her."

"That's what he keeps on saying," said Eliza's voice. "'E's my gentleman friend. Is 'e gone dotty, or is it me?"

"Both, I shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy.

"Now," said Eliza, "you call yourself a man. You look me in the face and say you can't see me."

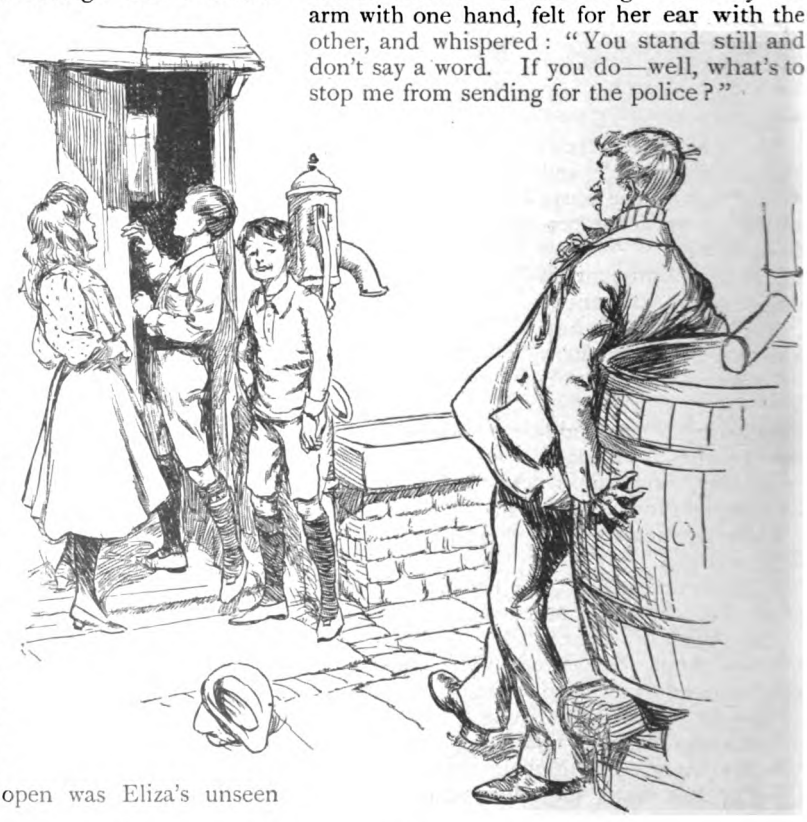
"Well, I can't," said the gentleman friend.

"If *I'd* stolen a ring," said Gerald, looking at the sky, "I should go indoors and be quiet, not stand at the back door and make an exhibition of myself."

"Not much exhibition about her," whispered Jimmy. "Good old ring!"

"I haven't stolen *any*thing," said the gentleman friend. "Here, you leave me be. It's my eyes has gone wrong. Leave go of me, d'ye hear?"

Suddenly his hand dropped and he staggered back against the water-butt. Eliza had "left go of him." She pushed past the children, shoving them aside with her invisible elbows. Gerald caught her by the arm with one hand, felt for her ear with the other, and whispered: "You stand still and don't say a word. If you do—well, what's to stop me from sending for the police?"



"HE STAGGERED BACK AGAINST THE WATER-BUTT."

Eliza did not know what there was to stop him. So she did as she was told, and stood invisible and silent, save for a sort of blowing, snorting noise peculiar to her when she was out of breath.

The mustard-coloured young man had recovered his balance and stood looking at the children with eyes, if possible, rounder than before.

"What *is* it?" he gasped, feebly. "What's up? What's it all about?"

"If you don't know I'm afraid we can't tell you," said Gerald, politely.

"Have I been talking very strange-like?" he asked, picking up his hat and passing his hand over his forehead.

"Very," said Mabel.

"I hope I haven't said anything that wasn't good manners?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not at all," said Kathleen. "You only said your *fiancée* had hold of your hand, and that you couldn't see her."

"No more I can."

"No more can we," said Mabel.

"But I couldn't have dreamed it and then come along here making a penny show of myself like this, could I?"

"You know best," said Gerald, courteously.

"But," the mustard-coloured victim almost screamed, "do you mean to tell me——"

"I don't mean to tell you anything," said Gerald, quite truly, "but I'll give you a bit of advice. You go home and lie down a bit and put a wet rag on your head. You'll be all right to-morrow."

"But I could have sworn Eliza—— Ain't she gone out to meet me?"

"Eliza's indoors," said Mabel. "She can't come out to meet anybody to-day."

"You won't tell her about me carrying on this way, will you, miss? It might set her against me if she thought I was liable to fits, which I never was from a child."

"We won't tell Eliza anything about you. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, I'm sure, miss," he said, dreamily. "All the same I can feel the print of her finger-bones on my hand while I'm saying it."

"*Good-bye*," said everyone. And a silence fell as he went slowly round the water-butt, and the green yard-gate shut behind him. The silence was broken by Eliza.

"Give me up!" she said. "Give me up to break my heart in a prison cell."

There was a sudden splash, and a round wet drop lay on the doorstep.

"Thunder shower," said Jimmy; but it was a tear from Eliza.

"Give me up," she went on; "give me up"—splash—"but don't let me be took here in the town where I'm known and respected"—splash—"I'll walk ten miles to be took by a strange police—not Jackson, as keeps company with my own cousin"—splash. "But I do thank you for one thing. You didn't tell Elf as I'd stolen the ring. And I didn't"—splash—"I only just borrowed it, it being my day out, and my gentleman friend such a toff, like you can see for yourselves."

The children had watched, spellbound, the interesting tears that became visible as they rolled off the invisible nose of the miserable Eliza. Now Gerald roused himself, and spoke.

"It's no use your talking," he said. "We can't see you!"

"That's what *he* said," cried Eliza's voice, "but——"

"You can't see yourself," Gerald went on. "Where's your hand?"

Eliza no doubt tried to see it, and of course failed, for instantly, with a shriek that might have brought the police if there had been any about, she went into a violent fit of hysterics. The children did what they could, everything that they had read of in books as suitable to such occasions, but it is extremely difficult to do the right thing with an invisible housemaid in strong hysterics and her best clothes. That was why the best hat was found, later on, to be completely ruined, and why the best blue dress was never quite itself again. And as they were burning bits of the feather dusting-brush as nearly under Eliza's nose as they could guess, a sudden spurt of flame, and a horrible smell as the flame died between the quick hands of Gerald, showed but too plainly that Eliza's feather boa had tried to help.

It did help. Eliza "came to" with a deep sob and said: "Don't burn my real ostrich stole; I'm better now."

They helped her up and she sat down on the bottom step; and the children explained to her very carefully and quite kindly that she really was invisible, and that if you steal —or even borrow—rings you can never be sure what will happen to you.

"But 'ave I got to go on stopping like this," she moaned, when they had fetched the little mahogany looking-glass from its nail over the kitchen sink and convinced her that she was really invisible, "for ever and ever? An' we was to 'a' bin married come Easter. No one won't marry a gell as 'e can't see. It ain't likely."

"No—not for ever and ever," said Mabel, kindly; "but you've got to go through with it—like measles. I expect you'll be all right to-morrow."

"To-night, *I* think," said Gerald.

"We'll help you all we can, and not tell anyone," said Kathleen.

"Not even the police," said Jimmy.

"Now let's get mademoiselle's tea ready," said Gerald.

"And ours," said Jimmy.

"No," said Gerald; "we'll have our tea *out*. We'll have a picnic and we'll take Eliza. I'll go out and get the cakes."

"*I* sha'n't eat no cake, Master Jerry," said Eliza's voice, "so don't you think it. You'd see it going down inside my chest. It wouldn't be what I should call nice of me to have cake showing through me in the open air. Oh, it's a dreadful judgment—just for a borrow!"

They reassured her, set the tea, deputed Kathleen to let in mademoiselle—who came home tired and a little sad, it seemed—waited for her and Gerald and the cakes, and started off for Yalding Towers.

"Picnic parties aren't allowed," said Mabel.

"Ours will be," said Gerald, briefly. "Now, Eliza, you catch on to Kathleen's arm and I'll walk behind to conceal your shadow. My aunt! take your hat off. It makes your shadow look like I don't know what. People will think we're the county lunatic asylum turned loose."

It was then that the hat, becoming visible in Kathleen's hand, showed how little of the sprinkled water had gone where it was meant to go—on Eliza's face.

"Me best 'at," said Eliza, and there was a silence with sniffs in it.

"Look here," said Mabel, "you cheer up. Just you think this is all a dream. It's just the kind of thing you might dream if your conscience had got pains in it about the ring."

"But will I wake up again?"

"Oh, yes, you'll wake up again. Now we're going to bandage your eyes and take you through a very small door, and don't you resist, or we'll bring a policeman into the dream like a shot."

I have not time to describe Eliza's entrance into the cave. She went head first—the girls propelled and the boys received her. If Gerald had not thought of tying her hands someone would certainly have been scratched. As it was, Mabel's hand was scraped between the cold rock and a passionate boot-heel. Nor will I tell you all that she said as they led her along the fern-bordered gulley and through the arch into the wonderland of Italian scenery. She had but little language left when they removed her bandage under a weeping willow where a statue of Diana, bow in hand, stood poised on one toe—a most unsuitable attitude for archery, I have always thought.

"Now," said Gerald, "it's all over; nothing but niceness now, and cake and things"

"It's time we did have our tea," said Jimmy. And it was

Eliza, once convinced that her chest, though invisible, was not transparent, and that her companions could not by looking through it count how many buns she had eaten, made an excellent meal. So did the others. If you want really to enjoy your tea, have minced veal and rice pudding for dinner, with several hours of excitement to follow and take your tea late.

The soft, cool green and grey of the garden were changing—the green grew golden, the shadows black and the lake where the swans were mirrored upside down, under the Temple of Apollo, was bathed in rosy light from the little fluffy clouds that lay opposite the sunset.

"It *is* pretty," said Eliza; "just like a picture post-card, ain't it?—the tuppenny kind."

"I ought to be getting home," said Mabel.

"I can't go home like this I'd stay and be a savage and live in that white hut if it had any walls and doors," said Eliza.

"She means the Temple of Dionysos," said Mabel, pointing to it.

The sun set suddenly behind the line of black fir trees on the top of the slope, and the white temple that had been pink turned grey. "It would be a very nice place to live in, even as it is," said Kathleen.

"Draughty," said Eliza, "and, law! what a lot of steps to clean. Why do they make houses without no walls to 'em? Who'd live in——" She broke off, stared, and added, "What's that?"

"What?"

"That white thing coming down the steps. Why, it's a young man in statooary."

"The statues do come alive here after sunset," said Gerald, in very matter-of-fact tones.

"I see they do." Eliza did not seem at all surprised or alarmed. "There's another of 'em. Look at them little wings to his feet like pigeons."

"I expect that's Mercury," said Gerald.

"It's Hermes under the statue that's got wings on its feet," said Mabel; "but——"

"'E'S LEP' INTO THE WATER,' SAID ELIZA, IN A RAPT VOICE. 'MY, CAN'T HE SWIM NEITHER!'"

"*I* don't see any statues," said Jimmy. "What are you punching me for?"

"Don't you see?" Gerald whispered; but he need not have been so troubled, for all Eliza's attention was with her wandering eyes, that followed hither and thither the quick movements of unseen statues. "Don't you see? The statues come alive when the sun goes down—and you can't see them unless you're invisible—and if you *do* see them you're not frightened—unless you *touch* them."

"Let's get her to touch one and see," said Jimmy.

"'E's lep' into the water," said Eliza, in a rapt voice. "My, can't he swim neither! And the one with the pigeon's wings is flying all over the lake having larks with 'im. I do

call that pretty. It's like Cupids as you see on wedding-cakes. And here's another of 'em, a little chap with long ears and a baby deer galloping alongside! An' look at the lady with the biby, throwing it up and catching it like as if it was a ball. I wonder she ain't afraid. But it's pretty to see 'em."

The broad park lay stretched before the children in growing greyness and a stillness that deepened. Amid the thickening shadows they could see the statues gleam white and motionless. But Eliza saw other things. She gazed in silence presently, and they watched her face, and the evening fell like a veil that grew heavier and blacker. And it was night. And the moon came up above the trees.

"Oh," cried Eliza, suddenly, "here's the dear little boy with the deer. He's coming right for me, bless his heart."

Next moment she was screaming, and her screams grew fainter and there was the sound of swift boots on gravel.

"Come on," cried Gerald; "she touched it. And then she was frightened. Just like I was. Run; she'll send everyone in the town mad if she gets there like that. Just a voice and boots! Run! Run!"

They ran. But Eliza had the start of them. Also when she ran on the grass they could not hear her footsteps, and had to wait for the sound of leather on far-away gravel. She went, it seemed, the nearest way, invisibly through the waxing moonlight, seeing she only knew what amid the glades and groves.

"I'll stop here; see you to-morrow," gasped Mabel, as the loud pursuers followed Eliza's clatter across the terrace. "She's gone through the stable-yard."

"The back way," Gerald panted as they turned the home corner, and he and Jimmy swung in past the water-butt.

An unseen but agitated presence seemed to be fumbling with the locked back door The church clock struck the half-hour.

"Half-past nine," Gerald had just breath to say. "Pull at the ring. Perhaps it'll come off now."

He spoke to the bare doorstep. But it was Eliza, dishevelled, breathless, her hair coming down, her collar crooked, her dress twisted and disordered, who suddenly held out a hand—a hand that they could see; and in the hand, plainly visible in the moonlight, the dark circle of the magic ring.

"IT WAS ELIZA, DISHEVELLED, BREATHLESS, HER HAIR COMING DOWN, HER COLLAR CROOKED, HER DRESS TWISTED AND DISORDERED, WHO SUDDENLY HELD OUT A HAND."

"'Alf a mo," said Eliza's gentleman friend, next morning. He was waiting for her when she opened the door with pail and hearthstone in her hand. "Sorry you couldn't come out yesterday."

"So'm I." Eliza swept the wet flannel along the top step. "What did you do?"

"I 'ad a bit of a headache," said the gentleman friend; "I laid down most of the afternoon. What were you up to?"

"Oh, nothing pertickler," said Eliza.

"Then it was all a dream," she said, when he was gone; "but it'll be a lesson to me not to meddle with anybody's old ring again."

"So they didn't tell her about me behaving like I did," said he, as he went; "sun, I suppose—like our Army in India. I hope I ain't going to be liable to it, that's all!"

(To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE.

TO stand on one's head, buried up to the shoulders in the ground, is certainly a very uncommon and uncomfortable way of showing one's religious devotion—yet this is what the subject of our picture does for long periods at a time. The photograph was taken at a largely-attended bathing festival in Northern Bengal.—FROM "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

WHERE REFORM IS NEEDED.

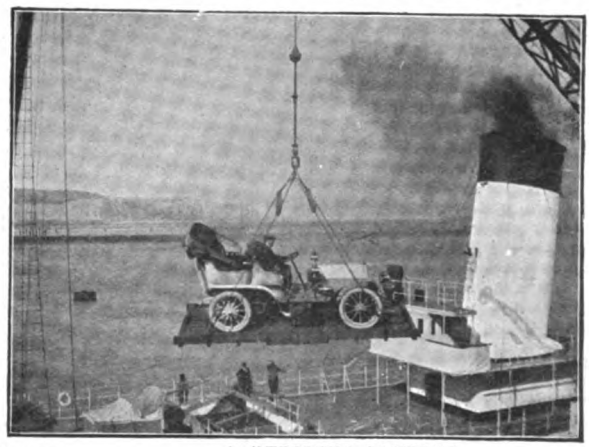
THE worst of that hide-bound officialism which we have come to call "red tape" is the ridiculous waste of time and money which it entails. In May last a requisition was received at the Dover military headquarters from Newhaven for some safety matches. Headquarters wasted a stamp in writing back asking if they could not be obtained locally. "No," was the reply, at the cost of a third stamp. (You mustn't use post-cards when corresponding with a Government Department.) Dover thereupon rose to the occasion. Twopence halfpenny was expended on a package of a dozen boxes of matches, and this was dispatched by passenger train, labelled "*explosives*," the consequent cost of carriage being half a crown. — T. C. BRIDGES, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

WHAT BECOMES OF "OLD BLUES"?

THERE is a subconscious idea that the Blue, although a very fine sort of fellow, is most improbably a man who is likely to shine in later life. How false is this impression the accompanying "Living Pictures," which are drawn to scale, go to prove. Out of 243 men who rowed for the "Dark Blues," 162, or two-thirds of them, achieved some measure of fame in the professions, 108 entering the Church, thirty-one the law, eight the Army, five banking; of the remaining ten, four each became doctors and lawmakers, while the Stock Exchange claimed another, and his colleague became President of the Royal Society. The Cambridge boat, in the same period, rowed a man less. Of these 242, eighty became ministers, fifty lawyers, two each entered the Army and medicine, while literature, art, the House of Commons, and the Stock Exchange accounted for four others. Our illustrations and facts are from an article by Bernard C. Carter, in "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

THE OXFORD BOAT.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT.



A "TRICKY" LANDING.

A LUCKY snap-shot like the accompanying does not often fall to the lot of the seaside camerist. It represents the landing of a large motor-car, with its chauffeur, at the Admiralty Pier, Dover. Our picture is taken from the "Captain," in whose "Club Section" will be found much similarly excellent black and white, literary, and photographic work by juveniles. It is this incentive to publication in a popular magazine that helps to cultivate and bring out the best artistic characteristics in a boy or girl, and the competition thus engendered is of the most praiseworthy kind.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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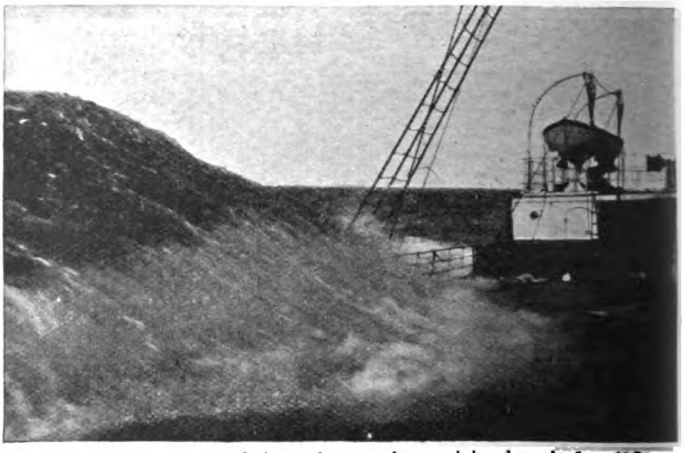
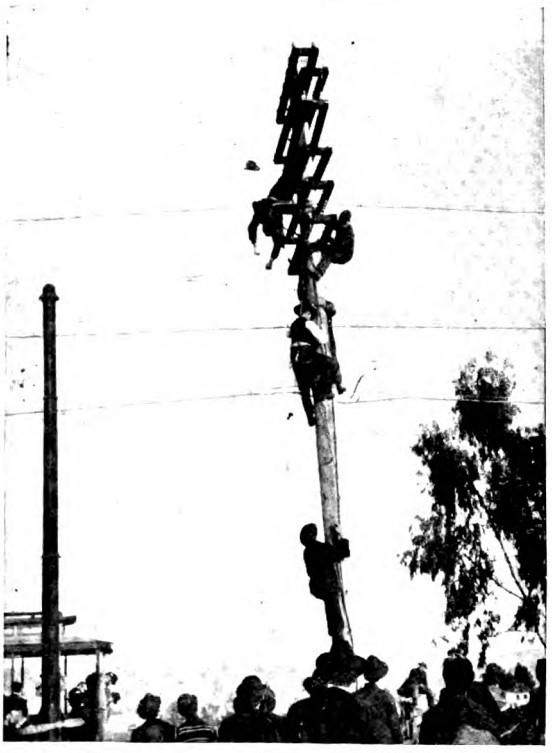
A WAVE-SWEPT DECK.

I SEND you a remarkable photograph of a huge wave coming over the deck of a steamboat on which my son is employed.—Mr. J. Evans, Ivydene, Canon Street, Shrewsbury.



NEARLY ELECTROCUTED.

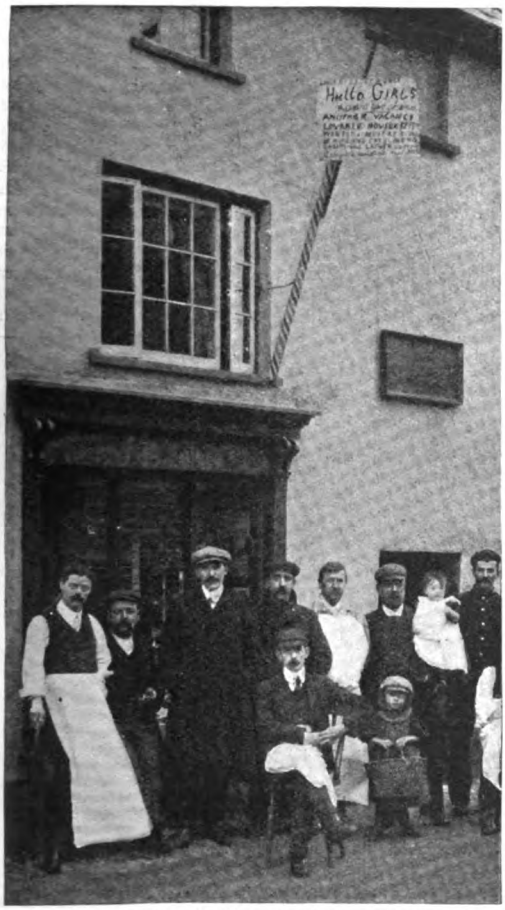
A WORKMAN of Oakland, Cal., called Dow, was repairing some overhead telephone wires, when a loosely-constructed line some distance away fell across a live wire, sending two thousand three hundred volts along the telephone system. Some women who were passing heard Dow give a piercing yell, and saw him fall forward over the cross-arms.



A Mr. Wilson, who was working on an adjoining roof, took in the situation at a glance. Calling for a rope he climbed the pole, followed by several others, attached the line around Dow's waist, and succeeded in lowering him to the ground. As Dow swung loose from the wires his body forced that of Wilson against a cross-arm, fracturing one of his ribs. Mr. Wilson was not aware of the nature of his injury until he applied at the receiving hospital next morning for treatment. Dow presented a gruesome sight as he was being lowered to the ground. He was as limp as a stuffed straw figure. Blood was flowing from the wounds on his head and hands, and his face had become black. He revived soon after being taken to the receiving hospital. "I was at work outside the *Oakland Herald* building, when my attention was called to the accident by a couple of ladies," said Mr. Wilson, the rescuer. "A crowd had gathered, but no one seemed willing to take the risk of touching the body. I ascended the pole and found that Dow had taken hold of a live wire. The contact had knocked him backward, and by good luck his foot had caught in the network of wires, thus preventing him from falling to the ground. At one time I had worked as a lineman, so had no fear of touching the body."—Mr. Walter Glairville, Oakland, California.

NOT AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

I SEND you what happens to be the curious result of a mistake in developing. I took a photograph of my sister, and the negative was a very good one. To improve it, as I thought, I warmed the developer, but omitted to warm the fixing solution, with the curious result shown.—Mr. F. Heather, 155A, Church Road, Hove.

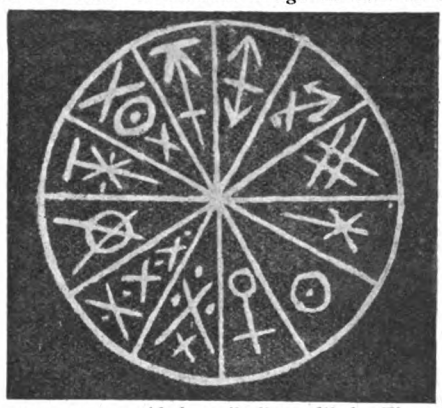


THE DECORATION OF THE BROOM.

AN old and curious custom, peculiar to the West of England, still prevails in West Somerset. When a man's wife happens to leave home for a holiday, some kind neighbour, who is aware of the fact, interests himself on the husband's behalf, gets a broom, and decorates it, sometimes with many-coloured streamers, sometimes with a ludicrously-worded placard, announcing a vacancy for a housekeeper. This, in the small hours of the night, is securely fixed to some conspicuous part of the house, generally the chimney, and is, it need scarcely be said, a source of considerable amusement. At Watchet, during the past month, both the medical officer's and hairdresser's premises have received the "decoration of the broom." In the foregoing photograph, taken by B. Hole, is to be seen the hairdresser's shop, with the broom securely wired to the pole. The announcement on the card attached to the broom reads as follows: "Apply by letter only. Halloa, girls! Now's yer chance! Another vacancy, Lovable housekeeper wanted. Must be fond of kids and cats, mend gamps, and lather customers. Two eligible assistants kept." —Mr. J. H. Walker, Swain Street, Watchet, Somerset.

CHALKING FOR WATCHES.

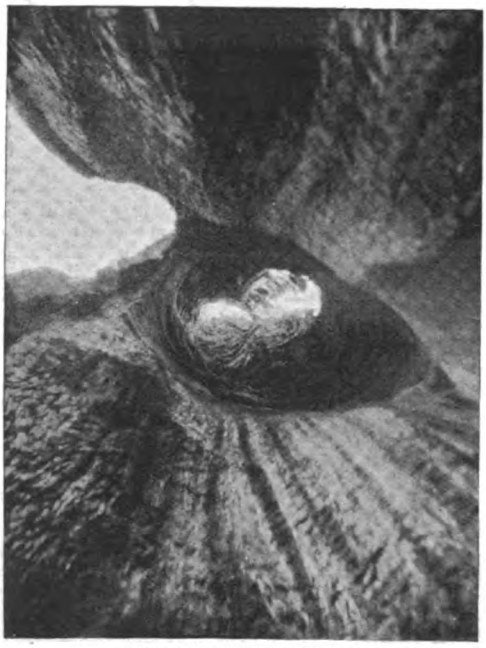
THIS photograph illustrates a very ancient and curious method by which seamen determine the hour and order of the "Anchor Watch." No sooner has the vessel anchored in port than the diagram is chalked on the deck. The youngest ship's boy is then dismissed out of earshot while each man concerned chalks a mark of different design in each of the



empty spaces provided, until all are filled. Then the boy is recalled and proceeds to rub out the marks indiscriminately. As each disappears the writer's name is called. The owner of the first mark obliterated has the first watch (6—7 p.m.), and he calls the owner of the next which is rubbed out, and so on, until the operation is complete.—Mr. A. Wurrington, Fair Oak, Shirley Road, Southampton.

DANISH STREET-ARABS

I SEND you a photograph taken by Mr. Glode Olsen, Copenhagen. It is a peculiar scene in a Danish village street. A party of ladies and gentlemen are walking along the public road, and are discovered by the street-Arabs, who immediately proceed to stand on their heads, hoping to receive some small reward for their acrobatic feat.—Mr. T. P. Lorenzen, 239, Fasanvej, Copenhagen, Denmark.



A BURNT-OUT TREE.

MY photograph shows, looking up the "telescope," a burnt-out big tree in California. The camera was placed on the ground and the photograph was taken showing the view obtained when looking up from the inside to the top of the tree.—Miss J. Black, Strathview, New Scone Road, Perth.

HOW A SNAKE COMMITS SUICIDE.

SOME time ago I had occasion to examine some mines in the San Andreas Mountains of New Mexico, which necessitated my crossing the Socorro Desert, about sixty miles wide, and literally infested with rattlesnakes. My driver whiled away the weary hours by many tales of the reptiles, one of which I was loath to swallow. He said that if angered to a certain point a rattler would commit suicide by injecting through his fangs the virus into his back. There was no difficulty in finding a subject for experiment, and a large diamond-back near the trail soon showed fight on approach. With head erect and rattle working overtime he made vicious lunges of several feet. We unstrapped the tent-pole from the desert-wagon and prodded him vigorously for some minutes, he all the while becoming more and more enraged. Finally, seeing that all his efforts to strike were futile, the snake—just as the Jehu related—plunged its fangs into its back near the spinal vertebræ, and in less than ten minutes he lay, upturned to the sun, as dead as the proverbial door-nail. I was thoroughly convinced, and a few weeks later I again proved the experiment in the Organ Mountains for the benefit of a doubting friend. The photographs reproduced show the snake on first approach, coiled ready for striking, and in the act of killing itself. The skin, which I now have on my wall, measured a few inches over five feet. The diamond-back is the most venomous of all American snakes, and sometimes reaches eight feet in length.—A Mining Engineer of Arizona.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FEET!

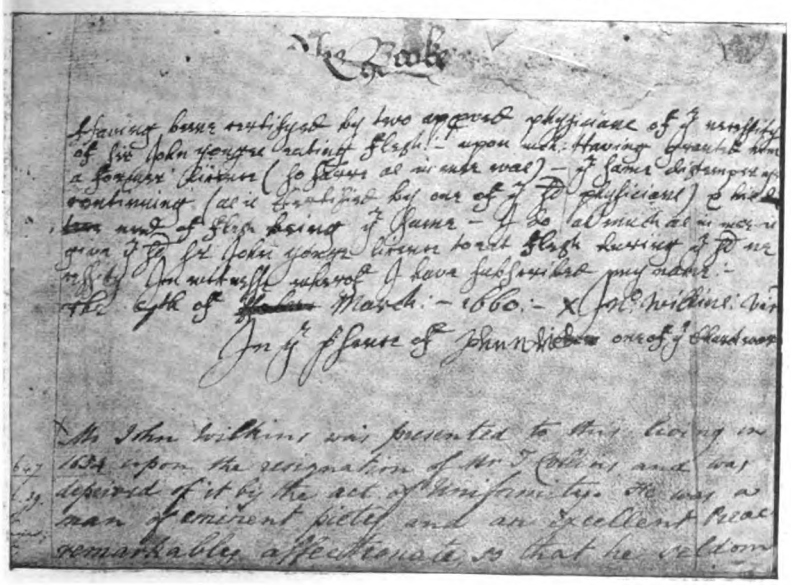
I SEND you a photograph which, at the first glance, looks very peculiar. To conceal oneself behind one's boots would appear to a great many people to be an impossible feat; yet this can be easily accomplished by a person sitting down, the camera being placed on the floor a certain distance away, when the body will be quite invisible. The result of such an experiment can be seen in this photograph.—Mr. A. Thomas, 76, Allerton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

A BOY'S PAPER MODEL.

BY the courtesy of the Editor of *The Scholars' Own* we reproduce the effort of the first prize-winner in a recent competition. Master S. F. Mann, aged twelve, of Much Cowarne School, Bromyard, is the clever architect and builder of the exceedingly well-finished working model shown above. With the exception of the base and winding-gear, which are of wood, the "wheel" is constructed entirely of paper stiffened with paste, and the work reflects great credit upon the skill and patience of so young a designer.

A FLESH-EATING LICENCE.

HERE is a photograph of a curious entry in the old parish register in Colyton Church, Devonshire. As will be seen, it allows a gentleman (Sir John Yonge) to eat flesh during Lent, as two physicians had certified that meat was necessary to the licensee in his state of health. This licence is all the more interesting through being granted by a Puritan vicar. The Sir John Yonge referred to was an ancestor of Sir George Yonge, Secretary of State for War in the reign of Queen Anne.—Mr. A. Hartley, South Street, Colyton S.O., Devon.



The Book

having beene certified by two approved physitians of ye towne of Sir John yonges present sickn: upon wch: Having granted him a Licence (so farre as in me was) — ye same to stand in force continuing (as it is certified by one of ye two physicians) & made an end of Easter next being ye — of March — 1660. — so much as in me is given to Sir John yonge Baron to eat flesh during ye time aforesaid by me witnesse whereof I have subscribed my name. — the 8th of March. — 1660. — X Jo: Hutchins. Vic

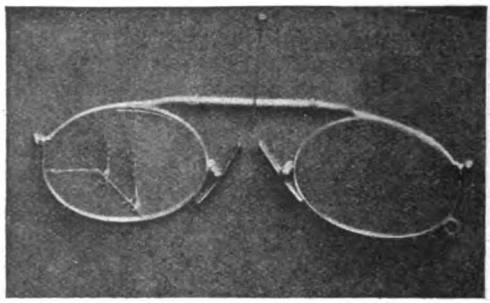
For ye ffeast of St Andrew one of ye Disadvan

Mr John Hutchins was presented to this Living in 1624 upon the resignation of Mr T Collins and was deprived of it by the act of Uniformity. He was a man of eminent piety and an excellent Preacher remarkable affectionate so that he seldom

A MONEY-COLLECTING CLOCK.

THIS clock was designed on the theory that time is money. It was called the five-hundred-thousand-dollar clock, because it was used to register the collection of this sum for a building. The money was secured by contribution, and at the end of each day the amount which had been paid in was indicated by the hands of the clock. The photograph reproduced above was taken shortly after the five hundred thousand dollars had all been secured, so the hands point to the hour of twelve. The clock was placed on a building in Baltimore by the Young Men's Christian Association, who secured the money. The face of the clock was nearly ten feet across. — Mr. D. A. Willey, Porter Building, Baltimore, Md.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.



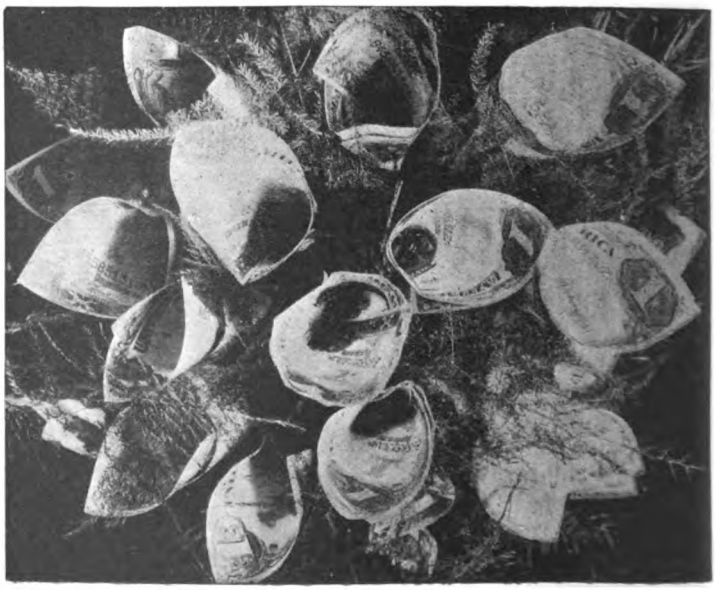
MY daughter, who is a governess at a private school in this town, was about to close a window the other day during a thunderstorm, when a sharp flash of lightning struck the glasses she was wearing at the time, and smashed them, as the enclosed photograph shows. Fortunately she escaped injury beyond a severe shock and fright. — Mr. F. E. Robinson, The Shardeloes, Harsnett Road, Colchester.

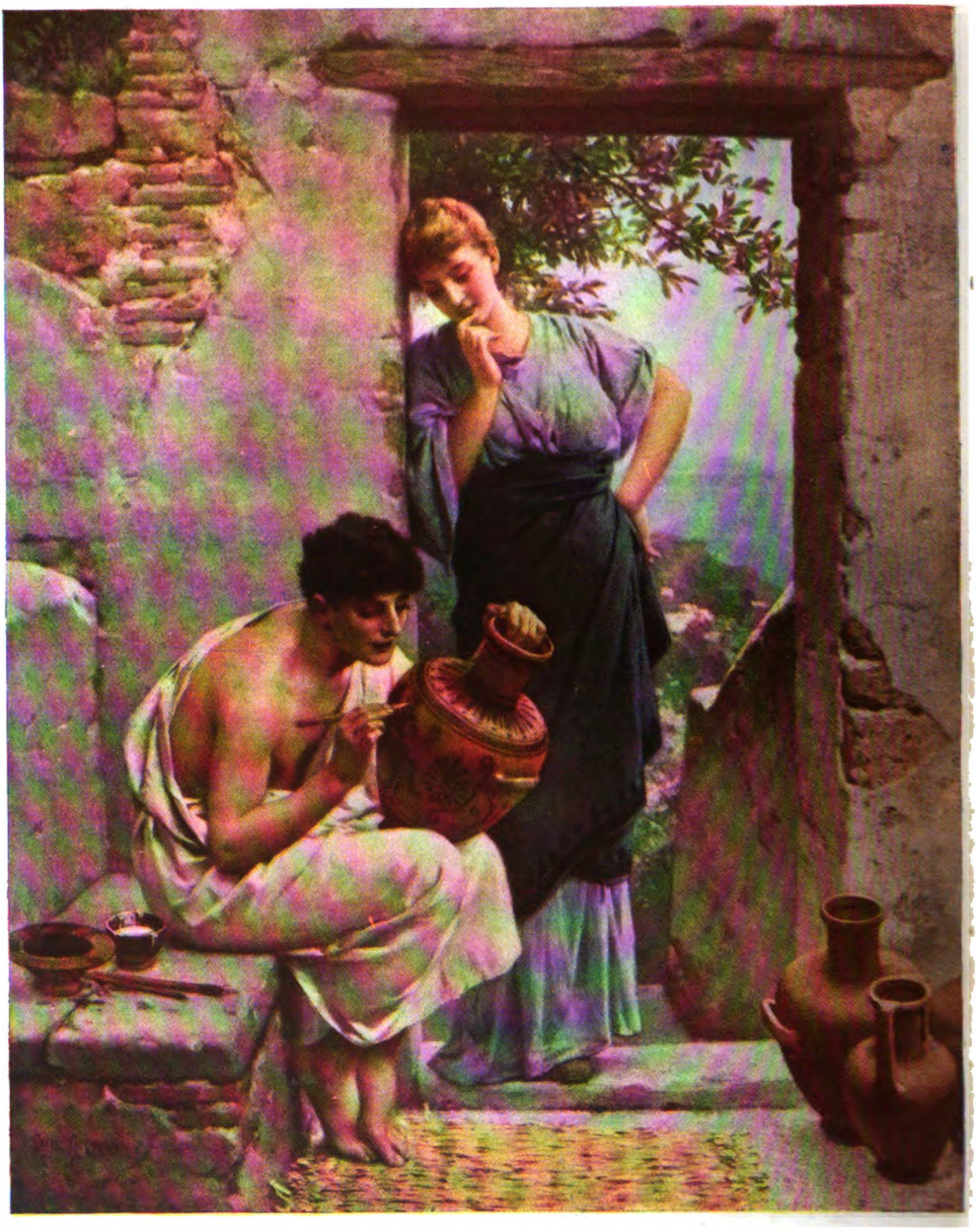
FROM VIENNA TO PARIS ON FOOT.

RECENTLY in Munich I noticed a crowd collected in the square by the railway station, and going closer saw the group shown in the photograph. A father and mother with their three babies had walked from Vienna to Paris and back for a wager, wheeling their two youngest in the perambulator. The eldest, not quite five, had walked the entire distance with the exception of a few steep hills. They were nearly home, all well, and having very much enjoyed their trip. Unfortunately, however, they could collect only half of their stake (five thousand francs), the conditions being that they were to make the entire journey in perfect health, but the wife had fallen ill just before reaching Paris. They supported themselves on the way by the sale of picture post-cards and received donations and free lodgings on the road from people who admired their pluck.— —Miss Edith Livermore, c/o Dresdener Bank, Berlin, Germany.

A BANK-NOTE BOUQUET.

THE following photograph, though not perhaps strictly to be called a curiosity, is such a novel conceit that I thought it might interest the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The flowers composing this odd bouquet are not a new species of lily, as would appear from a first glance at the illustration, but are composed of brand-new one-dollar United States bank-notes, twisted into shape on wire stems and made into a large bouquet with green asparagus fern. There were twenty-one of the bills used, and the bouquet was given to a young relative of mine at a dinner-party, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday. The photograph reproduced below was taken by Mr. P. Mabille. It is to be hoped that, as years go on, the lucky recipient of this most practical "floral" offering will on each succeeding birthday receive a similar present, with, of course, the addition of a "fresh" flower for each successive year, although it is to be feared that on his eightieth birthday — should he ever reach it —the bouquet would assume well-nigh unmanageable proportions.— Mr. Frederick Walter Brown, P.O. Box 2,535, Boston, Mass.





"ART WINS THE HEART." By PAUL THUMANN.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii. MAY, 1907. No. 197

A Septette of Favourite Paintings.

TO the inspiration of the classic age modern art is ever fond of turning. In the simplicity of costume, of life, of manners, painters of to-day find occasionally relief from the complexity, intrigue, and garish novelty of our own times. Yet to some this period is denied by reason of their technique; the style of others, on the contrary, lends itself most peculiarly to themes from the antique world. Such a painter was the late Paul Thumann, whose picture, "Art Wins the Heart," is one of the most popular he ever painted—hardly even surpassed by his "The Fates." Of the artist himself, English readers generally know very little.

Thumann was the son of a successful schoolmaster in the village of Tzschaksdorf, and was born in 1834. He enjoyed great popularity in his lifetime throughout Germany, less, perhaps, as a painter than as an illustrator of standard books. When he was nineteen young Thumann had saved enough money from his vocation as map-maker to go to Berlin and enter the Academy of Arts. There he spent several years in study, at the close of which he married an English lady, who was well fitted by nature and artistic cultivation to enter into the spirit of her husband's work and become his helpful counsellor. Upon his series of Luther pictures Thumann's fame as an historical painter chiefly rests, but it is by his women, large, tender, strong, that Thumann has really appealed to the eye and heart of all picture-lovers. The

"THE NEW CAPTAIN." By J. GIRARDET.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

(Copyright, 1899, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

"ONE AT A TIME." By A. J. ELSLEY.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

conventional form is antique, which is but another phrase for grace; but Thumann was no mere copyist. He studied Nature's own self. His message seems to be that joy and not sorrow should be the artist's gift to the human race. In his pictures he teaches us that beauty, and not deformity, deserves perpetuation by means of the imitative arts. "With this joyous temperament," writes a friend, "it is not strange that he has drawn more and more upon Greek life, both for his inspiration and for the drapery of his thought." But Thumann is no pedantic classicist. Into the old forms he breathes a new

spirit. For example, his "Three Fates," while issuing from the shade of the old mythologies of the South, is pure German and not at all shrouded in gloom and mystery.

In the latter years of his life Thumann passed much time in Italy, and his productions while there show the influence of this change of scene. Altogether, looking over a list of the artist's pictures, it is not difficult to guess the secret of Thumann's world-wide popularity amongst those who care less for the technicalities of "high art" than for the

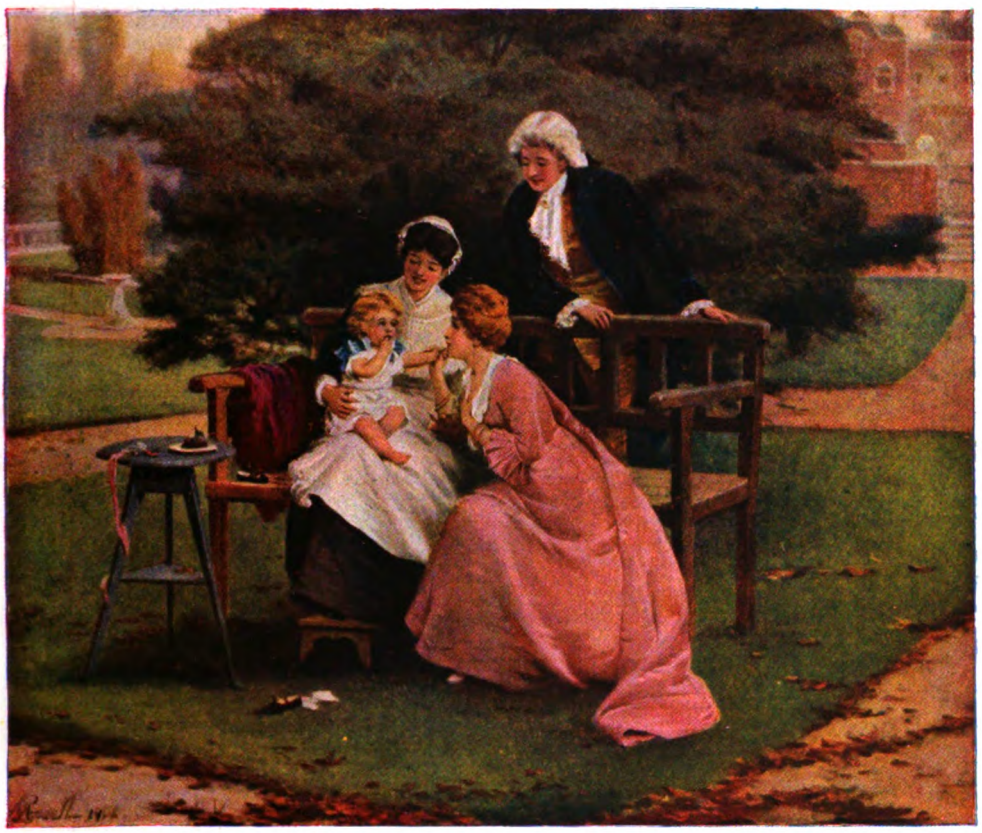
"A GIPSY QUEEN." By MARTIN KAVEL.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

"CHEERFUL SPRING." By JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

truthful prosentation of scenes from Nature which make no severe demand upon the imagination, charming chiefly by their verisimilitude. He handles subjects which require no training of the schools to understand. "All who live by work, who love and worship, can enter freely, with no instruction but that of their own experience, into the spirit of his art." Man and woman, mother and child, lover and maiden, the romping boy, the dame at her spinning-wheel, the devout heart throbbing with the spirit of prayer—all find



"SON AND HEIR." By A. ROSELL.
(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

in Thumann a sympathizer and a friend, who tells his simple stories to the eye no less charmingly than Scotland's poet sang them to the ear.

It is interesting to be told that for many of his women Thumann's daughters sat, as well as their mother, Mme. Thumann. The resemblance between the face of the maid here and that in his other canvases is very marked. The scene is in one of the isles of Greece, famous for its production of pottery. Through the open doorway of the potter's workshop the sea and the green-clad shore are visible. A handsome youth, in scanty raiment, bends over his task of adorning the vases with designs, such as horsemen, warriors, ladies, besides scrolls and emblems. The comely maiden who pauses on the threshold to survey the youth at his task has perchance been wooed by many a swain of the country-side, but never before was her heart in such danger as now. To woman art is irresistible. Mayhap the talented youth is conscious of the effect he has produced; he does not glance up at the lingering maid, but his countenance seems to express complacence.

Modern in comparison with "Art Wins the Heart," and yet belonging to a period a century and a half removed from our own, is M. Jules Girardet's delightful "The New Captain." The scene is Versailles, where the crack regiments of His Majesty King Louis are quartered. Yet is it not here also a case of "Art Wins the Heart"? For the art of the

"SPEAK! SPEAK!" By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

gentleman is the art of war, and we do not need Offenbach to assure us that the fair sex the world over "dote on the military." For some time it has been the theme of speculation amongst the fair ladies in the antechambers at Court who will command the King's bodyguard now that its gallant old chief has gone forth to his last fight to Flanders. The matter is now set at rest. The new captain appears—a regular beau of a fellow, with a capital opinion of himself—and you may see plainly that his initial tour of inspection through the town causes much fluttering in the bosoms of the fair beholders. M. Girardet is, like Paul Thumann in Germany, well known as a charming book illustrator in France.

It is not too much to say that the art of Mr. Arthur J. Elsley has endeared him to thousands of households where the genius of far greater painters is unknown. Here, too, is an instance of the charm which attends a direct representation of simple things, of homely scenes. Inimitable is Mr. Elsley in his laughing, clear-eyed English children frolicking with their canine comrades. "Babyhood and puppyhood," it has been said, form almost exclusively this artist's theme. In the picture we have reproduced a little girl of five summers is making ready for a scamper with her three dogs. All are jealous of their tiny mistress's attentions and impatient of the preparations which preface the anticipated outing. The insistence of the two small terriers on their prior right to be invested with a collar seemingly invokes the merriment too of the quartette. It is wonderful how the painter has managed the expressions of all the dogs, especially the collie's deprecating smile at the ridiculous misfit which his two companions are bent on producing.

The painting of a head which shall command popularity is a far more difficult task than *genre* painting. In this department of work, to which many of the ablest artists who have ever lived have restricted themselves, there is little story, if any, to tell—there is no action, no accessories, no supplemental details of architecture and landscape. All interest centres in a single human face. In "A Gipsy Queen" Mr. Martin Kavel has conquered the obstacles; he succeeds in this image of a young girl in a sombrero in gaining the sympathy of the spectator, in enlisting his interest almost by a *tour de force*. It might almost serve as a pendant for the "Laughing Cavalier" of Franz Hals. Here is a lass of spirit and abandon, easily a match for any of her swarthy subjects amongst the itinerant caravans. We can see her receiving the homage of many a pedestrian or cavalier struck by the flash in the eyes of the Romany maid, her raven locks, her white teeth, and dauntless carriage. Not even George Borrow or Mr. Watts-Dunton would seek a more spirited, comelier heroine.

In "Cheerful Spring" one would say that Miss Brownscombe, the talented American painter, had been influenced by the great Italian, Botticelli. And this is indeed the case. Her picture might be a modern English or American variant of "Primavera." The slender young women, dancing blithely across the awakening fields, exhibit a familiar grace of posture, although the landscape has little in it of Italy. One bears a spray of apple-blossom, another flaunts an airy scarf, while one far younger than the rest, a mere child, beats light-heartedly upon a tambourine.

> And so the maidens, carolling, flit
> Across the verdant mead.

Another outdoor picture, still more strongly imbued with English feeling and Old English characteristics, is Mr. Rosell's "Son and Heir." Few painters but could make something of beauty out of such a theme. There is the spacious, well-trimmed lawn, revealing in the distance, behind the yews and cedars, the splendid mansion of the blue-blooded young Georgian squire. The squire is now leaning over a garden seat, engaged with his young and pretty wife in paying court to his tiny son and heir, who is some day to succeed him in the possession of house and lands. Nothing abstruse, nothing mystic is there here, but only such a spectacle of proud fatherhood and happy motherhood as touches the heart and pleases the eye of every beholder.

It was in the autumn of 1894 that Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., went, as usual, to Scotland, under the roof of his friend, Mr. George Gray, and in November he began the picture known as "Speak! Speak!" The subject, he once told his son, had been in his mind for forty years. He had full intention of painting it, but again and again circumstances beyond his control had thwarted his design. Now, he thought with happiness, ill though he then was, his wish would be gratified.

The idea the painter had in his mind was that of a young Roman who has been reading through the night the letters of his lost love. At dawn, lo! the curtains of his bed are parted, and there before him stands, in spirit or in truth, the lady herself, arrayed as

on her bridal night, and bending upon him a sad but loving gaze. An open door displays the winding stair down which she has come. Through a small window above it steals in the grey dawn, forming, with the light of the flaring taper at the bedside, a harmonious discord. Such a discord is less seen in English than in French pictures, but Millais had already used it to good effect in an earlier picture, "The Rescue."

An old four-poster bedstead being a necessary element in the composition, Millais bought one in Perth and had it set up in one of the spare rooms at Bowerswell, and there he worked away at the painting for two months, by which time he had got all he wanted to enable him to finish it elsewhere. Miss Hope Anderson, daughter of the old minister at Kinnoull, stood for the figure of the lady, and was in turn succeeded by Miss Buchanan White, a neighbour of Mr. Gray's; but the lady's face was left till Millais's return to town, when he painted it from Miss Lloyd, who also sat for "A Disciple." The young Roman, only roughly sketched in at Bowerswell, was painted in London, when Millais was lucky enough to find a good-looking Italian as a model. It has been said that, "but for the sight of that throat (the Italian model's) he might never have painted the picture"; and that "the scene is the turret-room at Murthly Castle." His son, however, casts doubt on the authenticity of these stories.

"Of the artist's resolve," writes Mr. F. B. Barwell, "to have the actual thing he intended to imitate before him, with its appropriate surroundings whenever possible, the following typical instance is a good one. The picture was in the main finished, but the form of the lamp had not been decided upon. I advised him to pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum. He found there the very thing he required. It was, however, absolutely against the rules to lend any article whatever from the collection. The officials, nevertheless, offered to give him every facility within the building. To make a drawing or a study was not, however, enough for him; he wanted such a lamp placed in his studio exactly under all the conditions of lighting the effect demanded. At the suggestion of a courteous official a drawing was made, from which an iron-worker executed a facsimile of the lamp, which Millais paid for and used."

Millais took "quite a romantic interest in this picture" from the moment he first put brush to canvas. His son says: "Never before, I think, had I seen him so well pleased with any work of his own; and when at last the Royal Academy decided to purchase it under the Chantrey Bequest, he was quite wild with delight at this marked appreciation on the part of his brother artists."

The picture furnished *Punch* with an amusing skit that Millais used often to chuckle over. It was gravely suggested that "Speak! Speak!" represented a young man whose wife has run up a fearful bill for diamonds, and this so haunts him that he has a nightmare in which she appears arrayed in all her finery!

As to the effect "Speak! Speak!" had upon Millais's brother artists, let the following letters testify:—

"My dear Sir John Millais," wrote Mr. Herkomer, R.A., "I cannot resist the impulse to write to you and thank you for your work at the Royal Academy. It is the strongest arm that has been put forth for a long time against the fearful (and mad) wave of the modern tendency. I pray God to spare you long to enable you to give us much of such beautiful work, and I pray you may long be able to help us with your personality, for you are one of the few men in this world who are loved by all."

A tribute from an artist—a true one, but of a different kind—also came to Millais. It was from Mr. Linley Sambourne.

"Dear Millais," he wrote, "I feel I *cannot help* writing to let you know how much your beautiful picture of the apparition, or whatever it may be (for I am ignorant of the legend), has impressed me. I think it the finest picture you have ever painted, which is going as far as possible. Should it not be *the* finest, at any rate it has moved me as much and once seen can never be forgotten. The most perfect female head possible to be depicted by man. Wonderful! Every Englishman capable of appreciating such work must feel proud and elated that it comes from England."

"What we may say," wrote Sir William Richmond, R.A., "may seem but as whispers among the clamour of the crowd and the cries of 'greed,' but those whispers of our inmost feelings will touch someone—God only knows how many—and they will touch those most in need of consolation—not the rich, perhaps, but the poor, the suffering, and the hopeless. And it is to that latter class that your picture that I saw to-day will appeal; and of that class are the coming class rulers. Your audience will be fit, though few—out of fashion, perhaps, but the salt of the earth."

Surely one can only reflect that there are very few pictures painted nowadays which could evoke similar spontaneous testimonials of esteem both from the wide public and the high priests of art.

The Scarlet Runner.

VI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE GLOVE AND THE RING.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.

"I ASK nothing of life—except death," said the Marchese Baria.

"The one thing life can't give," answered Christopher Race.

They were sitting together at Florian's, in Venice, at one of the out-of-doors tables. They had met for the first time that evening at nine, when the place had been crowded, and they had been forced to sit down at a table together, if they would sit at all. Now it was two in the morning (for Florio's never closes), and they had talked ever since.

The Marchese Baria had talked more than Christopher, because every inch of Christopher Race was English, while the Marchese Baria was half Italian, and had lived in Italy for more than half his twenty-six years. He knew that his new friend was a gentleman chauffeur who had conducted a party of American ladies from London to Venice, where they had embarked in a friend's yacht, and left their guide to go home alone in his car—Scarlet Runner. But of him Christopher had been told far more. He had been sympathetic and genuinely interested—for Baria was an attractive young fellow, whose dark face might have served Giovanni Bellini as a model—and depths had been opened.

Christopher knew that Baria had loved a lady, the most beautiful on earth—according to her lover; that they had been engaged; and that then he had lost some thousands of pounds, and had received an adverse opinion concerning his health from an eminent doctor. The lady admired strong men, and threw Baria over to take one whose lungs and whose bank account were both more satisfactory than his. She was now the wife of this person, who happened to be a Prince, and the Marchese Baria wished to forget her as soon as possible. The only way in which he felt himself able to do this was by death; and at present he was engaged in shortening the short lease of life given him by his doctor, by taking too much alcohol. He found this recipe disagreeable, as he disliked wine and spirits. But, unfortunately, he had promised his English mother on her death-bed that never, in any circumstances, would he follow the example set by one or two of his father's hot-blooded ancestors, and commit suicide. Noxious microbes had refused to infect him. He could not take typhoid fever, or any other disease warranted to carry off a delicate patient. But he had hopes of pneumonia. That was why he had chosen to sit out of doors on a cold, misty night, clad in the lightest of garments.

"It is really very damp, and the chill gets into one's bones, doesn't it?" he asked, cheerfully.

Christopher assented, so far as the Marchese's bones were concerned. He refrained from adding that, according to the newest theories, cold hurt nobody, and chilled nothing but intrusive microbes. Neither did he think it wise to remark that the atmosphere behind those closed and lighted windows would be ten times more deleterious to inhale than the salt-smelling dampness.

"All my people are dead, you see, except a few particularly healthy ones whom I dislike extremely," went on Baria. "So you see I've no one to live for; I can do more for society by making a will than by existing. I suppose you couldn't by any chance be induced—er—to be charitable, and put an end to me?"

"Glad as I should be to give you pleasure," said Christopher, "I'm afraid I must draw the line at murder."

"Is it murder to annihilate a person whose one wish is to die?"

"I'm inclined to think the law would

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regard it so. But" — and Christopher spoke slowly, as if on mature deliberation— "I'll tell you what I can do. You say you're trying a course of freezing treatment to hurry up matters. Well, I can give you a long, strong dose of cold air in my motor. What about coming on with me until you pick up pneumonia, or, if not that, a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs—or even pleurisy?"

"You *are* a good fellow!" exclaimed Baria. "The moment we exchanged our first words, I felt you would be a friend."

"I CAN GIVE YOU A LONG, STRONG DOSE OF COLD AIR IN MY MOTOR."

"And I you," replied Christopher. "The pity is, our friendship's likely to be so short."

"Still, we shall be together till the end," said the Marchese. "I've never been in an automobile. My doctor—a dear old chap of the *ancien régime* — pronounced decidedly against it, in the days when I still wished to fight my weakness. Open air only when combined with warmth and sunshine, is his prescription; no draughts indoors; an even temperature, and that sort of thing. I've always followed his orders, as my one hope of regaining health and strength, until a few weeks ago—which seem years—when I began to turn all my energies to losing that to which, poor fool! I used to cling. I do think," he went on, in an eager tone, "that an automobile trip ought to finish a miserable weakling like me."

"It's worth trying," assented Christopher. "Scarlet Runner and I are at your service for the experiment. I've got rid of my passengers; I've seen Venice. I must take the car home in time for another engagement, and I shall be delighted to have a companion."

"For as long as I last?" said Baria.

"For as long as you last," echoed Race.

They started next morning, the Marchese having wound up his more pressing affairs in case of a sudden end, and given all necessary instructions to the servants who looked after his palace on the Grand Canal.

The month was September, and their way led through southern country, where the days should have been summer days; but the weather was abnormal. There were cold winds and bursts of rain, which delighted the Marchese Baria. He would wear no overcoat, and insisted upon sitting in front beside Christopher. Each night he expected to be ill; but he had instead an enormous appetite, and slept as he had not slept since the marriage of his faithless lady. This annoyed and puzzled him, but he was somewhat comforted by Christopher's suggestion that the seeming improvement might be a mere flash of life before the end.

They drove through Padua and Verona to Milan, and on to Alessandria; so across the plain of Lombardy to Cuneo, all by easy stages; and when the sun shone on them again Baria no longer coughed, except when it occurred to him as the duty of a jilted lover.

Now Scarlet Runner was set to climb the mighty barrier of the Alps which shuts off Piedmont from the Mediterranean, and darkness had fallen for the third time since her start, when she had passed through the long tunnel of the Col di Tenda, and had begun to descend, past San Dalmazzo, into the valley of the Roya.

Solemn and mysterious even at midday,

the rock-walled road was a hundred times more mysterious at night, and this was a night starless and moonless, save when a black cloud was torn by the wind to show a high, cold point or two of light.

Christopher would have stopped at Tenda while it was still dusk, for, great as was his faith in the healing power of fresh air, he knew it would be cold in that narrow pass among the mountains, perhaps dangerously cold for the patient he was secretly doctoring. But the Marchese wished to go on. He liked the thought of the rush by night through the wild valley, past curious hill villages and hamlets clinging to the rock. Far from being discouraged by the danger of side-slip on steep and twisting roads inch-deep in greasy mud, he was pleased with the idea of experiencing it. "If you were alone would you go on?" he asked. And when Race was forced to admit that he would, that settled the question. Baria threatened to have a high temperature if his friend stopped at Tenda.

Christopher had entered Italy with his late passengers by way of Mont Cenis, and the valley of the Roya was strange to him. He knew it only through study of maps and guide-books, but he had no fear of losing the way, and hoped to reach Mentone by midnight. There, though it was out of season, one or two hotels would be open.

Scarlet Runner's lamps and searchlight threw a blinding glare ahead as the car picked its way, round sharp curve after sharp curve of rock, down the slippery road. On one side rose always a wall of mountain; on the other was a precipice, in the trough of which roared the River Roya.

They had met no vehicle since passing the gloomy barracks far away up the Col, and no pedestrian since San Dalmazzo; nevertheless Christopher was prudent, as all good motorists should be, and caused his siren to send out a melancholy wail of warning at each turn of the narrow road. There was no reason that anyone ahead should be surprised at sight of Scarlet Runner, yet suddenly, taking a quick curve, the car all but dashed into the leader of three horses drawing a market-cart.

Instantly Christopher put on the brake and stopped the motor, just in time to save disaster, but not in time to avoid frightening the horses. The leader, whose pale grey colour gleamed ghostlike in the fierce light of the acetylene lamps, reared back upon his fellows, swerved, and would have plunged over the precipice, dragging the other two horses and the great covered cart with him, had not Baria sprung out of the car and seized him by the rein.

It was admirably done, not the act of a world-weary invalid, but of alert youth, quick to think and do, because full of interest in life. There was just time for admiration and something of surprise to flash through Christopher's mind as he also jumped down and ran to help his friend with the horses.

Between the two they had the animals under control after a few wild seconds of struggling confusion; and as soon as the clamour of pawing and snorting ceased Christopher began scolding in French the invisible driver of the cart.

"You deserve to be in the river," he shouted, "or in jail, for not lighting up! And on a road like this! What's the matter with you? Are you drunk or only asleep? Fellows like you would sleep while the last trump sounded."

Still no answer. Nothing moved in the darkness under the big white hood which arched over the cart.

"Drunk, of course," said Baria. "He's been across the frontier and taken his eggs to market; now he's on his way home to Cuneo, trusting to his horses to find their way over the Col and through that awful tunnel. How like a peasant. They all do it in my country, forgetting that this is the day of automobiles."

"I'll stir the idiot up," said Christopher.

"Why bother?" sighed Baria, losing interest again, now that the excitement of danger was over. "Nothing ever hurts drunken men and fools."

Nevertheless Christopher persisted. He and Baria had carefully led the horses past the great silent, lighted shape of Scarlet Runner, so that the market-cart had the width of the road to itself, standing back to back with the motor-car. Now, as Baria held the head of the grey leader, who seemed anxious to get on, Christopher peered under the cover of the cart. For a moment he was silent; then he gave an exclamation.

"What's wrong?" asked the Marchese.

"I can't make out yet, but it's very queer," answered Christopher. "There's nobody to be seen in the cart. Yet something holds the reins. It's so dark I can't see what."

"The grey horse is restive, trembling all over, and lathered with sweat," said Baria. "If I weren't hanging on to his head, he'd be off."

"Hang on, and I'll fetch a lamp," said Christopher.

"BARIA SPRANG OUT OF THE CAR AND SEIZED HIM BY THE REIN."

He hurried back to Scarlet Runner and got out the electric lantern with which he had discovered the stretched wire at Atherton Manor. Flashing its white ray into the dark tunnel under the canvas roof, it was as if he had swept a black curtain away from a strange and ominously-suggestive picture.

There was in it no human figure, yet it did not lack dramatic elements. Empty egg-boxes were piled and tumbled in confusion. On the broken heap lay a woman's cloak of blue cloth, torn from collar to hem ; and half hidden under the folds of this garment—which had not been made to cover the shoulders of a carter's wife—a handsome though small travelling-bag of alligator skin gaped wide and empty as if it had been wrenched open in mad haste or fury. Among the boxes and scattered bunches of straw were tossed various articles of a woman's wardrobe : a silk blouse, handkerchiefs, a long fichu of rich lace. And on the back of the driver's seat a little grey, gauntleted glove held the reins and was itself kept in place by a knife which pinned fast both the delicate kid and heavy leather.

The glove seemed so clearly to retain the shape of the fingers it had once protected that at first glance it was as if a woman's hand, cut from the arm, were nailed to the wood by that dagger-like knife, and a dark, smeared stain on the back of the glove added an ugly realism to the illusion.

"Is the carter dead?" called Baria.

"There is no carter," Race answered, and cried out to his friend at the horse's head the things which the lantern-light showed.

"It sounds like murder—the murder of a woman," answered the Marchese, "and no common peasant wench."

Christopher had climbed on the step of the cart, and was peering within. "It *is* blood on the glove," he said ; "a light smear of it, dry or almost dry. Whatever has happened here must have happened an hour or more ago. And there's something in one of the fingers—something small and hard."

He was supporting himself with one hand, and had freed the other by setting the lantern on the straw-strewn seat. Now, with an effort, he wrenched out the knife which stabbed glove and reins and wood. The dainty bit of gauntleted grey suède was released.

"It's a ring!" he exclaimed. "A queer ring with a shield of red enamel and a raised black and gold crest on it." As he spoke he gathered the reins into his own control, and clambered on to the seat.

At once the horses knew that they were under guidance. The leader ceased to start and tremble, but stood still, as if relieved to find life resuming its normal routine. Baria let go the animal's head, and, as keenly alert with curiosity as if he had never lost interest in the things of this world, he ran to see what he had heard described.

"She was a gentlewoman—young and beautiful, perhaps," he said, staring at ring and glove. "What can the mystery be? Why was she in this cart—alone?"

"I doubt she was alone," said Christopher. "There's a knitted scarf of worsted under the seat, such as peasant men wear."

"The driver!" exclaimed Baria. "You think he killed her and stole what valuables she had—knowing they were worth his having?"

"It seems the most probable theory," said Christopher. "She—whoever she was—had engaged him to drive her. There must have been a strong motive for trusting him, if he were a stranger."

"But if he were not a stranger—and deceived her?"

"Ah, then—— Yet why the glove nailed to the seat?"

"Unless it were for a signal. Santa Maria! We must get to the bottom of this. Shall we go on in your car, as we were going, and trace the mystery, step by step, along the road by which this cart has come?"

"What! and let the cart go on alone?"

"No; that would not do. One of us might stop with it until the other could return with the motor, having found out the truth—or, at worst, having given an alarm at the nearest gendarmerie."

"I think we'd better not separate," said Christopher. "We may be wrong in our theories. And we can't tell which way we should take. There are twenty or thirty tracks in the mud, made by just such market-carts as this, going towards France or returning into Italy. If there's any difference between this and others, it's too dark for us to tell. How can we be sure which one of many small branch roads between here and Ventimiglia is the road we ought to follow?"

"Have you no plan, then?" asked the Marchese, impatiently. "We *must* do something."

"I've a thought—not a plan. Did you notice anything peculiar about the grey leader?"

"Only that he's an unusually good horse to draw a market-cart. He's got blood in him."

"That's what I meant. He's almost as mysterious as everything else about the cart, more like a riding-horse than a cart-horse—somebody's favourite. Well, he'll lead the others—and the cart—back to where he came from—back to where that somebody is waiting for him. If we want to take the quickest and most likely way of getting to the root of this queer business, my idea is—let us go on with the cart, and see what happens."

"Good!" said the Marchese, thrilling at the thought of the danger, the mystery, ahead. His eyes sparkled in the lantern-light. He did not want to fade away now. Indeed, he had forgotten that he had ever wanted to fade away. "Good! But the car——"

"We'll tow her, lights out, behind the cart, so that she may make no noise. You shall sit in her to steer and put on the brake if necessary. I'll lie low in the cart, ready for anything with my revolver. I'd give that part to you, for I know you'd like it, but you're not quite strong enough yet for a job where both our lives may depend on strength as well as quickness."

Baria saw that it was Race's intention to keep him screened and protected, in case of sudden assault, but he could not object. He could only regret, for a poignant instant, that he had so busily wasted instead of husbanding his strength. As for Christopher, he saw Baria's silent disappointment and was sorry.

"Keep these," he said, handing his friend the glove and the ring.

The Marchese brightened. He felt that, at the worst, he was in the heart of the mystery, and, slipping the ring on the least finger of his left hand, the glove in an inner pocket, he was as vividly conscious of their presence as if they had been warm from the touch of a beautiful wearer.

Christopher started the automobile once more, turned her, silenced the motor again, and with a piece of stout rope, which he always kept in case of need (the need of others, rather than his own, since Scarlet Runner was not used to accidents), he fastened the car behind the cart.

"We may be going into a den of thieves and assassins," said Baria, cheering up as he prepared to change places with Race.

"If so," said Christopher, trailing the ray of his lantern along the canvas cover of the cart, "it may not be long before we get there. Look! here's the name of the owner—or alleged owner—Ravelli; Valegio. Valegio's that village, you remember, whose lights we saw twinkling far above us about half an hour ago as we came down the pass. Some road branching off near here must lead to it. If it does, the grey horse will take it, and—perhaps Signor Ravelli will have a surprise."

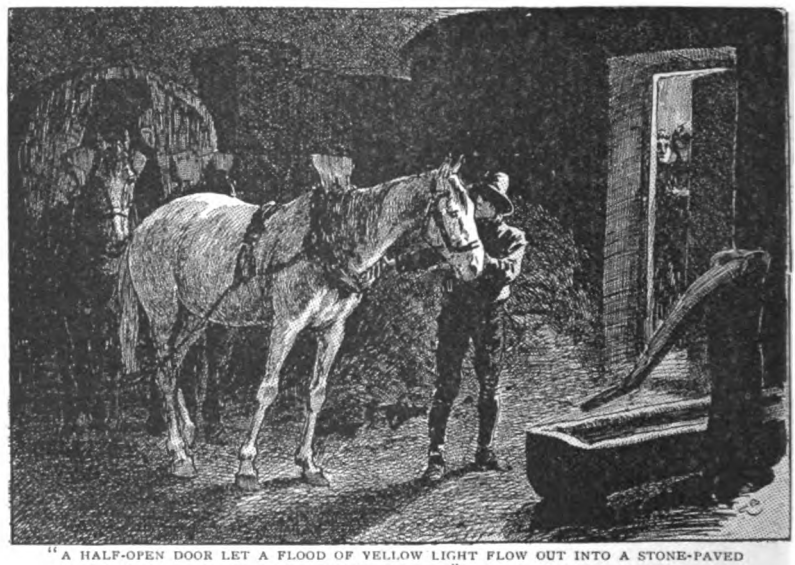
Out went the light of the lantern. The lamps of the car were already dark. Christopher, lying among the egg-boxes, the reins held loosely in his hand, his revolver

ready, let the grey leader go at his own pace and in his own way. The car trailed behind noiselessly, invisible to anyone in front. Thus the horses, steady enough now, plodded up the pass down which Scarlet Runner had swept but a half-hour ago.

Soon, as Christopher had prophesied, the grey horse turned without hesitation at a rough branch road, leading steeply uphill. Far above hung the lights of high Valegio, like a thin crescent made of yellow stars. But the cart was still a long distance below the level of the mountain village when the grey horse abruptly took another turn. Confidently he walked through an open gateway, yawning black in a rough stone wall. And in the darkness Race was aware that a man had leaped up and out of some hiding-hole, to lead the horse, as the grey shape glimmered towards him.

There was not a word, scarce the rustle of a footfall, nor was there a light anywhere. But in the thick blue dusk Christopher had heard for an instant a man's breathing.

Every nerve and muscle in Race's body was tense now, though he lay still among the egg-boxes, his head on the blue cloak.



"A HALF-OPEN DOOR LET A FLOOD OF YELLOW LIGHT FLOW OUT INTO A STONE-PAVED COURTYARD."

There was something curiously exciting to him in watching the dark shadow ahead, the figure of that silent man who, without asking a question or striking a light, took charge of the horse for whose coming he had waited.

Did he expect to find the cart empty? Would he fall back in amazement when no familiar face greeted him by and by? Certainly he must be astounded by the vision he would see, and to discover that there was an automobile in tow.

Suddenly there broke into the stillness of the night one deep, baying note from the throat of a dog — a bloodhound, Race judged by the rich bell-tone, different from the bark of other dogs. Next moment there were scufflings, as if someone were holding the animal in check; and Christopher's heart began to pound against his side.

Soon the bulk of a house loomed a blacker mass against the blackness of the sky. The man who guided the grey horse swung him round a corner; a half-open door let a flood of yellow light flow out into a stone-paved courtyard; and huddled in the doorway Race could see several figures looking out—peering, listening. Then the horse stopped. Still Christopher lay without moving. He wanted to know, if possible, what these people expected to find.

The man who had guided the leader came towards the cart, asking a question as he approached, but he spoke neither in Italian nor French, nor any language which Christopher Race had ever heard before. When no answer followed he repeated the same words anxiously, then sprang forward to look into the cart.

What he saw was Christopher, sitting up—his revolver cocked and aimed—for now there seemed little hope of explanations, and it was necessary to be ready on the instant for reprisals.

The thing which any normal man would do on suddenly seeing a revolver aimed at his head at such close quarters is to start back mechanically; but this man was different. With a roar of rage he risked death and leaped at the stranger as a tiger leaps, and—Christopher did not fire.

Perhaps he would not have had time; yet it seemed to him in the half-second he had to

think that there had been time if he had chosen to kill the other at sight in self-defence. But the man's desperate courage thrilled him. He could not have fired if he had been certain that to shoot then and there was the one way of saving his life.

In an instant the courtyard was echoing with cries and footfalls. The door was flung wide open and three or four young men and a woman had thrown themselves, like living shadows, among the shadows of the stone-paved square. Baria, fearless and excited, had dashed out of the car and run forward at the sound of the first cry, waving a revolver. But he could not fire, for three tall men had torn Christopher Race out of the cart and wrenched his weapon away. The group struggled together, and Baria dared not fire lest he should kill the one he would save. Then, suddenly, someone seized his arms from behind and snatched his revolver, as he discharged it inadvertently in the air; and at the same moment a woman's voice shrieked in Italian: "An automobile—an automobile!"

Other voices, all voices of men, parleyed passionately together in that strange language of which Baria could understand no more than Christopher. It might, perhaps, be German, thought Baria, who knew only English and Italian, with enough French to read and travel, and the poorest smattering of German, remembered vaguely from his school days. Therefore he called up some words of that tongue, and strove to protest furiously, as he and Christopher were dragged towards the house, unarmed now and well-nigh helpless, in the grasp of four or five strong men.

No one understood or would seem to understand, and they were at the open door, surrounded and powerless, when some inner door opened, and for an instant a tall and magnificent old man, with long white hair falling on the collar of a curiously-fashioned brown coat, appeared on the threshold.

"Whatever happens, don't let *him* be seen!" cried one of the men quickly in Italian. At this the woman ran ahead into the house, pushing the tall old man with her hands on his breast, then shutting the door he had opened, and bolting it.

Even in this moment of extreme peril, Christopher Race and the Marchese Baria, in the hands of their captors, were stabbed with curiosity because of the old man. He was beautiful, wonderful, with the face of a prophet. Who was he, that the young men of this strange house had cried with one accord, as if in fear, "Don't let *him* be seen"?

They were now all inside the lighted room, a big farm kitchen with whitewashed walls, and only one other door besides the door of exit. That door the woman had bolted, and at a word from one of the men she flew to lock the other.

Christopher and Baria saw themselves at the mercy of five young men, all tall and broad-shouldered beyond the common, and not one beyond the age of thirty. They were fair-haired, having the look of brothers, and their features were the hard, set features of the far North, their eyes grey and full of fire, but not the easily kindled fire of the South. Only the woman was of the South, if she might be judged by the soft brown oval of her young, frightened face and the dark velvet of the startled eyes, which seemed already to see the vision of a double murder. She stood before the door she had just locked, pale and trembling.

"Are you going to kill them?" she asked.

"We are going to execute them," answered the oldest of the five men, whose age could not have been much beyond thirty. "What else? They are spies, and worse." Then, having quieted the girl—his young wife, perhaps—in her native tongue, he had begun to speak again in his own language to his brothers, when Baria interrupted, in Italian.

"You had better make sure first that we are spies. My friend can speak only French and English. He is an Englishman, from London; I, half English, half Italian. His name is Christopher Race; I am Lorenzo, Marchese Baria, of Venice. We came here as avengers, not as spies. If you miss any friends of yours from the cart you had better question us. Then, if we see reason to think you as innocent as we are, we will answer. And meanwhile, if you doubt our identity, we have papers as well as an automobile to prove it."

His impudence was impressive. The men consulted together, asked a few questions, and got dramatic answers, with a description of the meeting of cart and car on the road, and what had been found under the canvas cover. As he finished Baria showed the glove and ring, and at sight of them the tide of angry suspicion turned against him and his friend again, until Christopher whipped out the knife which had held the reins fast.

"Tell them where we found it, and why we came here," he said to Baria, for, though he could understand, he could speak no more than enough Italian for servants, an inn, or a garage.

The men, still guarding their prisoners,

"'WHY DID YOU COME TO US?' THE SPEAKER ASKED, IN ITALIAN."

but no longer wholly antagonistic, looked at the knife, touching it and examining the blade and handle with care.

"It is Russian," commented the eldest in a low voice to his comrades. Then he turned to Baria. "You may both show the papers you spoke of, to prove your identity," he said.

That one word "Russian," spoken in Italian, was a clue instantly seized by both Race and Baria. The language which they had not been able to comprehend was Russian. These men's features were Russian —their high cheek-bones, their narrow grey eyes, and short noses.

"Why did you come to us?" the last speaker asked, in Italian; and Baria, prompted now and then by Christopher, explained with perfect frankness. "We wanted to know who had plotted the murder—if murder has been done—and we thought the quickest way to find out was to travel with the cart. But it seems that you suspect us, as we suspected you."

"If there has been murder, there is not one of us who would not die to avenge it," said the eldest of the young men.

"We should like to be with you in that," said Baria.

"But why, if it has nothing to do with you?"

"It has this to do with us—that we found the glove and the ring, and our blood grows hot against those who have injured a woman."

"If they have injured her, they shall pay for it," exclaimed another of the young men, in Italian. "They shall pay, sooner or later."

"Say to them that, with our motor, we might help them to pay sooner," cut in Christopher.

Baria said it. And the men's faces, fiercely set a few moments ago, softened to a friendliness that was almost guileless.

"You are brave men. We are sorry that we threatened you," he said to Baria. "Your friend understands Italian, though he does not talk it. We speak the language, for we are Italians by birth, every one of us except me, the eldest; but when we have private things to say, we use the tongue of our parents—Russian."

"Who is called Ravelli here, if you are of Russian parentage?" Baria inquired.

"We are known as the brothers Ravelli. Our father married an Italian woman of that name when our mother died, soon after we came to Italy; and this place—now a farm, though it was once a château—was her property. My father took her name and became a farmer. We have followed in his footsteps; and I have married an Italian wife."

"Ask them if they know French," suggested Christopher.

They did, one and all, and began speaking it rapidly. Now Christopher could enter intelligently into the conversation, and presently they were conversing like friends. There was a secret, evidently, and that secret none of those who were in it intended to reveal to those who were not; but they admitted that one of themselves—the second brother of six—had gone to Ventimiglia ostensibly with a load of eggs to dispose of as usual, but really upon a different errand. He had got rid of his eggs—that was proved by the emptiness of the boxes. Then he had picked up a passenger—a lady. She was the daughter of an old friend, to whom the family had been deeply indebted in years gone by—indebted, in fact, for their escape from Russia in a time of terrible danger. Nothing that the Ravellis could have done for that friend and for his daughter would have been too much; yet—she was gone, her belongings ransacked, her bloodstained glove pinned to the reins. The sole comfort was that, if she were dead, Loris Ravelli must have died in trying to save her. He would not have failed to do his utmost, and —he too had disappeared.

As for the glove, nailed conspicuously to the seat, holding the reins in a kind of horrible mockery, it had been put there for a purpose, the young men said gloomily to each other. There were those who wished them to know that a certain plan had failed, and through whom it had failed.

"Let us go, then, and find them, and punish them before it is too late," said Christopher.

"And save the lady, if she be not dead," added Baria, who would a few weeks ago have had little thought for any woman, except the one woman in his small world. But now, suddenly, there was room for another. The torn cloak, the little lace handkerchiefs, and above all the grey glove with the ring in its finger, had waked all the sleeping romance and chivalry of the young man's nature.

It seemed that hours must have passed since Scarlet Runner and the driverless cart had so nearly come into collision; but it was not an hour yet, when the door of the kitchen was unbarred and three out of the five Ravellis accompanied their guests — late prisoners—to Christopher Race's motor-car. Two stayed behind, making no explanation; but they had looked at each other, glancing with meaning towards the other locked door, and they had exchanged a few hurried words with the young woman.

Though nothing had been said, Christopher and Baria both knew that those who remained were on guard, watching over a life that was more to them than their own. "Don't let *him* be seen!" they had exclaimed. That no harm might reach Him, enough men to protect him were staying at the farm.

There had been a few moments when Christopher had hardly expected to smell the night air again, or to see the car that he loved. It was good now to sit on the driver's seat of Scarlet Runner, to hear the comforting thrum-thrum of her engine, to feel her steering-wheel under his hand, and to see her lights drinking up the darkness. It was life, after a cold dream of death.

The Ravellis had an idea where to go. "They" would be anxious to get away with "her," were she living or dead, and the papers they must have found in the opened bag.

Perhaps, the young men thought, those concerned would be glad that she should be dead; and yet there were strong reasons why they might rather have her

living; there were ways by which she could be made to answer questions. As they listened, Christopher and Baria (but more especially Baria) were consumed with curiosity, with longing to know the true inwardness of this adventure, which still kept all its mystery, if not its peril.

"She" was called Alexa—so much they soon learned, for the name was spoken over and over again by the brothers. Whoever she was—whatever her errand—her coming had had to be kept so secret that she was to have been hidden in a kind of cave under the empty egg-boxes, and her conductor had trusted to the familiarity of the *douaniers* with his cart and his frequent errands to let the wagon pass back across the frontier without a thorough examination.

"They" were to have been eluded. It was hoped that, owing to great precautions, Alexa would not have been traced to Ventimiglia. She had worn, at different stages of the journey, two or three disguises. Nevertheless she must have been tracked, and those who tracked her had been as secret as she. They had waited till she was hidden in the cart, with certain valuable papers she carried, and then, at a dark and lonely part of the road—— But conjecture broke down at this point. More than once the brothers said: "At least Loris will have died for her." All their anxieties, their sick terrors, were for the woman; they had none for their lost brother. They knew, and seemed contented, that he was for ever gone from them.

"He would have been shot," Michael, the eldest, said; "shot from behind some ambush as he drove, before he had time to suspect. Otherwise they could have done nothing with him He was the strongest and biggest of us all; that is why we sent him. It might have roused suspicion if there had been two men in the cart, for always it is one who goes with the eggs. It was too much, even, that there was the best horse—Loris's own horse. We feared he might attract notice, but he was Loris's own horse—he has been trained. We knew he would come home, whatever happened, and I waited for him. I had been waiting for an hour."

So the brothers talked, speaking of Loris as if he were dead, and of Alexa as if, perhaps, it would be better to know that she were dead too. But there was no doubt in their minds that the way to take was to go straight and quickly to Ventimiglia.

"They would have been there, and they would have made arrangements to leave again with her; for somehow they would take her, even dead, to show to those who sent them, for proof," Michael said. "I think they would have attacked the cart as soon after Ventimiglia as the darkness and loneliness of the road would make it safe for them, that there need be no delay in getting back. And if they are to be found, it will be at Ventimiglia, or near. But if they are gone, then—then our revenge will have to fall later. Yet fall it will, if it costs every lira we have saved and every one of our lives."

"If your brother has been killed or wounded, it may be that he lies hidden somewhere by the roadside," said Christopher; "and if we search, going slowly——"

"It is of another we must think, not of our own," answered Michael. "And to find her it is necessary that we go fast, searching for nothing else, thinking of nothing else. As for my brother, his body will be found by some of us to-morrow in the Roya."

Who could the woman be who inspired such selfless devotion? The curiosity of the two who were not in the secret grew, and fed upon their own silence.

There was much discussion as to how the men they sought might be travelling, how they would account for the presence of an unwilling companion, provided she were alive and in a condition to protest. All the talk was in French now, and Christopher found a boyish satisfaction in taking part in it, in making shrewd suggestions.

The car rushed on towards Ventimiglia, obedient to the brothers' idea that Ventimiglia was the centre for the quest to begin.

It might be, it was agreed, that the kidnappers had been in a motor; or they, too, might have chosen a market-cart; or they might have driven in a closed carriage. Having succeeded in capturing the girl and the papers she was carrying, they could choose between concealing her for a time in some house which they might have hired, taking her secretly afterwards to a distance to dispose of her as seemed good, or travelling all simply by train, alleging that she was an invalid or a mad woman, according as her actions indicated.

"We don't wish to know your secrets, but tell us one thing," said Christopher. "Is this lady a person politically important, or merely of importance to private interests?"

"She is of great importance politically—not here, but in another country," answered Michael Ravelli.

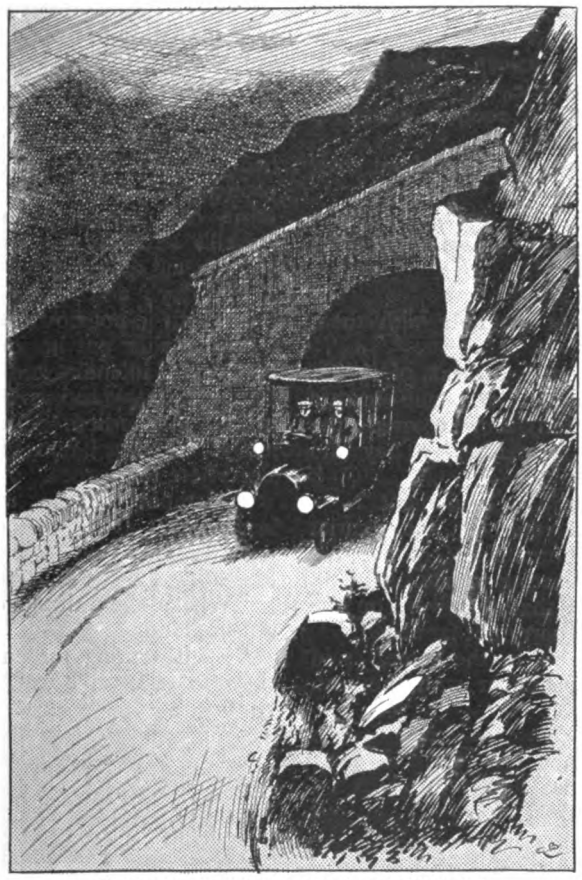
"It would be worth a good deal of trouble,

then, and a large expenditure of money to people in high position to get her back to —that country?" "Russia" was the word which came to Christopher's lips, but he pressed it back.

"Yes," Michael admitted. "Much money must have been spent already in tracking her with the most skilled detectives at the disposal of her enemies, otherwise they would never have succeeded as they have in spite of all our precautions."

"You think, then, that they would have preferred to let her live?"

"I think they wished us for the time to believe her dead, a time long enough for them to go far away with her. But they would hope to gain much by questioning her, when they had her safely back again in that land where anything may be done in the name of the law."



"THE CAR RUSHED ON TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA."

"Then I don't believe they will risk travelling by train," said Christopher. "By motor for a short distance, perhaps, but not far. You see, they would be anxious to get her out of Italy and France before you could do anything to stop them. Knowing nothing of us and our car, they might calculate on a few hours before you could possibly follow. Doesn't it occur to you that a yacht would suit their purpose better than anything else?"

Michael half sprang up in his seat beside Christopher, who was driving. "A yacht!" he echoed. "You are right. They would have a yacht. It would be the one plan of all others. And there are men who would gladly lend their yachts for this scheme."

"The yacht would lie in Mentone Harbour," said Christopher, thoughtfully.

"It is as if you spoke on inspiration!" cried Michael.

"At least, it would do no harm and waste little time to run on there, except for the bother with the Customs; but I have a *passe-avant* and all necessary papers. And if we stop in Ventimiglia what shall we accomplish, after all? We don't know what to inquire for. Let's try the yacht theory first. If the kidnappers were in a motor we may have our work cut out in catching them."

"Heaven grant they were kept parleying long at the frontier," muttered Michael.

"And that we may not be," added Christopher, with whom the rescue was becoming a matter of deepest personal interest, as it was with Baria.

They paid small heed to the greasiness of the road now, or the sharp and dangerous turns, risking a smash, and thinking only of the end they had to gain.

"Has another motor passed lately?" asked Christopher, with a careless air, of the sleepy *douanier* at the French frontier, between Ventimiglia and Mentone.

"One got away not half an hour ago," was the answer.

The three young men in rough farmers' clothes and the two young men in smart motoring dress glanced quietly yet significantly at one another.

"Foreigners, weren't they?"

"They spoke French excellently—too well for Englishmen."

"Not too well for—Russians, perhaps?" (This time the word had been uttered; but the faces of the brothers did not change.)

"No, not too well, maybe, for Russians."

"How many talked with you—one man and a chauffeur?"

"Two men and a chauffeur."

"Was there no one else in the motor?"

"There was a lady asleep inside."

Christopher's eyes and Baria's met.

"Ah, yes, certainly—asleep. And the car. It was a large covered one, was it not?"

"Fairly large, with a roof, a glassed-in front, and glass windows."

"The gentlemen said nothing about their destination?"

"Nothing."

"You had seen them before when they passed over into Italy?"

"Yes. Two days ago."

"But they had not the lady with them then?"

"You are right, now I think of it, sir. The two gentlemen and their chauffeur were travelling alone when they crossed the frontier day before yesterday. They are friends of yours?"

"The lady is a friend. Good night."

The courtesy was returned, and Scarlet Runner sped on towards Mentone, the heart of each man beating with excitement. They were sure now that they were on the right scent, and the quarry not far ahead.

"All three must be in the game," said Christopher; "the chauffeur with the rest. They wouldn't have dared hire a man and trust him to look on at the work they must have done. Probably they have bought the car, for future as well as present convenience, and if the yacht theory's right and the motor can be accommodated on board, the chances are they'll take it with them. That's what we have to hope for, since getting it on the yacht will cause delay. Not enough delay to have meant danger of being followed, except by an automobile, but enough to serve our turn."

Scarlet Runner flew into Mentone and made straight for the harbour. Out of season as it was, there were three yachts in port—two small ones, and a fine, large craft which had got up steam and was ready to go out. At sight of her lights in the distance Christopher slowed down Scarlet Runner and stopped the engine. He was not anxious to advertise the presence of his car.

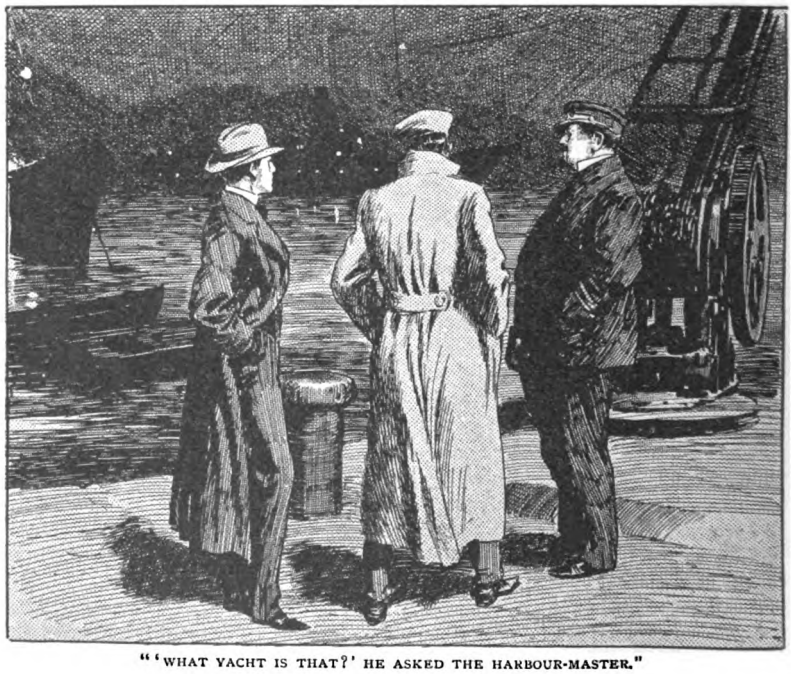
"What yacht is that?" he asked the harbour-master, whom he sought when he had left his automobile in charge of the youngest of the Ravelli brothers. He and Baria had sauntered up alone, two of the Ravellis strolling not far behind. The four had the air of being out for a late walk after a hot day; and where would a breeze be found astir if not down by the port?

Christopher put his question as if in the curiosity of idleness, and the harbour-master, who was sleepy and would rather have been in bed than where he was, answered carelessly: "*Nadége* belongs to a Russian Prince. Been here for a week."

Christopher did not inquire the name of her owner. It was enough for him that she was Russian, and that she was about to leave.

"What's she waiting for?" he seemed to reflect aloud.

"Been waiting for an automobile which she's to take on board," said the harbour-



"'WHAT YACHT IS THAT?' HE ASKED THE HARBOUR-MASTER."

master. "It's come now, and they're going to ship it from a pontoon."

Christopher and Baria, politely touching their caps to the official, moved on to watch the progress of the work. Once the Ravellis happened to pass them as they lingered for a moment, and a dozen words were murmured. A few paces farther on the Ravellis turned and went back slowly towards the harbour-master, while the two motorists walked on, as if for a look at the yacht at close quarters.

She was berthed a little way from the quay, lying side by side with her two smaller companions. The yachts were moored to the quay, but there was no communication with the shore save by boats. Into a broad-bowed fishing-smack some sailors were now preparing to lower the Russians' automobile and row her out to *Nadége*, where she must be slung up by means of the derrick on the floating pontoon.

The motor-car was drawn up near a crane close to the edge of the quay, and late though it was, a knot of three or four idle onlookers had collected to watch the sailors. Christopher and Baria joined the group. A chauffeur stood by the bonnet, absorbed in the preparations to sling the automobile.

As the Russians did not dream that pursuers from the Roya Valley could possibly arrive before their departure, they were off guard for the moment, and there was nothing to prevent Christopher and Baria from going close to the car. They peered into the dark depths, while the two Ravellis engaged the weary harbour-master in conversation, lest he should chance to follow with his eyes the movements of his late questioners.

In the covered tonneau of the automobile, half sitting, half lying, they could make out the slender figure of a woman, who appeared to be sleeping. This, after the statement of the *douanier*, was what they had expected to see; and they had laid their plans accordingly, hoping against hope for just such a chance—just such a clear moment—as Fate offered them now.

Softly Baria opened the door of the car, and out came a strong whiff of chloroform, which was a relief to their fears—since it is not necessary to drug the dead. Reaching in, Christopher took the limp form in his strong arms, and in his joy would have forgotten the last whispered words of Michael Ravelli: "Remember to look for a bag or a bundle of papers," if the unconscious girl's feet had not dragged against a leather despatch-case on the floor. Baria snatched it out on the instant, and shut the door as noiselessly as he had opened it. Then each of the young men supported the girl, taking her between them; and the darkness of the night, intensified by the blaze of the car's lamps ahead, as well as the preoccupation of every other person concerned—or not concerned—favoured their quickly carried out manœuvre.

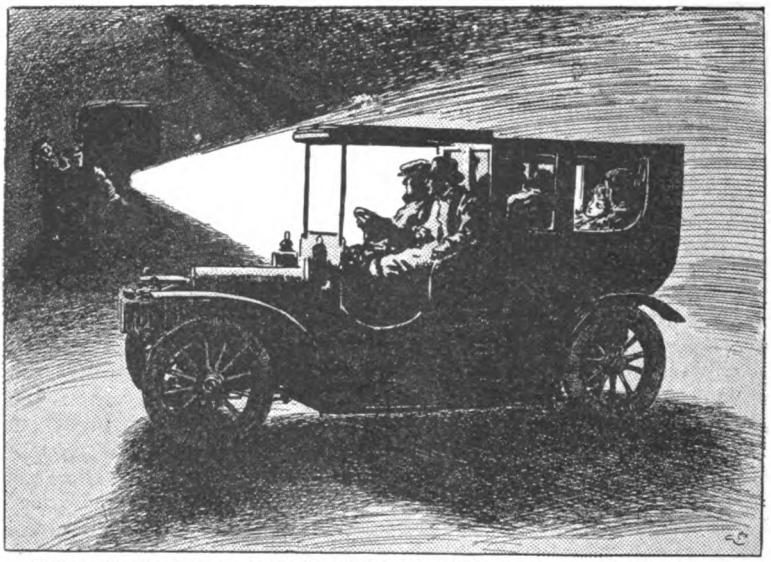
At any instant the chauffeur who had been left on guard might discover his loss, and raise an alarm among his fellow-conspirators. Their footsteps and the hammering of their hearts loud in their own ears, Christopher Race and the Marchese Baria walked as fast as they dared, supporting and hiding as well as they could the unconscious form which hung in their arms. As they neared the spot where the harbour-master had stood, the Ravellis joined them and helped conceal the presence of the girl. The door of Christopher's car stood open. They flung the despatch-box in, and Baria, with Michael Ravelli, got the limp form on to one of the seats while Christopher started the engine.

Scarcely had Scarlet Runner waked to life again and begun to throb impatiently when the white glare of a searchlight tore away from her the decent cloak of night. There she stood revealed in all her richness of colour, no detail hidden, but the men were all on board, and Christopher's hand on the wheel. Scarlet Runner was off like a red arrow, and the searchlight did not immediately pursue her. It was sent out by the Russian automobile, flashing from one end of the quay to the other, for just as all preparations to sling were completed the chauffeur had seen that his car was empty.

Fortunately the Russians could not yet be sure that the vanishing motor held that which they desired. The girl might not have been as completely under the influence of the drug as they had supposed. She might latterly have feigned unconsciousness to throw them off their guard, and thus have contrived to escape unaided.

They would look for her on the quay, and would not be sure that the sudden disappearance of a strange automobile was not a coincidence. Inquiries would give them certainty, and, though their car would doubtless be sent in hot pursuit of Scarlet Runner, some moments must first be wasted—moments priceless to the pursued as well as the pursuers.

Baria sat in the car with the girl's head upon his shoulder, while with his arm round her body he kept her steady as Scarlet



"THE WHITE GLARE OF A SEARCHLIGHT TORE AWAY FROM HER THE DECENT CLOAK OF NIGHT."

Runner flew on. Michael Ravelli was outside with Christopher, but the two others were in the covered tonneau, anxiously engaged in breaking open the despatch-box. For the papers the brothers so eagerly sought Baria cared nothing, but for a man who hated life and women because one woman was false, he showed a singular interest in the delicate profile outlined like a pale cameo against the dark grey of his coat.

She was young and very beautiful—he could see as much as that. He could imagine a great deal more, and he knew that she had been brave—witness her strange journey, her cloak torn in a struggle, the ring in the glove wrenched from a resisting hand.

Scarlet Runner had swept like a tornado along the deserted road and reached the Italian frontier. The delay was short, since Christopher's papers were in order, yet it seemed an eternity to Baria, turning his head always to see if the Russian car with its wicked searchlight had rounded the last corner. He scarcely heard the exclamations of joy drawn from the Ravellis by the discovery that all they hoped to find was in the despatch-box. He thought only of the girl, and of a plan that perhaps would not have sprung, full-fledged, into his head had hers upon his shoulder been less beautiful, a curl which had escaped less golden.

As Scarlet Runner shot away past the Custom-house, and still no searchlight had flashed upon her from behind, Baria spoke to the Ravellis.

"They—whoever they are—will know where to look for this lady, no doubt," he said softly, as if fearing to disturb her.

"Yes. They will know. When they don't find her near the quay, hiding, or anywhere in Mentone, they will be sure then that we took her — somehow," answered Sergius Ravelli.

"And they will come to your place to look for her?"

"It will go hard with us before they find her."

"But if they are distinguished and powerful persons they could get the help of their Consul, and say you'd kidnapped a young countrywoman of theirs. You could be forced to give her up. I've been thinking that she oughtn't to stay at your farm—not even for an hour. She—and, if there's anyone she loves, that one also—ought to go on somewhere else."

"There is one she loves. You have done so much for us all to-night—you and your friend—that I'll tell you we are hiding her father. But where else could they go?"

"A plan which has been growing in my mind is this. My friend and I could take them both, father and daughter, back to my palazzo in Venice. I am well known there, and my people have always had influence, at Milan and Padua, too, in case we were caught before reaching Venice. She might, if she would, and if her father would permit in such a cause, pass as my *fiancée*. What Russian could touch either of the two, if the lady were known as the future bride of the Marchese Baria?"

"The plan is good and you are good," said Serge Ravelli. "But it is right you should know whom you are offering to protect. They are Prince Alexander Murgieneff and his daughter Alexa."

"That noble man, the 'militant Tolstoi'!" cried Baria. "But I thought he was in Siberia."

"All the world thinks so, and Russia does not contradict the world. But he escaped,

after incredible difficulties and hardships. It was arranged by his friends that he should come to us, if he could. We are his relatives, though distant, and have always corresponded with him. The book which he was writing when he was arrested would have been confiscated, but his daughter contrived to hide it, and papers, in cipher, which would compromise many persons in high places, yet which must, for the good cause of liberty, be preserved. The daughter, being so young, and still at school when her father was sent to Siberia, was not suspected until after his escape, when she disappeared. Twice she was all but taken, yet we hoped the last plan would succeed, it had been made so well and so secretly. But we were mistaken. She was tracked. If they could have kept her, they would have had her father between their fingers. He might have died of the shock at seeing her glove bloodstained and pinned with a knife to the reins of the cart. They would have been glad of that, for dead he would cease to trouble the enemies of freedom. If he had not died they would by and by, when it suited them, have let him know that Alexa was in their hands; that they would torture her, if he did not go back to Russia; and he would have gone back, old and weak as he is. Now, knowing who they are, do you still wish to befriend them?"

"More than ever," Baria answered. "Prince Alexander Murgieneff is no anarchist, but a prophet—a friend of peace as he is of liberty, and some day his country will learn to value him."

"It values him now—as a prisoner," said Ravelli. "There is no one more important, for he has connections of the highest. We can do nothing to show you our gratitude, for, as we told you, our father fled in time of trouble from persecution, and we are poor farmers in our adopted country. Yet you will have our blessings for ever, if you can save this lady and her father."

"I would do it even without the blessings," replied the Marchese.

They reached the farm without accident or sign of pursuit, and this time Christopher and Baria entered the house as trusted friends. By the ministrations of Michael Ravelli's young wife the girl was revived, and she and her father were told of the plan that had been hastily made for them.

The old man did not hesitate, but decided for himself and his daughter, while she was still unable to decide for herself. They would go to Venice with the Marchese Baria in the car of his English friend. And, if necessary, Alexa should pass as the *fiancée* of the Marchese. But it seemed improbable that the car could be traced by the enemy farther than Milan, where there were many motors going in different directions. And the Russian pursuers could not possibly know the name of the Marchese Baria in connection with the rescue at the Ravelli farm.

Instead of sleeping quietly at Mentone, as they had expected to do, the two young men spent the night on the driver's seat of Scarlet Runner, while the father and daughter sat together in the closed tonneau.

Never stopping, they drove back over the Col di Tenda, and on through the dark hours and into the morning. At a farmhouse they stopped for food, and water for the car; then on to Milan, where they rested in comparative safety. But the rest was only for a few hours, and, by hard going, the next night they reached Venice.

By that time both young men would gladly have given their lives for the old Russian and his brave, beautiful daughter. Christopher risked being late for Scarlet Runner's English engagement by waiting to see the refugees installed in the Palazzo Baria, while Baria himself found quarters with a neighbour-cousin. There was no news yet of pursuit; therefore, when all was settled peacefully, Christopher had no longer an excuse for lingering. He left after three days, but they were epoch-making days, and he was not surprised to receive a long telegram when he had arrived at Southampton and unshipped his faithful car:—

"Best of friends, I cannot wait to tell you that I am really engaged to her. She is adorable. There is no other woman. There never was, except in my sick imagination. You saved my life, you gave me health and love, and love gives me love of life. We shall be married as soon as possible. She loves me. I am perfectly happy, and hope not to die until I am a hundred and she ninety-one.—Yours until then, BARIA."

Christopher sent as a wedding present a little model of Scarlet Runner, done in red enamel and gold.

FASHION AND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By Katherine M. Romsey.

NEVER before in the history of the English stage have plays been more lavishly mounted and produced, never has the scenery been more realistic and artistic, never have the stage effects been more wonderful. Is it surprising, then, that actresses should be beautifully gowned, and so complete the harmonious picture?

It is an open secret that the leading modistes rely very largely upon the stage for the popularizing of the coming modes.

Though a style may be said to be created by the modistes, and the hall-mark of approval given to it by Royalty and the Court, it is through the instrumentality of the leading actresses that it becomes the fashion of the season. The stage is an excellent background for showing off beautiful gowns, and when the wearers are beautiful women it adds an extra charm to the dresses.

Nor is it to-day only that the stage has been found to lead in all matters concerning dress. Nell Gwynne's name will be for ever associated with curiously-curled ostrich feathers and enormous picture hats. An eighteenth-century historian writes of Mrs. Abington: "Several of the ladies' most fashionable ornaments were distinguished by her name, and the 'Abington cap' became the fashion of the day." It is elsewhere written of the same actress: "Her dresses were more than ever the theme of conversation and journalistic description. When the actress imported a 'Persian petticoat,' all the women vowed that they, too, must have Persian petticoats; when she wore her hair with red powder instead of white, there was enough excitement to do duty for a change in the Ministry."

The fashionable world has not altered much since those days; the actress is as ready to lead as other women are to follow. However capricious Dame Fashion is, anything new is at once seized upon and adopted. It would, in truth, be endless to enumerate the details of fashion that have come to us from behind the footlights. The opinions of some of the leading actresses of the day will show more clearly how Her Majesty La Mode and the stage go hand-in-hand.

MRS. LANGTRY (LADY DE BATHE).

Having so recently returned from America (where the stage is considered the criterion of styles) I am more than ever convinced of the responsibility that rests with an actress who introduces new fashions behind the footlights. Everything worn by her which is *chic*, new, and original is immediately made into a reigning fashion and constantly called after her. That affairs do not go quite so far in England is true, but no one can gainsay the fact that the influence of the stage is deeply felt, and that the majority of women take it as a guide in all questions concerning dress. I have constantly been made aware by personal observation of the very great extent to which my gowns have led certain fashions, also, of course, such things as hats, manner of dressing the hair, and shoes. A shoe designed for me some little time ago, and known as the "Langtry shoe," is still much worn, I believe. There is no doubt, too, that many women model themselves on a favourite, smart, and up-to-date actress. They copy the figure, the short or long waist, often the colour of the hair, as faithfully as possible.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

It is true that people go to see the play, or to see certain actors and actresses play in it, but it is not everyone who realizes the important part that the dresses play in nearly every piece. Sometimes a play is not really a "draw" on its own account, but if it is well mounted and dressed it may have quite a

good run. Certainly the eternally feminine question of frills and furbelows is a great attraction to many women in a visit to the theatre, who look upon the stage as a sort of shop-window, where the newest ideas can be seen with comfort and leisure.

I remember that "Trilby" was responsible for the sudden appearance of huge buttons on our coats, and I can only imagine that the influx of the Japanese players is the reason that Kimono opera cloaks, tea jackets, and so on, have sprung to the fore so conspicuously. "The Darling of the Gods" did a great deal in introducing wonderful Eastern embroideries into our costumes. The present sleeve undoubtedly traces its descent from the Japanese source; it is charming, but may prove a stumbling-block for many home dressmakers, as it is one of those simple things that are so complicated to cut. I am at present wearing in "The Peacemaker" an Empire gown with bugles on it—the very word sounds old-fashioned and out of date—but the genius who designed it is an artist, and the introduction of the silver bugles has a wonderful effect. The "creation" is much coveted by those who love a "dream of a frock." The idea is so very original that I cannot help feeling it will be very much copied, and I shall be interested to see to what extent silver bugles will become the fashion of the season.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

I find the question a little difficult to answer. The smartest people go to Paris for clothes, but after all it is a very small portion of the world that can afford to do that. Probably the majority do follow the fashions as seen on the stage, for an actress is generally supposed to be dressed in the very newest modes, and the public has thus the opportunity of seeing what they look like.

I know that nearly everything I wear is copied. Within a week of the production of "The Freedom of Suzanne," the Paris firm that made the little coat I wore in the first act had orders for seven to be made exactly like it. The little French sailor hat with a loosely-hanging veil that I wore in "The Marriage of Kitty" was quite a new idea, yet, within a remarkably short time, London was flooded with French sailor hats.

I go to Paris for nearly all my clothes, and have a great deal to do in the designing of them, for I never slavishly follow any fashion, but make my own, as it were; but a novel idea cannot be called one's own for any length of time, so quickly is it picked up and often made into a veritable craze,

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
In her Silver Bugle Gown.
From a Photo. by Dover Street Studios.

speedily done to death. Quite recently I heard of some out-of-the-way milliner's shop in the window of which reposed a hat, badly shaped, with draggled, faded flowers and a weedy aigrette, but it bore a label, "The Tempest Hat," and was from all accounts the

MISS MARIE TEMPEST,

Showing the much-copied Coat worn in "The Freedom of Suzanne."
From a Photo. by Lallie Charles, Regent's Park.

most beautiful burlesque of one I had been recently wearing in a play.

I think the clothes that are worn in the interpretation of a character on the stage require an enormous amount of consideration, and should be in keeping with the personality of the part. If it is a smart society woman she should be superbly dressed, and all her best points brought out. No doubt the fact that stage gowns are often worn by beautiful women with graceful figures has a great deal to do with the bringing in of the modes.

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

Why, yes, I rather do guess the stage has a great deal to do with the setting of fashions. There are even women who come to the theatre for no other reason than that they have heard there are a lot of smart gowns being worn in the piece. Of course, the fashion books foretell the novelties of the coming season, but the sensible woman waits to see whether a rather startlingly new style is going to "catch on" before indulging in it, and it is on the stage that she will look for signs of the popularity of the "latest" from Paris. Very often, though, it is an actress who originates the novelty of the season.

When I first came over here I went to a well-known modiste and ordered a "princess robe." A polite refusal met me: "it was not being worn; it was going against the dictates of fashion"; and many other arguments of like effect. However, I said I didn't care whether it was out of fashion or not, I wanted a princess robe, and eventually I got my way. That gown was just boomed all around, and princess robes were to be seen on all sides. The feminine world is always eager to get hold of anything new or striking,

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD,

Whose hair, gown, and manner of walking have all affected the fashion.
From a Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

and the way I did my hair was very soon popular and called the "Gibson coiffure." The last thing is my manner of walking. It is really most amusing to see the number

MISS BILLIE BURKE,
Wearing the "Billie Burke Shoe."
From a Photo. by Bassano.

of people who affect the Camille Clifford walk, but I don't really mind, for, after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

MISS BILLIE BURKE.

The secret of successful dressing is to be original; then it is no longer a case of following the fashion, but of the fashion following you, which is much more entertaining. In nearly all my stage gowns I aim at some quaint or original idea, which invariably catches on and becomes what is called a fashion. The little hat, for instance, which I wear in "The Belle of Mayfair" was entirely my own idea, and has been copied extensively. The frock I wear in the first act, which was designed for me by a leading modiste, has had quite a record in replicas. When I was playing in "The School Girl" I designed a shoe, which is now sold enormously and called the "Billie Burke shoe."

Fashions change so rapidly that people are always on the look-out for something new, and it is a great thing to be first in the field with a novelty and very amusing to see how everyone soon begins to copy you. A "cute" way of dressing the hair, a twisted bit of tulle, an eccentric bow of ribbon, may become before many days have gone by the fashion of the hour. It is interesting to see how very quickly a novelty from Paris or a tricky innovation of any prominent actress catches hold of the fashionable world.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

I am quite sure that a large number of people get their ideas of the fashion of the day from the dresses that are worn on the stage; in fact, I think that to many women the gowns are one of the chief attractions of the theatre, and the latest modes, and in many cases even the ideas of an individual actress, are closely copied. Many of my *rôles* have been in costume plays, and I have often found characteristic touches of the dresses I was wearing (such as the sac back, the long-waisted bodice, or the Empire waist) making their appearance in the fashions of the day.

Quite recently, for instance, at a fashionable wedding the bridesmaids wore large hats with tiny frilled caps underneath, almost

MISS WINIFRED EMERY
In the "Olivia Cap."
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

an exact reproduction of that worn by me recently in "Olivia."

For any new production I have sketches of the dresses submitted to me, which I modify to suit my own individuality, and it would be wiser for every woman if she thought more of her own style and less of the prevailing fashion. So many people sacrifice themselves to the large sleeve, short or long-waisted gowns, full or skimpy skirt, regardless of their figure, but simply because that particular style is "being worn." The stage is an excellent medium through which the modistes can show the leading fashions.

MISS ISABEL JAY
In her little Dutch Cap, in "Miss Hook of Holland."

From a Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

MISS ISABEL JAY.

Plays concerning humdrum life may be interesting, certainly, but those representing modern smart society, with a great many women wearing beautiful gowns, have more chance of a long run.

Managers realize this, too, for one of the chief considerations in a new production is "the dresses." The order is put into the hands of some big dress-making establishment, and fabulous prices are often paid for the wonderful creations that are turned out. The leading actress is always looked upon with great favour by the modistes, who know the full value of the advertisement that accrues to them through the wearing of their gowns, and great pains are taken to make the dresses "triumphs of art" and "dreams of beauty."

Personally I cannot lay claim to the advancement of any startling fashion, for I find the simplest style of dressing suits me best; but I have often noticed how quickly ideas have become popular through the stage. The "Little Michu" caps, for instance, became quite a craze for evening wear, made of jewels or pearls, and the children all became fashionable and wore dainty "Little Michu" caps, of lace or silk, for out-of-doors—one of the prettiest ideas that I have seen lately. I should not be surprised if the little Dutch cap I am at present wearing in "Miss Hook of Holland" doesn't become popular for children. I know babies look sweet in it—I tried the effect to-day.

MISS JULIA NEILSON
In her Nell Gwynne hat.

From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

Unquestionably the stage takes a very prominent part in pioneering the fashions. This fact has been brought greatly to my notice through personal experience.

When I have been playing in modern pieces I have noticed that any beautifully-designed gown, displaying originality and taste, has at once been copied, and that especial style placed among the list of what the ladies' papers call "the modes of the day." Notable examples I remember were a tea-gown I wore as Sunday, and the frocks that were

made for "The Heel of Achilles." It is said "if you keep anything long enough it will come into fashion again." This greatly explains why so many of the "costume plays" my husband and I have produced have been the indirect means of reviving some old fashions, which come up again with all the charm and novelty of "something which is really quite new."

In "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," my large feathered picture hat seemed to take London by storm, so quickly did the milliners rush into fashion the "Nell Gwynne picture hats," and I believe they still exist in many and varied shapes. The period of that play is very picturesque, and the result was a perfect revival fever of the old-world and dainty fashions.

Every theatre is (or hopes to be) visited by a large number of people nightly, the ladies ever ready to take note of everything pretty and new.

World-wide publicity is given through the papers, pictorial and other, of nearly every production in town, with full details and pictures of the gowns worn in the play. Wherever there are English people to read the papers there will always be women to study and follow the stage fashions, in order that they may be considered smart and up-to-date.

MISS ZENA DARE
In a Cloak which set a fashion.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

MISS ZENA DARE.

The smartly-dressed women on the stage certainly set the fashion. Dressmakers I know are sent to copy the gowns of Miss Marie Tempest, Ellis Jeffreys, and others of note. Only the other day my private dressmaker told me that two different people said, "I want the same style of dress that Zena Dare wears." When I was playing in "The Beauty of Bath" I had a most charming cloak, and when I went to supper after the play I saw two exactly like it hanging up in the ladies' cloak-room. They were *exactly* like mine—it was most marked. Also when I played in "The Catch of the Season" I noticed repeatedly that the "Gibson Girls" were copied a great deal, particularly their manner of dressing the hair. There is little doubt that the stage sets many fashions, especially in hairdressing. I think the old-fashioned way of doing the hair and the Empire dresses have originated from the Napoleonic plays.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

It is to me very wonderful how, within recent years, the stage has acquired the power of a leader and dictator of fashions. It is no longer necessary to visit Paris to find out what is going to be worn; the latest London production of a modern play supplies the fashions in detail, though quite often the "Paris fashion," upon inquiry, is found to have originated from the actress herself who displays it. It must be a great help to many women to see how some rather startling and *outré* style will look "on." This, of course, can be seen at the theatre; also the very valuable knowledge can be obtained as to what kind of figure it is becoming to.

In "Hearts are Trumps" at Drury Lane I wore a lace gown relieved with narrow ermine. It was a strange combination, and to my knowledge had never been worn before, and yet that season everyone was wearing ermine

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH
In the Hat which set the fashion of Panamas for ladies.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

in conjunction with lace or chiffon, until it got so terribly overdone that it ceased to be fashionable.

I believe my sister Irene and, later on, myself were the originators of the "Panama hat" break-out. It had quite an amusing origin. Irene borrowed a brother's Panama, and, twisting a kerchief loosely around it, donned it for river wear. It seemed so sensible that I followed her lead, the difference being that I had to buy mine. In a very short time the Panama became universal wear for the out-of-door girl.

A fashion can quite often come from almost an accident, in a way. It was pure chance that decided me to have some lumps of turquoise matrix that a friend brought me from abroad made up into a long gold chain. Shortly after that the turquoise gold chain fashion came in with a rush.

I am very fond of anything bizarre and out of the common, and when I began to wear the gipsy earrings I had no idea I was starting a fashion which was to be so closely associated with my name.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

I originated the coronet plait and curl coiffure, which has since been followed by a great many people. When I was at the Gaiety, playing in "The Circus Girl," I started the fashion of wearing a large gold heart-shaped locket on a long chain, which very speedily was christened "The Ellaline Terriss Heart," and soon became immensely popular.

If I am to believe, too, what I read the other day in the *Westminster Gazette*, the blue coat which I wore in "The Beauty of Bath" was the first notable instance of the kind which has since become so fashionable.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS,
Who introduced the fashion of the locket on a long chain.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

THE HEAD.

By Mrs. Hubert Bland.

I.

IF your personal appearance is best described by the enumeration of your clothes, your character by the trade-mark on the gilt waistband of your cigar, and your profession as "just anything that comes along, don't you know," you are not exactly the right man in the right place, up to your knees in mud, your carriage with a wheel off lying prone in a ditch several fields off, and your chance of getting to the house where a capricious music-hall star has given you an inconvenient rendezvous less than the least crumb of the biscuit you wish you had put in your pocket before starting.

Morris Diehl cursed his luck in the grey of a winter's dusk. His driver had left the carriage and gone back with the horses to the inn where he had lunched. His boots were full of water, his high hat seamed and scratched by the lean-fingered trees that stooped here and there over the stone walls. His cigar, long since cold, its end wet and flattened and gnawed, lay foul between his lips. He threw it away. He was lost, beyond a doubt—lost on these confounded Derbyshire hills, where every field is just the same as every other field, and the stone walls have no more of individual distinction than the faint blue-grey lines of a copy-book.

If he had only had the sense to stay where the coachman had left him, or, better still, at the inn—the inn down in the valley, where the station was—where there were lights and voices and things to drink! Tottie de Vere, the star on whom hung all the hopes of his newest venture—a company for promoting *café chantants* in Manchester, Liverpool, and Bolton—had declined to give him any appointment save this; he might call on her between six and seven at Sir Alexander Brisbane's, the grey house with acres of glass, ten miles from anywhere. And he had tried to keep the appointment—tried with unreasonable determination, and—there he was.

Lights and voices—and things to drink. To eat also; for Mr. Diehl was not only thirsty, he was hungry as well, and cold and lonely. He thought of the Strand and the lights of the Strand, lights from restaurants and theatres, where one smelt the French cooking, and the patchouli, and the Regalias. These were to him what, to some of us, the home pastures and the scent of stocks and wood-smoke are. He had waited by the carriage till he had grown certain that all men were alike, and that his driver would, warmed and comforted in the ale-house, not be such a fool as to keep his promise and come back "with a trap." He had walked up and down the road for a while, the bleak wind nuzzling in between his neck and the fur collar of his big coat; and then he had started to reach Sir Alexander's on foot, had seen a light, and been beguiled by it to what he esteemed a short cut. Even if it were not Sir Alexander's light, yet any light meant a possible fire—shelter, at any rate, from that too intimate north-easter.

He was going now, difficultly, towards the light; across fields and over the eternal sameness of grey walls—black they seemed in that sombre twilight of cold stars. Beyond the last wall was a little hill-brook. He was in it almost knee-deep before he guessed at anything worse than the cold, muddy grass of the pastures. The next wall had a gate; he saw the blacker blank and made for it. His fur-lined coat caught on its hasp and ripped, loudly. And his hat was struck by some silly arch or other above the gate, and fell, rolling hollowly on the flags.

Mr. Diehl exploded passionately. He groped for the hat in the dark dampness, found it, and then he was at the door of the cottage whose windows, all alight, had beckoned him from afar.

"There must be a wedding or a wake," said he. "Copy, either way." He was, casually, a journalist, when financial enterprises were cold to him.

He knocked. He had not been conscious of any movement in the house, but now he was conscious of a cessation of movement, and of a silence as though something inside the house were holding its breath.

"Who's there?" The voice came from behind the door—low down, as though the speaker had been trying to look out into the dark through the keyhole.

"I've lost my way," said Mr. Diehl.

"You'll find it, some way or other," said the voice.

"I'm very wet—and tired. I should be very grateful for a night's lodging, sir."

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"'THERE MUST BE A WEDDING OR A WAKE,' SAID HE."

He added the "sir" because the note of the voice was distinctly feminine, and he saw that the door would open more readily to one whose honesty of purpose was so clear and fine that it could persist even in the fact of the conviction that there was "a man in the house." Mr. Diehl's mind—it was not the mind of a fool—pictured a faded woman, her terror at this late visit soothed and charmed by the solid compliments it was part of his trade to sow broadcast, with both hands, on any soil. The harvest, he knew, rarely failed.

"Ah, have pity," he said, all the pathos of a hundred melodramas reinforcing the earnest pleading of gross physical discomfort. "I am lost on these wild moors—I shall die if you do not assist me. Have pity on me and Heaven will reward you."

"You can go back the way you came," said the voice.

"I shall die," he said, piteously, but very distinctly, as his elocution master had taught him in the days when he meant to be an actor. "I shall die if you turn me away. My death will be at your door. Ah, save me, for the love of Heaven."

"For the love of Heaven," the voice repeated, slowly. "For the love——"

The rest was lost in the rusty withdrawal of bolts. The door creaked open a brilliant inch.

"No one's crossed this door this ten years past," said the voice; "but I can't let a human creature perish by fire or by cold. For the love of Heaven—come in."

The door was flung back. Within was a little square hall or lobby; narrow stairs led up in front of Mr. Diehl. To the right a closed door; to the left the outer door held open.

"Go and stand on the stairs," said the thin treble voice, "till I get the door shut."

From the stairs Morris watched to see the door closed by that spare, fluttering woman's form. But it was a man who shut the door and barred it, and then turned to the visitor the cold, calm face of one wholly self-possessed.

"Come in," he said. "Since you *are* here I'll do what I can for you. Get outer your wet things. I'll go fetch you a change."

Diehl, alone in a fire-lit kitchen, threw the wet fur coat across a brown wood settle, loosened his squelching patent leather boots, and heard above him the muffled sound of footsteps on old, worm-eaten boards, the creak of old beams, the opening and shutting of drawers and presses.

He had got to bare feet and a costume like that of a Corsican brother in reduced and muddy circumstances when his host returned, an armful of clothing over his arm.

"Here," he said, in his thin treble, "get into these. It'll be easy. I was a bigger man than ever you'll be."

He was now a smaller man—smaller by the stooping shoulders, the narrow chest, the yellow leanness of wrists and neck—by, in a word, age. He was an old man, white-haired and pale. Nothing was young in face or figure, save only the eyes—and they would not have shone amiss in the face of an adventurer of twenty.

Hot gin and water, the generous half of a Yorkshire pie, one's feet in borrowed large shoes among the grey ashes, to whose centre fire had been forced to life by big bellows; Morris Diehl expanded—and, expanded, he looked better than in his fur coat. He

was resolved to stay the night. He pledged his host again and again in the hot, sugary drink, furtively adding strength to the other's glass from the brown demijohn whenever the old man left the fire for more wood, or to fill the kettle, or to bring out his tobacco-jar from the disused oven where he stored it—"to keep it moist," he said. He grew more cordial, and Diehl, who was by nature an actor anywhere but on the boards, which paralyzed him, set so gay a tune of good fellowship that the other's mind soon danced to it.

"I'm glad I let you in. Yes, I'm very glad I broke my vow. You're a good fellow, sir, pardoning the liberty, and this night's the whitest I've known for ten years. How old would you take me to be now?"

The question was awkward. As a woman of thirty is said to subtract passionately to make a total of twenty-seven, so men who are far gone in their seventies will add to their years, and claim your amazed admiration as gaffers of eighty-six.

Diehl looked hard at the old man.

He would have liked to rest his decision on the spinning of a coin.

"Not much past sixty," struck him as a tactful compromise.

The old man laughed, well pleased, as it seemed.

"I'm forty-three come Lady Day and seven days beyond," he said. "I was born on All Fools' Day three-and-forty years ago and christened April, by the same token, like the fool I am. April Vane's my name. 'Vane by name and vain by nature,' they used to say when I was a young man—though you wouldn't think it to look at me now."

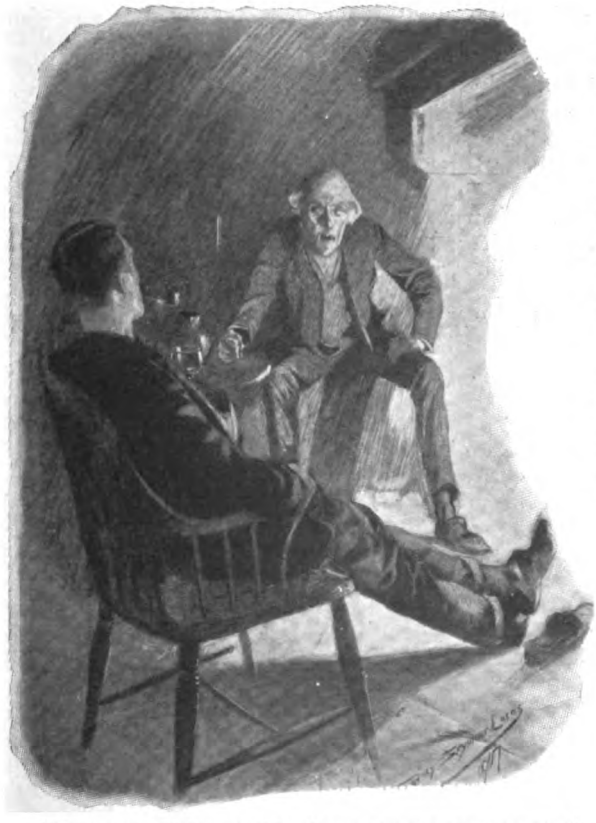
"I beg your pardon." Diehl had no other counter ready.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," the old man rejoined. "It 'ud be a wonder if you could guess my age. Why, my hair went white, like you see it, in three days."

"You had some shock, I suppose?" said Morris, and he sipped the hot gin. "It's a sad world, Heaven help us."

"I don't tell my story to strangers," said the other, with shrill, sudden dignity.

"I trust," said Diehl, in his best manner, "that I can sympathize with another man's sorrows without seeking to thrust myself into his confidence."



"I'M GLAD I LET YOU IN. YES, I'M VERY GLAD I BROKE MY VOW."

Even as he spoke he saw how well the old man, the remote house, the air of mystery would serve him in an article for the *Daily Bellower*, could he but learn the secret of this hermit's grief. He saw the headlines:—

AN ENGLISH HERMIT.
TRAGIC STORY.
A BROKEN LIFE.

"No," said the other, "no, of course not. You're a gentleman. Anyone could see that—let alone your fur coat."

"I've known trouble myself," said the guest, and told a tale, a long tale full of pathetic incidents, a tale whose *dénouement* may have been suggested by the prostrate stump of a cigar against the leg of the table—by that, or by something more subtle.

"I saw my angel girl," he ended, "at the window of that burning house. How could I save her? I rushed forward. 'Darling!' I cried, 'I am coming to rescue you!' I

plunged among the burning *débris*, and knew no more till I woke in hospital with a broken heart—and this."

He pulled up the sleeve and showed a scar—got in a drunken fight with a Jew in Johannesburg—the weapons whisky bottles.

"They cured my face-burns," he added, smoothing his heavy moustache; "these hardly show, even by daylight, but that scar I shall carry to my grave."

There was a silence. Then——

"Why did you go on living?" asked the other man, his voice tense as the string of a violin.

"I—oh—my poor old mother,' said Diehl, whose mother had died in giving birth to him, her only child; "for her sake, don't you know, and my little sister."

"*I* went on living," said the other man, and now his voice was no longer like stretched wire, but like the sharp, unyielding blade of a steel poniard. "I went on living because——"

There was a silence. Diehl could almost hear his heart beat, so sure he was that there was here material for head-lines, so keen was he to secure it.

He sighed elaborately. "Ah," he said, "it is a relief to tell your troubles to someone who understands."

He was quite right to say it. He really sometimes had a wonderful *flair* for the things to be said and not to say.

"Does it *really?*" asked the man with the young eyes—"relief, I mean? I've lived here ten years, and never a word except when I bought the things I needed. *Does* talking help? Are you sure? Doesn't it open the old wounds wide till the blood squirts out of them? Don't you wish afterwards that you'd held your silly tongue? Aren't you ashamed and afraid and sick with yourself for every word that's passed your lips about *her?*"

"No," said Diehl, slowly, stretching his feet towards the ash's red centre; "no. But then I've never told my story to anyone but you. There's something about you—I don't know what it is—that makes me feel I can trust you. So I'm glad I've told you my story. If it's not bored you?"

The last five words were a misdeal, but the other man did not notice it.

"I don't know," he said; "you may be right, and perhaps, if I told someone I could trust, my brain and heart would leave off feeling as though they were going to burst and make my clean floor all in a mess. You don't think I'm mad, do you?"

It was just what he was thinking. So, suddenly, very anxious to be alone, with a locked door between him and his host, he said, hastily: "Not at all. But I see I've awakened painful memories with my talk. Will you let me sleep here—on the settle—on the floor—anywhere? I don't want a bed. I won't give an ounce of trouble. May I?"

"May you what?"

"Spend the night," said Diehl, and, laboriously explaining, added: "Sleep here, you know."

"In this house?"

"Of course."

"Yes." The answer was very strong, very definite. "You shall sleep here, in this house—if you can. But first I should like to show you the reason why I never sleep in this house. I sleep in the croft when it's warm, and when it's winter in the shippen. But I keep the lights burning all night in every room."

"I don't half like this," Morris Diehl told himself, and perceived that attractive head-lines may be bought too dearly. Aloud he said: "I'm so tired I could sleep anywhere. I believe I'm almost asleep now. Won't you show me whatever it is to-morrow?"

"To-morrow may never come," said the host, cheerfully. "I'll go first—just to turn up the lights and that. Then you shall see."

He went out, quite quietly and soberly, and Mr. Diehl shivered. Now that he was warm and gin-filled, the bleak, windy hillside, the chess-board of those confounded stone walls, seemed a security lightly thrown away.

"Alone with a lunatic," he mused, "in a house a hundred miles from anywhere." He fingered a short, broad knife whose sheath fitted closely against his hip.

"If the worst comes to the worst—in self-defence," he assured himself. "But all the same I jolly well wish I was jolly well out of it. Silly lunatic!"

"Come, *now!*" said the voice of the silly lunatic, and said it so trustfully, yet so compellingly, that Mr. Diehl rose and followed it, half reassured, half curious, and wholly overmastered.

"It's in the cellar," said the voice; "people do pry so."

Mr. Diehl drew back; he could not help it.

"You're not afraid of a *cellar?*" said the voice; "besides, it's what we used to call a basement in London."

Morris Diehl felt his knife's comforting weight and followed the voice.

The stairs were of stone, broad and

shallow—there were many of them. The wavering yellow light of the lamp the other man carried showed the stairs neatly yellowed, as the North Country lovingly yellows the stones which make the floors to its homes.

The stairs ended in a flagged passage, with doors. Outside the right-hand door the lamp-bearer paused.

"You told me your story with words," said he, and his language as well as his very intonation had changed. Before he had spoken in colourless accents. Now he spoke in the very key of uneducated London. "I never heard so many words all different in all my born days. I haven't got no power of jaw like that there. You told me your story, and it's the same as my story. That's why I'm a-going to show you my story. 'Cause I can't use my tongue worth tuppence—but my hands I can. Now don't you be frightened; it ain't real."

"HE FINGERED A SHORT, BROAD KNIFE WHOSE SHEATH FITTED CLOSELY AGAINST HIS HIP."

Mr. Diehl reassured himself with a laugh.

"I'm not so easily frightened," he said.

"Nor don't you laugh neither," said the other man, with sudden breathless intensity. "I couldn't answer for myself what I should do if you was to laugh in there. It's the work of my hands. And I love the work of my hands same as Almighty God did. Don't you go to laugh in there, sir, or it'll be the worse for both of us. But you wouldn't." His voice grew suddenly tender. "Ain't you showed me your 'art — put it into my 'and to look at? Don't I know you?"

The dramatic instinct taught Mr. Diehl to hold out his hand in the dim lamplight and press the other man's, with a fine show of manly emotion.

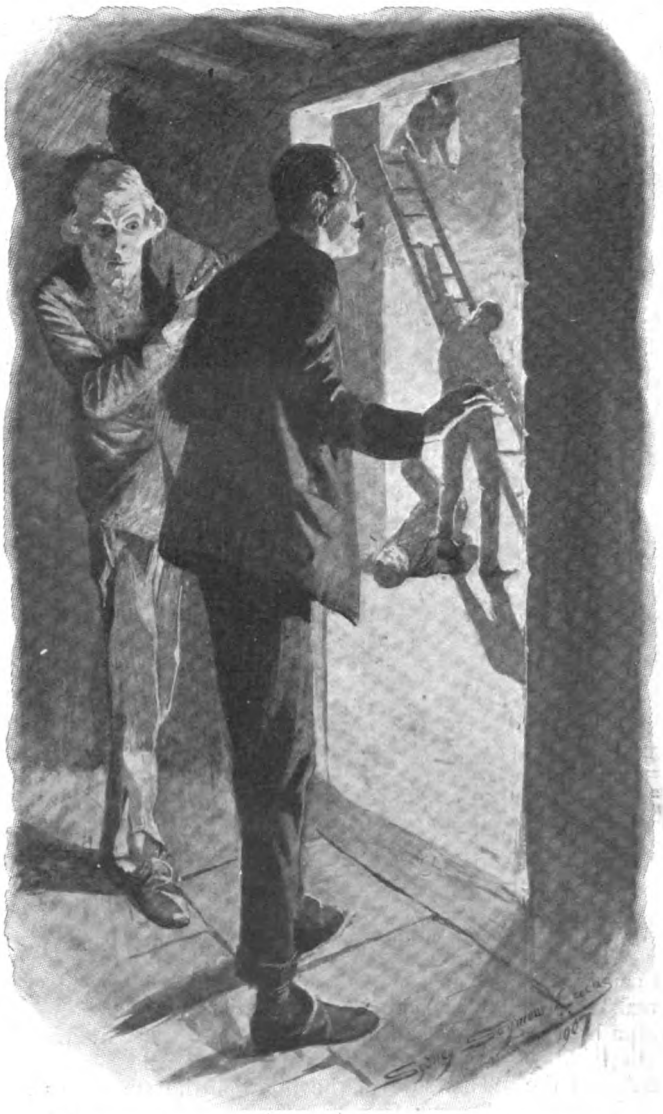
"I was a stonemason by trade," said the host; "apprenticed in the King's Road, Chelsea, I was. That's how I got the hang of it."

Mr. Diehl had a sudden, swift vision of an elaborate monument erected in the cellar over the body of the victim of homicidal mania.

"Now!" said the other, and flung open the door.

Mr. Diehl was prepared for a shock of some kind, but he was not prepared for the shock he got.

The opened door disclosed a village street, lit warm and red—a village street at night. It was the village where the inn was that he wished he had stayed at—where the lights were, and the voices, and the drinks. There, by the same token, was the inn, its sign emblazoned with the arms of the local landowner, lit redly by the flames of conflagration. There was the square church tower, flushed against a dark sky; the tombstones in the raised churchyard gleaming rosy beneath the yew shadows. There was a crowd in the street—men with pails and cans of water. This side of the inn half the street was in flames; from the window of a burning house a girl leaned out; below, a man holding a ladder was in the act of planting it against the window. At his feet lay a body—a dead man, as it seemed, but not dead by burning. Blood showed at mouth and nose. The whole thing was worked out, with wax and wood and paint and paper and a dozen odd yet adequate materials, at much less than half life, but so perfect were the perspective and the proportion that that scene would have appeared to a spectator half-way up the village street just as, and not otherwise than, it now appeared to the spectator at the cellar door. The peculiar and desperate terror—the mad, splendid heroism that fire engenders—these were here, visible to the onlooker.



"'SPLENDID! RIPPING!' THE WORDS SPRANG TO MR. DIEHL'S LIPS."

"Splendid! Ripping!" The words sprang to Mr. Diehl's lips—and stayed there. The other man was speaking, and in a low, thin, untroubled voice.

"That's me," he said, "with the ladder. And that dog in the gutter—that's him she threw me over for. He was my mate, too, one time. She was Mrs. Dog, her that was to have been Mrs. April Vane. But I loved her. That's her, leanin' out of their bedroom window. And when the fire broke out, where was he? In heaven, where he'd got the right to be by the marriage-lines? Not him! He was in the public, silly drunk. When I come along he was crying—crying there in front of the house where she was a-burning, crying and shivering and saying, 'Oh, I shall be burnt; I know I shall.' And she was screaming, 'For God's sake, save the child!'"

"What did you do?" Mr. Diehl's voice was tactfully attuned.

"Knocked him down, of course. Thought I'd killed him; wish I had. Then, when I'd got the ladder and set it up against the window, I was three-quarters up it when the window-frame went smash—burnt from underneath. I never seed him again. He went to London, I've heard say. But I've made his face; you go in an' look, and you'll see the man I wish I'd swung for. If he'd bin where he ought to 'a' bin—but he left her all alone, her and the kid that wasn't three days old."

Again Morris wrung his hand. The vision of attractive head-lines had faded, grown dim, vanished in the red glow of the burning village.

He walked gingerly into the picture and looked closely at the wax puppets. Perfect in every detail, each little effigy was in itself a finer work of art even than the tableau which included them all.

"It's — it's beautiful," said Morris Diehl. "I never saw anything like it."

"It's taken me my life to make," said its maker.

"But why did you make it so small—why not life-size? There'd have been room—for part of it, anyway."

"Money," came sharply the reply. "I've only got the house and the croft, and thirty pound a year that come too late for me to marry her."

"The whole thing's a marvel. You ought to have been a sculptor with a proper studio and all that," said the guest.

"I ought to have been a married man with kids of my own," said the host.

"Wouldn't you like to make them life-size?" Morris Diehl asked, gently.

"I'm putting by every week for that very thing."

"I could advance you the money," said the man who took his living where he found it.

"No; I won't be beholden to nobody." The tone was decisive.

"You needn't be beholden. Come to London. I'll find you a fine big room, twice the size of this; you shall make the things life-size—the best materials money can buy. We'll charge a shilling a head to come in and see it. You'll pay me back in no time, and make your fortune besides."

"I don't want to make my fortune," said the old man, staring with his young eyes at the blazing village street. "I want to get alongside of *him*."

"Well," said Mr. Diehl, "you're much more likely to do that in London than here, you know. Suppose he saw the outside of our show, having been in a fire himself it's a million to one he'd turn in to have a look, and then you could tell him what you thought of him."

"Do you think he *would?* Do you?"

"Certain of it," said Mr. Diehl, who thought nothing less likely.

"Then I'll do it. All life-size—life-size."

"You could have men to help you."

"Not with the faces. The houses and that I don't say. Not the faces."

"Of course not the faces," Mr. Diehl assented, cordially. "Let's come back to the fire and talk it over. And to-morrow we'll get the agreement signed—and Tottie de Vere can go to the deuce. This is a big thing we're in now."

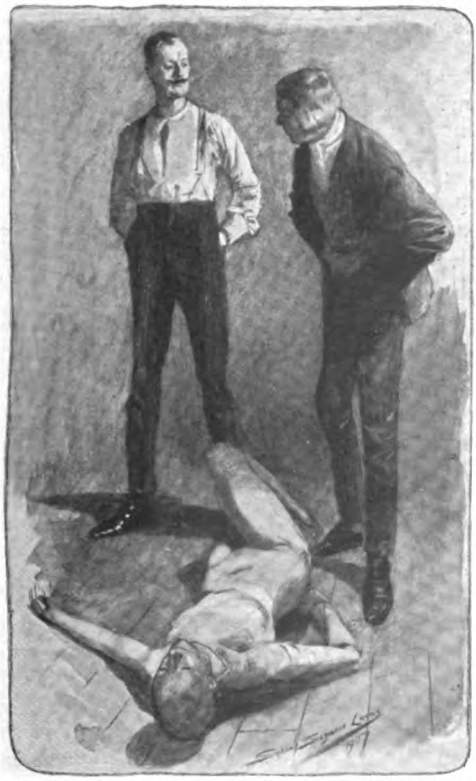
"Eh?" the other party to the agreement queried. He had not heard. All his senses were deep plunged in the joy of his masterpiece. He sighed at last and spoke.

"There ought to be *noise*," he said; "that's the worst thing about a fire; when it's taking hold it's as quiet as a mouse. When it's got hold it roars like a lion and screams—like a woman."

"We'll make it scream and roar. This thing's got to go. And it will go," said Morris Diehl.

II.

IT did go. The whole picture—the graduated houses, the little figures of wood and wax and paper, the ingenious lanterns that lighted, the tinsel flames that gleamed—all was taken to London, and set up in a big attic in Fitzroy Street. Mr. Diehl brought men to see it. Men with shiny hats and fur coats, and cigars like his own. And when they had seen they went away and drank brandy and soda at marble-topped tables while Morris Diehl talked. And they "came into it" with him, as he had known they would. April Vane was shy and moody at first; would have no help; but when he saw the life-sized body produced by a trained workman from one of his own little models, he drew a long breath. "You may go ahead," he said. "I'll have more time for the faces."



"WHEN HE SAW THE LIFE-SIZED BODY PRODUCED BY A TRAINED WORKMAN HE DREW A LONG BREATH."

It cost the enterprising Mr. Diehl a great deal of patience, and his enterprising friends a great deal of money. The big fight was over the subject of the tableau. Vane wanted to reproduce the village scene exactly as it had been burnt into his mind. Diehl wanted the Great Fire of London, with old London Bridge and the heads of the traitors above the gate. But though Vane had been the other man's slave since the night he had thought that he had seen the other man's heart, he was obstinate till Diehl said: "More people will come to the Great Fire of London

than just to a village fire; you've got more chance of seeing *him*."

Then Vane yielded.

No expense was spared. The best scene-painters and carpenters that the syndicate could buy for money were bought. An eminent archæologist was feed to advise, an expert in acoustics solved the problem of the roar of fire triumphant. The thing was boomed a month in advance by all the venal Press. A big room in the West-end that had failed as an art gallery was hired for this that should not fail. Vane was often wearied, often disheartened.

"I liked the other best," he said; "that was mine. This will be everybody's."

"Wait till you see the real thing all put together," Diehl urged, continually. He was very gentle and patient. It was important to him to keep the old man's adoration alive. "*That* will be yours, and you'll never be able to leave it. You mark my words."

The old man marked them, and they came true.

The thing caught on. "Have you seen the Great Fire of London?" people asked each other between dances and during dinners, in the train and on the tops of omnibuses. "Like Mme. Tussaud's? Oh, *no*—not in the least. It's absolutely thrilling! Just for the first moment you can hardly believe it's not real. You *must* go!"

And everybody went.

And it was not like Mme. Tussaud's or like any waxwork show that ever was before. To the making of Mme. Tussaud's goes, perhaps, talent. To the making of the Musée Grévin, certainly, genius. But to the making of this went the heart and soul of a man.

And from the first moment when he saw the completed picture, perfect from the life-size figures in the foreground to the little paper figures in the far distance, he gave himself up to it, as to his real life. The interludes when he showed it to visitors, mechanically warned them not to pass its low barrier, explained it in a monologue learned by heart—these were dull dreams. The real moments were those when he was alone—could overstep the barriers, clap the hurrying soldier on the back, whisper encouragement to the old woman hastening away on her son's strong arm, calling shrilly by name these images of dead citizens who had been alive and furious in flight under the horror of that great blaze. For to him they were not strangers out of the time of the Second Charles; each wore the face of some man or woman in the Derbyshire village. But to his own effigy he never spoke, nor to the woman whose face looked out of the burning window, nor to the corpse that lay at the feet of the ladder-bearer. For now there was no room for doubt that it was the figure of a corpse. That change he had made without consulting Mr. Diehl and the syndicate. Its mouth was bloody, as had been the mouth of the little effigy in the Derbyshire cellar, and the mouth of the man whom he had struck down long ago under the eyes of the deserted wife. Only now the throat too was bloody.

"Oh, let him alone," said Mr. Diehl, when one of the syndicate remarked that, by Jove, it was just a bit too ghastly; "it pleases him, and you can't lay the horror on too thick for the B.P."

April Vane slept at his lodgings, but he did nothing else there—and not that every night. Sometimes he slept in the gallery on one of the red velvet seats, and always he ate and drank there, talking to the figures whenever he was alone with them. "They're company for me," he said, when Diehl tried remonstrance. And Diehl noted curiously that the life-sized figures did not hold for their maker the horror that, in the first little models, had driven him to sleep in barn or croft—anywhere but in the house where they were.

It was in August, when the crowd had worn thin, that Vane stayed away for one day. "I've seen *him*," he told Diehl, standing by his bedside very early, for he had told the hotel people that it was a matter of life and death. "I must have a day off; I must try to find him."

"But who's to run the show?" asked Diehl, in his blue silk pyjamas and blue jowl.

"I must have my day off," said Vane. "I don't want to worry you, but I must have one day off. Shut the show up or run it yourself."

The show was that day run by Mr. Diehl. The takings were two bags of silver only that day—and that day the head was stolen. It was the head of the corpse broken off sharp at the neck, where the blood began. It was stolen, and the careless silk-hatted custodian knew no more than you and I who had done it.

Vane had not found the man he sought, but when he found out that theft he forgot the fruitless search. His grief was like that of a mother who loses her child—a woman who loses her lover.

"But it's all right," Diehl told him again

and again. "Throw the corner of the mantle up—so, and it'll never show. Or leave it as it is; it's pretty average ghastly like that."

"THAT DAY THE HEAD WAS STOLEN."

It was. But——

"I want his face," Vane said again and again.

"Well, then, for goodness' sake *make* his face." Diehl was losing patience a little at last. "Make his face again and have done with it!" he said, and lit one of his eternal cigars; "you can do it at home in the evenings."

"I can't do it," said Vane, very low. "I've been trying—I can't see his face."

"You sleep on it," said Mr. Diehl, cheerfully. "It'll come back to you all right in the morning. Besides, you've got the little model."

"I cut the face off of that," said Vane, gently. "I cut it off a little bit at a time to see if it would bleed. I can't remember his face."

"That head must have been stolen for a lark," said Diehl. "Look here —I'll advertise for it, and we'll get it back all right."

"Yes," said Vane, with trembling eagerness. "Get it back. I must see his face."

He saw it next day, on the shoulders of a living man—a tall, thick-set man with dirty hands and a ready-made suit, who knocked at the gallery door just as it was being closed. The same face, but not the same expression.

"You were advertising for a head," said the man.

"Yes," said Vane. "Come in," and shut the door on the two of them.

"Well, I ain't goin' to name no names, but a pal of mine come in here day before yesterday, and one of your blessed dolls had got my pal's face. So he pinched it."

"Why?" Vane softly asked.

"Well, if a man ain't got a right to his own chump, what has he got a right to? But he'll let you have it back, but not for the fiver you offers. I take it if you offers five you'll give twenty. Say the word, and put it down in writing to prevent mistakes, and I'll guarantee you shall have the head."

"Yes," said Vane, "I shall have the head."

He advanced on the other man, and now, for the first time, his own face showed plainly.

"Heavens!" The man retreated, his hands held out to keep off—something; and now he looked like the head that he had stolen. "Great heavens, it's April Vane!"

"Yes, you'd better say your prayers. It *is* April Vane," April Vane said, and came at him.

It must have been a couple of days later that Diehl strolled in at closing-time with that member of the syndicate who had felt so squeamish about the cut throat. The lights were low. There was no blaze to illumine the picture, and the machine was silent that in the day roared and screamed in the very voice of fire.

"So you've got the head all right? You remembered? I told you you would," said Mr. Diehl, glancing at the corpse.

"Yes," said old April. "I've got the head—I remembered."

Mr. Diehl went into the enclosure, and the cinders crunched under his boots.

"By Jove!" he said, "you're an artist, Vane. I say, Montague, look at this corpse, the thing you didn't like—why, it's the best of the lot. You've improved it, Vane, old chap. It's just the old expression, but, by George! it's more life-like than ever. What is it? Something in the lie of the body, I suppose. It's just like life—isn't it, now, Monty?"

"It's more like death," said Montague. "I don't like it. And it's stuffy in here, and the place is as quiet as a churchyard. Come along out."

"'YES, YOU'D BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS. IT IS APRIL VANE,' APRIL VANE SAID, AND CAME AT HIM."

"You're a schoolgirl, Montague—a silly schoolgirl! I believe you're frightened of the thing."

Mr. Diehl kicked it contemptuously and without violence.

"Good night, Vane. Why don't you go to one of the halls and have a gay evening? I'll stand treat."

"You're always kind," said Vane, gratefully, "but all the evenings will be gay now. I have got the head. I have remembered."

The two members of the Great Fire Syndicate went out into the light of Regent Street.

"Ugh!" said Montague; "that place gives me the horrors."

"It's jolly well meant to," said Diehl, handing out his cigar-case. "That corpse——"

"It's not canny," said Montague, and he laughed, not quite easily. "Why, it makes me fancy—— I say, what's that on your boot? Heavens! man, it's blood, as the chap says in the story."

"Don't talk rot," said Diehl. He did not see that his right foot had stained the pavement.

Montague stooped.

"But—it *is* blood," he said.

Colour in Music

By Emil Sauer.

THE ordinary pianist hardly realizes that colour in music exists, with the result that his interpretation is like an outline drawing—accurate enough in detail, no doubt—as compared to a beautiful painting with all its richness of tone and colour. And let me say at once that for the lack of colour in his playing the ordinary pianist deserves little or no discredit, since just as much natural ability and careful study are required for the painting of pictures upon the piano as for those that are executed upon canvas, and his ordinary training does not as a rule reach this point.

M. EMIL SAUER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

If one reviews all the great composers and studies their works, it is easy to see that their methods of colouring vary just as much as do the methods of artists of the brush. And just as among great painters we all of us have favourites whose works appeal to us more than the rest, so among the great composers it is almost always the case that every individual is tuned to respond to one or other of them more readily than to the rest.

From the composers of all time Beethoven stands out by himself like some gigantic tree whose upper branches tower up above the rest of the forest. He was the greatest genius of all, not for any one thing that he did, but because he was equally great in every style of music that he essayed. He wrote only one opera, but that was a perfect work of art, while his symphonies, his sonatas, his fantasies, his works of chamber music, his variations, and, in fact, everything else that he wrote, were masterpieces. The first test of real genius is the ability to excel in all directions, and for this reason I have always looked upon Beethoven, Shakespeare, and Turner as the three greatest geniuses who have ever existed.

In spite of the greatness of Beethoven, however, there are other composers who can boast of perhaps more beautiful colour schemes than he, and foremost of these we must mention Schumann. It is always difficult to compare the merits of great geniuses in any given art, since each depends very largely on the other for his general development, and all are in some way responsible for the development of their art. Schumann looked up to Beethoven and revered him as a man much greater than himself, yet Schumann himself stands alone in some respects, for he it was who created the whole romantic school of music. There are many people who compare Schumann with Brahms to the disadvantage of the former, but this is the greatest mistake ever made! Brahms, it is true, was a great sculptor and designer, so to speak, but he was no colourist in the true sense of the word. Schumann, on the contrary, was a most beautiful colourist, and his music is beautiful in form as well.

When one listens to Schumann it is as though one were shown into some beautiful garden full of exquisite flowers and shrubs, stately trees, gaily-plumaged birds, smooth green lawns, and trim paths, with a blue sky overhead, and the sun shining brightly above. When one listens to Brahms, on the other hand, it is as though one entered the same garden in the winter-time, when all the flowers were dead and the leaves had fallen from the trees, leaving the branches bare and hiding all the greenness of the lawns. For whereas Schumann depicted in his music all the most beautiful portions of the year and the day—spring, summer, dawn, sunshine, and so on—Brahms seems only to have seen stormy winter days and autumn afternoons, dull, misty sunsets, and foggy November mornings!

No, there surely cannot be any comparison between the two. Think for a moment of all the works that Schumann left which have become standard works for the piano, and which are the very columns upon which the whole of our musical literature rests. Has there ever been, or will there ever be, any other works like Fantasie, Op. 17; Études Symphoniques, Op. 13; Sonata, Op. 11; Carneval, Op. 9; Kreisleriana, Op. 16; Humoreske, Op. 20; Concerto in A Minor; and a dozen more? What has Brahms to show in comparison with these? When one has mentioned, among his pieces solely for the piano, the Sonata, Op. 5; Variations on Themes Schumann, Paganini, and Handel; three rhapsodies, and a few ballades and small pieces, there is little more worth speaking of. Some people, I am aware, are of the opinion that Brahms introduced many new effects, but I say that even if he did introduce new effects he introduced no good effects. Brahms's music, too, presents enormous difficulties to the pianist, without any compensating effect; indeed, he is probably the most unpianistic composer of them all. Even Schumann, I must admit, was occasionally guilty of bad writing, but then to some extent every composer who is not an executant is bound to be guilty of this fault, since, while he knows perfectly well how to express himself with technical correctness, he cannot be aware how executantly impossible what he has written may be. Under these circumstances it is obviously the aim of the great executant artist to hit upon some easier method of playing such passages which shall at the same time give precisely the same effect.

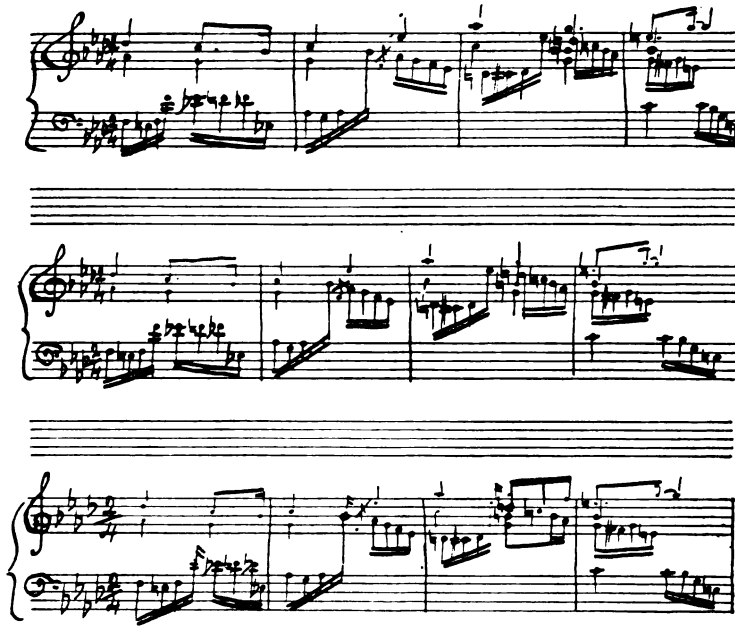
Now it is over this very point that the mediocre musician comes to grief, for he at once takes up the position that to play any part of the works of a great composer in any way but that in which they are written is sacrilege. This is surely a very great and a very obvious mistake. The composer, after all, only creates something for the executant to recreate, and, provided the effects introduced by the composer are brought out by the executant, why should it matter how they are attained? The composition, after all, is but the raw material, which must take to itself the individuality of the interpreter and be moulded according to the temperament of the artist and the facilities at his command.

It will be interesting, I think, to all who read this article if I give an example to bear out what I am saying on this point, and for this purpose I will choose a passage from Schumann's Variations on a Theme Clara Wieck. From the illustration of this passage on the opposite page it will be seen that the work given by Schumann to the left hand is more than it can accomplish except with the utmost difficulty, or at any rate with so much difficulty that the accurate playing of the passages is jeopardized. By a little simple re-arrangement, and by allowing the right hand to help the left, the difficulties are entirely overcome and the effect remains precisely the same.

I imagine that many who read this article and note what a great admiration I have for Schumann's works will complain that it is futile for me to enlarge upon his beauties, since his music is too difficult for them to play. Nonsense! There is, I admit, a great deal of his music that is utterly beyond the ordinary player, but his smaller works can be played by any amateur after only one year's study of the piano, provided he possesses real musical feeling. Such masterpieces as are contained in the Jugend-Album and in the Kinderscenen, and some of the Waldscenen, are technically simple; but to bring out the beauties and the colour in them requires a wealth of poetry and soul which everyone does not possess. Just this same remark, however, applies to practically every piece that the amateur attempts, for every piece, however simple, should be dealt with like a separate picture in which specially beautiful effects may be produced, according to the quality and variety of tone and colour, and from this point of view an easy piece does not exist.

Tone and colour; yes, these are the two qualities which the ordinary pianist utterly lacks, but without which music is bound to

be unattractive and purely mechanical. What should we think of a member of Parliament who made a speech every word of which was said in exactly the same tone, and every syllable of which was spoken at an equal division of time from the last? Surely his whole eloquence depends on his variety of tone, on his punctuation, and on his pauses. Thus in music the player should express the emotions of his soul not in a mechanical way, but with every atom of poetry and feeling in his being.



An example taken from Schumann's Variations on the Theme Clara Wieck, in order to show how very difficult passages may be rendered easy. The first line is simply a reproduction of the passage as it appears in the ordinary editions. In the second line the small notes are those usually taken with the right hand. In the third line the small notes also indicate those to be taken by the right hand, and in this case it will be seen that several of the notes usually taken by the left hand have been allotted to the right, so as to render the execution of the passage more easy.

I have often been asked by people why it has happened that on a given occasion I have played some particular piece in quite a different way from that in which they heard me perform it before. The explanation is very simple, for since music expresses, as I have just stated, the emotions of the soul, it is obvious that the rendering of any given piece will vary according to the feelings of the performer at the moment of the performance, or at the time when he was studying the piece beforehand.

And here again is a stumbling-block for the mediocre musician, who, for some reason, cannot realize that there is more than one correct way of rendering any work. But how ridiculous! Supposing ten great artists were to paint some particular landscape from the same point of view, would their pictures be exactly alike? No! Each would be different from the rest, but each would be beautiful and a perfect work of art all the same. Nature would be the composer whose works they were interpreting, and would Nature be outraged because each executant rendered her in the particular way in which she appealed to his individuality?

Nor is this all that I have to say on this subject. Almost every great executant has his own particular methods of approaching any work he performs in public. Thus, whereas I myself devote careful study to a piece I am about to play in public in order to see if there are not new and beautiful aspects of it that can be brought out for the benefit of the audience, other players only study their music beforehand for the purpose of ensuring "word perfectness," so to speak, and allow their mood at the moment of the performance to influence entirely their method of interpretation.

Very much the same thing may be said even about composers. Many of them wrote most beautiful music practically on the spur of the moment, others composed with a well-thought-out programme, and of these Schumann is the leader. Regard for a moment his Carneval. Each movement has its own special meaning and must be interpreted in a special and appropriate manner. Thus Punchinello is represented in a little picture all by himself, which, if well interpreted, conjures up that individual as clearly as though he were before one's eyes. And so on, each separate movement has its meaning and its force. But although these separate movements are characteristic of how carefully Schumann planned his work, what is even more characteristic is their wonderful *ensemble* as a whole. In such a work the interpreter

has a hard task to give each section its right character; while, with a score of separate figures, to play them in such a way that each stands alone, bearing its proper significance, and yet at the same time they shall together form a picture the full meaning of which may be grasped, is no easy matter, but is one which requires an inborn musical spirit, coupled with an artistic temperament and careful thought and study.

Even in his larger works, which are probably beyond the capabilities of most amateurs, the chief difficulties of Schumann are not ones of technique, but of interpretation. The amateur who attempts either his more difficult compositions, or the easier ones that I have previously mentioned, must bear this in mind and must cultivate the ability to appreciate the presence of colour in music. For just as it is necessary to have an eye for colour before it is possible to appreciate the beauties of a picture or a landscape, so is it every bit as essential to possess an ear for colour before it is possible to appreciate, much less to paint, colour in music.

From what I have already written, those who read between the lines will probably be aware by this time that Schumann and all his works are very dear to me. And they have guessed rightly. I have lived my whole life in an atmosphere of music, and my spirit has been in constant communion with those of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, who speak to me continually through their compositions, but of all of them there are only two of whose works I never under any circumstances get tired — Bach and Schumann.

For the last twenty-five years I have been constantly playing the works of Bach and Schumann, yet they are as fresh to me to-day as they have ever been. I have played Carneval at least five hundred times in public, yet I never tire of it, but each time find some new beauty, the existence of which I did not before realize or appreciate, which I am able to bring out for my own pleasure and that of the public. No composer gives so much freedom as Schumann for the imagination of the interpreter. Every line of his lends itself most readily to reflect the individuality of the player, and all who play his music should endeavour to do so in an individualistic way.

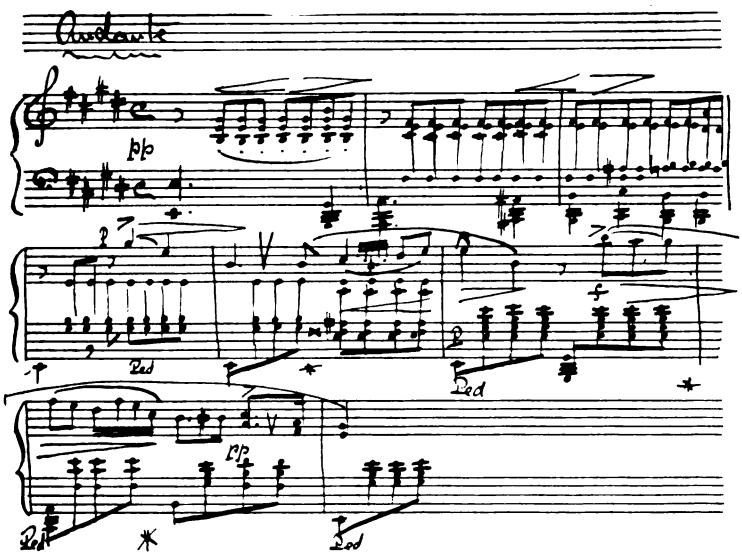
Of Bach's works his fugues are what I love best. I have played them year after year, but if I sit down to-day to play them again I shall find some fresh aspect of them to love, and the same will be the case to-morrow and always.

Up to this point, in dealing with the question of colour in music I have spoken entirely of composers most of whose works are somewhat too difficult ever to be much played by those who have only a limited time to give to their instrument. But what of Mendelssohn? Have we not here a genius whose works, besides being within the reach of everybody, give opportunities for the introduction of colour in almost every line?

The ordinary pianist who plays Mendelssohn does so correctly enough, it is true, but without sense. Take for example the "Songs Without Words," which are the most popular of all his works. In each one of them the composer tells some beautiful story, full of infinite pathos or unrestrained happiness. To play such pieces in a machine-like manner takes from them all their meaning. It should be remembered that each is a song, and that the pianist must use the same means to produce his effects as a singer. It is punctuation and phrasing that the ordinary performer lacks, and without this he can never put colour into what he plays, with the result that whatever he renders resembles a picture painted all in grey, with no lights and no shadows and no tone or colour. Such a player is lacking in imagination, and imagination is the keynote of all art.

Alas! to-day Mendelssohn is looked down upon for his very simplicity. The modern composer is a sort of musical mathematician and engineer who, with great labour and a tremendous amount of calculation, builds an enormous edifice which, like an American sky-scraper, attracts our attention and our wonder for the marvels of its construction and the wonderful precision with which every strain has been calculated and every inch of height and breadth proportioned. Compared to such works as these, to play Mendelssohn is like migrating from the American sky-scraper I have used as a simile to a tiny cottage in the country, built in some peaceful spot amid exquisite scenery, where one can live in peace and quiet, fanned by warm breezes carrying with them the scent of a myriad bright flowers.

Give me the simple cottage! To-day we live in a period when "cleverness" is put before everything else. But cleverness has nothing to do with art. One can learn Latin, Greek, or mathematics, if one is clever, but no one can learn music without art! To-day the simple melody is utterly despised, and the simple score is despised also.



Colour in music depends upon phrasing and punctuation. Particularly in playing Mendelssohn it must be remembered that the melody represents the human voice, and, consequently, to give the music its true meaning the pauses and accentuations of the singer must be reproduced. The opening bars of the Rondeau Capriccioso are here marked to show one method of rendering this composition.

Orchestration on the lines of Mozart is almost laughed at. "Is this music?" people ask. No! The modern mind demands cleverness, minute calculation, intricate texture, and elaborate detail. To be great, music must be written for three orchestras and with thirty-three systems! A simple melody? Pah! it is no use—a thing to be laughed at!

Yet, when all is said and done, a simple melody, or, at any rate, a continued melody as opposed to what I may term an asthmatic one, is often much more difficult to compose than the elaborate music of the present day, which is frequently cacophonous instead of symphonious. People condemn Mendelssohn to-day as a bore because they cannot appreciate the beauties of simplicity. In fact, he has been sacrificed at the altar of brains and organization in music.

To my mind the way in which people of the hyper-modern school pretend to listen with pleasure to the symphonies of Mozart or Haydn, while at the same time they openly declare their scorn for Mendelssohn, is the summit of hypocrisy. It is the same spirit of simplicity which runs through the works of all three, and no one who really appreciated Mozart and Haydn could possibly depreciate Mendelssohn. No; the position they take up is due to the fact that they dare not pretend to dislike Mozart or Haydn, since their names are too great, but Mendelssohn can be made a scapegoat for their lack of appreciation for true beauty. I prophesy that when all the symphonic poems and one-act operas of the modern type go out of fashion they will do so for ever and a day, and that when that time comes such works of Mendelssohn as his Violin Concerto, his Pianoforte Concerto in G Minor, his Scotch Symphony, his overtures, his "Songs Without Words," and many more, will live and be as fresh in the next century as they have been in the past.

Look how many parallels there are to prove that we invariably are forced to revert to the simple styles of beauty which satisfied our forefathers! Take the case of modern furniture. Have we not for years attempted to be original without achieving anything? And have we not been obliged at last to go back to old styles for real taste and real beauty? I am aware, of course, that this reversion to simplicity in music will not come yet. This modern madness will grow still more. Fresh composers will no doubt write music for three or even six orchestras, with not thirty-three but ninety-nine systems! But one day the musical world will awake and find it has been humbugged. Then people will be content to listen to those composers who can say beautiful things in simple words, and who can paint exquisite pictures with a few strokes of the brush.

A NICE LITTLE TIME.

By C. C. Andrews.

"IF only," Betty observed, with something which, while it was not quite a sniff and was not quite a whimper, hovered ominously near the borderland of both—"if only we knew where we were I shouldn't so much mind."

"We do know where we are," Miss Romney pointed out. "Our difficulties, my dear, arise from the fact that we don't know where anything else is."

"Oh!" ejaculated Betty, impatiently.

There was a pause while they both stared at the muddy field before them, which was the exact fetch and facsimile of the muddy field behind. The state of their bicycles was matched by the state of their riding skirts, while the condition of their shoes threw both into the shade, and did it easily. Miss Romney essayed comfort. Betty, she reflected, was a dear; if she had a fault, it was that she was but indifferently endowed with pluck, and prone, in consequence, to fail to rise to the situation.

"We must be nearly there," she said, cheerfully. "My cousin especially laid stress on the fact that the house was under a mile and a half from the station."

"A mile and a half! We've walked three!" declared Betty, uncomforted.

"And we are muddy enough for six," Miss Romney assented. "It's a pity we didn't keep to the road, as we should have done but for that butcher. If we could only meet somebody! But we haven't seen a creature since—— Oh!" cried Miss Romney, suddenly, "I do believe—yes, I declare it really and truly is a positive boy!"

Her voice had risen into quite a scream of rapture. The positive boy, scrambling through an adjacent hedge and down a bank, stared, round-eyed, to find himself confronted by two muddy young women and two muddy bicycles, and looked a very astonished one. Obeying an imperative beckoning, he advanced, rubbing his ear.

"There is a place near here called Pendred House—are we going right for it?" Miss Romney demanded.

"Eh?" cried the boy.

"Do you know where it is? Are we going the right way?" Miss Romney repeated.

"It's over yonder, miss." He stared at Betty this time. "You—you don't want to go there, miss?"

"Of course we want to go there. Where is it?" asked Miss Romney.

The boy, still staring, explained. Across the field, and down the lane to the left as far as a white gate, which led into Harlow's Spinney. Through that and along the road a little way—to the right this time. The house was the first house and a red house—two reasons why it could not possibly be mistaken.

"THE BOY, STILL STARING, EXPLAINED."

Finally the boy was left rubbing sixpence on his trousers-leg instead of his ear, and they went on as fast as the mud and the bicycles permitted. Betty, presently glancing behind, laughed half-irritatedly.

"We might be freaks," she said. "That little simpleton is gaping after us still."

True enough. The boy, astride the stile leading into the last muddy field, had paused in that uncomfortable position to stare as though his round eyes could not take them in with sufficient intensity. Miss Romney laughed.

"Strangers are rare in the neighbourhood, I should think," she remarked. "I wonder what induced Marion's husband to fancy that he must have some shooting of his own this year! And I wonder still more how he persuaded Marion that she would like it too!"

"I believe she asked you to come down first because she began to have her doubts about it," Betty suggested, shrewdly.

Miss Romney nodded, this being much her own opinion. Also she reflected that a family reputation for being a person of energy with nothing particular to do has its disadvantages. But for her possessing it Marion would hardly have made the appeal to her to come down to Culverstone and see that the servants, dispatched beforehand, were getting everything in due order for her own arrival. She had been so pathetic about it, and Betty—who lived with an aunt whose rule was somewhat rigorous—had jumped so eagerly at the chance of coming with her, that she had found refusal impossible. Of course, she had not anticipated the mud or the butcher, or the other unpleasantnesses. Still, they were nearly over now. She had chatted herself into absolute, and Betty into comparative, cheerfulness by the time they left Harlow's Spinney behind them and turned down the road to the right. Taking a sharp curve, it broadened suddenly into a rough patch of green, with a group of tall trees and a finger-post. And there, before them, was Pendred House.

"Here is the name on the gate-post," said Miss Romney. "As, presumably, the station omnibus didn't take a short cut, I suppose our luggage is here—I hope so. Oh, for something to eat and a cup of tea! Come along; the gate is open, I think."

It was, and they wheeled the bicycles through, following a wide, weedy gravel path, circling a great central bed of melancholy evergreens. Miss Romney, mounting the steps, knocked and rang loudly—knocked and rang again, and yet again—the noise was the only result. Finally, she turned to meet Betty's pale face of growing consternation, as the rain, seeming to make up its mind at last, began to patter down with spiteful smartness.

"They must all be out," she said.

"Out? But you wired," began Betty, feebly.

"I know, but only from the station just before we started. They were probably gone when it arrived. They expected to be left to themselves for the next three or four days. No doubt they are off enjoying themselves somewhere. How disgraceful! It's no use knocking again; all the windows are dark, you see. Perhaps there is another door on the latch somewhere. We must get in somehow."

"Oh, Margaret—a strange house—all in the dark?" quavered Betty.

"I've some matches, and of course we shall find lamps or candles. Do be sensible, dear; those wretches mayn't turn up for hours. We couldn't stay out here and be drowned, even if we weren't starving. Come along," said Miss Romney, valiantly.

She led the way and Betty followed, not without another ominous sniff or two. The first door round the corner resisted the most vigorous shaking; the next, under a little porch, yielded so unexpectedly as its handle was turned that they both tumbled rather than stepped within. Miss Romney, in advance, struck against what seemed to be a table-edge, and, groping with her hands, felt something and uttered an ejaculation of relief.

"A candlestick!" she exclaimed; "and—yes—a candle! How awfully lucky! Shut the door, Betty; we are all right now."

The light of the candle showed a large square hall surrounded by various shut doors, a passage which no doubt led to the servants' quarters, and a wide staircase in the distance. The shutters were closed and the silence was profound. Miss Romney took up the candle.

"They really are all out," she said. "How abominable! It would serve them thoroughly right if Marion packed them all off without notice." She held the candle above her head. "I don't believe they have done a thing since they came—look at the dust. They were specially told to make good fires in every room, and the place smells as if there had not been one in it for ages—the house has been empty for nearly six months, you know. This ought to be the morning-room—yes, evidently. And not touched—all the things in a heap and covered over. How did they imagine they would ever be ready by Saturday? It's worse than disgraceful! I believe they have left everything just as they found it."

It seemed that they had, since several doors, opened in succession, revealed alike closely-shuttered windows and a confusion of piled and shrouded furniture. Only one

showed signs of order and occupancy; chairs and tables were where they should be and a fire was ready laid in the grate. Miss Romney looked round it.

"I should think this is a sort of study," she said. "No doubt they have made it their sitting-room. This lamp is filled and the fire is all ready, you see. So much the better for us—we shall want somewhere to sit when we have had something to eat. We'll go upstairs now, dear. Come along—it's rather fun, really."

They went up, Betty, though always in the rear, and giving vent to an occasional gasp which very little more would have made a shriek, really comporting herself nobly. At the top of the staircase a wide landing opened, lighted by one big window over the hall door, from which the distant village lights could be seen twinkling faintly through the rain. A corridor ran left and right. The bedrooms opening from it were in precisely the same condition as the apartments below, again with one exception. In a room at the end on the left-hand side a bed was made up, and the usual articles of chamber furniture were in order. Miss Romney, surveying, supposed that the recalcitrant maids had probably chosen to sleep together on account of being nervous. Betty uttered a sudden ejaculation of dismay.

"Where in the world shall we sleep?" she demanded. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Where? In that big room with the four-poster on the other side. It isn't in such a muddle as the others, and I noticed a big pile of blankets. We shall want them—it is horridly chilly."

"It's like a well. But they will be damp—we shall get the most awful colds," Betty foreboded, showing signs of relapse.

"Damp? Perhaps they will. We'll take a couple down and air them," said Miss Romney, resourcefully.

They went down, each with a blanket over her arm, Miss Romney declining to explore the upper floor. Betty stopped at the stair-foot.

"You didn't open that door, Margaret."

"Which door?"

"That—just opposite the room where the fire is laid."

Betty pointed. Miss Romney, crossing over, opened the door and peered down the flight of steps that was dimly revealed in the candle-light.

"They lead to the cellars, I should think," she said. "I can see another door at the bottom. Go down? What in the world for? I have no partiality for rats, my dear, and neither have you, I should imagine." She shut the door. "The kitchen must be down that passage, and probably the larder too. Let us hope it won't be empty; I suppose the wretches must have had something to eat. I wonder if we shall find a kettle?"

They did find a kettle and a stock of wood and coal; a fire was soon blazing and a lamp lighted. As for the larder, it was so far from being empty that Miss Romney was moved to wonder aloud what would be the sensations of Marion if she could behold it. She had so entirely recovered her spirits and was so resolved to treat the whole thing as a joke that their meal, consisting of tea and all sorts of things, was quite a merry business, and, spun out by chatter, also a long one. But Betty presently began to yawn exhaustively, and looked at her watch with watering eyes.

"I can hardly keep awake," she complained, "and it is only just nine o'clock. If it were three in the morning I couldn't feel sleepier—that awful tramp from the station has tired me, I suppose. Of course, we must sit up, though, until the servants come back."

Of course, they would not, Miss Romney retorted with spirit, and also yawning. What she had to say to the servants—on Marion's behalf—could wait until the morning, and would have the advantage of being all the more forcible and pulverizing if she slept upon it. The blankets must be aired; they had only to relight the candle and put out the lamp; if Betty was ready, so was she. Betty was ready, the lamp was blown out, and, candle in hand, they crossed the hall to the staircase.

Betty was yawning again, and in the room with the big four-poster yawned more than ever. Miss Romney presently paused in the midst of her energetic spreading of blankets and laughed.

"We must lie down with our clothes on," she said. "I'd forgotten that. Of course, our trunks came and went away again, and probably are reposing in the station cloak-room at the present moment. You are not going to take down your hair, surely?"

"Why not?" asked Betty, pausing with all the thick waves loose about her face and falling down upon her white blouse. Being more than sufficiently pretty without their assistance, she was rather given to allude to her yellow locks as "her one beauty."

"Because I don't know how you will manage to do it up again in the morning.

Hark! What's that?" cried Miss Romney, suddenly.

"Footsteps!" gasped Betty.

Both listened. The footsteps, apparently of several people, not only appeared to halt at the gates, but presently were distinctly audible on the weedy gravel before the house. Then came a murmur of cautiously lowered voices. The servants, of course! Miss Romney's eyes brightened indignantly.

"They have positively brought people back with them," she whispered. "There are quite six or eight persons, I'm certain, and I believe some of them are men. I don't like spying, but really Marion ought to know. I'm going to look out of the window on the landing. No, don't bring the candle—there's the moon."

There was the moon, but a cloud had drifted over it. Peering down, she could only vaguely make out the group of figures in the path below, but there were eight or ten of them, and they were both men and women. They stood huddled together in a confused group, their faces pale circles in the darkness, all equally and incomprehensibly intent, it seemed, upon staring up at the house. She turned to Betty, halting behind her.

"'HARK! WHAT'S THAT?' CRIED MISS ROMNEY."

"I don't believe it is the servants," she said, in a puzzled tone. "Come and look. Who in the world can they be, and what can they want—all staring up like that? I can't see properly; I wish that stupid cloud—— Oh, there it goes. Do you see them? . . . Why, good gracious!" cried Miss Romney, amazedly.

She had reason for the ejaculation. As the moon shone out again, flooding the garden with its cold white light, a sound between a scream and a groan seemed to burst simultaneously from each one of the knot of watchers, and in an instant they were in full flight. Pushing, pulling, jostling, clinging to each other, they rushed to the gates, crowded through, and were gone. The sound of wildly-hurrying feet died away in the direction of the village, and the two girls stared at each other bewildered.

"Whatever is the meaning of that?" Miss Romney demanded of the universe at large. And then—"Whoever could they be?" she wondered.

"Burglars," began Betty, tentatively.

"Burglars! My dear, did you ever know burglars come out in a family party, and then stampede for their lives for nothing at all? Burglars may do a good many queer things, but I don't think they bring their mothers with them. One of those women was sixty, I'm certain, and ever so fat; she simply toddled when she tried to run. Well, they're gone, and, whatever they wanted, I should say they wouldn't come back. The best thing we can do is to get to sleep."

Betty, at any rate, did so almost as soon as her yellow head touched the pillow, but Miss Romney, lying at her side, found that her own desire for sleep had mysteriously evaporated. All her senses were tinglingly alert—it was only by a sheer effort of will that she kept her eyelids closed. When, after what, as she said to herself, "seemed simply ages," she struck a match and looked

at her watch, she was amazed to find that it was still an hour short of midnight. An impulse to be aggrieved with Betty for being asleep, and another to feel indignant with Marion—who, no doubt, was asleep too—vanished as she lay down again, driven out of her head by something else that darted into it. She sat up.

"That door," she thought; "it isn't fastened in the least I quite forgot it; anyone could get in as we did, by simply turning the handle. I suppose the servants mean to do that; to leave it so is in a piece with the rest of their abominable conduct. If they are kept out in the cold for an hour or two, so much the better, it will serve them right. I shall go down and bolt it."

She lighted her candle and, treading noiselessly in her stockinged feet, stole cautiously out of the room, along the corridor, and across the landing to the stairs. It was as she set her foot upon them that she stopped; she never afterwards understood how it was that she did not also scream. There was a light, and a sound of stealthy movement in the hall. In the next breath she called herself a simpleton. It was, of course, the servants, who should certainly do the screaming if anybody did it. She softly put the candle down behind her, tiptoed to the balustrade, and peered over. And then she came much nearer to screaming than before.

"IN A STOOPING OR HALF-KNEELING ATTITUDE WAS THE FIGURE OF A MAN."

The light came from a lamp standing on a chair, just below her—she could smell its hot, unpleasantly oily odour — and close by, in a stooping or half-kneeling attitude, was the figure of a man. An old man, with long grey hair at the sides of an otherwise bald head, and wearing a brown coat—a man as utterly unlike Marion's plump cook or smart maids as a man could be. Was he a burglar? Miss Romney instantly decided that, if so, he didn't look it. But who was he, and what was he doing there? Very little frightened now, she bent further forward, and doing so trod upon a board which squeaked with vicious energy. The man looked up and saw her.

She started back. She had almost screamed; the man, as their eyes met, gave a perfect howl. The next instant, leaping to his feet, overturning both chair and lamp with a crash and clatter, he was gone, and from the darkness a door banged loudly.

"Everybody in Culverstone," said Miss Romney, deliberately, sitting on the stairs, "must be raving mad!"

A moment's reflection brought her to her feet again. Whatever the presence of the man might mean, of course some one of the absent servants must be responsible for it—probably, since he was an old man, the cook, which in a cook quite thirty-six inches round the waist was really too much to contemplate patiently. Anyhow, the banging door — no doubt the unlocked door—was a sufficient proof that he had left the house. Running down, cautiously skirting the smashed lamp and the overturned chair, she bolted it securely. Not a sound was audible as she then stood listening, or as she returned to the room where Betty still slept soundly. Her last thought, as she lay down, was that it would now be more than ever useless to attempt to sleep herself. Then, the next moment, as it seemed, her shoulder was violently shaken, and she awoke bewildered from the midst of a dream.

"Margaret! Wake—wake up! I heard

a noise! There's somebody downstairs!" said Betty, in a thrilling whisper.

"What, again?" Miss Romney demanded, almost in the possession of her wits, but not quite. "Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense; and I don't know what you mean by 'again.' It's those wretched maids, I suppose; but I'm positive I heard somebody—I was wide awake and listening. There was a sound of steps, and then of a door being opened. There!—didn't you hear something then?"

"No—I don't think so." Miss Romney sleepily slipped to her feet, groped for the matches, and lighted the candle. "Why, it's nearly four o'clock—they're probably back hours ago, or are staying wherever it may be until the morning. I recollect now hearing something of the parlourmaid having relations in the market town. There—I believe I did hear something then!"

"I'm sure of it," declared Betty, emphatically. "And I expect in the morning they'll vow they were in not a second after eleven. You'll see."

"Will they?" cried Miss Romney, wrathfully. "That they won't, for I'm going downstairs. The cook's hysterical—if I frighten her into a fit it will only serve her right. Ugh! It's awfully cold; I hope I sha'n't get a chill."

"Wrap yourself in a blanket, dear," suggested Betty, solicitously.

Miss Romney accepted the suggestion and wrapped herself in a blanket, folding it shawl-wise over her head and holding it together under her chin. On the staircase she became aware that the hall was both absolutely dark and absolutely silent. Some impulse, as she reached the bottom, made her approach the door she had come down to fasten, and look at it, holding her candle high. The bolts she had slipped so carefully were drawn back again! Staring astonished, she of course understood—somebody had entered the house by another means and for some reason had unfastened the door. Was it the servants? If so, where were they? She turned her head and her heart jumped—the chair which she had left overturned amid the ruins of the broken lamp was upon its legs again. She glanced round the hall, and it jumped for a second time. The door of the small room, in which they had found the fire laid and the furniture in order, was standing a little way open. She was sure, absolutely sure, that it had been fast shut. Was there anyone in the room? Surely that was a sound like a breath or a sigh? To look required an effort, but to retreat without looking was utterly beyond her. She stole cautiously nearer—happily there is no creak in stockinged feet and no rustle in a blanket—nearer yet until she touched the door. Yes, there was breathing! She clutched her candle and her courage, pushed the door softly wider, crept in, and saw a man sitting by the table, his back towards her.

Not the old man of the brown coat and the bald head; she saw instantly that he was young, and wore a grey ulster with the collar turned up round his neck. Quite as quickly she saw that he was asleep. A certain combined smell of iron and oil made her glance at an object on the table at his elbow—a dark lantern, if ever she had seen such an article yet. And that other something lying close to his hand was—yes, a revolver! Her horrified realization of it, and her swift movement forward to snatch it up, were simultaneous. But her silk petticoats rustled, though the blanket did not. She fell back with it in her hand, and he jumped to his feet, wide awake, and stared at her.

"By Jove!" he cried, loudly.

He continued to stare at her; he seemed capable of doing nothing else. Miss Romney, putting down the candle, found herself involuntarily wondering that an evident burglar should look so little like one.

"Sit down again!" she said, sternly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" Still staring, he broke into a laugh. "So this has been the game, has it? You little hussy; you little thought you would play it once too often and get bowled out, did you?"

"How dare you!" cried Miss Romney, in bewildered wrath.

"How dare I? I like that! How dare you play your pranks, you mean." He laughed again, deliberately surveying her. "A blanket, I think? Warmer, of course, but hardly so effective, I should imagine, as your usual sheet."

"My usual sheet?" echoed Miss Romney, dazedly.

"I suppose a sheet. Don't you find——" He broke off. "Here—I say—you haven't got that revolver, have you?"

"Yes, I have. Sit down again," repeated Miss Romney, sternly.

"Yes—but—my dear girl, look out! It's loaded," he protested.

"So much the better." She looked at him until he sat down—evidently he didn't guess that she was quite as much afraid of touching the revolver as he could be of seeing her do it—she held it a little tighter. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Eh?" he cried.

"What are you doing in the house in the middle of the night?" She mentally searched for something which should be at once appropriate and threatening. "You will suffer for this," she said, severely.

"If you understood how blessedly tricky that revolver is you'd know I was suffering now, for from the way you hold it I should say you'd never touched one before. Pity the old man neglected that part of your education, the old scamp! By Jove, is that him coming?"

Plainly he would have risen, but for the revolver. Miss Romney, hearing what he had heard, understood. Betty's curiosity had proved too strong for her; she was coming downstairs. At that moment she called, and he uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

"What! You don't mean to say there's a pair of you?" he cried.

"Margaret, what is it? Did somebody come in?" called Betty.

"Yes, it's a burglar; but don't be frightened. He daren't move—he's afraid to," cried Miss Romney, triumphantly. There was a scream and a scramble as of Betty tumbling in a second blanket in an endeavour to retreat. "Don't be silly, Betty; he can't hurt you. I've got his revolver," cried Miss Romney again.

There was a pause, in which Betty presumably picked herself up. In a moment she appeared at the door. Not looking round, for his eye was upon the revolver, the captive leaned back in his chair.

"I haven't the pleasure of seeing Betty," he observed, deliberately, "though if she's as pretty as Margaret I shall be happy to look at her. But I beg to remark that if anybody here is likely to get hurt I am the person, and that, as for moving, I'm certainly afraid to."

"Oh, Margaret, how awful, and how brave of you!" twittered Betty. She edged into the room, the blanket trailing. "Where is the wretch?" She edged near enough to see him. "Why, how absurd! I thought you meant he was a burglar!" she cried.

"So he is," declared Miss Romney, trenchantly.

"He isn't," denied Betty, stoutly. "You can see he isn't." She moved nearer with astonishing confidence—for Betty. "You're not, are you?" she demanded.

"'I THOUGHT YOU MEANT HE WAS A BURGLAR!' SHE CRIED."

"I feel inclined to believe I may be anything, but I've never been told I was before." He rose—he seemed to forget the revolver—certainly Betty, in spite of the blanket, was, with her yellow hair in a ruffled aureole about her face and streaming down over her shoulders, quite wonderfully pretty, and well worth looking at; his whole tone and manner

changed; he began to almost stammer. "I —I'm most awfully sorry — I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself—I'm afraid there's a mistake—there must be. I don't know how you got here, but do you mind telling me where you think you are?"

"Where we think we are?" Miss Romney repeated. "We know where we are. This is Pendred House."

"Is that it? By Jove, I might have guessed!" He broke into a laugh and checked it. "I beg your pardon—I'm awfully sorry." He looked again at Betty and seemed sorrier still. "I hate to give you a shock, because you've had one already; but, really, this isn't Pendred House, you know."

"What?" cried Miss Romney. Appalled, she dropped the revolver, and with an air of relief he promptly pocketed it. "But the name is on the gate-posts," she protested, blankly.

"Yes, I know—I mean, that is, not exactly. I'm sure you thought so, but the letters are not too plain, and perhaps the light wasn't good. Of course, the two names are very much alike, and when this place was inhabited there used to be a good many mistakes, I've heard. Pendred House is half a mile away, nearer the village. This is Pendreth."

"And it is your house?" cried Betty.

"Oh, yes—it is mine. My name is Crofton, if I may introduce myself." He hesitated. "Do you mind telling me how it was that you came here?"

Both explained how and why they had come there, winding up with some bitter animadversions upon the stupidity of boys. Crofton nodded. No doubt the youngster had thought they had asked for Pendreth, he said. It was an awfully awkward business for them, but he hoped they wouldn't mind it, and would go back to the room upstairs and try to sleep for the rest of the night; he was more sorry than he could say that they had been disturbed. Betty redraped her blanket with much docility; Miss Romney, about to do the same, paused and eyed him with some suspicion.

"I don't want to be rude, Mr. Crofton," she said, doubtfully, "but—well, we don't know you—we've only your word for all this, and you haven't explained how it is that you're here in the middle of the night with a revolver and a dark lantern, you know!"

"No," agreed Crofton, promptly, "I know I haven't, and—I'm sorry—I'm afraid I can't just now. But if you'll let me call at Pendred House to-morrow—I hope you will—I shall be delighted to tell you and Bet—your friend—Miss Duncombe?—thanks, awfully—all about it. I don't know how I came to fall asleep; I was tired out with sitting there so long, I suppose. I'm sure you'll excuse me if I ask you to go upstairs now, and to be as quiet as you can, please. You might lock the door, and if you should happen to hear anything don't be frightened—it'll be nothing you need mind. You've another candle up there? Then we'll leave this; you won't be nervous if I come with you, I dare say, and it's really important, or I wouldn't ask you again to be quiet."

Miss Romney nodded; Betty nodded; his rapid whisper and earnest manner were certainly impressive; also both probably felt that you can't very well be argumentative in a blanket. Noiselessly, without even a whisper, they stole across the hall and up the staircase to the wide landing. They were half-way across it when Crofton, with a smothered ejaculation, drew swiftly back into a recess, pulling them with him. Miss Romney ever afterwards affirmed that Betty, with her gasp of terror, fairly clung round his neck; she never denied that she herself violently pinched his arm.

A figure had suddenly appeared from the left-hand corridor—a white shape, tall and vague and ghostly in the gloom; it glided into the pale square of the great window; the cold, faint light of the coming dawn showed its bloodless hands, its spectral face, and long, wild, floating hair. So it stood for a moment; the next Crofton, shaking himself free, had sprung upon it; there was a most unghostlike shout and scuffle, and it was flying down the stairs with him in pursuit, and Miss Romney, hardly knowing whether she dragged Betty with her, or Betty tried to drag her back, was running after. Reaching the hall she was in time to make out dimly that the shrouded figure, a pace in advance, dashed across to the door leading to the cellars, tore it open, and vanished down the steps, Crofton disappearing after. Then a voice came from outside the house. "Have you got him, old man? All right—hold on —I'm coming!" it shouted. She gave a cry of amazement as a door—the one she had bolted—was flung open, and the speaker, darting in, almost collided with her. She had instantly recognised the voice as belonging to a certain Rupert Lyddiard, a person who, among her several men friends, was a distinctly particular friend, who, moreover, as she had had occasion to tell him, possessed

"IT GLIDED INTO THE PALE SQUARE OF THE GREAT WINDOW."

a trick peculiar to himself of turning up at all sorts of times, convenient and otherwise. As she exclaimed, he saw her face in the light of the lantern he carried, and very nearly dropped it. "You?" he ejaculated. "How in the name of all that's marvellous do you come here?"

"Oh, never mind—don't ask me—I don't know!" cried Miss Romney, distractedly. "Do—do go and see what's happening there. I believe they both went tumbling down the steps. I'll bring the lantern. And, Betty, run, for goodness' sake, and fetch the candle."

Lyddiard promptly obeyed; lantern in hand, she followed, and in a moment Betty with the candle followed her; so nearly all together they came to the bottom of the steps, where Crofton stooped over a huddled mass of white drapery crowned by long, floating hair and the ghastly semblance of a face. Miss Romney, peeping over Lyddiard's shoulder, saw, as he pulled at it, that it was a mask and wig. It came away, revealing the brown coat and bald head of the old man she had seen in the hall. Evidently he had struck his head in falling, for he lay without stirring—stunned, it seemed. Lyddiard laughed.

"I thought as much," he said, dryly. "What did I tell you, Crofton? There's your Pendreth ghost!"

"The old villain!" cried Crofton. "By Jove! when he came out in that shivery get-up and started his hanky-panky in front of the window he half scared me for a minute. But what the deuce has been his idea? To keep the house empty by frightening people away, I suppose."

"H'm—perhaps. I fancy there's more than that in it. Why did he bolt down here, I wonder? Where does that door lead to?"

"Only the cellars. It's locked, I think."

It was; but the two men put their shoulders against it and the lock gave way. Lyddiard held up the lantern, and they could dimly make out a large space with brick walls and floor, a stove, a bench or two, and a long rough table. Various objects littered this last—a bag of plaster of Paris, a quantity of metal and moulds, a saucer or two containing liquid, a small saucepan, and a little heap of apparently silver coins. Miss Romney uttered an exclamation.

"Counterfeiters!" she cried.

"Nothing less," said Lyddiard. He laughed and put the lantern down. "A very complete little coiners' outfit, I should judge. I don't think, Crofton, we require any further explanation of your faithful retainer's ghost. While he could scare the village and frighten away any possible tenants, he not only retained his snug little berth as caretaker of the property, but provided an excellent screen for the gentry who run this nice little business, and, no doubt, received an equally excellent consideration for so doing. What I can't make out is why you never suspected him."

"I was an ass, I suppose," said Crofton,

"but the old sinner had been in my uncle's employ for over twenty years. I don't see how you spotted him directly."

"My dear fellow, given certain circumstances, to suspect the least ostensibly suspicious person is an axiom of the law," Lyddiard returned, coolly. "I assure you that as a lawyer I should have been disappointed had we run any other fox to earth. Well, here's the nest safe enough; the question is, where are the birds? By Jove, the stove's alight, and the metal in this pan on it hot! They can't be far; it's a good thing we happened to hit upon to-night to keep watch. Is there any other outlet? Can they——"

Betty screamed, and Crofton caught her back. Miss Romney, turning, was just in time to see two figures appear from behind a pile of lumber at the end of the cellar. One dashed by, ducking under Crofton's hands, and disappeared up the steps; the second sprang at Lyddiard. He met the onslaught with a well planted blow, threw himself upon the other as he reeled, and bore him to the ground. For a minute the two struggled, and then the man lay still.

"All right, guv'nor, it's a fair cop. You don't need to choke a man or screw his blessed arm off of his body," he growled, sulkily.

Lyddiard rose, suffering his captive to do the same, which he did with some tender adjustment of his neckkerchief. Miss Romney, turning her head, became aware of Betty with Crofton's arm round her, apparently either just preparing to faint or just preparing to recover. Withdrawing her eyes from this spectacle, she found a policeman at her elbow—a composed policeman, who produced a pair of handcuffs and clapped them upon the prisoner's wrists before she was fairly sure he was there.

"Got the other, sir," he observed, cheerfully. "Bolted out fair into our arms, and we nabbed him. You give the old man in charge, too? He seems to be coming round."

"Confound the old scoundrel—yes!" said Crofton. He watched the constable depart with his captive—with a brisk invitation to "look lively, my lad!"—and turned to Betty again; he seemed more interested in Betty than in anything. "Do you feel all right now? Do you think you can walk up the steps?"

Betty did feel all right, and was sure she could walk up the steps; they all walked up the steps and into the room where the dark lantern stood on the table, and where a match soon set the fire burning brightly.

"A COMPOSED POLICEMAN PRODUCED A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS AND CLAPPED THEM UPON THE PRISONER'S WRISTS."

Miss Romney pointed to it presently, after there had been a good deal of explanation and laughter, and she warmed her still shoeless feet at one end of the fender while Betty warmed hers at the other.

"Was that a necessary part of your plot as well as the revolver?" she asked.

"Well, it might have been handy. As for the revolver, I certainly advised Crofton, if he saw anything ghostly, to fire at, if he didn't hit it," said Lyddiard.

"I see." She laughed, and looked at

Crofton. "If only I had seen you crawling in at the larder window I should have been more convinced than ever of your burglarious intentions. I was never more astonished than when I saw that door unbolted—except, perhaps, when I saw the ghost!"

"You didn't believe in the ghost?" asked Betty, incredulously.

"Of course not," Crofton answered. "All I knew was that people swore they saw and heard things, and that such tales were spread about that nobody would take the house. Pitt, the old rascal, always declared that he never saw anything. I don't suppose he would ever have thought of the dodge but for something that happened here in my uncle's time. His only daughter lost her husband—he was killed, and the shock turned the poor girl's brain. She used to spend most of her time, I've heard, at that window on the landing, watching and waiting for him to come back, as she thought." He glanced at Miss Romney, colouring. "By the way, you must allow me to apologize—I was abominably stupid—but Pitt has a granddaughter in the village, and Lyddiard suggested that she might be helping him in his hanky-panky. I've never seen her, and so, for the minute, when I saw you——"

He broke off, and Miss Romney laughed.

"I don't think your mistake was any worse than mine," she said, "especially when we recollect the blanket." She glanced at Lyddiard. "Of course, it is plain why all those people rushed away as they did—no doubt Betty, in the moonlight, and with her hair all down, did look rather like a ghost, particularly when they had come out to look for a ghost—but what I can't understand is the old man. He couldn't possibly have taken me for one when he had played the trick himself! And yet he screamed and ran when he saw me as if he were scared to death."

"As no doubt he was," said Lyddiard. "You may depend on it that he did take you for one. My experience is that your ghost-maker and your ghost-seer have rather a trick of running together. It is a queer psychological fact, I grant you, but a fact all the same. Children frighten themselves in their own play on much the same principle, I suppose."

It was more than broad daylight when they finally started to Pendred House; the sun was shining from a sky almost cloudless; birds were chirping in the hedges. Miss Romney, as she walked at Lyddiard's side, following Betty and Crofton, who went first, decided that Culverstone might prove an endurable place after all.

"If I had only known you were in the neighbourbood I might have guessed I was in for a nice little time!" she said, presently, with sarcasm.

"That's an extremely infelicitous, not to say ungrateful, way of putting it," Lyddiard protested. "It would be much prettier in you, and I need not point out how far more congenial to my feelings, if you said that whenever you found yourself in an unpleasant position I was certain to appear in the nick of time to help you out of it. We will, if you please, put it in that way."

"Just as you like. At any rate, it is all over now," said Miss Romney.

"Humph!" said Lyddiard. His eyes wandered to the pair in front; Crofton was turning up the collar of his ulster and carefully buttoning it under Betty's chin—the breeze was distinctly chilly. "With reference to that——" he began, and stopped. "Miss Duncombe seems to be a very charming girl. Do I understand that she lives with her aunt?"

"Betty? Certainly she lives with her aunt."

"Pardon my curiosity—a single aunt?"

"What is a double one?" asked Miss Romney. She laughed and considered. "A particularly single aunt," she added.

"Exactly. No doubt, like myself, you have noticed that some single aunts are much more single than others. I was merely about to observe that, having known Crofton intimately from what—if you will permit the expression—we will call boyhood's hour, I am ready to declare him to be in all ways everything that the most particular—and single—of aunts could possibly desire." He glanced again at the couple in advance—Betty's yellow head and Crofton's dark one were about as close as the ulster collar permitted. "To go back to that remark of yours as to its being all over, doesn't it strike you—judging from indications—that it may be only just beginning?"

"Humph!" said Miss Romney

The Comedy of Literary Log-Rolling.

By Francis Gribble.

THERE is an American story of an author who began his literary career by falling out of a second-floor window. He was so fat that he bounced up and down two or three times, like an indiarubber ball, and then rose and walked upstairs. The incident got into the papers, and created so much interest that publishers who had previously fought shy of him now besieged his doors, bidding against each other for his manuscripts. The moral of the story is that literary success may sometimes be due to other causes than literary merit, and that any proceeding which calls attention to a writer's personality may help to swell his sales. Some writers have been clever enough to recognise that fact, and have comported themselves accordingly. In any complete history of literature the chronicle of their manœuvres would have its place, for it would throw a good deal of fresh light upon some of the so called "eccentricities of genius."

Sometimes those eccentricities have been of a tragic character; and it is a little curious that the most startling stories of the morbid desire for literary notoriety come from the Colonies, where the conditions of open-air life in a new land are commonly believed to promote a healthy habit of mind. The only man who ever jumped into the crater of a volcano in order to draw the attention of a callous public to his neglected poetical works was a New Zealander; and it was also a New Zealander who committed a murder in order to give the world a sufficient motive for reading an economic treatise. He had written a pamphlet on the evils of Chinese cheap labour, and it had fallen stillborn from the press. The reviews had been disappointing, and the advertisements had produced no result. The author decided, after reflection, that there was nothing for it but to shoot a Chinaman. Carrying his book under his arm, he walked into a restaurant and shot one, and then quietly surrendered himself to the police, explaining that he bore that particular Chinaman no grudge, but merely desired to obtain publicity for his views on Chinamen in general. He obtained it, though the price which the law exacted was heavy.

Literary duels, in the countries in which duelling still prevails, belong more or less to the same category, and are often inspired by the same motive. In England, indeed, where duels were often fatal, they have seldom been used for advertising purposes. When Charles Lever, for instance, went out, his object was not to make his personality interesting, but to kill or wing his man; but in France the case generally is, and generally has been, different. Sainte-Beuve, for example, got an excellent advertisement out

"SAINTE-BEUVE, FOR EXAMPLE, GOT AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISEMENT OUT OF A DUEL, FOUGHT ON A WET DAY, BY INSISTING UPON HOLDING HIS UMBRELLA UP WITH ONE HAND WHILE HE FIRED HIS PISTOL WITH THE OTHER."

of a duel, fought on a wet day, by insisting upon holding his umbrella up with one hand while he fired his pistol with the other. He was willing, he courageously said, to take the risk of being shot; but he must be excused from taking the greater risk of catching cold. The duel which Benjamin Constant, who suffered from gout, fought, sitting in a Bath chair, may have been of somewhat similar character. Honour in that case was declared to be satisfied when the Bath chair was hit. A more recent case is that of a minor novelist who wrote a minor novel in which he libelled the Navy. He let it be known that he was not only ready, but anxious, to give "satisfaction" to any naval officer who considered himself aggrieved; and quite a number of naval officers—a simple-minded folk—were drawn. There was a duel every morning for a week or two, until at last the novelist retired hurt; and the novel enjoyed a brisk sale in consequence.

Eccentricity of dress and personal appearance is another device by which many authors have made themselves interesting. The case of Oscar Wilde, in his knee-breeches and velveteen jacket, with a jewelled brooch in his long hair, is probably the best remembered; but there have been plenty of others. Disraeli, as all the world knows, draped his waistcoat with gold chains, and affected green trousers, and wore rings outside his gloves. M. Paul Bourget, now a model of elegant correctitude, also wore green trousers in the days when he dwelt in the Latin Quarter. Parson Hawker, the Cornish poet, is even better remembered for the eccentricity of his garb than for his poetry, though he was a great poet. He rode about his parish in a poncho—which is just a blanket with holes cut in it for the arms; his cassock was all the colours of the rainbow; he attended his first wife's funeral in a pink hat without a brim; he was seen in the streets of provincial towns in a crimson jersey and wading boots. People naturally came to the conclusion that it might really be worth while to look at the poetry of a poet who had such a singular taste in dress.

"PARSON HAWKER RODE ABOUT HIS PARISH IN A PONCHO."

George Sand's early popularity also probably owed something to her habit of going about the streets of Paris in male attire—a hussar jacket, trousers, and a felt hat; and the songs of Aristide Bruant—the songs which Yvette Guilbert used to sing in her early days—first gained an audience because their composer was never seen in any costume but that of a Californian gold-digger. The point could be further illustrated by contemporary English examples. There is Mr. William Le Queux's ambassadorial hat, for instance—a piece of head-gear which is seldom out of sight for long, and is inseparably associated in the public mind with thrilling stories of mystery and crime. There is also—but personal remarks had better be kept within reasonable limits.

Eccentricity of behaviour is a natural corollary of eccentricity in dress; and probably there is more of that in Paris than anywhere else in the world. Let us give one humble and one illustrious example. The illustrious example is that of Gérard de Nerval, who was noted for his strange taste in pets, and was sometimes seen in public places leading a lobster by a string. "Lobsters," said the poet, "neither bark nor bite, and, besides, they know the secrets of the sea." The humble example is that of an unknown poet who, having to find a market for his poetry, became a costermonger, and

hawked olives on a barrow. He used to hawk them outside the *cafés* which critics frequented, and when he sold them, instead of making them up into ordinary parcels he wrapped them in manuscript poems of his own composition. In this way his poems came to be read, the poet became a personage and found a publisher, and for a time made a respectable income out of poetry; though, unfortunately, he invested the proceeds of his Muse in a *cabaret*, lost all his savings, and died a year or two ago, in destitution.

"GÉRARD DE NERVAL WAS SOMETIMES SEEN IN PUBLIC PLACES LEADING A LOBSTER BY A STRING."

A great many men of letters, of course, are of a retiring disposition, and, far from courting publicity, actually shrink from it. This was indubitably the case with Tennyson. He cultivated a very picturesque appearance, and then hid behind a screen of trees at Faringford, so that nobody might see him. He was really annoyed when he discovered an American reporter concealed in the branches of one of the trees and taking notes of his conversation with a lady. To what extent the publication of the notes would have affected the sale of the poems one does not know; and Tennyson did not want to know. They were already selling very well, and he could afford to be brusque with reporters.

Other authors, however, have been much more ready to take reporters to their bosoms. "Be nice with reporters," was once Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's advice to a young man who consulted him as to the means by which he might best achieve success in life; and many authors, as well as politicians, have afforded facilities to the representatives of the Press. An author who professed to prefer manual toil to literary labour was once interviewed by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt while swinging on a derrick, painting the sides of an old tramp steamer in the West India Docks. Another interview, headed "A Study in the Nude," gave an account of a conversation with an author who had just emerged, in a scanty bathing-dress, from the sea at one of the South Coast watering-places. As a matter of strict fact the interview did not take place until after the author was dressed; but he himself suggested the picturesque touch which gave verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. Similar help was afforded to the journalist in search of "copy" by an author who one day lost his way in a fog on the slopes of Helvellyn—or perhaps it was Skiddaw. He wrote a long and sensational account of his gruesome experiences, headed it "Mysterious Disappearance of a Popular Novelist," and dispatched it to the editor of a leading daily paper, with the request that it might be printed in large type in a prominent position in his columns.

Better still—and certainly more effective—was the device of the author who, just before the publication of one of his great works, organized what may be fairly described as a "Press view" of himself and his surroundings He invited all the journalists of his acquaintance to visit him. He brought them down in a special train; and, as his country seat was not large enough to contain them all, he engaged the whole of a neighbouring hotel for their accommodation. Then, day after day, he took them round and showed them all the associations of his sublime childhood. "This cottage," he said, "is my humble birthplace"; and cameras were promptly focused on the building. "That respectable old man yonder," he con-

tinued, "is my father"; and the respectable old man was photographed. And he went on to point out the place in which he had played marbles as a boy, and the scenes in which he had laid this, that, and the other incident in his great forthcoming romance.

"THE RESPECTABLE OLD MAN WAS PHOTOGRAPHED."

That romance, when it appeared, had a far larger sale than any of his previous works.

Of another ingenious idea M. Maurice Barrès, the French Academician, is the hero. In the days of his youth M. Barrès was the editor of a periodical, mostly written by himself, entitled "Les Taches d'Encre," or "The Ink Stains." The circulation was small, and the necessity of extending it was imperative. Then, one day, the editor perceived that the interest of Paris was concentrated upon a most sensational murder. A certain Morin had been shot, in scandalous circumstances, by Mme. Clovis Hugues. If only some association of ideas could be established between this dark deed and M. Barrès's artistic magazine! And why not? The editor ran to the printers, and in the course of an hour or two the boulevards were full of sandwich-men, whose boards bore the remarkable inscription:—

MORIN IS NO LONGER A READER OF "LES TACHES D'ENCRE."

This experiment in log-rolling was not, as it happened, very successful. It was no more successful than the experiment of an English novelist who, when he rode in a state of inebriety in hansom cabs, used to bawl at the cabman, through the aperture in the roof: "Have you read——?" but the title of that novel shall on no account be given. As an example, however, of log-rolling that did succeed, we may quote the case of Mme. Krudner, the author o "Valérie."

In later life Mme. Krudner became a mis sionary. In her unregenerate days, however she wrote "Valérie"; and, like all novelists she was very anxious that her novel shoul be the novel of the season. She doubte whether it would obtain that distinction o its merits. "You know quite well," sh wrote to a friend, "that neither talent, no genius, nor the excellence of one's inten tions is sufficient to ensure a success; every thing demands some charlatanism." An she proceeded to apply this doctrine prac tically.

Day after day she went the round o the fashionable shops, incognita, demandin shawls, hats, feathers, etc., "*à la* Valérie. She was so [illegible] so elegant that th shopkeepers were politely anxious to satisf her by any means in their power. Presentl she pretended to recognise the article whic she had asked for; and if the attendant looked puzzled, Mme. Krudner would smil graciously and pity them for their ignoranc of the new novel which everyone wa reading, thus inspiring them all with a eager desire to read it. Having produce

this result at one shop, she drove on and went through the same process at the next, and so on all day long. Thanks to these manœuvres all the shops were soon selling everything "*à la* Valérie"; while the friends of the author, her innocent accomplices in her stratagem, went to buy the articles which, as a leader of fashion, she was entitled to recommend, thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg St. Germain.

It is a novel which nobody reads nowadays, but everybody read it then. Charlatanism triumphed, and "Valérie" was unmistakably the novel of the season, thanks to Mme. Krudner's ingenious skill in this art of literary log-rolling.

Another author who owed a great deal to the services of reporters was Zola. When his fame was at its height, reporters used to travel with him, if he took a journey, much as they do with the President of the Republic. When he was at Sedan, for instance, gathering local colour for *La Débâcle*, daily accounts of his progress and his investigations used to be printed in the French and in some even of the English papers. It was the same when he was at Lourdes, and when he was at Rome; and when he came to London he was attended by a perfect cloud of witnesses, who arrived with him at all the public receptions, unfolded manuscripts, and read formal addresses on his behalf, as though he were a potentate cultivating friendly relations with a foreign Power.

And then there was Victor Hugo. No one ever understood better than he did the advantage of keeping his personality, as well as his books, before the public. Only once in the course of his long life did he try to keep anything out of the papers; and that was when he was thrown from his horse while riding in the Bois de Boulogne. On all other occasions he courted publicity. Finding, for instance, that people had a certain curiosity to see him, he used, at one period of his life, regularly to step out on to his balcony, surrounded by a court of minor poets, and show himself to the populace at the same hour every afternoon. The populace used to cheer him, and he used to bow his recognition of their homage. The performance was, for a long time, one of the sights of Paris. He also used to induce his friends to write his biography at frequent intervals, and these biographies were manifestoes full of falsehoods. They gave out that Victor Hugo was a descendant of a princely family of Lorraine—whereas he really was the grandson of a Besançon carpenter.

"VICTOR HUGO USED, AT ONE PERIOD OF HIS LIFE, REGULARLY TO STEP OUT ON TO HIS BALCONY, SURROUNDED BY A COURT OF MINOR POETS."

Nor was the great poet ashamed to roll his log even at a funeral. He seized the opportunity at the obsequies of one of his own sons. It happened that, on the way to the cemetery, the procession passed a travelling menagerie, and the lions, for whatever reason, stopped roaring just as Victor

Hugo was in front of their cage. His companion, a minor poet named Pelleport, drew his attention to the fact. "Master," he whispered, "the lions recognise you, and hush their voices. The King of Beasts is silent in the presence of the King of Men." Victor Hugo bowed, and turned the matter over in his mind. Then, after meditation, he said: "Pelleport, that was a happy thought of yours. Couldn't you write something about it?" And Pelleport wrote a sonnet about it, and the fame of the master stood on a higher pinnacle than ever.

uniform in which he fought—or rather did not fight, for he arrived after the fighting was all over—in Garibaldi's army; and he achieved a tremendous advertisement by conducting a well-known actress to a Court ball to which she had not been invited. He got another advertisement by allowing himself to be sued for non-delivery of a feuilleton. He was utterly in the wrong, and he lost his case; but he kept the Court in roars of laughter while he explained his literary methods and the nature of the distractions which had interfered with the fulfilment

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS WROTE THE LAST CHAPTER OF A FORTHCOMING ROMANCE SITTING IN A SHOP-WINDOW."

And finally there was the case of Dumas, of whom it may almost be said that his whole life was an advertisement. Someone once said of him that his vanity was such that he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to demonstrate that he had a negro footman in his service. He certainly did many things almost as absurd as that in his restless pursuit of *réclame*. One of his delights was to clothe his noble proportions in a uniform, and to embellish the uniform with decorations to which he was not entitled. He even went so far as himself to design the

of his contract. But the best of all his advertisements was attained when the announcement appeared that M. Alexandre Dumas would write the last chapter of a forthcoming romance sitting in a shop-window, for all the world to see how it was done. One can understand that that sort of advertisement would suit the authors who are also interested in the sale of fancy articles. They almost owe it to the public to exhibit themselves in this way—killing two birds with a single stone. But for the author of "Monte Cristo" to do it was surely the *ne plus ultra* of the comedy of log-rolling.

OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

Every article in this series contains at least a hundred pictures.

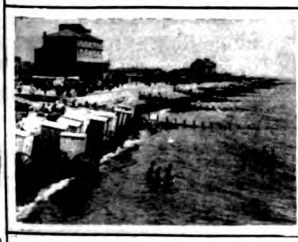
No. VIII.—ROUND THE COAST.

1. BRIGHTON

2. HOVE

3. WORTHING

4. LITTLEHAMPTON



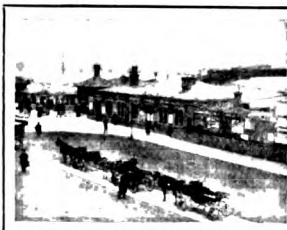
5. BOGNOR

FROM Brighton, "the Queen of Watering-places," let us sail to Worthing, a favourite winter resort. A little farther along the coast are Littlehampton and Bognor, at which towns the trains of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway annually disgorge many visitors. Rounding Selsey Bill, we enter Portsmouth Harbour, and then we visit Ryde, Shanklin, and Ventnor, towns frequented by reason of their bracing atmosphere.

From Southampton we proceed to Christchurch, an ancient town on the London and South-Western Railway. Bournemouth and Weymouth are popular health resorts, while Lyme Regis is a picturesque bathing-place.

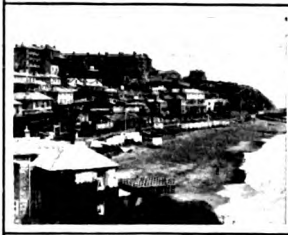
6 PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

7 SOUTHSEA



8. RYDE

9. SHANKLIN



10. VENTNOR

11. SOUTHAMPTON

12. CHRISTCHURCH

13. BOURNEMOUTH

19. FOWEY HARBOUR

25. TORRS WALK, ILFRACOMBE

14. WEYMOUTH

20. FALMOUTH

26. LYNMOUTH HARBOUR

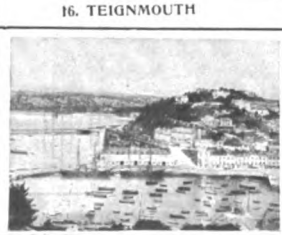
15. LYME REGIS

21. MOUSEHOLE, PENZANCE

27. NORTH HILL, MINEHEAD

16. TEIGNMOUTH

22. ST. IVES



17. TORQUAY

23. PERRANPORTH

18. PAIGNTON

24. NEWQUAY

Thanks to the Great Western Railway, Teignmouth has become a flourishing watering-place. Not far from here are Torquay and Paignton, noted for their salubrious climate. A short sail brings us to Fowey, an old Cornish seaport. Falmouth is next reached, and then we pass on to Mousehole. St. Ives and Perranporth are picturesque towns, while Newquay is an excellent centre for the exploration of North Cornwall.

Crossing Bideford Bay, we come first to fashionable Ilfracombe and then to Lynmouth, which gives way in turn to Minehead, a charming marine resort. Weston-super-Mare is a populous watering-place.

We now arrive at The Mumbles, a rising seaside town. Tenby has been described as "the prince of places for a naturalist"; while

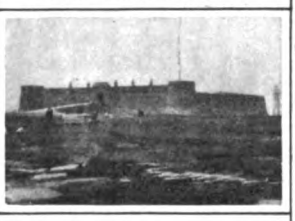
Aberystwyth, which may be reached by way of the Cambrian Railway, is known as the "Biarritz of Wales." Aberdovey is a favourite amongst the Welsh watering-places, whilst Barmouth is famed for its incomparable mountain scenery. A little farther up the river is Dolgelly, the county town of Monmouthshire. Harlech Castle is passed *en route* to Criccieth, the most rural of Welsh watering-places.

From New Brighton, a favourite resort of trippers, we sail to Liverpool. Eighteen miles northward is Southport, where the luxurious trains of the London and North-Western Railway bring annually hundreds of visitors. Lytham is next visited, and then Blackpool claims our attention. Morecambe, famed for its invigorating breezes, is passed on the way to Egremont, from which resort we set sail for

31. ABERYSTWYTH

37. CRICCIETH CASTLE

32. ABERDOVEY



38. NEW BRIGHTON: THE FORT

33. BARMOUTH ESTUARY

39. LIVERPOOL: GEORGE'S DOCK

28. WESTON-SUPER-MARE

34. BARMOUTH

40. SOUTHPORT

29. MUMBLES HEAD, SWANSEA

35. DOLGELLY

41. LYTHAM

30. TENBY

36. HARLECH CASTLE and SNOWDON

42. BLACKPOOL

43. MORECAMBE

49. GOUROCK

52 KYLES OF BUTE

44. EGREMONT

bonnie Scotland, and drop anchor in the historic seaport of Ayr.

From here to Ardrossan, where we may see the magnificent steamers of the Caledonian Railway waiting to convey eager-eyed tourists amid the wild beauty of the Scottish coasts. Past Lesser Cumbrae, where the remains of a medieval castle may be seen, and we come to Wemyss Bay, a favourite resort of Glaswegians. Gourock is visited on the way to Dunoon, from which town we sail to Rothesay. Then, traversing the Kyles of Bute, we call at the old fishing town of Tarbert. Touching at Arran we may see Loch Ranza Castle before proceeding to Campbeltown,

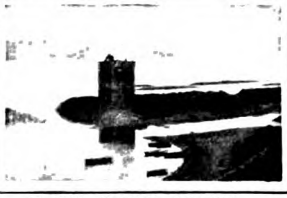
53 TARBERT CASTLE

45. BRIG O' DOON, AYR

54. LOCH RANZA CASTLE

46. ARDROSSAN

55. CAMPBELTOWN



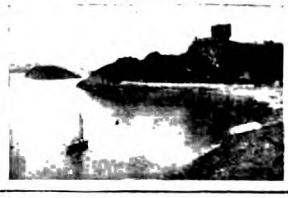
47. THE CASTLE: LESSER CUMBRAE

50. DUNOON

56. OBAN

48. WEMYSS BAY

51 ROTHESAY

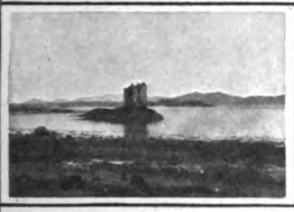


57. DUNOLLY CASTLE

58. BENDERLOCH

64. TOBERMORY

67. PLOCKTON BAY



59. CASTLE STALKER: APPIN

65. RUINS OF EILEAN DONAN CASTLE: KYLE OF LOCHALSH

68. STORNOWAY

60. BALLACHULISH

famous for its distilleries. We now come to Oban, the Charing Cross of the West Highlands. Benderloch is next visited, and then at Port Appin we see the ruined fortalice of Castle Stalker. Ballachulish is passed on the way to Fort William, a convenient tourist centre.

Steaming down Loch Linnhe we come to Iona, the island where St. Columba landed in 536. Staffa, with its celebrated Fingal's Cave, is next reached, and then Tobermory comes into view.

From here we sail to the beautiful Kyle of Lochalsh, which locality Sassenach travellers journeying by the Caledonian Railway as far as Perth may reach by means of the picturesque

69. WICK

61. FORT WILLIAM

70. DORNOCH

62. IONA CATHEDRAL

71. NAIRN BEACH

63. FINGAL'S CAVE: STAFFA

66. KYLEAKIN

72. LOSSIEMOUTH

73. BUCKIE

80 FARNE ISLANDS: PINNACLE ROCKS

85. CROMER

74. BANFF

81 WHITBY ABBEY

86. YARMOUTH: NORTH BEACH

75. FRASERBURGH

82 SCARBOROUGH

76. PETERHEAD

77. ABERDEEN

78. STONEHAVEN

79. MONTROSE

Highland line. Kyleakin and Plockton Bay are at no great distance hence. Eight hours' sail brings us to Stornoway, and then we arrive at the little fishing town of Wick. Both Dornoch and Nairn are noted for their excellent bathing and golfing facilities. Lossiemouth is another golfers' paradise, whilst Buckie and Banff are favourite tourist resorts.

We pass on to Fraserburgh, and then to Peterhead, noted for its red granite quarries. Aberdeen, the "Granite City," is one of the most interesting towns north of the Tweed. Stonehaven and Montrose present a gay scene all the summer long.

Farne Islands, the scene of Grace Darling's heroic exploit, are passed *en route* to Whitby. To Scarborough and Bridlington the Great Northern Railway brings annually myriads of delighted visitors. Mablethorpe gives

83. BRIDLINGTON

87. SUNSET ON BREYDON: YARMOUTH

84. MABLETHORPE

88. LOWESTOFT

89. FELIXSTOWE

93. RAMSGATE

97. HASTINGS

90. CLACTON

94. DEAL

98. BEXHILL

91. WHITSTABLE

95. DOVER

99. EASTBOURNE

92. MARGATE

96. FOLKESTONE

100. SEAFORD

way to Cromer, the most charming spot in East Anglia. The Great Eastern Railway connects this town with Yarmouth, the home of the herring industry. Breydon Water attracts many excursionists from Yarmouth, while Lowestoft and Felixstowe are visited by a vast number of holiday-makers. Clacton is next touched at, and from here we proceed to Whitstable, renowned for its oysters. Both Margate and Ramsgate are popular seaside resorts, whilst Deal is frequented by many golfers. Dover is a favourite winter resort.

We pass on to Folkestone, an attractive watering-place. Hastings has a great reputation as a bathing resort, while Bexhill and Eastbourne are each fashionable seaside towns. Rounding Beachy Head we come to Seaford, and here we reluctantly prepare to go on shore. Our memorable trip round the coasts of Britain is at an end.

To the courtesy of the London, Brighton, and South Coast, London and South-Western, Great Western, Cambrian, London and North-Western, Caledonian, Highland, Great Northern, Great Eastern, and South-Eastern and Chatham Railways we are indebted for the photographs which accompany the foregoing article. Those of the Cambrian, Great Northern, and South-Eastern and Chatham Railways were taken by the Photochrom Co., Limited; those of the London and North-Western Railway by Messrs. F. Frith and Co., of Reigate; and those of the Highland Railway by Mr. D. Whyte, photo.-artist, Inverness. Photograph of Wick by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen; and of Yarmouth by Mr. Frank Sayer, Great Yarmouth.

IN HYMEN'S REALM.

THE PROPORTIONATE NUMBERS OF MARRIED AND UNMARRIED ADULTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MATRIMONY may spell magic or disillusion; but of the continued popularity of the institution the latest official statistics bear eloquent testimony. Roughly stated, two persons in every hundred of the total population marry every year. There is a falling-off, however—no ancient custom can escape the fickle hand of Fashion; but, with 315,063 marriages in the United Kingdom last year, not even the most timorous match-making mamma need be afraid of this custom relapsing into an early desuetude.

Let us brave the sentimentalists and invade the British realms of Hymen with a note-book. In England and Wales there are 34,152,977 people of all ages, according to the official estimate, of whom 16,502,094 are males and 17,650,883 are females. There are 9,566,902 unmarried males and 9,835,286 females; but such an enumeration being hardly quite fair or even intelligible, inasmuch as it includes those bachelors and spinsters by compulsion, the children, the best way to put it is to say that there are 10,653,186 marriageable persons in England and Wales, and that these are divided into 4,301,578 bachelors, 4,554,871 spinsters, 1,246,407 widows, and 550,330 widowers.

Out of this total number it is expected that at least 632,912 will find mates this year: these will be preceded by 316,456 courtships, 632,912 vows will be exchanged, and half the same number of rings will be placed on the lady's finger; 632,912 souls will thereafter possess but 316,456 thoughts, and 632,912 hearts beat as 316,456. Of course, this estimate may be slightly excessive. Matrimony fluctuates between 310,000 and 317,000 marriages per annum in the United Kingdom (in 1904 there were 626,176 persons married, as compared with 633,224 in 1902): but still we have a total of brides and grooms far superior to the total population of the county of Sussex, a Manchester exclusively peopled by honeymooning couples, and a Birmingham wholly given up to newly-wedded pairs.

Match-making is a science in a sense not contemplated by materfamilias or the fortune-hunter. It is a science to which the brains of the Registrar-General and an army of his assistants are annually devoted. Anything which tends to upset his calculations furnishes him with matter for regret. To the questions

"What shall we do with our young men?" and "What shall we do with our young women?" the Registrar-General replies at once — "Marry them." Wars, emigration, poverty, opulence, even amusements, theatres, clubs, hotels, smoking—all conspire to affect the marriage rate, and to affect it in the most undesirable way.

In England and Wales, during the last year for which official figures are available (1905), there were 260,742 marriages. The first time the 200,000 was reached was in 1872, when the numbers jumped from 190,112. Seven years later the total went back to 182,082; but for the next twenty years the growth in the number of brides and grooms continued fairly steadily to accord with the rise in population. For the last five years there is a marked hesitancy on the part of bachelors to assume matrimonial responsibilities, and the age at which both bachelors and spinsters now meet at the altar grows greater in every decade. There is, perhaps, no feature connected with matrimonial statistics more striking than this of the age of bride and groom, and especially the former. A century ago eighteen was considered the normal age of a bride. Many thousands of marriages took place at sixteen. If at twenty-five a woman was still unmarried her chances were considered very remote; at twenty-eight she was placed on the celibate's shelf, and at thirty took to wearing the lace cap of middle-age. To-day the average age of brides in England is twenty-five years and five months. Out of 1,000 brides only 147 are minors. Thirty years ago nearly every fourth woman married was under the age of twenty-one, as is the case in the county of Durham to-day. Carnarvonshire may claim the distinction of producing the most mature brides in the kingdom, only seventy-three women in 1,000 being under age at the time of marriage.

Readers of Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" may remember that, according to Marianne, "A woman of seven-and-twenty can never hope to feel or inspire affection again"; and that, speaking of the Colonel (aged thirty-five), "Thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony."

THE SIZES OF THE FIGURES SHOW THE RELATIVE NUMBERS OF BRITISH WOMEN WHO MARRY AT THE INDICATED AGES.

The tendency to later marriages is marked amongst the young men in the kingdom. The average age of a bridegroom is now twenty-seven years. More marry at forty than ever before; one bachelor put off matrimony until he was past a hundred; and the habit of postponement is growing so strongly upon the sex that thousands go to their graves, alas, without ever having married at all! Out of every 1,000 husbands forty-four only are minors, only half as many as there were forty years ago. Amongst English counties, the Nottinghamshire husbands are the youngest, seventy-three in 1,000 being under age. On the other hand, Carnarvonshire folk of both sexes marry late, only eight

grooms in 1,000 being minors. Yet, although these averages are high, it must be stated that amongst young folk the popular marrying age for spinsters is twenty-two, while for bachelors it is twenty-three and a half. The average age of widowers remarrying is forty-five, and of widows again entering matrimony forty years. Where widowers marry widows an average of fifty years is scored before the nuptial knot again ties together these experienced persons.

Another very striking feature has to be recorded. In the old days—days that most of us can, however, remember—nearly every swain and every lass went to church to tie the knot. Of course there were exceptions, and very romantic ones, but (Scotland and Gretna Green apart) the happy couples were "churched," as the old phrase hath it, the parson of the Established Church reciting the prescribed service after the usual "publication" of the banns. Certainly none of the old novelists would have dared otherwise to conclude their tale of true love ; and if an exception were made no prediction could be ventured upon of hero and heroine living happily ever after. But now less and less with each year do marriages take place in church and more in chapel. Of the 315,063 marriages in the kingdom during 1905, 184,228, or only 58 per cent., were solemnized according to the Established rites, and 131,835, or 42 per cent., were contracted otherwise. This proportion of church marriages is the lowest on record, the decrease of six per 1,000 since the previous year being balanced by the increased proportions of marriages that took place in Nonconformist places of worship before authorized persons and of civil marriages in superintendent registrars' offices. The proportion of Roman Catholic marriages was forty-one per 1,000, and was equal to the proportion in each of the four preceding years. The proportion of Jewish marriages has, with slight fluctuations, steadily increased for many years, until in the year under notice the proportion reached 7·6 per 1,000, as compared with 7·0 per 1,000 in the previous year.

Some parts of the kingdom, however, are faithful to the ancient practice ; Buckinghamshire, for example, leading the counties, 78 per cent. of the marriages being at church ; while next come Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, and Oxfordshire. The greatest proportion of Nonconformist marriages takes place, of course, in Wales, Merionethshire heading the list. There only 13 per cent. of the marriages take place in the Established Church.

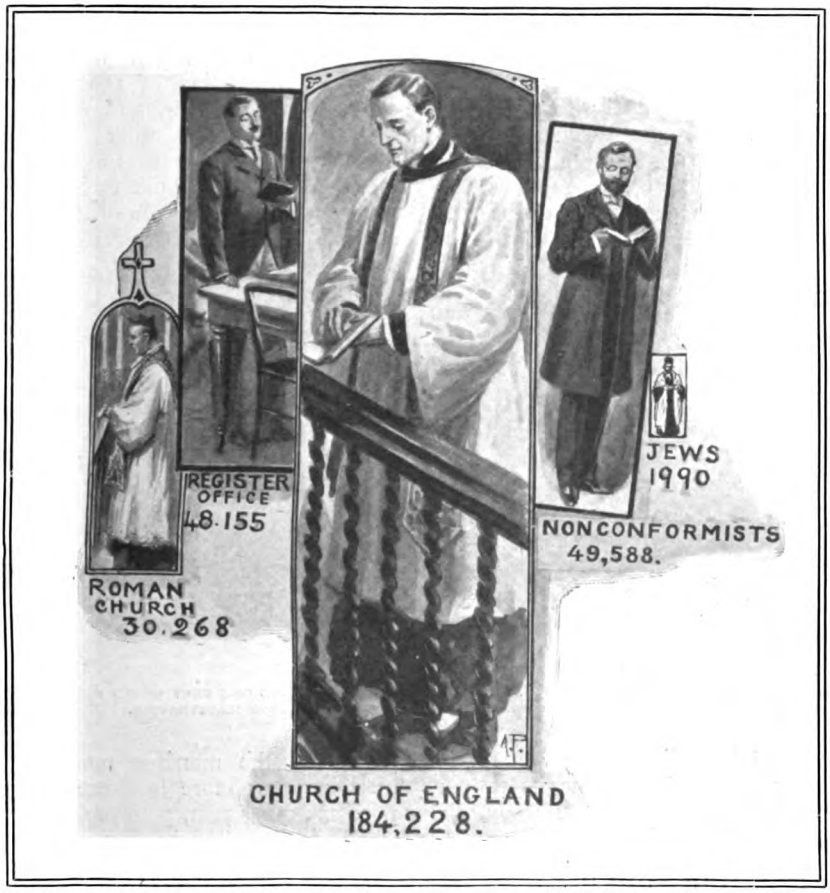
London shows the greatest number of synagogue nuptials, there being thirty-eight Jewish marriages per 1,000 in

THE SIZES OF THE FIGURES SHOW THE RELATIVE NUMBERS OF BRITISH BRIDEGROOMS WHO MARRY AT THE INDICATED AGES.

the Metropolis to seven per 1,000 for England and Wales.

What is the most marrying county outside of London? For a long time Warwickshire headed the list, for more marriages were annually celebrated in Shakespeare's county

1,000 and London 16·9. Radnorshire falls below thirteen, and Scotland is but little above this rate. It is wonderful how these proportions are generally maintained the world over, but a little singular to reflect that the marriage rate for Norway and Sweden is



THE RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE YEARLY MARRIAGES WHICH TAKE PLACE AT CHURCHES, CHAPELS, AND REGISTER OFFICES.

in proportion to the population than in any other. But the distinction must now be yielded to Glamorganshire, where the rate is fifty-five per 1,000 of the marriageable population. A very close second comes Durham, with 54·6. Kent has but 39·9, Sussex 36·9, while at the very bottom of the list is Radnorshire, with only 27·3 marriages per thousand.

It is worth while comparing this marrying propensity of Englishmen with that of foreigners. Taking the whole population of England and Wales we find that 260,742 marriages occurred, which means a rate of 15·3 married per 1,000 of all ages. On this basis, Brecknockshire shows seventeen per

only 11·6 per 1,000, while Russia has 17·2 fresh husbands per 1,000 annually, or, in other words, a total of 900,000 brides and 900,000 bridegrooms. Germany, with 16·1, surpasses us in the proportion of marriages, and so slightly does France with 15·4. But the palm in Europe as a marrying country is borne away by Bulgaria, where the rate per 1,000 is 22·8. The famous marrying year in Japan, 1896, when over 1,000,000 marriages took place, as a result, it is said, of the return of the troops from China, sent the rate up to 23·5. On the other hand, Chili shares with our own Ireland the disconsolation of celibacy, whether springing from misogyny in the one case or emigration in the other,

the "Distressful Isle" showing only 10·5 and that of Chili 10·1 per 1,000 marriages.

The reader by this time, it is to be hoped, knows something more of marriage in its public and official aspect than he did before. He knows the number of marriages, the age of marriages, the most marrying English county, as well as the most marrying country. Having got these highly important facts firmly fixed in his mind, it is now high time that he should learn something of other ceremonial details connected with this venerable institution. Have you, for instance, ever speculated, when you saw a wedding-ring on a new-made bride's finger or in a shop window, what the annual consumption of this interesting article amounts to? Suppose all the rings used in a single year were to be forged into one, what would be its proportions? According to Messrs. Benson, the average weight of a ring is 5dwt. Just as there are light, thin, slender candidates for matrimony, so, in spite of the fashion, which runs to bulk, there are light, thin, slender wedding-rings. Gold is a commodity not so available in the poorer districts as brides, and we know there are many brides who have to be content with pinchbeck, or a disproportionate share of alloy. There may, however, be considered 315,063 rings at an average of 5dwt. each. This yields a mass of gold weighing 6,563¾lb. We know that a cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,210lb., so that, when the 315,063 amalgamated rings are hammered out, we have a single ring six feet high, before which the astonished bride might recoil as her eccentric millionaire husband impressively remarks, "With this ring I thee wed."

What is the gross annual sum spent on wedding presents? This would be difficult to ascertain, but far less difficult would be an estimate of the gross bulk and proportions of the gifts annually bestowed upon newly-married couples in the kingdom. A large London firm not long since made a careful inspection of 150 published lists of wedding presents, and discovered that the gifts ranged in order of preference—jewellery, furniture, silver-ware, books, and pictures. As far as bulk is concerned, consultation with a large firm of furniture dealers shows that the sale of furniture keeps steady pace with the marriage rate. In a good marrying year more furniture is sold; in a poor marrying year, as 1900, less. On the whole, it was thought that 55 per cent. of the total marriages are associated with the gift of furniture, and that not less than 2,600 tons were disposed of annually in wedding-gifts.

IF ALL THE WEDDING-RINGS USED IN THE KINGDOM WERE COMBINED INTO ONE THEY WOULD FORM A SINGLE RING THE RELATIVE SIZE OF THAT SHOWN IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

Other trade estimates show 200 tons of framed pictures, 130 tons of silver-ware, sixty-five tons of books, and fifteen tons of gold annually disposed of as wedding presents. Naturally, it must be borne in mind that in many thousands of cases amongst the poor no presents at all are given or received, while, if every bride of the 260,000 in England and Wales received a pound weight of silver, only 130 tons would be distributed.

THE NIGHT'S REVERSALS.

By R. E. Vernède.

I.

OUT of the smoke and noise of the guns, in among the rain-sodden flanks of the Pyrenees, all day the English troops, buffeted and irrepressible, had driven on and up, till by sunset they were well on to La Rhune. The battle had died away now, and to Lieutenant George Trethewy, as he rode his rounds of inspection under the moon, the day's events were already things forgotten in a vast desire of sleep. True, his ears still buzzed, like sea-shells, with the rattle of musketry no longer heard; he still remembered dimly the sweating scramble and that last rush on the French rear-guard in which his own horse had been killed under him, and he had disarmed and taken prisoner in the thick of the *mêlée* a grey haired colonel whose mount repaid him for the loss of his own chestnut. He was riding the animal now, and the colonel was prisoner in the rear, while the French were in full retreat to their own country, to lie snug towards Bayonne and the more level lands beyond the Nivelle. But Trethewy's appreciation of the day's chances was of the dullest, and having challenged the last outlying sentinel, a grumbler half asleep, he was about to canter back to his own damp blanket for repose when a sudden whistle of a peculiar strain shrilled out of the darkness below him. So sudden and peculiar was it that the lieutenant forgot his drowsiness. He lifted himself in his stirrups and peered forward into the night. Far below he could see the river, a silver wind in the moonlight, but the sides of the mountain were in shadow impenetrably dark. He cried, "Who goes there?" in a hope that this untoward whistler would declare himself. But only a second whistle was the answer, and, as if in obedience to it, the horse he rode arched his neck, thrust forward his head so as to get the bit in his teeth, and bolted.

A moment sufficed for the whole affair. Then Trethewy became absurdly conscious that he was being run away with—away from the English camp—down the steepest of hillsides towards some mysterious whistler. He tugged at the reins vainly, loosened and jerked, adjured the beast and reviled him; then tightened his knees sullenly and let him go. A picket—the last of the line—challenged him and fired as he swept by. Soon he was among loose stones, the horse sliding, all feet together, and ahead once more a whistle shrilled. But it was changed to another note, and to this the horse drew up on his haunches and began bucking demoniacally. For a moment Trethewy gathered himself together to stick on, but his fatigue was great and the thumping on the hard rock intolerable. He rolled out of his saddle and fell heavily. The tinkling of river-water not far off was the last sound he remembered.

He woke with a stunned feeling. Some-

"A PICKET—THE LAST OF THE LINE—CHALLENGED HIM AND FIRED AS HE SWEPT BY."

one in a dark military coat was standing over him fingering the horse's bridle, and Trethewy himself was bound.

"Why," he asked, dazed, "what is this?"

"You are my prisoner!"

"But how?"

"The good horse knows my whistle, and you are no rider. That is how!"

His captor, an officer of the French apparently, spoke in broken English with some contempt.

"But——" began Trethewy.

"Silence!" said the other. "You shall not talk—you shall follow. Come quick. Across the river there will be no infernal English pickets."

The lieutenant got to his feet with difficulty. Shame at being taken single-handed by a Frenchman would have covered him at any other time, but his head was in a whirl, and he hardly resented it when his captor mounted the horse and made him follow with a rope round his waist

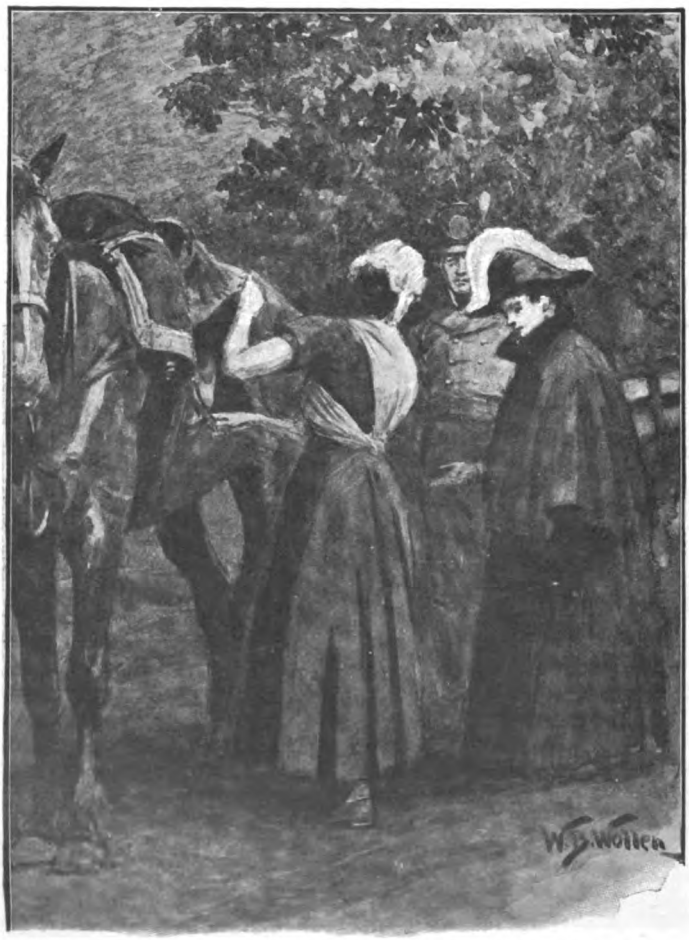
They made for the river thus, and at the side of the broad stream, flat and full with the rains, the whistle was given and returned. Next moment a punt was paddled from under the shelter of a tree by a girl, and they embarked.

Not a word was exchanged until the passage had been made, but as the girl ran the punt inshore she heaved a quick sigh of relief.

"Oh, mam'selle," she cried in French; "how I have been afraid!"

Lieutenant George Trethewy discovered that he had been taken prisoner and bound by a lady. He started to his feet in a frantic disgust, only to realize that, whoever had taken him, had made him fast.

"Rest quiet!" she said, admonishingly, having observed him start, "or you shall be shot."



"THE LADY AND HER MAID DISCUSSED HIM TO HIS FACE IN FLUENT FRENCH."

"Immediate!" added the other maid.

Trethewy rested quiet until he was ordered out of the punt. His shame was almost choking him. To think that he, an English officer, should have been captured by a girl masquerading in a military cloak! Captured, bound, and led like a pig by a string to where she would! And the lady and her maid discussed him to his face in fluent French, while the maid searched the flap of the saddle that was on the horse for something.

"How sullen he looks, mam'selle!"

"These English are so," said mam'selle, in a superior manner. "Also I do not spare him, Marie. He has trudged, trudged, all the time you waited in the boat."

"Would he be an officer, mam'selle?"

"I dare say," said mam'selle. "But he is no matter. Are the despatches there?—that is the question. For I would not have the Comte, my father, reprimanded for riding to

the battle with things of such importance in his saddle. Not that he has ever been taken prisoner before."

"No, indeed," said Marie. "It must have been a trap of these English that M. le Comte fell into, otherwise—but the papers are here, mam'selle."

She handed out a bundle of papers.

"That is well," said mam'selle. "And now, what is to be done?"

She looked Trethewy up and down, thoughtfully.

"Surely we shall return to the army and to mam'selle's uncle?"

Marie spoke in some alarm, as if afraid of some new vagary on the part of her mistress.

"But the prisoner?"

"Let him go."

Trethewy's heart leapt at the suggestion; but mam'selle, his captor, had no such intention.

"No," she said; "I must take back my prisoner. He may contain some useful information. M. le Général will adore me for bringing him."

"But we have only one horse, and if the despatches should be retaken?"

"I have thought of it," said mam'selle. "They must arrive, certainly; the prisoner if possible." She paused and put back a curl that had crept out from under the military hat that she wore, worriedly. "See, Marie, it is now past midnight, and our troops seven miles away at least. Very well, you shall take Roland and ride with the despatches."

"Alone?"

"And I shall wait here with the prisoner until they have sent help."

"But——"

"That is my decision."

She turned a deaf ear to Marie's expostulations, at the double risk, at her own terror at the thought of riding alone, at the danger of mam'selle's prisoner overpowering her.

"Absurd!" she said, haughtily. "He is still stunned and tired infallibly. As for you—are you not also the daughter of a soldier, and have you not the honour to ride with the French army? Then you shall first see me to this woodman's cottage that we found empty among the trees, and afterwards take Roland and ride."

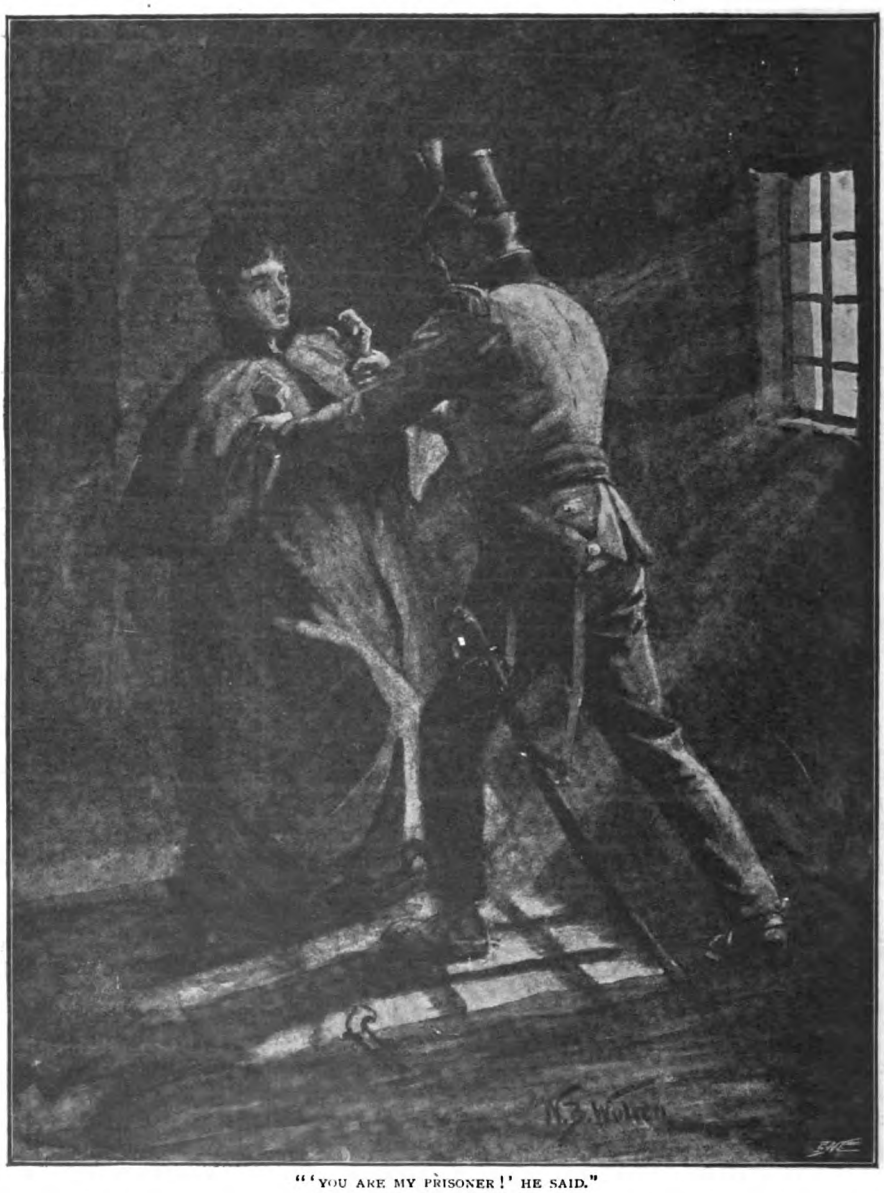
She would hear no more. If she had seemed in the least doubtful Trethewy would have sunk his pride and abjectly besought her to release him. But he could perceive that she had a secret gratification in the idea of bringing in her prisoner, and when did women ever play the game of war fair? He found himself presently pushed into the shed outside a small cottage in a clearing, and the latch drawn. Presumably mam'selle had made her head-quarters in the cottage itself. He heard Marie whimpering a little as she mounted the horse, Roland, and the pad of hoofs at the start. This grew fainter, and died away in the distance. Mam'selle in the cottage and he in the shed were alone in the valley of the Nivelle between the two armies.

II.

SPARKLES of the setting moon played through the chinks of the shed in which Lieutenant Trethewy lay, a prey to black dismay. Death by torture would be preferable a thousand times to being led prisoner into the French camp by a girl. For this would mean to become the butt and laughing-stock of Europe. He could refuse to budge, of course. But then, supposing the English came by? To be found in her charge by his own comrades would be as bad, or worse. He groaned aloud at the very thought of it. Would she release him if he besought her on his knees? Again he was compelled to decide no. She would not understand the indignity of his position. She would refuse haughtily. No heathen goddess could be so merciless as this Amazon of the self-possessed voice and the imperious manner, unconscious of what humiliation she was giving to a man. The more he thought of it the more a hatred of her grew in him. He felt he could straugle her without pity, could hardly endure to live without strangling her. All the while he was tied, and the knots were tight as he could have made them himself. Women understand knots. He rolled himself over in an agony of spirit, and hit on a woodman's chopper.

A few minutes later, by a persistent sawing of his wrist-ropes against the blunt steel, he had freed himself and unlatched the door easily enough. He was stiff and sore in body and spirit, and sleep danced before his eyes like a mist, but the desire to revenge himself kept them open. He would show her also what it was to be a prisoner.

Very cautiously he crept into the hut. Mam'selle was sleeping in her cloak, and in the moonset, that came more fully through the unglassed window-frame than it had come through the chinks of the hut, he could see her plainly—the rise and fall of her bosom, and the not unbuckled sword sticking out absurdly by her ankles, the black curls of her hair streaming from under



"'YOU ARE MY PRISONER!' HE SAID."

her cap like sea-scud, the closed eyelids and closed lips, set sweet and even in her sleep. She was beautiful, then?

The fact brought a change in Trethewy's mind. Having hated her bitterly and intending to humiliate her in her turn, he suddenly became ashamed of himself. What kind of revenge would it be, after all? None. A man could humiliate a woman so any day without trouble. In the present case it would not wipe out what was past. If she had meant to humble him, she had done it. But had she meant any such thing? He began to doubt it now. She merely had acted in a natural way, as a soldier's daughter might. He found her unconsciousness charming, her self-reliance most gallant, her beauty adorable, if only he were not so sleepy. And while he was resolving to leave her undisturbed her eyes opened.

Next moment a pistol was at his head. Ducking, he heard the crack of it and a bullet whizzing by his ear into the wooden wall beyond him. Then he had her by the wrists.

"You are my prisoner!" he said.

Strength to strength she could do nothing, but did not realize it. Her eyes flashed fire, and she kicked vehemently, and strained till the little wrists seemed cracking. Then, sinking back, she made no further attempt.

"Do you surrender?" asked Trethewy, amusedly.

"It is the fortune of war," she said, in a resigned voice, with something of purring content in it, as of one proud to endure whatever vicissitude so fine a thing as war might entail. For the life of him the young man could not restrain his laughter.

"War—with a girl!" he said, regretting it in an instant. Tears of indignation were in *her* eyes now.

"You are most impertinent," she said. That was all, but Trethewy contracted his grin, blushing. She seemed somehow, despite the grudge he owed her, to have put him in the wrong.

"You will admit the laugh is on my side now?" he said, half-heartedly.

"M'sieur may laugh as he pleases," she said, with a feigned soldierly indifference. "Am I to be bound?"

"Certainly," he said, gravely. "One cannot afford to take risks."

He saw that he had hit on the right method to propitiate her, for she brightened perceptibly, even while she kept up her rôle of the warrior indifferent to the mere chances of a campaign. He tied her wrists gingerly.

"And now?" she inquired.

"We must return to the army—the British," said Trethewy. "The general will adore me for bringing him a prisoner."

She did not notice the travesty of her words, but stepped out at his command obediently. The moon was sunk now, and a little wind of the dawn was blowing over the grey, cold river. Trethewy rowed across in silence, his prisoner in the stern. Looking at her stealthily from time to time he saw brows set in a frown of reflection and lips compressed to keep them from quivering. Dawn was rising by the time they set foot on the opposite shore, and as they set out for La Rhune a saddle of pink was set on the brown bare back of the mountain. Between it and them lay a great scrubland that climbed slowly, and Trethewy wondered to himself if mam'selle could accomplish the distance. Also, it occurred to him that he should cut almost as ridiculous a figure marching into camp with this prize as he would have cut if the rôles had been reversed.

Quite unconscious of his small pride in holding the upper hand, mam'selle walked on boldly. She was not so depressed as he was.

He recollected that it was, in her opinion, the fortune of war, and the phrase again made him smile. For fear she should notice it and fire up in her turn he opened a conversation:—

"How was it I came to fall into your hands, if I may ask?"

"Surely," she said, beaming frankly, "simply enough. I follow the army with my father, the Comte de Fauliane, who had the misfortune in the retreat to be wounded, as we supposed, and captured with important despatches in a secret flap of his saddle."

"I think," said Trethewy, "I had the honour to receive the surrender of M. le Comte."

"Indeed!"

"The wound was slight."

"The enemy must have in that case surrounded him in very superior numbers."

"Doubtless," said Trethewy, politely. She had so evident a pride in her father that he did not like to mention that he had himself, single-handed, disarmed the gallant colonel.

"I am glad to learn," resumed mam'selle, "that the wound was not considerable. The despatches, by the way, are now in safety."

"So far you have bested me," Trethewy admitted. "But how was it planned?"

"Why," she said, "I concluded that the despatches must be retaken, and, suspecting that Roland might be straying somewhere about your camp, I remained behind in the hut over the river, with my maid, in the hope of calling him. He is a dear horse, that I have trained to my whistle."

"Very wonderfully."

She laughed with pleasure.

"You, m'sieur, had the ill-luck to be mounted on him when I called. That explains the situation in which you found yourself. Not the more agreeable side of contest, indeed. I was compelled to bind you."

Trethewy felt his ears tingle at the recollection.

"But you have your revenge," she continued. "No doubt it is equally necessary?"

There was a tinge of sarcasm in this, and perhaps a suggestion of entreaty. In any case, Trethewy felt himself a brute.

"There is no need," he said, hurriedly; "no need whatever for you to have your hands tied if you wish not."

"For choice," she said, "I would certainly be unbound."

Anyone less disconcerted than Trethewy might have suspected something from her smooth deliberateness. But he cut the rope through apologetically, and blushed to see mam'selle chafing the red marks on her wrists.

She dropped behind to do it, and Trethewy, not liking to be inquisitive, walked on slowly.

He was asking himself if he had not better tell her she was at liberty. He was not quite sure that he wanted her to be.

"I must still consider you my prisoner," he said, without looking round.

"Monsieur may consider what he pleases."

As he turned with a misgiving at the change in her voice, she threw off the great cloak with a sudden movement and drew the sword at her side.

"But," she cried, "I was the first blade after my father in the army of Ney, monsieur. Defend yourself!"

And she came at him like a fury.

III.

THEY were in a little coppice of naked beeches, through which the breeze went soughing dismally. The ground, being on one of the lower terraces of the hill, was level enough, but sodden, and for a little Trethewy's heart sank. It was like a woman, he thought, so to have taken advantage of his clemency, so to have renewed the whole hateful business just when it was nearing its end.

He realized, being thus confronted, the immensity of his fatigue, and her attitude recalled all the humiliations of the night. Even to defend himself degraded him, but that was not the worst. She was fresh, agile as a cat, full of joy to be free, and she had declared herself to be the best sword in the army of Ney. Suppose she were? Suppose she disarmed him in equal fight? His spirits sank to zero at the thought, and he gave back, parrying clumsily. A prick in his left arm made his blood run and cleared his brain. His despondency had been mere folly; he had been making tragedy out of an extravagant farce. Seeing her presently as only a girl again he began to laugh, and in proportion to his laughter he gained ground. Foot by foot he drove her back. She grew pale and panted, and he came on without mercy.

The pain of his wounded arm and the recollections of her ingratitude made him cruel enough to play with her a little, dog and cat, till she lost breath completely. Then with a sharp turn of the wrist he flicked the sword out of her hand.

She stood there quivering. A faintness of his own warned Trethewy that he had delayed to disarm her long enough.

"Do you yield yourself?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you are my prisoner," he cried.

And having said it he turned the point of his sword into the ground to support his heaviness, then fell forward in a faint. Mam'selle knelt beside him, bandaging dexterously with a torn kerchief, when he recovered his senses, or some of them. For the first thing that he thought of was that she had got the better of him, had taken

"SHE CAME AT HIM LIKE A FURY."

him prisoner again. He felt weaker than a child, and a child's spite filled him.

"Leave me alone," he said.

"But you are wounded," she said, smiling at him encouragingly.

"Nonsense."

"It is true."

She shook her head at him gravely, and he began to recollect better what had occurred.

"I am wounded in spirit," he said, rudely, "to think that I should have had such trouble to disarm a girl."

"Also in the arm," she persisted.

He was annoyed that she no longer resented his taunt.

"A mere prick," he said, hastily. "You took me unawares. I did not think that my generosity in unbinding you would be so rewarded."

At this she rose. She had finished her bandage.

"You are unfair," she said, indignantly; "you had not asked my parole. It was my duty to try and escape."

"Oh, of course," jeered Trethewy.

"You did not think it worth while to ask a girl for her parole."

"Certainly not; girls have no part in fighting."

"Yet I wounded you."

"The deuce!"

He felt indescribably sulky, and he wanted to know what was her intention. He could not resist it, whatever it might be.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I am your prisoner," she said, haughtily.

Trethewy lifted himself a little, not understanding.

"But—but——" he stammered.

"But what?"

"I imagined myself to be yours," he said, weakly.

"That is what I supposed," she said. "And that is why you are not quite so polite as you have been—since we met. For you are chivalrous, except that you think a girl may not be treated with the respect due to a combatant. You think that we do not play the game. Only, monsieur, I at least recollect that I surrendered myself when you might have killed me."

"I see."

"Therefore I am still your prisoner."

She said it with so sweet and solemn a dignity that not for worlds would Trethewy have given way to the temptation to laugh again. Never had he encountered a seriousness so charming, a humour so seductively unconscious. His spirits swung to the other extreme, so that his heart went up like a rocket. But he had no claim to his prisoner now.

"I retract my words," he said. "I have never known the game played so courteously. Only I have no right to avail myself of your forbearance. You might have escaped. I would not deprive you of your liberty for anything."

"You are very kind," she said. "I may go back, then?"

"When you will," he said, hoping forlornly that it would not be soon.

He waited for her reply eagerly.

"I have considered it," she said, slowly; "and it seems that my duty lies with my father. So that, with permission, I will accompany you to the camp of the English. I think, also, that I may be able to assist you a little up the hill."

Trethewy got to his feet slowly and took her hand.

"I think you an angel, mam'selle," he said, as they began to toil upwards; and, since she did not seem open to compliments in that direction, he added—"as well as the best soldier and swordsman I have met."

She flushed with pleasure then—as she had done when he flattered her by wishing to run no risks!

"I hope we may not always be enemies," she said.

"I hope not," said Lieutenant Trethewy. "I get too many wounds."

He paused, half jesting, half serious, not wholly bold.

She looked at him inquiringly, not understanding.

"That in the arm does not so much matter," he ventured; "on the other hand, a wound in the heart——"

She quickened her pace and the colour in her cheeks deepened.

"Is only healed in one way."

She answered nothing. On the tops of La Rhune, high up, a bugle sounded the *réveillé*.

WHERE BEES SWARM.

ILLUSTRATED BY SOME EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ACTUAL SWARMS.

THE places—often very strange ones—chosen by bees to settle at the time of swarming are selected by them for reasons which are difficult to understand. Even those who have studied the highly-interesting life of these marvellous insects—in fact, the bee-keepers themselves, whose business it is to handle them and to learn their habits—are unable to give any exact explanations on this subject, so that we are practically reduced to guesswork.

A swarm of bees is in reality a colony comprising workers in larger or lesser numbers, a few males or drones, and the mother of the colony, commonly called the queen.

The swarming season varies according to the country—in this country it is generally about the middle of May—and the causes which drive the bees to desert their domicile are manifold. Want of room is usually the chief reason. In fact, when the spring comes and brings forth flowers, and when the sun, rising higher on the horizon, brings warmth and ease, the colony of bees, after passing the winter in a state of torpor or semi-hibernation, resumes little by little its habitual life, and the interior of the hive begins to hum with bustling movement. The workers will then fly busily about in search of the water, pollen, and nectar which are to form the nourishment of the new generation which the queen has already begun to bring into being.

NO. 1.—A BEARD OF BEES—THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF A SWARM EVER TAKEN.
From a Photo. by M. Regnier.

It makes the brain reel to think of the fecundity of the queen, or mother, the only really developed female of the hive. A queen, when at her most productive age—that is to say, from one to two years—will lay from two to three thousand eggs daily, and this is by no means an excessive number, as our little friends, the bees, carried away by the ardour with which they pursue their search for honey for the preparation of wax, wear themselves out very quickly, and, in fact, only last a few weeks at the time when the nectar is most abundant.

But then they have to reckon with thunderstorms, changes of temperature, birds, and other foes, all of which are redoubtable enemies; and many a bee sets out in the morning for its daily labour without ever returning. This is why far-seeing Nature has endowed the queen with such extraordinary fecundity.

Thus, in the spring, the hive becomes active and teems with life, and the young bees go to swell the battalions of female workers. The result of the new-born life is that the hive becomes too limited in space, and the majority of the population are reduced to seeking a home elsewhere. The provident bees are then observed to leave their hive, their provisions, and their brood in the charge of a certain number of guardians; but they do not forget, in order to guard against the decay of the colony, to leave behind them a young queen in course of development, who continues the work embarked upon.

On the day and at the hour appointed they fill their honey-bags with a large

NO. 2.—A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF A LARGE SWARM WEIGHING DOWN THE BRANCHES OF A LOW SHRUB.
From a Photo. by A. L. Errett.

NO. 3. — THIS SWARM, UNABLE TO ASSUME THE USUAL PEAR-SHAPED FORMATION ON ACCOUNT OF THE SHAPE OF THE BRANCHES, HAS OPENED OUT IN THE FORM OF A FAN.
From a Photo. by F. Briggs.

quantity of honey as provision for the journey. A general restlessness arises in the hive, and then the bees leave their domicile.

Whither are they bound? None of them can tell exactly. They swarm up into the sky, forming a great cloud, and then settle down to rest wherever their fancy takes them; for the swarms rarely decide to make a home at the spot where they first alight. This is but a halt in their journey, and in the meantime they send out emissaries in search of a new domicile, which is usually selected in some cavity, such as a hollow tree-trunk, a hole in a wall, or a chimney.

The swarms which settle thus often assume the most unexpected and grotesque shapes. The shape of a swarm forming a pendant to a branch of a tree is well known, but the formations shown in our illustrations are really remarkable.

In our first picture it will be noticed that the operator engaged in hiving the swarm takes his duty very coolly; but it may be explained to the uninitiated that the bees are not so spiteful as they are often made out to be, and, moreover, when they are gorged with honey (which is the case when they are swarming) they are by no means aggressive and seldom sting. Yet this is the most curious swarm, without a doubt, ever reproduced. It is suspended from the beard of the bee-keeper, who doubtless had to muster all the coolness born of long experience in order not to

NO. 4.—TWO SWARMS, COVERING THE BEE-KEEPER'S HANDS LIKE GLOVES.
From a Photograph.

move until someone had time to come and take the photograph.

Our photograph (No. 2) gives one of the best illustrations of a swarm ever taken. Usually the swarms settle at the top of high trees, where one has to climb to get hold of them. But in the present instance illustrated in picture No. 3. In this case the shape of the branch on which the bees have alighted has prevented them from assuming the usual formation which they adopt when settling on trees—namely, that of a pear. Here they found it impossible to assemble in a compact body, with the

NO. 5.—ANOTHER DOUBLE SWARM, ONE OF WHICH IS SIX FEET HIGH.
From a Photo. by L. J. Bergh.

it will be observed that the bees have been vastly more accommodating, and have saved the bee-keeper the trouble of going to fetch them. The compact mass of bees has bent the small shrub supporting them almost double.

Another most remarkable formation is result that they have spread over several branches in the form of a fan.

Often, when in dealing with the hive the keeper takes the queen into his hands, the peculiar odour which she emits attracts the other bees, who come and settle on the objects with which she has been in contact.

This is the case illustrated in picture No. 4, in which the bee-keeper may be seen to have a nice, warm pair of gloves, but not comfortable to shake hands with.

In picture No. 5 the swarm may be seen divided into two parts, like two thick cords which only seem to be suspended from the tree by a thin string, the densest mass being at the bottom, almost on the ground. In this position it will be easy for the bee-keeper, who is seen to be armed with his smoker, to hive them.

Our last photograph, which is by no means the least striking of the series, is sent to us by a well-known clergyman, who conceals his identity under the name of "Ligurian." "The bees had clustered on an apple tree, but from their behaviour it was clear the queen was not with them. After looking for her, she was found some little distance away with a few other bees around her. On raising her from the ground the bees that had been with her clustered on the bee-keeper, and were quickly joined by the swarm, which was now breaking up. The swarm consisted of between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand bees. They were successfully hived, the bee-keeper being stung once through accidentally squeezing one while lifting up the skirts of his coat, as shown in the photograph."

NO. 6.—A SWARM WHICH HAS SELECTED THEIR KEEPER'S COAT AS A DESIRABLE PLACE TO SETTLE.
From a] [Photograph.

Thus it will be seen that the places selected by the swarming bees are many and varied. It is an old custom which dates back to a hoary antiquity, and has even been adopted in our time in the countryside, to make a fearful noise by striking against old pots and pans or by firing off guns in order to induce the swarms to settle, and thereby prevent them from going far afield. But this remedy was highly inefficacious, and the bees were not so easily upset; for it was proved long ago that this noise did not trouble the bees in the least or make them settle where they did not want to go. It has also been alleged, but not proved, that all this noise carried with it a sort of proprietorship in the swarm.

This explanation may have some truth in it. Since the general adoption of movable frames, facilitating access to the hives, it has been found possible to ascertain in detail what goes on inside the hive, with the result that many old superstitions have disappeared. It has been rendered possible to cope with the diseases which formerly decimated the most powerful colonies, to study at close range the production of honey, the transformation of the eggs, etc., and many old secrets have now been explained.

As regards the swarms, the only thing that can force them to settle is a jet of water from a syringe or pump, or a spray of sand or fine dust. Some say that the bees can be brought to alight or can even be hived by means of mirrors collecting the rays of the sun, which are then concentrated on the bees, imparting to them a continuous motion. This may be efficacious, but no matter how much noise is made the bees are not troubled by it, and this theory only remains as one of the vestiges of disused agricultural methods.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

BY W. W. JACOBS

"EVERYBODY is superstitious," said the night watchman, as he gave utterance to a series of chirruping endearments to a black cat with one eye that had just been using a leg of his trousers as a serviette; "if that cat 'ad stole some men's suppers they'd have acted foolish, and suffered for it all the rest of their lives."

He scratched the cat behind the ear, and despite himself his face darkened. "Slung it over the side, they would," he said, longingly, "and chucked bits o' coke at it till it sank. As I said afore, everybody is superstitious, and those that ain't ought to be night watchmen for a time—that 'ud cure 'em. I knew one man that killed a black cat, and arter that for the rest of his life he could never get three sheets in the wind without seeing its ghost. Spoilt his life for 'im, it did."

He scratched the cat's other ear. "I only left it a moment, while I went round to the Bull's Head," he said, slowly filling his pipe, "and I thought I'd put it out o' reach. Some men——"

His fingers twined round the animal's neck; then, with a sigh, he rose and took a turn or two on the jetty.

Superstitiousness is right and proper, to a certain extent, he said, resuming his seat; but, o' course, like everything else, some people carry it too far—they'd believe anything. Weak-minded they are, and if you're in no hurry I can tell you a tale of a pal o' mine, Bill Burtenshaw by name, that'll prove my words.

His mother was superstitious afore 'im, and always knew when 'er friends died by hearing three loud taps on the wall. The on'y mistake she ever made was one night when, arter losing no less than seven friends, she found out it was the man next door hanging pictures at three o'clock in the morning. She found it out by 'im hitting 'is thumb-nail.

For the first few years arter he grew up Bill went to sea, and that on'y made 'im more superstitious than ever. Him and a pal named Silas Winch went several v'y'ges together, and their talk used to be that creepy that some o' the chaps was a'most afraid to be left on deck alone at night. Silas was a long-faced, miserable sort o' chap, always looking on the black side o' things, and shaking his 'ead over it. He thought nothing o' seeing ghosts, and pore old Ben

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Huggins slept on the floor for a week by reason of a ghost with its throat cut that Silas saw in his bunk. He gave Silas arf a dollar and a neck-tie to change bunks with 'im.

When Bill Burtenshaw left the sea and got married he lost sight of Silas altogether, and the on'y thing he 'ad to remind him of 'im was a piece o' paper which they 'ad both signed with their blood, promising that the fust one that died would appear to the other. Bill agreed to it one evenin' when he didn't know wot he was doing, and for years arterwards 'e used to get the cold creeps down 'is back when he thought of Silas dying fust. And the idea of dying fust 'imself gave 'im cold creeps all over.

Bill was a very good husband when he was sober, but 'is money was two pounds a week, and when a man has all that and on'y a wife to keep out of it, it's natural for 'im to drink. Mrs. Burtenshaw tried all sorts o' ways and means of curing 'im, but it was no use. Bill used to think o' ways, too, knowing the 'arm the drink was doing 'im, and his fav'rite plan was for 'is missis to empty a bucket o' cold water over 'im every time he came 'ome the worse for licker. She did it once, but as she 'ad to spend the rest o' the night in the back-yard it wasn't tried agin.

Bill got worse as he got older, and even made away with the furniture to get drink with. And then he used to tell 'is missis that he was drove to the pub because his 'ome was so uncomfortable.

Just at the time things was at their worst Silas Winch, who 'appened to be ashore and 'ad got Bill's address from a pal, called to see 'im. It was a Saturday arternoon when he called, and, o' course, Bill was out, but 'is missis showed him in, and, arter fetching another chair from the kitchen, asked 'im to sit down.

Silas was very perlite at fust, but arter looking round the room and seeing 'ow bare it was, he gave a little cough, and he ses, "I thought Bill was doing well?" he ses.

"So he is," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw.

Silas Winch coughed again,

"I suppose he likes room to stretch 'imself about in?" he ses, looking round.

Mrs. Burtenshaw wiped 'er eyes and then, knowing 'ow Silas had been an old friend o' Bill's, she drew 'er chair a bit closer and told him 'ow it was. "A better 'usband, when he's sober, you couldn't wish to see," she ses, wiping her eyes agin. "He'd give me anything—if he 'ad it."

Silas's face got longer than ever. "As a

"'I SUPPOSE HE LIKES ROOM TO STRETCH 'IMSELF ABOUT IN?' HE SES, LOOKING ROUND."

matter o' fact," he ses, "I'm a bit down on my luck, and I called round with the 'ope that Bill could lend me a bit, just till I can pull round."

Mrs. Burtenshaw shook her 'ead.

"Well, I s'pose I can stay and see 'im?" ses Silas. "Me and 'im used to be great pals at one time, and many's the good turn I've done him. Wot time'll he be 'ome?"

"Any time after twelve," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw; "but you'd better not be here then. You see, 'im being in that condition, he might think you was your own ghost come according to promise and be frightened out of 'is life. He's often talked about it."

Silas Winch scratched his head and looked at 'er thoughtful-like.

"Why shouldn't he mistake me for a ghost?" he ses at last; "the shock might do 'im good. And, if you come to that, why shouldn't I pretend to be my own ghost and warn 'im off the drink?"

Mrs. Burtenshaw got so excited at the idea she couldn't 'ardly speak, but at last, arter saying over and over agin she wouldn't do such a thing for worlds, she and Silas arranged that he should come in at about three o'clock in the morning and give Bill a solemn warning. She gave 'im her key, and Silas said he'd come in with his 'air and cap all wet and pretend he'd been drownded.

"It's very kind of you to take all this trouble for nothing," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw, as Silas got up to go.

"Don't mention it," ses Silas. "It ain't the fust time, and I don't suppose it'll be the last, that I've put myself out to help my feller-creeturs. We all ought to do wot we can for each other."

"Mind, if he finds it out," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw, all of a tremble, "I don't know nothing about it. P'r'aps to make it more life-like I'd better pretend not to see you."

"P'r'aps it would be better," ses Silas, stopping at the street door. "All I ask is that you'll 'ide the poker and anything else that might be laying about handy. And you 'ad better oil the lock so as the key won't make a noise."

Mrs. Burtenshaw shut the door arter 'im, and then she went in and 'ad a quiet sit-down all by 'erself to think it over. The only thing that comforted 'er was that Bill would be in licker, and also that 'e would believe anything in the ghost line.

It was past twelve when a couple o' pals brought him 'ome, and, arter offering to fight all six of 'em, one arter the other, Bill hit the wall for getting in 'is way, and tumbled upstairs to bed. In less than ten minutes 'e was fast asleep, and pore Mrs. Burtenshaw, arter trying her best to keep awake, fell asleep too.

She was woke up suddenly by a noise that froze the marrer in 'er bones—the most 'art-rending groan she 'ad ever heard in 'er life; and, raising her 'ead, she saw Silas Winch standing at the foot of the bed. He 'ad done his face and hands over with wot is called loominous paint, his cap was pushed at the back of his 'ead, and wet wisps of 'air was hanging over his eyes. For a moment Mrs. Burtenshaw's 'art stood still, and then Silas let off another groan that put her on edge all over. It was a groan that seemed to come from nothing a'most until it spread into a roar that made the room tremble and rattled the jug in the wash-stand basin. It shook everything in the room but Bill, and he went on sleeping like an infant. Silas did two more groans, and then 'e leaned over the foot o' the bed and stared at Bill, as though 'e couldn't believe his eyesight.

"Try a squeaky one," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw.

Silas tried five squeaky ones, and then he 'ad a fit o' coughing that would ha' woke the dead, as they say, but it didn't wake Bill.

"Now some more deep ones," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw, in a w'isper.

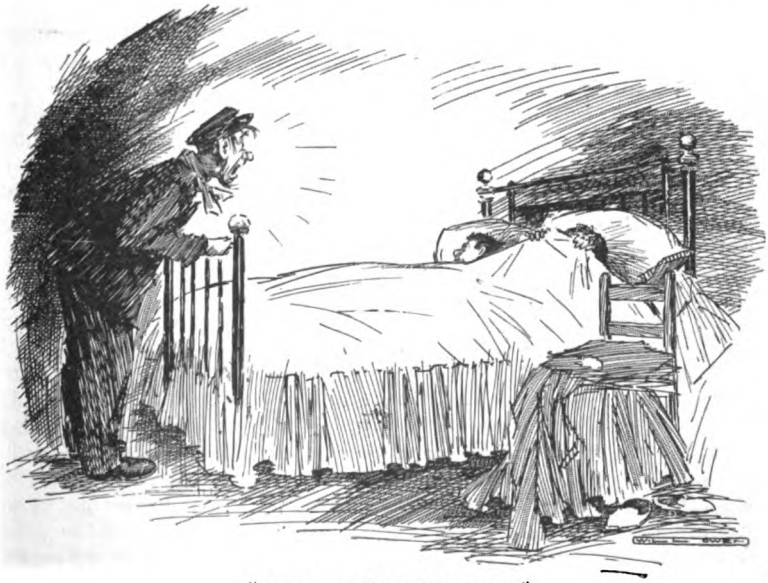
Silas licked his lips—forgetting the paint—and tried the deep ones agin.

"Now mix 'em a bit," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw.

Silas stared at her. "Look 'ere," he ses, very short, "do you think I'm a fog-horn, or wot?"

He stood there sulky for a moment, and then 'e invented a noise that nothing living could miss hearing; even Bill couldn't. He moved in 'is sleep, and arter Silas 'ad done it twice more he turned and spoke to 'is missis about it. "D'ye hear?" he ses; "stop it. Stop it at once."

Mrs. Burtenshaw pretended to be asleep,



"SILAS LET OFF ANOTHER GROAN."

and Bill was just going to turn over agin when Silas let off another groan. It was on'y a little one this time, but Bill sat up as though he 'ad been shot, and he no sooner caught sight of Silas standing there than 'e gave a dreadful 'owl and, rolling over, wropped 'imself up in all the bed-clothes 'e could lay his 'ands on. Then Mrs. Burtenshaw gave a 'owl and tried to get some of 'em back; but Bill, thinking it was the ghost, only held on tighter than ever.

"BILL!" ses Silas Winch, in an awful voice.

Bill gave a kick, and tried to bore a hole through the bed.

"Bill," ses Silas agin, "why don't you answer me? I've come all the way from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean to see you, and this is all I get for it. Haven't you got anything to say to me?"

"Good-bye," ses Bill, in a voice all smothered with the bed-clothes.

Silas Winch groaned agin, and Bill, as the shock 'ad made almost sober, trembled all over.

"The moment I died," ses Silas, "I thought of my promise towards you. 'Bill's expecting me,' I ses, and, instead of staying in comfort at the bottom of the sea, I kicked off the body of the cabin-boy wot was clinging round my leg, and 'ere I am."

"It was very—thoughtful—of you—Silas," ses Bill; "but you always—was—thoughtful. Good-bye."

Afore Silas could answer, Mrs. Burtenshaw, who felt more comfortable, 'aving got a bit o' the clothes back, thought it was time to put 'er spoke in.

"Lor' bless me, Bill," she ses. "Wotever are you a-talking to yourself like this for? 'Ave you been dreaming?"

"Dreaming!" ses pore Bill, catching hold of her 'and and gripping it till she nearly screamed. "I wish I was. Can't you see it?"

"See it?" ses his wife. "See wot?"

"The ghost," ses Bill, in a 'orrible whisper; "the ghost of my dear, kind old pal, Silas Winch. The best and noblest pal a man ever 'ad. The kindest-'arted——"

"Rubbish," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw. "You've been dreaming. And as for the kindest-'arted pal, why I've heard you say——"

"*H'sh!*" ses Bill. "I didn't. I'll swear I didn't. I never thought of such a thing."

"You turn over and go to sleep," ses his wife; "hiding your 'ead under the clothes like a child that's afraid o' the dark! There's nothing there, I tell you. Wot next will you see, I wonder? Last time it was a pink rat."

"This is fifty million times worse than pink rats," ses Bill. "I on'y wish it was a pink rat."

"I tell you there is nothing there," ses his wife. "Look!"

Bill put his 'ead up and looked, and then 'e gave a dreadful scream and dived under the bed-clothes agin.

"Oh, well, 'ave it your own way, then," ses his wife. "If it pleases you to think there is a ghost there, and to go on talking to it, do so, and welcome."

She turned over and pretended to go to sleep agin, and arter a minute or two Silas spoke agin in the same hollow voice.

"Bill!" he ses.

"Yes," ses Bill, with a groan of his own.

"She can't see me," ses Silas, "and she can't 'ear me; but I'm 'ere all right. Look!"

"I 'ave looked," ses Bill, with his 'ead still under the clothes.

"We was always pals, Bill, you and me," ses Silas; "many a v'y'ge 'ave we had together, mate, and now I'm a-laying at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, and you are snug and 'appy in your own warm bed. I 'ad to come to see you, according to promise, and, over and above that, since I was drownded my eyes 'ave been opened. Bill, you're drinking yourself to death!"

"I—I—didn't know it," ses Bill, shaking all over. "I'll knock it—off a bit, and—thank you—for—warning me. Good-bye."

"You'll knock it off altogether," ses Silas Winch, in a awful voice. "You're not to touch another drop of beer, wine, or spirits as long as you live. D'ye hear me?"

"Not—not as medicine?" ses Bill, holding the clothes up a bit so as to be more distinct.

"Not as anything," ses Silas; "not even over Christmas pudding. Raise your right arm above your 'ead and swear by the ghost of pore Silas Winch, as is laying at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, that you won't touch another drop."

Bill Burtenshaw put 'is arm up and swore it. Then 'e took 'is arm in agin and lay there wondering wot was going to 'appen next.

"If you ever break your oath by on'y so much as a teaspoonful," ses Silas, "you'll see me agin, and the second time you see me you'll die as if struck by lightning. No man can see me twice and live."

Bill broke out in a cold perspiration all over. "You'll be careful, won't you, Silas?" he ses. "You'll remember you 'ave seen me once, I mean?"

"And there's another thing afore I go," ses Silas. "I've left a widder, and if she don't get 'elp from someone she'll starve."

"Pore thing," ses Bill. "Pore thing."

"If you 'ad died afore me," ses Silas, "I should 'ave looked arter your good wife—wot I've now put in a sound sleep—as long as I lived."

Bill didn't say anything.

"I should 'ave given 'er fifteen shillings a week," ses Silas.

"'*Ow much?*" ses Bill, nearly putting his 'ead up over the clothes, while 'is wife almost woke up with surprise and anger.

"Fifteen shillings," ses Silas, in 'is most awful voice. "You'll save that over the drink."

"I—I'll go round and see her," ses Bill. "She might be one o' these 'ere independent——"

"I forbid you to go near the place," ses Silas. "Send it by post every week; 15, Shap Street, will find her. Put your arm up and swear it; same as you did afore."

Bill did as 'e was told, and then 'e lay and trembled, as Silas gave three more awful groans.

"Farewell, Bill," he ses. "Farewell. I am going back to my bed at the bottom o' the sea. So long as you keep both your oaths I shall stay there. If you break one of 'em or go to see my pore wife I shall appear agin. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

Bill said "Good-bye," and, arter a long silence, he ventured to put an eye over the edge of the clothes and discovered that the ghost 'ad gone. He lay awake for a couple o' hours, wondering and saying over the address to himself so that he shouldn't forget it, and just afore it was time to get up he fell into a peaceful slumber. His wife didn't get a wink, and she lay there trembling with passion to think 'ow she'd been done, and wondering 'ow she was to alter it.

Bill told 'er all about it in the morning; and then with tears in his eyes 'e went downstairs and emptied a little barrel o' beer down the sink. For the fust two or three days 'e went about with a thirst that he'd ha' given pounds for if 'e'd been allowed to satisfy it, but arter a time it went off, and then, like all teetotallers, 'e began to run down drink and call it p'ison.

The fust thing 'e did when 'e got his money on Friday was to send off a Post Office order to Shap Street, and Mrs. Burtenshaw cried with rage and 'ad to put it down to the headache. She 'ad the headache every Friday for a month, and Bill, wot was feeling stronger and better than he 'ad done for years, felt quite sorry for her.

"'E WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND EMPTIED A BARREL O' BEER DOWN THE SINK."

By the time Bill 'ad sent off six orders she was worn to skin and bone a'most a-worrying over the way Silas Winch was spending her money. She dursn't undeceive Bill for two reasons: fust of all because she didn't want 'im to take to drink agin; and, secondly, for fear of wot he might do to 'er if 'e found out 'ow she'd been deceiving 'im.

She was laying awake thinking it over one night while Bill was sleeping peaceful by her side, when all of a sudden she 'ad an idea. The more she thought of it the better it seemed; but she laid awake for ever so long afore she dared to do more than think. Three or four times she turned and looked at Bill and listened to 'im breathing, and then, trembling all over with fear and excitement, she began 'er little game.

"*He did send it,*" she ses, with a piercing scream. "*He did send it,*"

"W-w-wot's the matter?" ses Bill, beginning to wake up.

Mrs. Burtenshaw didn't take any notice of 'im.

"He did send it," she ses, screaming agin. "Every Friday night reg'lar. Oh, don't let 'im see you agin."

Bill, wot was just going to ask 'er whether she 'ad gone mad, gave a awful 'owl and disappeared right down in the middle o' the bed.

"There's some mistake," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw, in a voice that could ha' been 'eard through arf-a-dozen beds easy. "It must ha' been lost in the post. It must ha' been."

She was silent for a few seconds, then she ses, "All right," she ses, "I'll bring it myself, then by hand every week. No, Bill sha'n't come; I'll promise that for 'im. Do go away; he might put his 'ead up at any moment."

She began to gasp and sob, and Bill began to think wot a good wife he 'ad got, when he felt 'er put a couple of pillers over where she judged his 'ead to be, and hold 'em down with her arm.

"Thank you, Mr. Winch," she ses, very loud, "thank you. Good-bye. Good-bye."

She began to quieten down a bit, although little sobs, like wimmen use when they pretend that they want to leave off crying but can't, kept breaking out of 'er. Then, by and by, she quieted down altogether, and a husky voice from near the foot of the bed ses: "Has it gorn?"

"Oh, Bill," she ses, with another sob, "I've seen the ghost!"

"Has it gorn?" ses Bill, agin.

"Yes, it's gorn," ses his wife, shivering. "Oh, Bill, it stood at the foot of the bed looking at me, with its face and 'ands all shiny white, and damp curls on its forehead. Oh!"

Bill came up very slow and careful, but with 'is eyes still shut.

"His wife didn't get the money this week," ses Mrs. Burtenshaw; "but as he thought there might be a mistake somewhere he appeared to me instead of to you. I've got to take the money by hand."

"Yes, I heard," ses Bill; "and mind, if you should lose it or be robbed of it, let me know at once. D'ye hear? At once!"

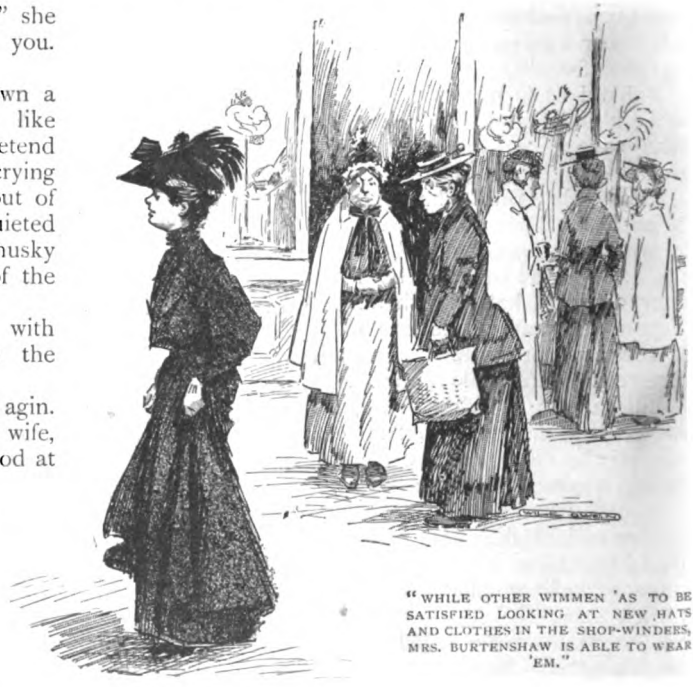
"Yes, Bill," ses 'is wife.

They lay quiet for some time, although Mrs. Burtenshaw still kept trembling and shaking; and then Bill ses: "Next time a man tells you he 'as seen a ghost, p'r'aps you'll believe in 'im."

Mrs. Burtenshaw took out the end of the sheet wot she 'ad stuffed in 'er mouth when 'e began to speak.

"Yes, Bill," she ses.

Bill Burtenshaw gave 'er the fifteen shillings next morning and every Friday night arterwards; and that's 'ow it is that, while other wimmen 'as to be satisfied looking at new hats and clothes in the shop-winders, Mrs. Burtenshaw is able to wear 'em.



"WHILE OTHER WIMMEN 'AS TO BE SATISFIED LOOKING AT NEW HATS AND CLOTHES IN THE SHOP-WINDERS, MRS. BURTENSHAW IS ABLE TO WEAR 'EM."

For particulars of our Great Prize Scheme see pages 100 to 103 in the Advertisement pages in the present issue.

An Electric Villa.

By Frederic Lees.

[The curious incidents related in the following article were experienced by the author during a recent visit to the house of a French inventor at Troyes. Though his narrative reads for all the world like a chapter in a scientific romance, everything related in this plain tale of the events that occurred at the wonderful "Villa Féria Electra" is perfectly true—as, indeed, the photographs sufficiently prove.]

A PROPOSAL to spend a few days with such a host as Georgia Knap is not one of those invitations that you disdainfully decline. He has long since gained a reputation for being a model Amphitryon and a prince of good fellows to boot. On the arrival of his letter by the afternoon post, asking me to visit him in his new house, I had not a moment's hesitation, therefore, in telegraphing consent and in packing my portmanteau. Three o'clock found me sitting in the Troyes express, and as it swept along my thoughts continued to dwell on the decidedly mysterious wording of the invitation from my inventive friend. "When we have finished this house-warming," he wrote, "*I* warrant that you and others will marvel at what you have seen." Evidently some surprise was in store for us, but as to its nature I could not think of the slightest clue.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE ELECTRIC VILLA.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

Night had already fallen when the train reached the ancient town of Troyes, so I lost no time in finding my way to No. 14, Rue Pierre Gauthier. A gas-lamp on the opposite side of the road lit up the marble plaque bearing the name of the house, "Villa Féria Electra," and showed me that I was not mistaken. But how to open the stout iron gate was a puzzle, for there was no sign of a knob anywhere. At last, after a vain search for a means of entrance, I espied an electric bell-push and rang. Instantly, and as though I myself had been the cause, a vivid shaft of light shot from a dark avenue and fell full upon my face through an opening in the ironwork. I moved a little to the left, out of the way of the glare, but the search-light, directed by some invisible hand, moved too, and continued to follow me with annoying persistence whichsoever way I dodged. Almost at the same moment a clear voice rang out from the darkness, on the right, causing me to start back involuntarily.

"Who's there?" it said, in a commanding tone.

But before I had had time to recover from my astonishment and reply, it continued, now distinctly amiable:—

"Oh, so it's you, *mon ami?* I can see you now. Didn't recognise you at first. Your image in the periscope is a little blurred this evening, owing to moisture on the mirrors; but I can make you out all the same. One moment, whilst I open the gate."

The final sentence was punctuated by the sharp metallic click of a bolt; the sound of machinery in motion came from somewhere behind the mysterious entrance, and the gate slowly swung open. Entering the avenue, I was about to push the gate to when the voice once more sounded at my very elbow.

"All right! No need to touch it. Allow me, please. And now come along to the

THE GATES OF THE VILLA—HERE A SEARCH-LIGHT SHINES UPON THE VISITOR, THE VOICE OF THE OWNER WELCOMES HIM FROM THE DISTANT HOUSE, AND THE GATES FLY OPEN.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

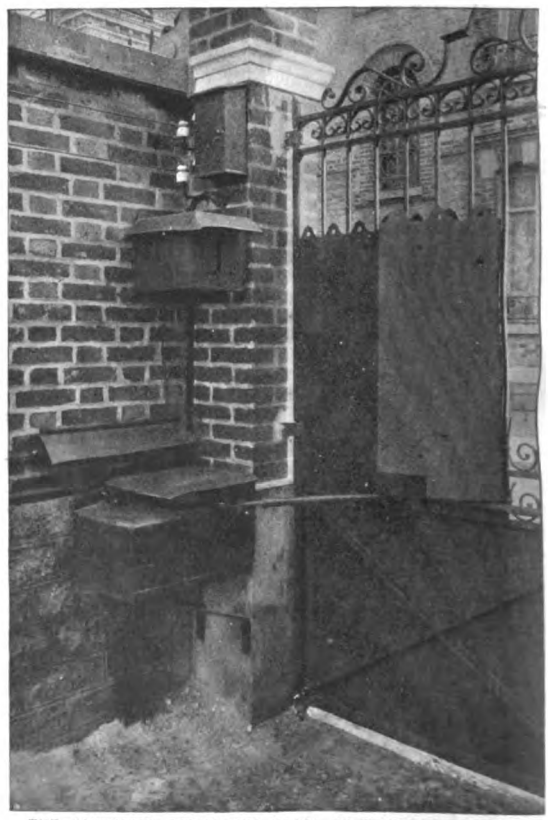
house. Straight down the avenue and turn to the right when you get to the bottom. But I'll light up for you. There! That's better!"

A flood of light was projected down the snow-strewn path for a distance of some two hundred yards, making it as easy to find the way as though I had been in the full light of day. On reaching the front door of the villa, and before I had even thought of looking for bell or knocker, it flew open, almost noiselessly, and the same voice, which I now recognised as that of Gëorgia Knap, gave me welcome to his new home.

"Soyez le bienvenu à la Villa Féria Electra! Step in, please; and when you've hung your hat and coat in the ante-chamber come upstairs to my study. Door on the left when you reach the first landing."

Stepping on to the mat, I immediately experienced a curious sensation on the soles of my feet. It reminded me partly of the feeling of instability that you have when travelling for the first time on the moving staircase of a certain big Parisian shop; partly of the gentle friction of a friendly cat when, with arched back and a purr, it caresses your trousers leg. As the door closed of its own accord, I glanced downwards and discovered the cause of the peculiar feeling. Within a framework of steel bars, numbering from twenty to thirty and about an inch and a half apart the one from the other, the bristles of an endless brush were passing with incredible swiftness, removing every particle of dirt from my boots. This was indeed a house of wonders! Was it worked throughout by machinery, at the touch of an electric button? And with this question on the tip of my tongue I hastened to my host's sanctum, determined to solve the mystery. As I opened the door—a little surprised that it did not save me the trouble—Gëorgia Knap rose from his chair and advanced towards me with extended hand.

"Well, *mon cher*, what do you think of my new house? And that is only a specimen of what I have to show you. But allow me to introduce you to my friends here, to whom I was just explaining my ideas on the homes of the future."



THE APPARATUS INSIDE THE GATES BY WHICH THE ABOVE-MENTIONED WONDERS ARE ACHIEVED.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

After I had been presented to the select little company that had gathered to celebrate this novel house-warming, Gëorgia Knap continued to discourse on the marvels of mechanism with which houses will be provided when electrical science has advanced but a few steps farther. He had been fifteen years, he said, in perfecting the wonderful machines that were around us on all sides. But it was always the start that was difficult in these matters, and progress would now be made by leaps and bounds. There was hardly a thing that was now done by hand but would be done by machinery in fifty, twenty, nay, perhaps in ten years' time. Electricity would, of course, be the motive force.

THE DINING-ROOM TABLE, ON WHICH THE WHOLE DINNER IS SERVED ENTIRELY BY MACHINERY, NO SERVANTS BEING PRESENT.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

It would be as easy to satisfy one's slightest wish in the electric houses of the future as it was now to produce light or heat by turning a switch ; as easy to have one's coffee and roll, for instance, brought by machinery to one's bedside in the morning as it was to touch that button at his elbow and signal to the kitchen that dinner could be served.

There were twelve of us to dinner that evening—the exact number to fill every seat at the table ; and as we took our seats there was not one of us, save Gëorgia Knap himself, who failed to be astonished at what he saw before him. For this table, which I must describe in detail, was evidently no ordinary one. The centre, ornamented with a crystal epergne holding flowers and fruit, and with a garland of imitation Parma violets, was enclosed by an elliptical band of metal, in which was a deep groove, like a miniature tramway-line. At one end of the ellipse—that opposite which our host was sitting—was a circular disc, likewise traversed by the groove. Opposite each guest was a sort of glass and metal cylinder, the utility of which we did not at first discover. Finally, at our host's right hand were a number of electric buttons, which, he began by explaining, were to play an important part during the whole of the dinner.

"These little black and white buttons," he said, "will enable us to dispense with the presence of servants. From the first course to the last, *mes amis*, neither maid nor man will enter the room. Yet I warrant you will have no reason to complain of the manner in which your needs are satisfied. But suppose we have a little more light on the scene, and a little warmth, too, for the temperature, if I am not greatly mistaken, has fallen."

The turn of some hidden switch transformed the table, which was already well illuminated, into a marvellous source of multi-coloured light. The chrysanthemums, roses, and tulips in the epergne, the garland of violets, and the little cylinders of glass and metal suddenly became incandescent. The last-named, we found, were electric heat

radiators. These, our host explained, would quickly increase the warmth of the room, and if, in spite of that, our feet were cold, all we had got to do was to place them on the electric foot-warmers, which were under the table opposite each chair.

Before we had recovered from the surprise caused by this sudden flood of light and heat, a still more astounding thing occurred. The two sections of the disc opposite Georgia Knap rapidly opened, a tureen of soup on a tray appeared through the opening, and, on the sections closing, promptly and noiselessly travelled towards the seat of honour. The ladle being rather awkwardly placed, a guest leaned forward. But he might have saved himself the trouble, for that intelligent soup tureen had evidently read his thoughts, since it swung round and placed the handle of the ladle within easy reach of his hand. When he had taken what soup he wanted the tureen passed on to the next guest, and so on until a complete circuit of the table had been made. Then, after inviting everybody to partake of its delicious julienne for a second time, it disappeared as magically as it had appeared.

M. GEORGIA KNAP, THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC VILLA.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

The next course rose through the table, went on its rounds, and then vanished in a similar way. So with the *rôti*, the *entremets*, the cheese, and the *café noir*. Our dirty plates and napkins, placed in a special receptacle, were carried off with a celerity that no attendant, however willing or well-trained, could have equalled.

At the conclusion of the meal we guests were all so curious to know how it had all been done that it was almost with one voice that we asked our host to explain the mystery.

"Patience, *mes amis!* When we have finished our cigars and cigarettes we will descend to the kitchens, where all things will be made clear to you. Meanwhile, let us leisurely sip our liqueurs and enjoy the refreshing breeze with which the room—a little too hot, to my fancy—will soon be ventilated. I may tell you that that will be done automatically when the temperature reaches seventy degrees, and I see that the thermometer is nearly at that now."

Even as he spoke a gentle breeze, scented by its passage over perfumed water, was wafted into the room. How much better a method of ventilation was this, I thought, than the old plan of opening doors or windows, with their inevitable draughts and bad colds! And it was done, too, automatically by that little electric ventilating apparatus hanging on the wall—another of the inventions of that mechanical genius, Georgia Knap.

In the offices, situated beneath the dining-room, our host pointed out and explained the various electrical apparatus with which he has fitted up his wonderful house.

"Here," he said, indicating a machine that reached from floor to ceiling, "is the lift by means of which our dinner was placed on the electric table. On receiving a signal from the dining-room that a fresh course is wanted, the *chef's* assistant places it on this tray, turns on the current by means of these levers, and sends it off on its journey through the ceiling. Once it has arrived, I can direct its movements to any part of the table by pressing one or other of the black and white buttons. This cooking-range on our left was responsible for the cooking of those fowls which you did me the honour of saying were done to a turn. The heat used is, of course, electrical. No dirt or bad cooking to be feared with such a range as this. Look at this little apparatus for timing the cooking of a joint. You set the needle thus, and when the hour or so is up the current is cut off automatically, and a bell rings to inform the cook that he can take out the meat and prepare it for table. Here, again, we have a number of other useful kitchen machines, all worked by electricity.

This small motor, one-tenth horse-power, can be made to grind the coffee, to mince meat, to make butter in this miniature churn, to prepare the *mayonnaise* sauce, or to polish the knives, and at a cost which is ridiculously small—at the rate of about one halfpenny an hour. For I must tell you that the whole of the electrical apparatus in my house is worked by a continuous current of only twenty-eight to thirty volts. With this very low voltage we work our washing-machines, the electric doors, the table and its lift, the ventilating and fire-alarm apparatus, these small machines here, and other minor apparatus. But let me show you my means of controlling the gate at the entrance—a feat that many of the people of Troyes, who stand sometimes in little crowds in the street yonder to watch the gate open and shut, have not yet been able to understand. At the top right-hand corner of this plaque you see a bell, the ringing of which tells me that there is a visitor. With the receiver to my ear, I ask who is there, and if I don't happen to get a reply I glance out of the window to my left on to the large and slightly convex mirror of the periscope, which, by reason of its relative position to other mirrors, enables me to see right out into the road. Yes; the telephone is a loud-speaking one, and the microphone at the gate is so sensitive that a person replying to me in quite a low tone of voice can be heard by me quite distinctly. Indeed, I can plainly hear people and carts as they go by in the Rue Pierre Gauthier. The gate I can open and shut by turning this pointer either to the right or the left. Finally, this iron mask, with wide-open eyes and mouth, is another means of knowing what is going on at the entrance two hundred yards away. When there is a visitor white discs appear in the eyes; when letters are dropped into the box a white label appears in the mouth."

THE KITCHEN, WITH THE ELECTRIC LIFT TO CARRY THE DISHES TO THE DINING-ROOM, THE RANGE WHICH RINGS A BELL WHEN THE JOINT IS SUFFICIENTLY COOKED, AND MANY OTHER REMARKABLE DEVICES.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

As I bade my host "*bonne nuit*" I fancied that he must surely have told us everything about his inventions. But in so thinking I was greatly mistaken, for on reaching my bedroom I found that it contained all sorts of time-saving and comfort-giving electrical apparatus, including one very ingenious appliance for drawing and opening the curtains by merely turning a couple of switches at the bed-head.

"I invented that little thing," said Georgia Knap at lunch the next day, "whilst lying in bed one winter morning, after pulling the curtains aside in the old way, and finding it was not yet light. It struck me that it would be convenient to have some means of opening and closing them without getting out of the blankets, especially in cold weather, so I set my wits to work to solve the problem. Mechanical problems are my delight; and I verily believe that even in my sleep my brain is often at work on the tasks I have set myself."

By Basil Tozer.

WINTER was over at last. Already wild violets peeped coyly from many hedgerows, and in the woods surrounding Ashton Castle the songs of countless birds blended in mingled melody. All Nature seemed refreshed with the long slumber from which the magical touch of spring had but just begun to awaken her. The very air was fragrant with "the season of youth and joy."

In "The Beautiful Valley," as it is justly named, which marks the western boundary of Lord Armiger's historic estate in one of our northern counties, a well-set-up, powerful-looking young fellow, still on the right side of thirty, walked slowly, and in silence, beside an extremely pretty girl. Only three days had passed since the news had been made public that the Hon. Harold Armstrong, elder son of Lord Armiger, of Ashton Castle, was to marry Kitty Clonmel, whose ancestors' acts of heroism during the famous Irish Rebellion are recorded in every British History.

For some moments the pair lingered beside a gate. No sound broke the perfect stillness. Then at last, from a great way off, the chimes of the village church fell gently upon their ears.

"Come, let us go home," the man exclaimed, rather reluctantly. As he spoke he pulled out his watch. Now he moved to unlatch the gate.

But a hand on his arm held him back.

"Stay a little longer, dear," the girl said, looking up at him. "It is so peaceful here. And look at Joppy—how happy he is!"

She glanced down, as she spoke, at a tame fox that she was tickling with her toe. He was Armstrong's particular pet, and now, lying rolled over on his back, he was enjoying himself immensely. Apparently the tickling soothed him, for, save for an occasional spasmodic twitch, first with one leg and then with the other, he lay there perfectly still. In the ecstasy of his enjoyment his eyes were almost closed.

"If you encourage him like that, Kitty," Harold Armstrong said, "he will give you no peace at all. I believe he would remain so all day if he could find someone willing to 'massage' him in the way that you are doing."

"I think him a perfect dear," the girl replied, laughing. "How long have you had him, Harold? He's the tamest thing I've seen."

"About four years, I think," her com-

panion answered. "I rescued him as a cub. A tenant of the man whose place we motored through yesterday was digging out a litter, when I happened to ride by. I told him he was a 'murderer,' but he only laughed. He had killed all the cubs but one, so I asked him to give me that one. He laughed again, wished me 'joy of the stinking brute,' and let me have it. The sole survivor of that litter is 'our Joppy.'"

"I am glad you saved him," she said, a little sadly. "I think that was kind of you, dear."

For some moments he did not answer.

"Look here, Kitty," he exclaimed, at last, ignoring her remark, "I wouldn't go on rubbing him. I wouldn't, really. You have no idea how his scent hangs about. Your skirt will reek of fox for days, and your shoes——"

"I don't think I mind," she answered, lightly. "He is such a nice, good-tempered beast. I'll run the risk, this once, of being asphyxiated by his fumes!"

Then for an instant she paused.

"I can't think, Harold," she suddenly exclaimed; "I can't think why you are fond of hunting—I mean fox-hunting. That is a point upon which we shall never agree."

Armstrong smiled.

"And I can't imagine," he said, "how you can exist without hunting, seeing how well you ride. If I didn't know you are Irish I really could hardly believe it. Nearly all the Irishwomen I know are sportswomen at heart."

"And am I not fond of sport?" she exclaimed, piqued. "Don't I hunt as well as you?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, teasing her; "I know you 'hunt.' What is it you 'hunt,' again? A herring on the end of a string?"

"You are wrong," she said, laughing once more. "In Sligo we hunt 'the aniseed,' and very good runs we have, too. We seldom have a poor day, and a blank day we *never* have."

"Aniseed! Why, that is worse!"

"And we have none of your hateful 'kills,' either," the girl added, with spirit.

"Have you ever hunted, Kitty? I mean hunted the real thing?" Armstrong inquired, calmly.

"Yes, once. I tried it six years ago. I remember the day quite well, because it was my birthday."

"'I AM GLAD YOU SAVED HIM,' SHE SAID, SADLY. 'I THINK THAT WAS KIND OF YOU.'"

"And what did you find so objectionable? Come, give me your reasons."

"As you ask me to, I will. I will tell you just what happened. We had a splendid gallop, fifty minutes without a check, over a very good line of country. It was in Flatshire. I was staying there with friends. The hounds ran into their fox and killed him in the open—not fifty yards in front of me."

"Yes? Well?"

"Well, I tell you frankly, Harold, as you

ask me to, that I thought that 'kill' the most revolting thing I ever have seen in my life. It entirely spoilt the day—so far as I was concerned. The thought of that horrible 'kill' haunted me for nights. I can't help it. I suppose I am made like that. I love a good gallop, and I am told I can hold my own; but I think—well, I think fox-hunting is just beastly."

"But foxes must be destroyed," he protested. "What would the farmers say?"

"Then why import more?"

"We don't, in this country. We have many more than we want."

Her enthusiasm excited her. It had perceptibly heightened her colour. Her eyes shone with an added lustre. In spite of all that she had said in disparagement of his favourite sport, Harold Armstrong thought he had never before seen her look so irresistibly bewitching. He bent forward and drew her to him, and pressed her lips to his.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, "I love you more than I can tell you. Let us change the subject. Don't think that I love you any the less because our views on fox-hunting don't agree."

Slowly they strolled up the sloping field towards a stile that marked the entrance to a wood. Joppy, loitering behind, no doubt had thoughts of his own. Perhaps he was wondering what all the talk had been about. Or perhaps he was hoping that at the stile he would again be tickled. But presently, growing weary of such slow progression, he popped nimbly over a hedge just by and vanished into the wood.

At the stile they stopped again, then turned to look back in the direction from which they had come.

"I think the view from here is heavenly," the girl exclaimed, at last, breaking the silence that once more had stolen upon them.

Armstrong, staring in the same direction, did not answer.

"Don't you think it lovely, dear?" she said again, in a tone that denoted surprise.

He abruptly came out of the clouds. Then, as he produced a cigarette:—

"I should admire it more," he said, "if I hadn't been familiar with it from my childhood. Yes, I think it beautiful. Very beautiful. But for the moment I was thinking of something different."

"Of what?" she inquired, eagerly. "Do tell me what it was."

"I think I had better not." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "In the circumstances I am sure I had better not."

"'The circumstances'? But what circumstances? Oh, do tell me, Harold. I so much want to know."

"If you ask me like that I suppose I must," he replied, in a tone of reluctance. "Just when you spoke, Kitty, I was recalling to mind a run we had some years ago from that black-looking cover you can see against the sky-line," and he pointed with his arm in the direction he wished to indicate. "It was nearly a ten-mile point. They rolled him over there, in the field we have just come out of. The meet was the same as to-day's—it was at Holmwood House."

"And you long to be with them now?" the girl said, almost wistfully.

"Indeed I don't. You are quite mistaken. Perhaps, if you were not here——"

He looked down at her fondly.

"You are unselfish," she said, taking his hand. Then suddenly she raised her head. Something had drawn her attention.

"Why, Harold," she exclaimed, "just look at Joppy."

He followed her gaze at once. At the farther side of the meadow in which they had been walking, and four hundred yards or more from the place where they now stood, a fox was trotting slowly beside the hedge. It stopped, and turned its head. Then, turning off at an angle, it came slowly across the meadow towards the gate where they had loitered.

Armstrong shaded his eyes.

"That isn't Joppy," he said at last. "He's yellower than Joppy, and bigger."

Again he paused.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," he went on, "that fox is a hunted fox. What's more, he is almost beat. This is a queer coincidence."

At the gate the fox stopped suddenly. He pricked his ears, and looked straight up the field towards the stile. Then he turned at a right angle and soon disappeared through a gap.

"Confound it, we have headed him," Armstrong exclaimed, annoyed. "And yet I wonder he noticed us. We must be three hundred yards from that gate."

"Where do you think he will go?" the girl inquired, anxiously.

"To ground in that spinney, for certain. The earth should have been stopped, but I know it isn't. I wonder where Joppy has got to."

"He went into the wood, by that felled tree," she answered. As she spoke she indicated the tree. It lay upon the ground some two hundred yards down the hedge on their right. "He was trotting behind us before. Hark! What is that noise?"

They stood listening intently. A moment later, from beyond the brow of the slope upon the opposite side of the valley the "music" of hounds in full cry came across on the still air. Almost as it grew audible it began to increase in volume. Now its cadence could be heard with great distinctness. There were voices in many keys. Some had a note that was almost flute-like; others were deep-toned and sonorous. And at frequent intervals, and distinct from the blended chorus, one hound seemed to speak above the rest.

Thus some moments passed. The chorus grew clearer and clearer. Then all at once the entire pack came streaming into view over the slope.

"My word!" Armstrong exclaimed, "what a head they are carrying, Kitty. Look—just look at them; have you ever seen a prettier sight than that?"

She looked up at him quickly. His gaze was far away. In his eyes there shone a light that she never had seen there before. His whole mind, his very soul, seemed riveted on what he saw.

"It is almost the line they ran," he went on, speaking his thoughts aloud, "almost the line they ran on the day I was telling you of. Halloa, they have missed it; no, they have owned it again—here they come—here they come—ye gods! what music they have!"

In full cry the whole pack had swung round on the fox's line. Not one of the field was with them. Now they were sweeping towards the gate. It was there that the two had stood talking. It was in that gateway, too, that the fox had paused when headed. Now something suddenly happened, for the pack, after racing through the opening, spread out like a great fan. Abruptly their music ceased.

"They have flashed over it," Armstrong exclaimed, excitedly. "Whatever you do don't shout, or they'll get up their heads and miss him. They are casting back—that's right enough. They'll hit it again in a second."

The words were hardly spoken when a couple and a half with barely a whimper set off along the hedge the hunted fox had skirted before he vanished. But the rest of the pack were still at fault. Then all at once, with a fresh burst of music, they hit off a different line. In a moment they were streaming up the meadow right on the scent left by Joppy.

Kitty gave a cry of distress.

"Oh! Harold," she cried out, "where is he—oh! *where* can Joppy be? Is there *no* way of saving the poor beast?"

"He is most likely safe at home in his

"UP THE RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—TO THE IRON HUT—OUR ONE CHANCE!"

kennel by this time," Armstrong answered; but the tone rang false, and the girl knew it. "Just where was it you said that he went in, Kitty?"

"By that felled tree just beside the hedge. They are coming to it now. Oh, I do hope they won't kill Joppy!"

For an instant neither spoke. The pack had reached the tree. The leading hounds half checked, as if something had partially puzzled them. But the body of the pack shot right past the tree, and with noses now close to the ground they dashed onward along the fence. They were coming straight up the meadow, once more in full cry.

A note of pain escaped from Kitty as something gripped her arm. It felt like a clamp of steel.

Armstrong gasped.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried out, "they are hunting *us!* Up the ride *for your life—to the iron hut—our one chance!*"

The pack had not seen them as yet. It was still a good way off. At a speed that at any other time would have seemed to them incredible the pair sped up the broad ride towards the hut just visible at the farther end of it. Louder, louder still, grew the baying of the pack in pursuit. It sounded, to their terrified ears, like some infernal din out of Hades. Then suddenly the whole wood reverberated with uproar. It was an uproar as of a thousand fiends let loose upon their tracks. For the pack had reached the stile and was pouring into the cover.

Almost as the panic-stricken pair came near the hut the pandemonium ceased. The pack, now tearing up the ride, had run "from scent to view." Their quarry was past escape. Twice, three times, Armstrong hurled himself with all his force against the hut door.

It was locked and would not yield.

Instinctively he glanced back. Even in that supreme moment some trivial thoughts shot through his brain. How queer those black rims round the foxhounds' eyes looked; how red their wagging tongues were; their fangs—how white by contrast. Somewhere in the depths of the wood a blackbird carolled gaily. Subconsciously he heard it, then wondered why it sang so. Then the eyes of the whole pack struck his simultaneously. His blood froze. The glare of those eyes held him spellbound. He could not look away.

A hand on his arm broke the spell. He spun round.

"Get behind the hut!" he shouted, wildly. "I'll try to beat them off."

She did not move. Erect, unflinching, she faced him with hardly a tremor.

"And leave you to be killed?" she said, in a strange, proud voice. "The Clonmels are not that sort!"

As she spoke, something sprang from the bracken. It was Joppy. He seemed but a shuddering mass as he coiled his wretched body about their feet, whining piteously. Perhaps he guessed the tragedy. Perhaps he inherited from generations of hunted forbears an instinctive horror of hounds. Yet even in that awful moment he knew instinctively that if any power on earth could save him it would be a human friend.

The man bent down as if to pat him. In an instant he had him firmly by throat and muzzle. The body, between his calves, was in a vice.

Kitty uttered a cry.

"Kill him first! Oh, for Heaven's sake kill him!"

"That stone—on to his head—quick!"

The pack was almost on them. With all her strength she lifted the great stone as high as she could, then staggered forward. She shut her eyes as the stone fell.

Grasping the fox's dead body with both hands, Armstrong raised it high in the air.

He tried to shout out. The first attempt was a strangled gulp. His throat was parched. But the second time it came:—

"Who-whoop!" he halloaed. "Whoo-whoo-whoop!"

It was a cracked and horrid voice. To him in that moment of frenzy it sounded like some stranger's throttled cry that he had never heard before. Pushing, rather than throwing, the dead fox to the hounds, he jumped back a yard or two.

He turned to look for Kitty.

She was stretched insensible upon her side on the grass some feet away.

Her face and lips were ashen.

Days went by, and still she was delirious. Hour after hour the whole of that frightful scene recurred to her. Again she heard the savage uproar coming nearer, and nearer, and nearer. Again she saw those fearful eyes—the eyes with the black-stained rims; the red and hungry jaws; the white and glistening fangs.

Her mind became more confused. Armstrong, her lover, was pursuing her. The awful eyes were his—they were all his, and the jaws were his, and the fangs were his.

Amid a maddening din he was chasing her up the ride. He held aloft a great stone to dash down upon her head.

On a mild morning in May a man and a woman sat alone in the shade of a spreading willow. The woman looked frail and weak. Her eyes bore a strange expression. In the distance a dog barked suddenly, and she started as if somebody had frightened her.

"Harold."

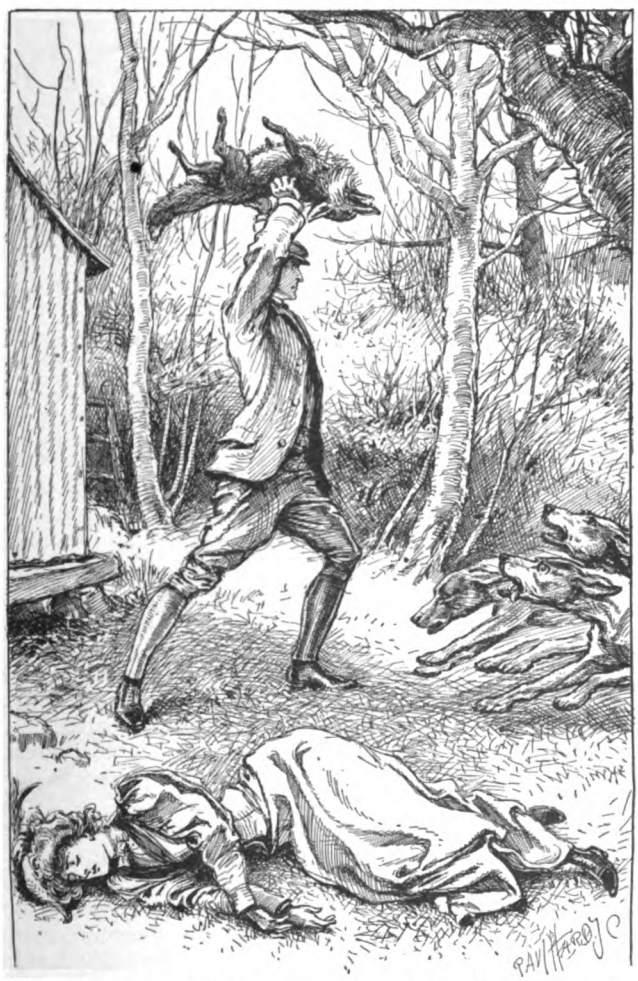
"Yes, dear?"

He bent forward and took her hand.

"I want you never, never again to speak of that awful day—never to allude to it, even."

"I never will. I promise it."

"And, Harold."



"GRASPING THE FOX'S DEAD BODY WITH BOTH HANDS, ARMSTRONG RAISED IT HIGH IN THE AIR."

"Well?"

She parted her lips as if to speak, then checked the impulse.

There was a brief silence.

"Kitty," he said at last, in a low voice, speaking almost in her ear, "there is something I want to say to you, Kitty."

"What is it?"

"I am going to give up fox-hunting."

A look of pure gladness, of intense joy, spread over the girl's face. Her expression softened. A smile that he had seen but seldom since her illness played about her lips. Yet her eyes had filled with tears.

She drew his face down to hers. Her whole frame shook, as if with some new emotion.

She was weeping.

FROM AN OLD BIRTHDAY BOOK

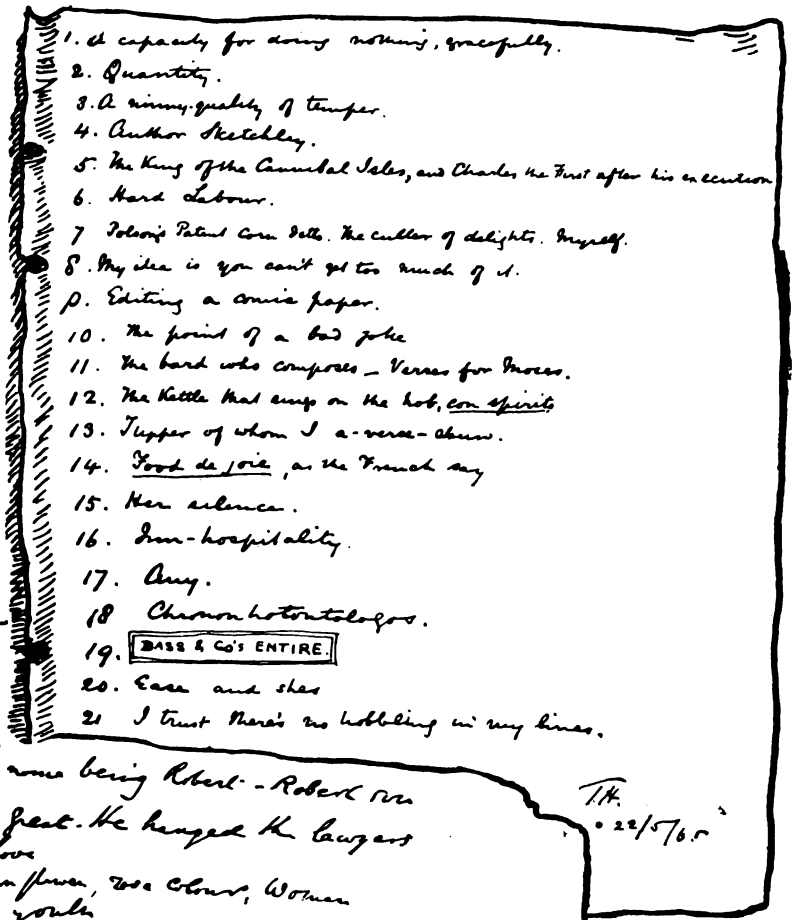
QUESTIONS.

1. What is your favourite virtue ?
2. What quality do you most admire in a woman ?
3. What in a man ?
4. Who is your favourite author ?
5. Who are your favourite characters in history ?
6. What is your favourite amusement ?
7. Which flower, colour, and animal ?
8. What is your idea of happiness ?
9. What of misery ?
10. What is your weak point ?
11. Who is your favourite poet ?
12. What musical composer do you like best ?
13. What is your greatest aversion ?
14. What is your favourite food ?
15. What can you most tolerate in a woman ?
16. What in a man ?
17. Which is your favourite name for a woman ?
18. Which for a man ?
19. Which is your favourite motto ?
20. What do you love most in the world ?
21. How are your poor feet ?

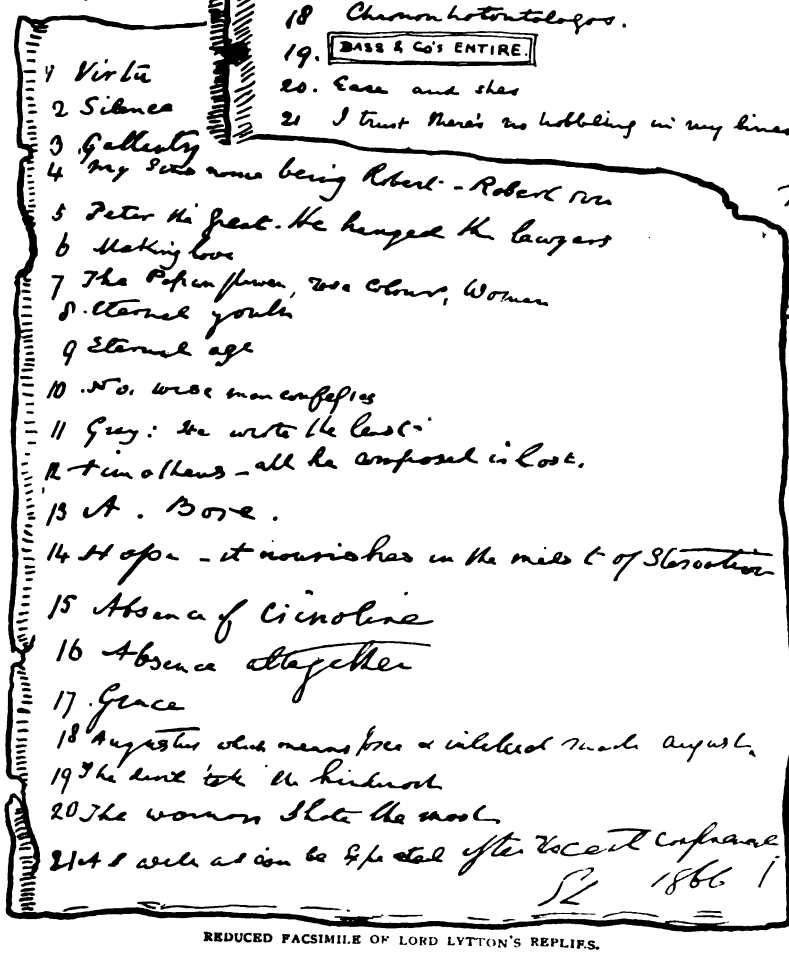
FORTY years ago it was the fashion among young ladies to keep "Birthday Books," in which their friends were prevailed upon to reply to certain questions concerning their private tastes and opinions. Among such young ladies was a certain Miss Farren, who seems to have been unusually successful in inducing eminent persons of her time to set down their contributions in her book. This volume is now in the possession of Mr. W. Farren, of Feltham, a member of the well-known theatrical family, and from its old-world pages we are now privileged to make a few extracts and to reproduce a couple of specimen entries by such well-known personages as the first Lord Lytton and Tom Hood. The book contains many other names almost equally familiar at that time, such as Shirley Brooks, then editor of *Punch*; J. B. Buckstone, the actor; F. C. Burnand, H. J. Byron, Clement Scott, Montagu Williams, and others. It is, of course, the aim of all contributors to such volumes to prove themselves as witty and epigrammatic as possible—a feat not always easy on the spur of the moment—and most of them come very creditably out of the ordeal. It is by no means the simplest thing in the world to provide a sparkling reply to the question, "What is your favourite flower?" or "What is your favourite food?"; while the query, "How are your poor feet?"—a stock question of the period, which seems, for some reason entirely mysterious to us, to have been regarded as a perfect masterpiece of humour—seems almost too personal to encourage brilliant repartee. This question, indeed, seemed to possess a subtle encouragement to puns; as, for example, "Of no *corn*-sequence"; "I refer you to my Bunions' Pilgrim's Progress"; "I object to the question in *to-to*." Punning, in fact, was then a kind of game, or competition, at which everybody played.

Punning apart, there are many interesting sidelights on the individual likings and aversions of the writers. H. J. Byron and Montagu Williams agree in choosing as their favourite food, "Music, the food of

love." The latter's idea of misery is "A glove with the button off," while that of J. R. Planché is "To go hunting on a cow." The favourite occupation of Shirley Brooks is "Gumming newspaper cuttings into a book," and his favourite animal is a wombat. There is some mystery about this choice; but there is none at all in Planché's extremely human


1. A capacity for doing nothing, gracefully.
2. Quantity.
3. A ninny-quality of temper.
4. Author Sketchley.
5. The King of the Cannibal Isles, and Charles the First after his execution
6. Hard Labour.
7 Poison's Patent Corn Jelly. The cutter of delights. Myself.
8. My idea is you can't get too much of it.
9. Editing a comic paper.
10. The point of a bad joke
11. The bard who composes – Verses for Moses.
12. The Kettle that sings on the hob, con spirito
13. Tupper of whom I a-verse-chuw.
14. Food de joie, as the French say
15. Her silence.
16. Inn-hospitality.
17. Any.
18 Chronon hotontologos.
19. BASS & CO'S ENTIRE.
20. Ease and shes
21 I trust there's no hobbling in my lines.
T.H.
22/5/65

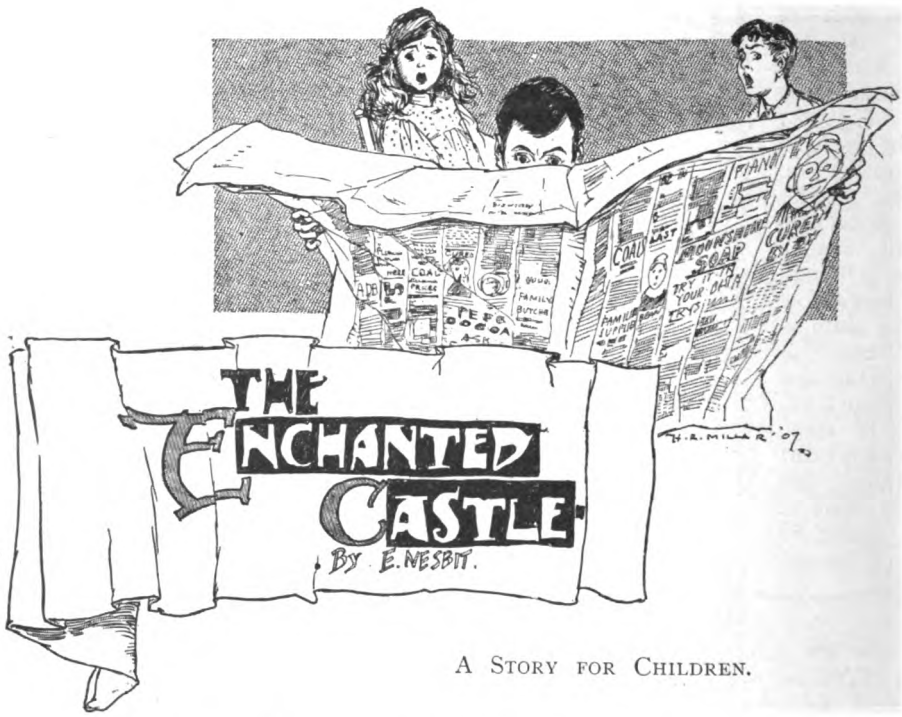
REDUCED FACSIMILE FROM THE PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY TOM HOOD.


1 Virtu
2 Silence
3 Gallantry
4 My Sins name being Robert – Robert rou
5 Peter the Great. He hanged the lawyers
6 Making love
7 The Popinjuwen, rose colour, Woman
8 Eternal youth
9 Eternal age
10 No. wise man confesses
11 Gray: He wrote the least
12 Timotheus – all he composed is lost.
13 A. Bore.
14 Hope – it nourishes in the midst of Starvation
15 Absence of Crinoline
16 Absence altogether
17 Grace
18 Augustus which means free & intellect made August.
19 The devil took the hindmost
20 The woman shote the most
21 As well as can be expected after recent confinement
SL 1866

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LORD LYTTON'S REPLIES.

answer to the same question, "Woman" — a reply with which few men will be found to disagree.

In the two specimen pages here reproduced in facsimile will be found some excellent specimens of wit and humour — Tom Hood's, characteristically, of the punning order, and Lord Lytton's of a more general kind.



CHAPTER VI.

JACKSON was the hero of the hour. It was he who had tracked the burglars, laid his plans, and recovered the lost silver. He had not thrown the stone — public opinion decided that Mabel and her aunt must have been mistaken in supposing that there was a stone at all. But he did not deny the warning letter. It was Gerald who went out after breakfast to buy the newspaper, and who read aloud to the others the two columns of fiction which were the *Liddlington Observer's* report of the facts. As he read every mouth opened wider and wider, and when he ceased with "this gifted fellow-townsman with detective instincts which outrival those of Messrs. Lecoq and Holmes, and whose promotion is now assured," there was quite a blank silence.

"Well," said Jimmy, breaking it, "he doesn't stick it on neither, does he?"

"I feel," said Kathleen, "as if it was our fault—as if it was us had told all these whoppers—because if it hadn't been for you they couldn't have, Jerry. How could he say all that?"

"Well," said Jerry, trying to be fair, "you know, after all, the chap had to say something. I'm glad I——" He stopped abruptly.

"You're glad you what?"

"No matter," said he, with an air of putting away affairs of state. "Now, what are we going to do to-day? The faithful Mabel approaches; she will want her ring. And you and Jimmy want it too. Mademoiselle hasn't had any attention paid to her for more days than our hero likes to confess."

"I wish you wouldn't always call yourself 'our hero,'" said Jimmy. "You aren't mine, anyhow."

"You're both of you *mine*," said Kathleen, hastily.

"Good little girl!" Gerald smiled annoyingly. "Keep baby brother in a good temper till nursie comes back."

"You're not going out without us?" Kathleen asked, in haste.

"I haste away,
'Tis market day,"

sang Gerald;

"And in the market there
Buy roses for my fair.

If you want to come, too, get your boots on, and look slippery about it."

The three met Mabel opportunely at the corner of the square where every Friday

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the stalls and the awnings and the green umbrellas are pitched, and poultry, pork, pottery, vegetables, drapery, sweets, toys, tools, mirrors, and all sorts of other interesting merchandise are spread out on trestle tables, piled on carts whose horses are stabled and whose shafts are held in place by piled wooden cases, or laid out, as in the case of crockery and hardware, on the bare flagstones of the market-place.

The sun was shining with great good will, and, as Mabel remarked, "All Nature looked smiling and gay." There were a few bunches of flowers among the vegetables, and the children hesitated, balanced in choice.

"Mignonette is sweet," said Mabel.

"Roses are roses," said Kathleen.

"Carnations are tuppence," said Jimmy; and Gerald, sniffing among the bunches of tightly-tied tea-roses, agreed that this settled it.

So the carnations were bought — a bunch of yellow ones like sulphur, a bunch of white ones like clotted cream, and a bunch of red ones like the cheeks of the doll that Kathleen never played with. They took the carnations home, and Kathleen's green hair-ribbon came in beautifully for tying them up, which was hastily done on the doorstep.

Then discreetly Gerald knocked at the door of the drawing-room, where mademoiselle seemed to sit all day.

"Entrez," came her voice; and Gerald entered. She was not reading, as usual, but bent over a sketch-book; on the table was an open colour-box of un-English appearance and a glass of that slate-coloured liquid so familiar alike to the greatest artist in water-colours and to the humblest child with a sixpenny paint-box.

"With all of our loves," said Gerald, laying the flowers down suddenly before her.

"But it is that you are a dear child. For this it must that I embrace you—no?" And, before Gerald could explain that he was too old, she kissed him with little, quick French pecks on the two cheeks.

"Are you painting?" he asked, hurriedly, to hide his annoyance at being treated like a baby.

"I achieve a sketch of yesterday," she answered; and before he had time to wonder what yesterday would look like in a picture she showed him a beautiful and exact sketch of Yalding Towers.

"SHE KISSED HIM WITH LITTLE, QUICK FRENCH PECKS."

"Oh, I say; ripping," was the critic's comment. "I say, mayn't the others come and see?" The others came, including Mabel, who stood awkwardly behind the rest, and looked over Jimmy's shoulder.

"I say, you *are* clever," said Gerald, respectfully.

"To what good to have the talent, when one must pass one's life at teaching the infants?" said mademoiselle.

"It must be fairly beastly," Gerald owned.

"You too see the design?" mademoiselle asked Mabel, adding, "A friend from the town, yes?"

"How do you do?" said Mabel, politely. "No; I'm not from the town. I live at Yalding Towers."

The name seemed to impress mademoiselle very much. Gerald anxiously hoped in his own mind that she was not a snob.

"Yalding Towers," she repeated; "but

this is very extraordinary. Is it possible that you are then of the family of Lord Yalding?"

"He hasn't any family," said Mabel; "he's not married."

"I would say, are you—how you say?—cousin—sister—niece?"

"No," said Mabel, flushing hotly; "I'm nothing grand at all. I'm Lord Yalding's housekeeper's niece."

"But you know Lord Yalding, is it not?"

"No," said Mabel; "I've never seen him."

"He comes then never to his château?"

"Not since I've lived there. But he's coming next week."

"Why lives he not there?" mademoiselle asked.

"Auntie says he's too poor," said Mabel, and proceeded to tell the tale as she had heard it in the housekeeper's room. How Lord Yalding's uncle had left all the money he could leave away from Lord Yalding to Lord Yalding's second cousin, and poor Lord Yalding had only just enough to keep the old place in repair, and to live very quietly indeed, but not enough to keep the house open or to live there, and how he couldn't sell the house because it was "in tale"

"What is it, then—in tale?" asked mademoiselle.

"In a tale that the lawyers write out," said Mabel, proud of her knowledge and flattered by the deep interest of the French governess. "And when once they've put your house in one of their tales you can't sell it or give it away, but you have to leave it to your son, even if you don't want to."

"But how his uncle could he be so cruel—to leave him the château and no money?" mademoiselle asked; and Kathleen and Jimmy stood amazed at the sudden keenness of her interest in what seemed to them the dullest story.

"Oh, I can tell you that, too," said Mabel. "Lord Yalding wanted to marry a lady his uncle didn't want him to, a barmaid or a ballet lady or something, and he wouldn't give her up, and his uncle said, 'Well, then!' and left everything to the cousin."

"And you say he is not married?"

"No; the lady went into a convent; I expect she's bricked-up alive by now."

"Bricked——?"

"In a wall, you know," said Mabel, pointing explainingly at the pink and gilt roses of the wall-paper; "shut up to kill her. That's what they do to you in convents."

"Not at all," said mademoiselle; "in convents are very kind, good women; there is but one thing in convents that is detestable—the locks on the doors. Sometimes people cannot get out, especially when they are very young and their relations have placed them there for their welfare and happiness. But brick—how you say it?—enwalling ladies to kill them. No; it does itself never. And this Lord—he did not then seek his lady?"

"Oh, yes; he sought her right enough," Mabel assured her; "but there are millions of convents, you know, and he had no idea where to look, and they sent back his letters from the Post Office and——"

"Ciel!" cried mademoiselle; "but it seems that one knows all in the housekeeper's saloon."

"Pretty well all," said Mabel, simply.

"And you think he will find her? No?"

"Oh, he'll find her all right," said Mabel, "when he's old and broken down, you know—and dying; and then a gentle sister of charity will soothe his pillow, and just when he's dying she'll reveal herself and say, 'My own lost love,' and his face will light up with a wonderful joy and he'll expire with her beloved name on his parched lips."

Mademoiselle's was the silence of sheer astonishment. "You do the prophecy, it appears?" she said at last.

"Oh, no," said Mabel; "I got that out of a book. I can tell you lots more fatal love stories any time you like."

The French governess gave a little jump, as though she had suddenly remembered something.

"It is nearly dinner-time," she said. "Your friend—Mabelle, yes—will be your convivial; and in her honour we will make a little feast. My beautiful flowers—put them to the water, Kathleen. I run to buy the cakes. Wash the hands, all, and be ready when I return."

Smiling and nodding to the children, she left them and ran up the stairs.

"Look here," said Gerald; "I call this jolly decent of her. You know governesses never have more than the meanest pittance, just enough to sustain life, and here she is spending her little all on us. Supposing we just don't go out to-day, but play with her instead. I expect she's most awfully bored, really."

"We've got to do that dressing-up with the Princess clothes, anyhow—we said we would," said Kathleen. "Let's treat her to that."

"I suppose all the things are safe?" Mabel asked.

"Quite. I told you where I put them.

Cut along and wash your hands; you're as black as ink."

"So are you," said Mabel, "and I'm not. It's dye with me. Auntie was dyeing a blouse this morning. It told you how in 'Home Drivel'; and she's as black as ink too, and the blouse is all streaky. Pity the ring won't make just parts of you invisible—the dirt, for instance."

"Perhaps," Gerald said, unexpectedly, "it won't make even all of you invisible again."

"Why not? You haven't been doing anything to it, have you?" Mabel sharply asked.

"No; but—didn't you notice you were invisible twenty-one hours; I was fourteen hours invisible, and Eliza only seven—that's seven less each time. And now we've come to——"

"How frightfully good you are at sums!" said Mabel, awestruck.

"You see, it's got seven hours less each time, and seven from seven is nought; it's got to be something different this time. And then afterwards—— It can't be minus seven, because I don't see how—unless it made you more visible—thicker, you know."

"*Don't*," said Mabel; "you make my head go round."

"And there's another odd thing," Gerald went on. "When you're invisible your relations don't love you. Look at your aunt; and Cathy never turning a hair at me going burgling. We haven't got to the bottom of that ring yet. Crikey—here's mademoiselle with the cakes. Run, bold bandits; wash for your lives!"

They ran.

It was not cakes only; it was plums and grapes and jam-tarts and soda-water and raspberry vinegar, and chocolates in pretty boxes, and pure, thick, rich cream in brown jugs. Also a big bunch of flowers. Mademoiselle was strangely merry—for a governess. She served out the cakes and tarts with a liberal hand, made wreaths of the flowers for all their heads—she was not eating much herself—drank the health of Mabel, as the guest of the day, in the beautiful pink drink that comes from mixing raspberry vinegar and soda-water, and actually persuaded Jimmy to wear his wreath, on the ground that the Greek gods, as well as the goddesses, always wore wreaths at a feast.

In the afternoon mademoiselle sat in the drawing-room as usual, and it was a good thing that she was not engaged in serious study, for it seemed that the door opened and shut almost ceaselessly. Might they have the embroidered antimacassars and the sofa cushions? Might they have the clothes-line out of the wash-house? Eliza said they mightn't, but might they? Might they have the sheepskin hearthrugs? Might they have tea in the garden, because they had almost got the stage ready in the dining-room, and Eliza wanted to set tea? Could mademoiselle lend them any coloured clothes, scarves or dressing-gowns, or anything bright? Yes, mademoiselle could, and did—silk things, surprisingly lovely for a governess to have. Had mademoiselle any rouge? They had always heard that French ladies—— No, mademoiselle hadn't, and to judge by the

"DOWN CAME THE LOVELIEST BLUE-BLACK HAIR."

colour of her face mademoiselle didn't need it. Did mademoiselle think the chemist sold rouge, or had she any false hair to spare? At this challenge mademoiselle's pale fingers pulled out a dozen hairpins, and down came the loveliest blue-black hair, hanging to her knees in straight, heavy lines.

"No, you terrible infants," she cried; "I have not the false hair, nor the rouge. And my teeth—you want them also, without doubt?"

She showed them in a laugh.

"I *said* you were a Princess," said Mabel, "and now I know. You're Rapunzel. Do always wear your hair like that. May we have the peacock fans, please, off the mantelpiece, and the things that loop back the curtains, and all the handkerchiefs you've got?"

Mademoiselle denied them nothing. They had the fans and the handkerchiefs, and some large sheets of expensive drawing-paper out of the school cupboard, and

"SHE SAW THAT FULLY HALF-A-DOZEN OF THESE CHAIRS WERE OCCUPIED, AND BY THE QUEEREST PEOPLE."

mademoiselle's best sable paint-brush and her paint-box.

"Who would have thought," murmured Gerald, pensively sucking the brush and gazing at the paper mask he had just painted, "that she was such a brick in disguise? I wonder why crimson lake always tastes just like Liebig's Extract?"

The tea in the garden—there was a bricked bit by a rockery that made a steady floor for the tea-table—was most delightful, though the thoughts of four out of the five were busy with the coming play, and the fifth had thoughts of her own that had nothing to do with tea or acting.

Then there was an interval of slamming doors, interesting silences, feet that flew up and down stairs.

It was still good daylight when the dinner-bell rang—the signal had been agreed upon at tea-time, and carefully explained to Eliza. Mademoiselle laid down her book and passed out of the sunset-yellowed hall into the faint yellow gas-light of the dining-room. The giggling Eliza held the door open before her, and followed her in. The shutters had been closed; streaks of daylight showed above and below them. The green and black table-cloths of the school dining-tables were supported on the clothes-line from the back-yard. The line sagged in a graceful curve, but it answered its purpose of supporting the

curtains which concealed that part of the room which was the stage.

Rows of chairs had been placed across the other end of the room—all the chairs in the house, as it seemed, and mademoiselle started violently when she saw that fully half-a-dozen of these chairs were occupied, and by the queerest people, too—an old woman with a poke bonnet tied under her chin with a red handkerchief, and the oddest hands that stuck out over the chair in front of her; a lady in a large straw hat wreathed in flowers; several men with strange, clumsy figures, and all with hats on.

"But," whispered mademoiselle, through the chinks of the table-cloths, "you have then invited other friends? You should have asked me, my children."

Laughter and something like a hurrah answered her from behind the folds of the curtaining table-cloths.

"All right, Mademoiselle Rapunzel," cried Mabel; "turn the gas up—it's only part of the entertainment."

Eliza, still giggling, pushed through the lines of chairs, knocking off the hat of one of the visitors as she did so, and turned up the three incandescent burners.

Mademoiselle looked at the figure seated nearest to her, stooped to look more closely, half laughed, quite screamed, and sat down suddenly.

"Oh!" she cried. "They are not alive!"

Eliza, with a much louder scream, had found out the same thing and announced it differently. "They ain't got no insides," said she. The seven members of the audience seated among the wilderness of chairs had, indeed, no insides to speak of. Their bodies were bolsters and rolled-up blankets, their spines were broom-handles, and their arm and leg bones were hockey-sticks and umbrellas. Their shoulders were the wooden cross-pieces that mademoiselle used for keeping her jackets in shape; their hands were gloves stuffed out with handkerchiefs; and their faces were the paper masks painted in the afternoon by the untutored brush of Gerald, tied on to the round heads made of the ends of stuffed bolster-cases. The faces were really rather dreadful. Gerald had done his best, but even after his best had been done you would hardly have known they were faces, some of them, if they hadn't been in the positions which faces usually occupy, between the collar and the hat. Their eyebrows were furious with lamp-black frowns, their eyes the size and almost the shape of five-shilling pieces, and on their lips and cheeks had been spent much crimson lake and nearly the whole of a half-pan of vermilion.

"You have made yourself an auditors, yes? Bravo!" cried mademoiselle, recovering herself and beginning to clap. And to the sound of that clapping the curtain went up—or, rather, apart. A voice said, in a breathless, choked way, "Beauty and the Beast," and the stage was revealed.

It was a real stage, too: the dining-tables pushed close together and covered with pink and white counterpanes. It was a little unsteady and creaky to walk on, but very imposing to look at. The scene was simple, but convincing. A big sheet of cardboard, bent square, with slits cut in it and a candle behind, represented, quite transparently, the domestic hearth; a round hat-tin of Eliza's, supported on a stool, with a night-light under it, could not have been mistaken, save by wilful malice, for anything but a copper. A waste-paper basket with two or three school dusters and an overcoat in it, and a pair of blue pyjamas over the back of a chair, put the finishing touch to the scene. It did not need the announcement from the wings: "The Laundry at Beauty's Home." It was so plainly a laundry, and nothing else.

In the wings, "They look just like a real audience, don't they?" whispered Mabel. "Go on, Jimmy. Don't forget the merchant has to be pompous and use long words."

Jimmy, enlarged by pillows under Gerald's best overcoat—which had been chosen with a view to his probable growth during the two years which it was intended to last him—a Turkish-towel turban on his head, and an open umbrella over it, opened the first act in a simple and swift soliloquy:—

"I am the most unlucky merchant that ever was. I was once the richest merchant in Bagdad; but I lost all my ships, and now I live in a poor house that is all to bits—you can see how the rain comes through the roof, and my daughters take in washing. And——"

The pause might have seemed long, but Gerald rustled in, elegant in mademoiselle's pink dressing-gown and the character of the eldest daughter.

"A nice drying day," he minced. "Pa, dear, put the umbrella the other way up. It'll save us going out in the rain to fetch water. Come on, sisters; dear father's got us a new wash-tub. Here's luxury!"

Round the umbrella, now held wrong way up, the three sisters knelt and washed imaginary linen. Kathleen wore a violet skirt of Eliza's, a blue blouse of her own, and

a cap of knotted handkerchiefs. A white nightdress, girt with a white apon, and two red carnations in Mabel's black hair left no doubt as to which of the three was Beauty.

The scene went very well. You know pretty well what "Beauty and the Beast" would be like acted by four children who had spent the afternoon in arranging their costumes, and so had left no time for rehearsing. Yet it delighted them, and it charmed their audience. And what more can any play do, even Shakespeare's? Mabel, in her Princess clothes, was a resplendent Beauty; and Gerald a Beast who wore the drawing-room hearthrugs with an air of indescribable distinction. If Jimmy was not a talkative merchant he made it up with a stoutness practically unlimited, and Kathleen surprised and delighted even herself by the quickness with which she changed from one to other of the minor characters—fairies, servants, and messengers. It was at the end of the second act that Mabel, whose costume, having reached the height of elegance, could not be bettered, and therefore did not need to be changed, said to Gerald, sweltering under the weighty magnificence of his Beast-skin:—

"I say, you might let me have the ring back."

"I'm going to," said Gerald, who had quite forgotten it. "I'll give it you in the next scene. Only don't lose it, or go putting it on. You might go out altogether and never be seen again, or you might get seven times as visible as anyone else, so that all the rest of us would look like shadows beside you—you'd be so thick—or——"

"Ready," said Kathleen, bustling in, once more a wicked sister.

Gerald managed to get his hand into his pocket under his hearthrug, and when he rolled his eyes in agonies of sentiment, and said: "Farewell, dear Beauty. Return quickly, for if you remain long absent from your faithful Beast he will assuredly perish," he pressed a ring into her hand and added: "This is a magic ring that will give you anything you wish. When you desire to return to your own disinterested Beast, put on the ring and utter your wish. Instantly you will be by my side."

Beauty-Mabel took the ring, and it was *the* ring.

The curtains closed to warm applause from two pairs of hands.

The next scene went splendidly. The sisters were almost *too* natural in their disagreeableness, and Beauty's annoyance when they splashed her Princess dress with real soap and water was considered a miracle of good acting. Even the merchant rose to something more than mere pillows, and the curtain fell on his pathetic assurance that in the absence of his dear Beauty he was wasting away to a shadow. And again two pairs of hands applauded.

"Here, Mabel, catch hold," Gerald appealed from under the weight of a towel-horse, the tea-urn, the tea-tray, and the green baize apron of the boot boy, which, together with four red geraniums from the landing, the pampas grass from the drawing-room fireplace, and the india-rubber plants from the drawing-room window, were to represent the fountains and garden of the last act. The applause had died away.

"I wish," said Mabel, taking on herself the weight of the tea-urn—"I wish those creatures we made were alive. We should get something like applause then."

"I'm jolly glad they aren't," said Gerald, arranging the baize and the towel-horse. "Brutes! It makes me feel quite silly when I catch their paper eyes."

The curtains were drawn back. There lay the hearthrug-coated Beast, in flat abandonment among the tropic beauties of the garden, the pampas grass shrubbery, the india-rubber plant bushes, the geranium trees, and the urn fountain. Beauty was ready to make her great entry in all the thrilling splendour of despair. And then suddenly it all happened.

Mademoiselle began it; she applauded the garden scene, with hurried little clappings of her quick French hands. Eliza's fat red palms followed heavily, and then—someone else was clapping, six or seven people, and their clapping made a dull, padded sound. Nine faces, instead of two, were turned towards the stage, and seven out of the nine were painted, pointed paper faces. And every hand and every face was alive. The applause grew louder as Mabel glided forward, and as she paused and looked at the audience her unstudied pose of horror and amazement drew forth applause louder still. But it was not loud enough to drown the shrieks of mademoiselle and Eliza as they rushed from the room, knocking chairs over and crushing each other in the doorway. Two distant doors banged—mademoiselle's door and Eliza's door.

"Curtain! Curtain! Quick!" cried Beauty-Mabel, in a voice that wasn't Mabel's or the Beauty's. "Jerry, those things *have* come alive. Oh, whatever *shall* we do?"

Gerald in his hearthrugs leaped to his feet. Again that flat, padded applause marked the

swish of cloths on clothes-line as Jimmy and Kathleen drew the curtains.

"What's up?" they asked, as they drew.

"You've done it this time," said Gerald to the pink, perspiring Mabel. "Oh, bother these strings!"

"Can't you burst them? *I've* done it?" retorted Mabel. "I like that!"

"More than I do," said Gerald.

"Oh, it's all right," said Mabel. "Come on. We must go and *pull* the things to pieces—then they *can't* go on being alive."

"It's your fault, anyhow," said Gerald, with every possible absence of gallantry. "Don't you see? It's turned into a wishing-ring. I *knew* something different was going to happen. Get my knife out of my pocket — this string's in a knot. Jimmy, Cathy, those ugly-wuglies have come alive, because Mabel wished it. Cut out and pull them to pieces."

Jimmy and Cathy peeped through the curtain and recoiled with white faces and staring eyes. "Not me," was the brief rejoinder of Jimmy. Cathy said, "Not much." And she meant it. Anyone could see that.

And now, as Gerald, almost free of the hearthrugs, broke his thumb-nail on the stiffest blade of his knife, a thick rustling and a sharp, heavy stumping sounded beyond the curtain.

"They're going out," screamed Kathleen—"*walking* out on their umbrella and broomstick legs. You can't stop them, Jerry; they're too awful."

"Everybody in the town'll be insane by to-morrow night if we *don't* stop them," cried Gerald. "Here, give me the ring; I'll unwish them."

He caught the ring from the unresisting Mabel, cried: "I wish the uglies *weren't* alive," and tore through the door. He saw, in fancy, Mabel's wish undone, and the empty hall strewn with limp bolsters, hats, umbrellas, coats, and gloves—prone, abject properties from which the brief life had gone

"A LIMP HAND WAS LAID ON HIS ARM."

out for ever. But the hall was crowded with live things, strange things—all horribly short, as broomsticks and umbrellas are short. A limp hand was laid on his arm. A pointed white face with red cheeks looked up at him, and wide red lips said something. He could not tell what. The voice reminded him of the old beggar down by the bridge who had lost part of his tongue. These creatures had no tongues, of course—they had no——

"Ac oo ré o me, me oo a oo ho el?" said the voice again. And it had said it four times before Gerald could collect himself sufficiently to understand that this horror—alive, and most likely quite uncontrollable—was saying, with a dreadful calm polite persistence:—

"Can you recommend me to a good hotel?"

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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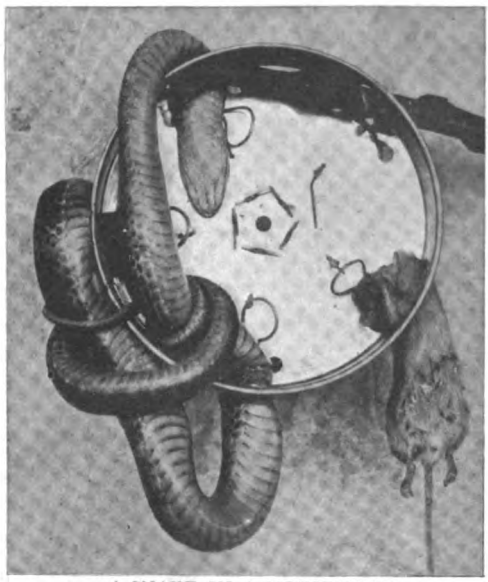


A SNAKE IN A MOUSE-TRAP.

THIIS picture depicts a tragedy with a mouse-trap, a snake, and a mouse. The trap in question was set by Mrs. E. Pritchard in a bedroom at Numba House, Shoalhaven, New South Wales, on the estate of Mr. E. Pritchard. On pulling the trap out from under a chest of drawers in the morning Mrs. Pritchard was horrified to find a tiger-snake four feet six inches long and a mouse secured by the springs of the trap. The snake had evidently gone in through one of the holes of the trap to get at the mouse's head (they always swallow their prey head first) and was caught by the neck. It then, it is a sumed, dragged itself through the spring, as it could not draw back owing to its scales. In trying to free itself it got its head in another hole and was caught as shown in the picture. The snake was alive when Mrs. Pritchard discovered it. Neither the snake nor the mouse had in any way been disturbed previous to being photographed. The tiger-snake is perhaps the most venomous and deadly of Australian snakes. Had it not been caught as shown, Mrs. Pritchard would undoubtedly have been bitten. The gentleman who photographed the snake placed a small piece of bark close to its head, when it immediately bit at it in a very savage manner, which proved how Mrs. Pritchard would have fared if its head had been free. The stick pushed through the trap, as shown in the photograph, was used in order to hold the trap while it was being photographed by Mr. C. S. Moss, Nowra, N.S.W. — Mr. A. C. Aarons, The Hayes, Kenley, Surrey.

A LOBSTER FIGURE.

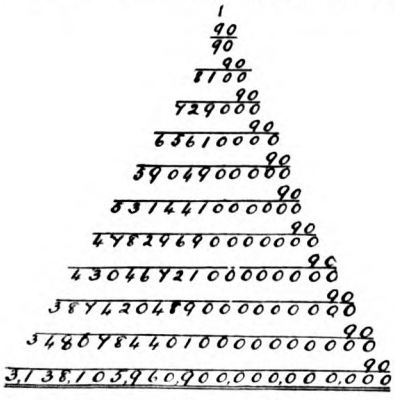
HERE is a photograph of a curio in my possession. It represents a figure made from a real lobster from which the inside has been taken out and all claws taken off but four, these making the legs and arms, part of a large claw forming the head. — Mr. George J. Hodges, 64, Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W.

A LETTER A MILE LONG!

THIS letter was written in 1906, while I was serving in the United States Navy. It took me some two weeks to complete the task, as there is a continuous letter from the very beginning to the end of the tape — a distance of over a mile. The tape is the regulation tape used for receiving wireless messages on battleships. The letter was written to a shipmate of mine, and has since been received by him and answered. It is without doubt the longest letter in the world. — Mr. Albert Moodie, 1,908, Wichita Street, Austin, Texas.

SEVENTEEN BILLION TONS OF FLIES.

EMINENT naturalists tell us that but for compensating causes, such as birds, frosts, rains, etc., a single aphis, if left undisturbed to propagate the species, would, in the course of a long summer, overrun the entire world with its progeny. "The multiplication is so rapid that one fly is the estimated parent of no fewer than five thousand nine hundred and four millions in a few weeks, and if the figures were carried on for three hundred days the total would reach twenty-two thousand seven hundred billion times the entire population of the globe." This being so, I was struck with the idea to figure it out, and, taking the conclusion of most writers on the subject, namely, that one fly brings forth ninety flies, I started to multiply, to find the number for twelve generations, and with the following remarkable result.



One fly brings forth ninety. But perhaps some reader says, "Ah, but in that number there would be a great proportion of male flies, and so your sum goes for nothing." Nay, my friend, there are no males; all of them are reproducing females. The young are born alive, and the male flies do not appear until late in the season, when eggs are laid on the trees to ensure another crop after winter is past. And now how heavy would that ast unding number of flies weigh? Supposing it takes twelve flies to weigh one grain. Here is the statement.

Nearly 17 billion tons.

And what sort of a mountain would all these tons make? I found that if one ton of flies equals a cubic yard, it would require a mountain two miles broad and two miles high, with perpendicular sides, and it would reach from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and even then there would be more flies to dispose of. There are other curious characteristics of these flies besides their multiplying power. Some are born with wings and some are wingless, and the only reason assigned for this is that, although naturally wingless, whenever the quantity of food seems to them to be failing in the plant on which they are feeding, the very next generation are brought forth with the rudiments of wings, which soon develop, and the family take flight to a more congenial place. The last brood of the season are in the form of eggs, fastened with some sticky substance to the bark of trees. These eggs are black, or nearly so, and thus they are not easily seen. When the eggs are hatched out by the returning warmth of spring, the young flies immediately commence to produce others, not by eggs, but alive, and so on *ad infinitum*.—Mr. J. S. Wood, Ayton Cottage, Hawick, N.B.

A HUMAN-FACED CAMEL.

HAVE all camels faces like this one? The photograph was taken in McKinley Park.—Mr. R. T. Lyle, Sacramento, Cal.

A HUMOROUS EPITAPH.

CURIOUS and quaint epitaphs are numerous, but I think the one I send you strikes a new note. It was taken in the churchyard of Stoke Church, Devonport. Can anyone suggest why the name is reversed so that it requires to be seen in a looking-glass to assume a readable form?—Mr. W. H. Moon, 7, Apsley Terrace, Ilfracombe.

A STILT-WALKER'S MARVELLOUS FEAT.

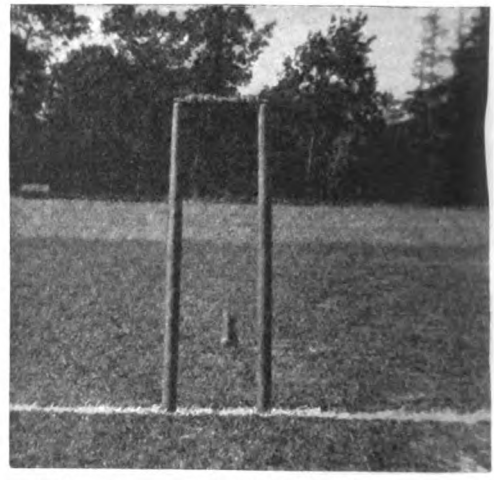
I SEND you a photograph of a strolling acrobat who visited these parts some time ago. As you perceive, the man was hopping about on one stilt while he had the other cocked over his shoulder. —Mr. Frank Murray, County School, Bedford.

NATURE'S GRAND STAND.

I ENCLOSE a photograph of the family of the Rev. P. W. T. Beechey, and hope that the picture of our novel playhouse will be of interest to your readers. A splendid view of the hounds may be obtained from the "gallery."—Mr. Eric R. Beechey, Friesthorpe Rectory, Lincoln.

WAS HE OUT?

THE accompanying photograph is of a curious incident that occurred during a cricket match. Muncaster House School, Eastbourne, were playing against St. Anne's Cricket Club. St. Anne's were batting, and had one wicket to fall. The bowler sent down a rather fast ball, that removed the middle stump without dislodging the bails — as shown in the picture. One umpire considered



that the player was "out," while the other would give no decision. Was he out? Your readers must decide for themselves.—Mr. F. C. Hulland, Muncaster House, Royal Parade, Eastbourne.

A CIVILIZED HUMMING-BIRD.

THE humming-bird of Jamaica, usually a very shy bird, has in this instance nested in the office of a coffee-planter. The picture selected for the purpose is a photograph of the barbecues and sheds where the coffee is dried and prepared. A door near to the picture is usually open, and people constantly pass through and stand and talk in the room, which is quite small. The bird, however, does not take the least notice of them, but flies in and out and round their heads, totally unconcerned. When I took the photograph the mother was sitting on four eggs.—Mr. M. Bowden Smith, Careys, Brockenhurst.

THE BEST BRIDGE PROBLEM EVER INVENTED.

IF the opinions of expert bridge-players were taken as to which is the best bridge problem ever devised, it is tolerably certain that the majority would give their votes for the following, which was composed by Mr. W. H. Whitfeld, the Card Editor of the *Field*, and appeared in that paper many years ago. It has been reprinted in "Bridge Problems," edited by E. Bergholt. We have obtained permission to reproduce the problem here for the entertainment of our bridge-playing readers, and we shall give the solution in our next number. We may add that our attention was first called to this problem by one of our readers, Mr. Dagnall Tress, of Newport Road, Stafford, who added: "If you don't know the solution, I guarantee that it will take you or any of your staff three or four days." We have a higher opinion of our readers' skill than to allot them such a time-limit as this. But certainly anyone who can solve this problem in three or four *hours* will have good cause to be congratulated on his ingenuity.

Diamonds—8, 2.
Spades—Jack, 10, 6, 3.
Clubs—7, 4.

Dummy.

Diamonds—Queen, jack, 9.
Hearts—King
Clubs—King, jack, 8, 2.

Diamonds—10, 7.
Hearts—Queen, 10, 5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, 10.

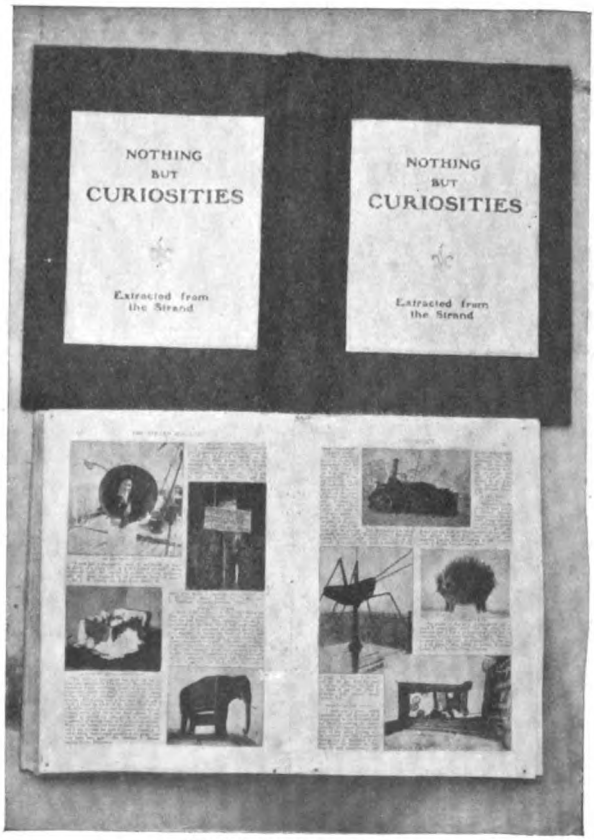
A.

Diamonds—King, 6.
Hearts—Ace, jack, 9, 7.
Clubs—Ace, 3.

The game is, A to lead from his own hand and take every trick, spades being trumps.

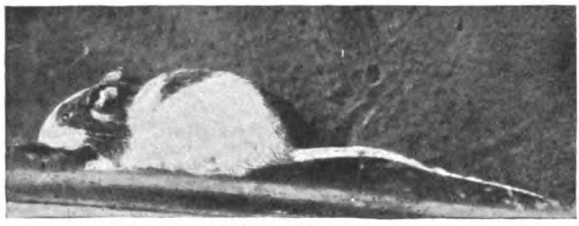
THE GREENWICH MERIDIAN.

IN consequence of the recent controversy between the astronomers at Greenwich Observatory and the London County Council over the new electricity generating station chimneys, which the former body say interfere with the meridian line, the enclosed print may be interesting. The notice shown is fixed to the railing at the side of a narrow path running around the Observatory on the river side. It marks the exact spot from which the degrees of longitude are reckoned. It is at a height of about eight feet from the path, and this may account for the fact that, although passed by hundreds of people, few indeed are aware of its existence.—Mr. Ernest Elder, 9, Dimsdale Road, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, S.E.



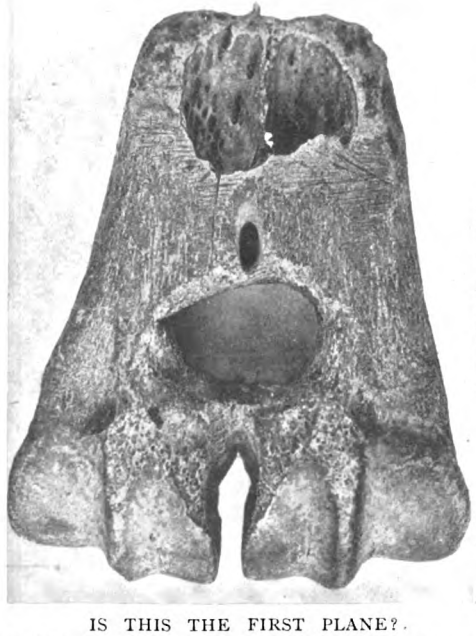
"OUR CURIOSITIES."

NOT long ago I decided to have a book which would contain nothing but curiosities. So I carefully extracted the Curiosities section from many copies of THE STRAND, and after much labour bound them well together. I succeeded with my work better than I had hoped, and a neat and highly-interesting volume is the result. My visitors must hold the same opinion, for they invariably pick up this volume first and soon become deeply absorbed in its interesting contents.—Mr. P. C. Henry, 1,022, West Fifty-fourth Place, Chicago.



THE WALTZING MOUSE.

THE little black and white Japanese mouse shown in our illustration is of considerable interest owing to its peculiar locomotive habits. It belongs to a species of mouse which never runs for more than two or three feet in a straight line without stopping and going through the antics which have led to its being termed the waltzing mouse. After turning in one direction for some time it reverses and spins rapidly round in the other, and frequently the dancing is performed entirely upon the hind feet. The cause of this peculiarity is a malformation of the semi-circular canal of the ears, which produces the effect of dizziness. Apart from the abnormality described, the Japanese mouse has habits similar to those of the ordinary house variety.—Mr. G. Calvert, 109, Waverley Place, New York.

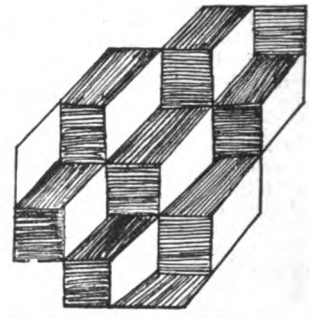


IS THIS THE FIRST PLANE?

I SEND a photograph of the shank-bone of a cow made into a plane, which was dug up from a Pictish tumulus at Skerra Brae, in Orkney. The picture shows the lower surface of the bone, which is scratched and chipped. A piece of wood was put through the hole made in the centre of the bone to serve as a handle. The bone must be exceedingly old, but it is in a good state of preservation.—Mr. E. C. Clouston, 25, Lansdowne Road, Dalston, N.E.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

LOOKING at the figure below it would appear that seven bricks are in view. From different points of view the same drawing suggests different numbers. If



turned half-way round to the right only six bricks are then apparently in view.—Mr. H. Stubbs, Bankview, Welshpool.

A TREE-CLIMBING TERRIER.

I SEND you a picture of the bull-terrier Moxie, who has climbed this tree by gradually extending herself to get possession of an old shoe, the height of the dog from the ground being about ten feet. The picture was snapped just as this object was accomplished, the photographer being Mr. Frank Adams, of Vineland, N.J., who took the picture in August last. — Mr. E. P. Matthews, Room 517, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

"COMING." By MISS ALICE MANLY.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii. JUNE, 1907. No. 198

Art's Glimpses of the Past.

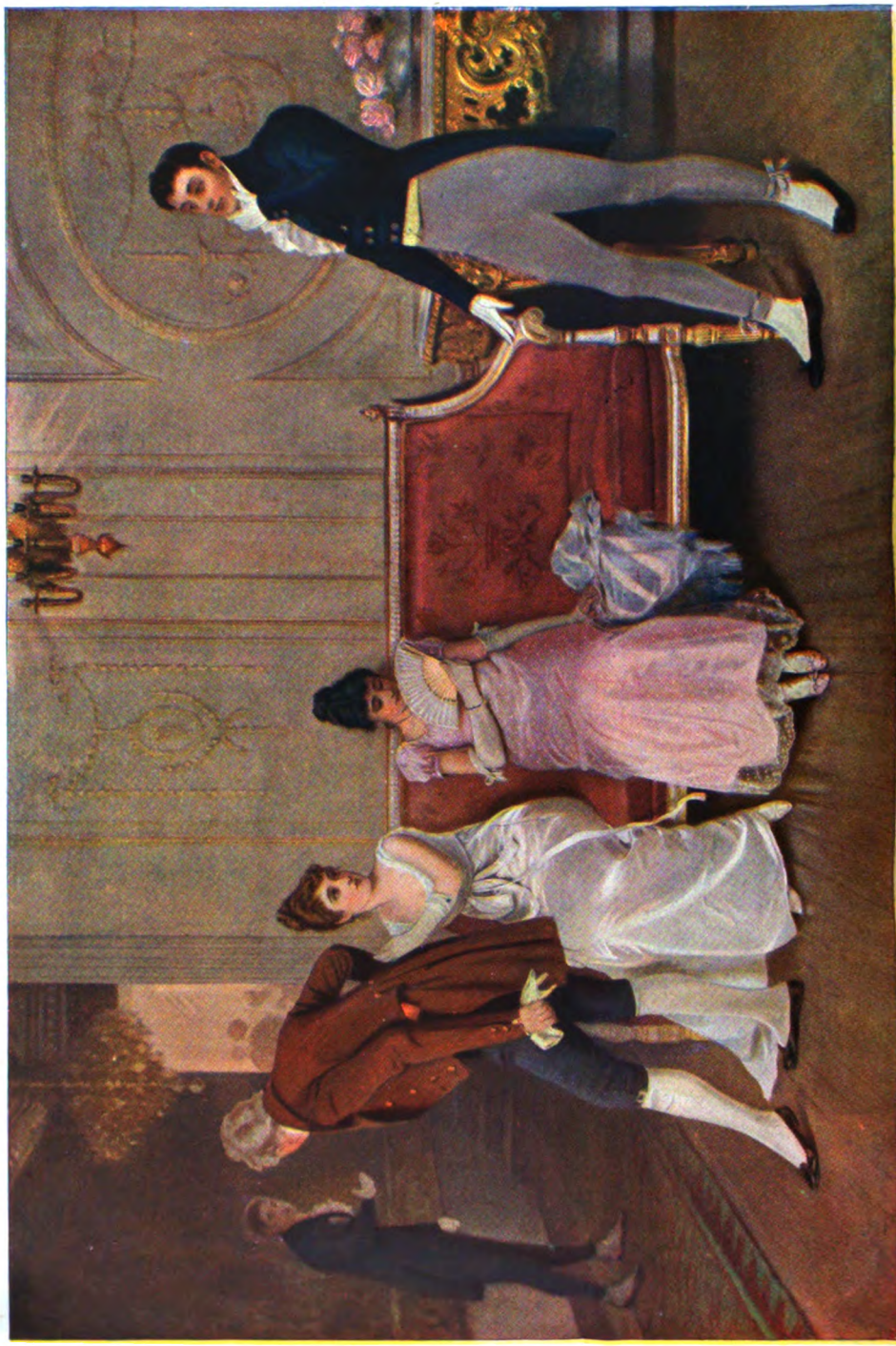
THE past is the great treasure-house of the painter. Many keen and ardent observers of contemporary costumes and manners there are ever seeking to delineate To-Day in its many-sidedness, in its ever-varying and capricious moods. But of the charm of Yesterday there will always, let us hope, be tender and capable exponents. In the past, whether it be of fifty years or twenty centuries, the painter certainly has a freer hand. There is so much to choose from—history, poetical legend, melodrama, customs and places now, alas, fallen into decay, or, perhaps, only the dainty picturesqueness of costume alone. None of the pictures accompanying the present article mirrors contemporary life or action. Like historical novelists, each of these painters has by a few hundred magic movements of his brush summoned up scenes of the vanished long-ago, as varied in theme and epoch as they are different in treatment, quality, and colour.

It was in 1862 that John Pettie, the painter of "A State Secret," decided to leave Edinburgh and risk his fortunes in London. Hither he had been preceded a twelvemonth by his friend, W. Q. Orchardson, and the two painters shared a studio together. Long before the two men separated Pettie had struck out a special line for himself.

Sir Walter Armstrong tells us that with all Pettie's fellow-painters of the Scotch school "the chief occupation was the telling or illustration of a story, the making of a dramatic point, the insistence on some

"A STATE SECRET." By JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.)



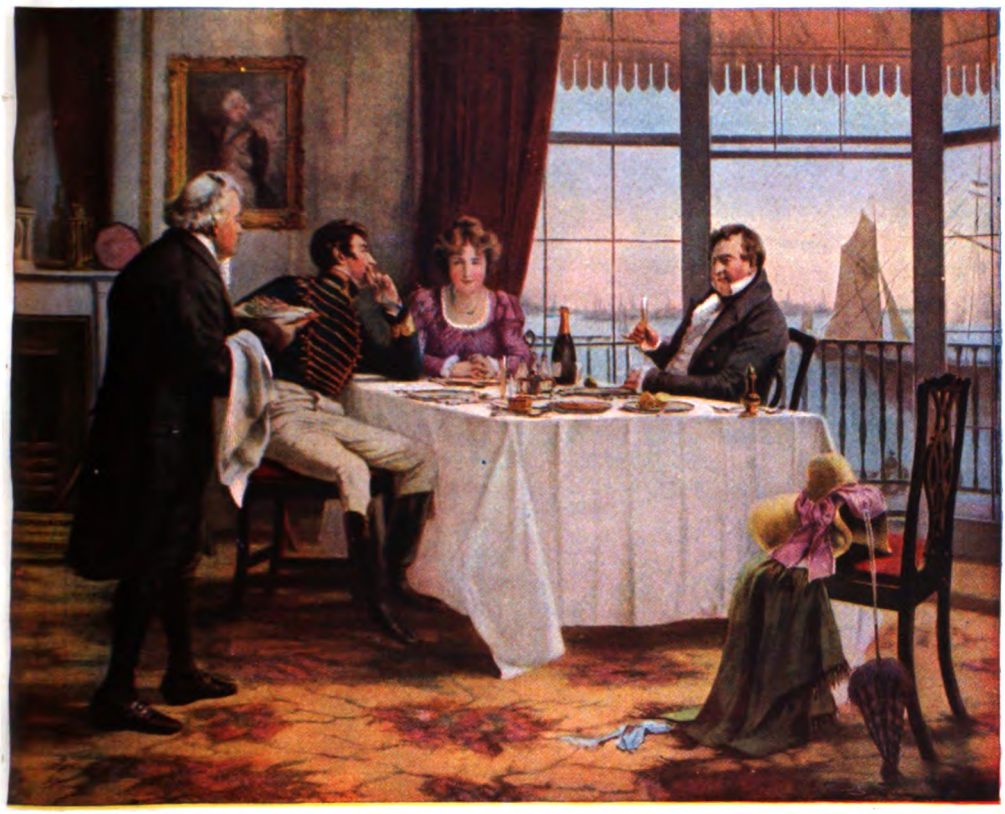
"NOBLESSE OBLIGE." By J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

domestic affection, humorous or pathetic. Pettie's work, on the other hand, invariably embodies some purely pictorial motive, over and above the subject, specially aiming at a rich resonance of colour. His fame springs mainly from the success with which he pursued this latter ideal."

In "A State Secret" we have a picture of a richly melodramatic order. Seated at a richly-carved and polished escritoire, a cardinal, wearing the scarlet robes of his exalted office, may be seen laboriously destroying an important State document he has just received. So momentous are the tidings the parchment conveys that he cannot risk postponing its destruction to a more convenient season, but with tense face and rigid hand he holds the precious paper until nothing remains of it but a few black and smouldering ashes. The painting brings vividly to mind the time when the Church was still the predominant power in the land, and when the red hat was a sign rather of political potency than of any particular spirituality of mind. It is interesting to add that the model for the cardinal was originally a young gardener in St. John's Wood, where Pettie had a studio, and that he also sat to Millais for the priest in, we believe, "St. Bartholomew's Day."

One of Mr. Haynes-Williams's friends said long ago that "had he not been gifted with an eye for form and colour he probably would have developed into a first-rate novelist." He assuredly has imagination, and a clear insight into human character. To most people to-day this artist is associated with English themes of the period also selected by Mr. Marcus Stone, but his reputation was first made with Spanish subjects. As a boy, Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" had inspired him with an intense longing to visit Spain, and a re-perusal of this delightful work at a time when his artistic powers were beginning to mature kindled afresh his enthusiasm for the Peninsula as an unsurpassable happy hunting-ground for the painter. So to Spain he went



"WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH." By STEPHEN LEWIN.
(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.
(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.)

about 1862, and, fully imbued by his sojourn there with the spirit of the country, he has never since ceased to manifest his predilection for Spanish subjects. Albeit the artist does not entirely neglect to paint scenes nearer at home, and an excellent example of a later phase of his art may be seen in the picture reproduced. It must be confessed that the true inwardness of "Noblesse Oblige" does not immediately "leap to the eye." Several explanations might be offered, each equally plausible. The youthful lover may have approached the couch only to find that his inamorata is being carried off by a rival claimant—one, possibly, whom she could not in courtesy refuse—and the disappointed beau is constrained to console himself with the fair lady who remains. Then, again, the elderly gentleman may be leading away his partner in order to leave the field clear for the more youthful lovers. The figure in the background has presumably come to announce that the dancing is commencing. But that is the beauty of pictures of this sort; they are capable of a variety of interpretation, just as the episode itself would be in real life.

"Whitebait at Greenwich," painted by Stephen Lewin, conjures up for us the days of His Majesty King George IV. We are shown the interior of the coffee-room at the famous old tavern at Greenwich, wherein a gallant young soldier is enjoying a flirtation with the pretty daughter of the solid City merchant who sits sipping his Madeira by the window. The portly, dignified waiter bears in a heaping plate of the viand which has made the hostelry famous far and wide, but the gallant officer appears meanwhile to have discovered whiter and more tempting, but it may be more dangerous, bait. Outside the ships pass to and fro in the wide reaches of the Thames. The only sounds we can conceive of are the laughter of other couples, the clatter of plates, and the "Coming, coming, sir," of the waiter, eager to serve all whom the fine May weather has lured from the City to enjoy the delights of a sail down the river and four o'clock dinner at the old Greenwich inn.

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI." By FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

The vast majority of the public may be blind to the mystic, the esoteric in art. They may not care for subtlety of design, delicacy

"THE BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET." By EDWIN LONG, R.A.

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.)

of arrangement, or for the decorative qualities which are so ardently and painfully sought by a large number of the leading painters of to-day. But a portrayed episode, a picture that tells its story with point and directness, never lacks suffrages. The time may come in the progress of painting when art can do without episodes, when the walls of Burlington House will be hung with symphonies in green and brown, with "arrangements" of sky and tree-top and landscape in subdued and chastened monochrome. But if that time ever come, painting will have become a very dull thing, save perhaps to a few zealous votaries and a few zealous critics. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that because a picture tells a story it is less artistic than a picture that is merely symbolical or subjective. The greatest masters of painting have never disdained to apply their mastery of form, colour, light, shade, and composition—indeed, their highest technical excellence — to canvases which make a wide appeal to heart and humanity.

In his picture "The Princes in the Tower," the master, Millais, has gone to English history. He has chosen a subject that will never grow old, and has produced a painting that will never lose its popularity. It makes a direct appeal to the emotions, and it cannot be denied that beneath the external stolidity of the great British public there lurks a strong vein of sentimentality — a sentimentality that hails with unqualified delight every opportunity that comes to hand for exercising what a recent writer caustically terms "its lethargic, but never wholly dormant, lachrymal activities."

It has been said that it was one of Millais's invariable principles always to leave the drama unfinished. So, with the present picture, tragedy hangs upon and overshadows the subject, but is not of it. The culminating act has not yet arrived, but its approach is imminent. We see the ill-fated scions of a Royal house standing near the spot where, two centuries later, their mouldering skeletons were to be accidentally discovered. They are listening with fear and apprehension to the stealthy and ill-omened footsteps that can be heard descending the narrow stair. The assassins are on their way to fulfil their dastardly bargain.

Millais set great store by the choice of a subject, but he indignantly repudiated the suggestion that when composing his little dramas and devising the pictures of pretty childhood he was in any way "playing to the gallery." "If I wanted to paint a 'popular' picture," he once exclaimed, "I should paint an old man in spectacles, reading the Bible by the fireside; and the fire would be reflected on his spectacles. And I should paint a tear running down by his nose; and the fire would be reflected in the tear. That would be a 'popular' picture, I can tell you!" "That the picture was never painted," adds his biographer, "must surely be accounted to him for righteousness."

Where did Millais get his models for this picture? The "Princes" were painted from the two children of Mr. Dallas Yorke, of Walmsgate, in Lincolnshire, sister and brother, whom the artist saw thus arrayed when playing in *tableaux vivants*. That was nearly thirty years ago, and the elder of those two children is now the Duchess of Portland. It is said that the picture lacks the minuteness of detail that was so marked a feature of Millais's earlier work. This is true, and is due to the fact that at the time it was painted Millais had long broken away from the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood he had done so much to found, but which he afterward avowed had hindered rather than helped the development of his art. The picture was finished in 1878 and exhibited at the Royal Academy the same season. Three years later it was sold to the late Mr. Holloway for the enormous sum of three thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds. This picture, as well as "A State Secret" and "The Babylonian Marriage Market," are now in the galleries of the Royal Holloway College, an institution of which the purchaser became the munificent founder.

Unlike many another painter whose artistic proclivities have developed themselves comparatively late in life, Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., may be said to have been reared on art from his cradle. Born and nurtured in an artist's home, the centre of an artistic colony, he began to absorb the rudiments of drawing and painting long before his unwilling attention was directed towards the more prosaic, but still sufficiently formidable, mysteries of the alphabet. In point of fact, Mr. Dicksee cannot remember a time previous to his earliest attempts at draughtsmanship, his pristine essays being confined to copy-book illustrations.

Leaving school at sixteen, the precocious young painter resolved to devote himself entirely to his chosen vocation, and under his father's skilled tuition received a thorough preparation for the Academical course. In due time he became a student at the Academy, and in 1875 won the gold medal

with his painting, "Elijah Confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." Two years later came his first great success, when his picture "Harmony" (now so familiar to frequenters of the Tate Gallery) was considered the "picture of the year"; and from that time forward he has never looked back, each new work from his brush showing another rung mounted in the ladder of artistic achievement.

In the present picture Mr. Dicksee has resorted to Keats for his inspiration, and from the exquisite ballade "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" has selected the following verse for illustration :—

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

"It merely came about," remarked the artist, simply, when asked how he came to select the subject, "that in reading the poem a presentment of the idea was given to me which I thought would afford me pleasure to try to realize—the picture is the result of the attempt."

The painting is finished with all the wealth of pictorial detail and sumptuousness of colouring that Mr. Dicksee is so fond of lavishing upon his canvases. Beside his mighty charger the knightly victim walks as in a dream, gazing spellbound into the eyes of his enchantress. Save for his helmet, which hangs at the saddle-bow of his richly-caparisoned steed, the luckless warrior is clad in full armour, but all his weapons cannot, alas, save him from his dream-told fate :—

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

Like the artist of "Noblesse Oblige," Edwin Long, R.A., found his first inspiration in Spain. Early in life Long, who was himself the son of an artist, made the acquaintance of John Philip, R.A., and with him travelled to the Peninsula. Here he studied the works of Velazquez to such purpose that his first canvases betray clearly the influence of that great master. After a time the study of archæology, especially Assyrian and Egyptian, attracted Long, and this knowledge he set forth in his first really important canvases, "The Suppliants" and "The Babylonian Marriage Market," the latter of which created a great sensation when it was hung at Burlington House over thirty years ago. Since then this notable canvas has endured various changes in public opinion. It has been called old-fashioned, but, if ever this particular criticism reaches the painter in the shades, he may solace himself by the reflection that this is a criticism which the most modern of the canvases at Burlington House always have to endure. It is a picture big enough and strong enough and vivid enough to make a lasting appeal to picture-lovers the world over. It reproduces faithfully—down to the smallest detail—and strikingly a scene in ancient Babylon, when the fair candidates for matrimony were exposed for sale. Not for filthy lucre were they sold, but for diamonds and rubies, sapphires and amethysts, and ropes of pearls. We are left in no doubt as to who is the fortunate bidder for the vestal beauty actually on the dais; the rapt expression on the countenance of the tall, bearded man betrays his triumph even more clearly to the beholder than the strings of noble jewels being scrutinized so carefully by the elderly seated figure. The modern advocate of "woman's rights" may look with instruction at this striking delineation of the liberty enjoyed by her less fortunate sisters some twenty centuries ago, and thankfully reflect that, whatever her present hardships, she enjoys an emancipation undreamed of by the willing victims of a bygone custom. Note the diminishing scale of perfections in the troop of women awaiting their turn at the right of the rostrum. Truly, the foremost are the fairest.

A pretty girl, so runs the proverb, is "free of the fashions." There is no style so extravagant or so intrinsically ugly as to veil beauty from men's eyes. On the other hand, there are periods of costume which, to our twentieth-century eyes at least, emphasize and heighten the physical allure. Of such a period, now more than a century gone, is the sweet, smiling damsel depicted upon Miss Alice Manly's canvas, reproduced in our Frontispiece, the stupendous coal-scuttle bonnet with its lining of wide lace frill, the low-cut flowered bodice and polonaise edged with pink, the black lace mittens, and sky-blue petticoat. We might exclaim :—

What volume doth miladi read
That she doth muse so long?

save for our suspicion that in this case the dainty duodecimo is but arrant pretence, and that the lady awaits her lover in every rustle of the oaks and beeches in the path, and has all along been chiefly alive to the tender poesy, not of the poet, but of *his* "Coming."

The Scarlet Runner.

VII. — THE ADVENTURE OF THE MYSTERIOUS MOTOR-CAR.

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

THE tide was coming in, and the five-mile stretch of beach was hard and glistening. Christopher Race could hardly have chosen a better place for a speed trial, to test the success of a new invention, nor a better time than the earliest hint of dawn. There had been a storm yesterday, and the green rollers boomed upon the sand as they curled over and flung their white foam towards the wheels of Scarlet Runner; but with the birth of day the wind had died. The car purred rhythmically, and Christopher hummed happily as he drove.

He was excited, for an experiment which had absorbed several weeks of his time, and many coins of his hard-earned money, was proving a success. So excited and self-absorbed was he that, when Scarlet Runner had devoured four sandy miles out of the delicious five-mile course, only annoyance, unmixed with curiosity, was aroused in his breast at sight of a knot of men standing at a distance, knee-deep in the sea. If they were fishermen, their present occupation had apparently nothing to do with their calling. Dimly defined as were the closely-grouped figures in the tremulous light of dawn, it was plain that, if he were excited, these men were still more excited. In other circumstances it would also have occurred to him that something unusual must have assembled them at such a spot at such an hour. But Christopher Race had put himself to the trouble of coming from London to a remote part of the East Coast, on purpose to have this run by dawn on this particular stretch of sand. He had felt certain that not only need he not fear police traps if he exceeded the legal limit in driving (and had he not made the journey expressly to exceed the legal limit?), but that there would be not a single soul to see and report Scarlet Runner's law-breaking feats. Yet here, at half-past four in the morning, on this desolate beach, he was on the point of coming plump upon half-a-dozen men, who might almost have been waiting to catch him.

For once his imagination failed. For a moment he saw nothing suggestive in the grouping of half-a dozen eager men round some object, half engulfed in water, which they were striving to drag out. But, in fact, Christopher had some excuse for his temporary self-absorption.

His latest client (the one he had hurried home from Italy to join) had finished a wedding trip *en automobile*, whereupon Race had returned to London and been thrown into the society of a fellow-enthusiast for motors—a young engineer who had designed a new invention. It was a very clever invention, for at a stroke it revolutionized all existing systems of transmission and did away with gear-box, pinions, and clutch. The engine worked a pump, whose business was to compress oil and force it under high pressure to two turbines on the back axle. These turbines turned the wheels, "and there you are," as the inventor explained, exulting over his model. The system was capable of infinite gradations of speed, by guiding this stream of oil towards the centre or towards the periphery of the turbines. Owing to the beneficent nature of the transmitting force, the mechanism was smooth and silent as the motor of a dream; and a great proportion of the engine power was able to act directly on the wheels.

The idea had instantly caught Race's fancy. He loved his car as most men love their sweethearts, and could not bear to let Scarlet Runner lack anything which might bring her to perfection. Her transmission gear was already of the newest pattern, with direct drive on the top speed; still, Christopher had to admit to the inventor that much engine power was lost in getting to the wheels; and in the hour he decided upon

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adopting the proposed plan. Scarlet Runner, thus regenerated, had come out of a London workshop only two days ago, her owner proud that she should be the first car in England to inaugurate a new era in automobilism. Such tests as could be had in London streets had been triumphant; and now here was Christopher with his scarlet darling, heart and engine both beating in the hope of a long, satisfactory trial, with the sea and the rising sun as sole witnesses.

Within thirty yards of the group in the water Race slackened speed, and would have turned, sacrificing the last mile of the five, had not one of the men seen him and begun to shout and beckon. At the same moment

"CHRISTOPHER SAW, TO HIS EXTREME SURPRISE, THAT THE THING THEY HAD SURROUNDED WAS A HALF-SUBMERGED AUTOMOBILE."

several others broke away from the group to hurry across the sand towards the approaching motor; and Christopher saw, to his extreme surprise, that the thing they had surrounded was a half-submerged automobile.

In a second all desire to depart was burnt up by a fire of curiosity. Instead of retreating he drove nearer; so near that, faint as was still the light, he could see the make and colour of the drowning car.

She was, to the eye of an expert in such matters, unmistakably a Hansard, of a pattern now superseded. Of fifteen to twenty horse-power, perhaps, she had an old-fashioned back-entrance tonneau; but she had doubtless been a fine car in her day, her motor might be as good as ever, and apparently she was still valued by someone, since her dark blue paint was fresh, and the leather cushions, of a colour to match, quite new—facts emphasized rather than concealed by her soaked condition.

Here was a mystery which made a special appeal to the heart of a motorist.

"Halloa! What's happened here?" exclaimed Christopher to the man who met Scarlet Runner. "This looks a queer business."

"That it does, sir," answered a brown old fisherman. "And as to what's happened, we don't know no more than you, or a babe unborn for the matter of that. But something's happened, and, as you say, something queer."

"Perhaps the gentleman himself can give us information," remarked a young fellow, also a fisherman. "He's a motorist. And why is he on this beach at a time o' day when mostly there's no one except of our trade about, unless he expected to find——"

"He expected to find a clear course with nobody on it," broke in Christopher. "Better send for the police before trying any amateur detective work."

"We have sent for the police from Tilton-on-Sea, sir," said the elder man. "My boy and I were the first to catch sight of this 'ere, and we got together some mates to help drag her out of the water before the tide gets up. But she's stood where she is so long, her wheels have sunk into the sand, and we can't move her."

"I'll help with that work, if some of you will hitch a rope round her front axle," Christopher volunteered. "My car can tow her. But here comes a policeman now."

A blue-clad man, hastily dressed at a summons, was approaching, guided by a boy. He stared gravely at the automobile, murmured that it looked like murder or suicide, and began scribbling notes in a book produced from his pocket, while the derelict was being rescued. A young fisherman volunteered to get a rope round the car, and soon

succeeded, though it was a battle with the waves. The rope was fixed to Scarlet Runner, the fishermen hauled on it, and, Race driving his motor up the beach, the drowned automobile crawled dripping out of the sea.

Day had now fully dawned, and the little group of men, wet to their waists, gathered again round the blue Hansard, staring and surmising. The constable took down the names of all those present, heard what they had to say, and warned them that they would be called upon as witnesses, in case the sea should cast up a dead body and make an inquest necessary.

Evidently the man read other than local papers, for he glanced up with interest when Christopher Race gave his name and address, no doubt associating him with the Dalvanian affair, which had made the young motorist something of a celebrity; and afterwards he consulted Mr. Race, with respect for his opinions.

At his request Christopher made a careful examination of the derelict, and announced with certainty that it was a Hansard, of a date about four years old, but elaborately altered and modernized. He peered into the gear-box, saw that the pinions were clean and new, and said that the motor had apparently not run many miles since being repaired. Another point to which he drew the attention of the constable was that the number of the motor had been carefully chiselled off, and that the number-plate of the car itself was missing. This showed that its abandonment had been an act of deliberation, and the plate must have been lately removed, as an automobile lacking such a mark could hardly have passed through the streets of the smallest village without attracting attention.

The idea of the fishermen was that the person—murderer or suicide—who brought the Hansard to this lonely part of the beach must have driven it here after dark, and just as the water was beginning to rise for the last tide. He might then have hoped that it would soon be engulfed, and that, even if the waves were not strong enough to bear the car out to sea, causing it to vanish for ever, they would at least carry off a body or any other incriminating contents, to say nothing of washing away tell-tale stains.

Christopher had made a night run, as Scarlet Runner was now fitted with a fine search-light, which could turn darkness into day; therefore he had no abiding-place in the neighbourhood. Nevertheless he had the curiosity to remain for an hour or two at Tilton-on-Sea, after towing the Hansard there, in the hope of some elucidation of the mystery. But no unknown motorist had stayed at the hotel there, or at any other near by to which inquiries were sent. No such car as the rescued Hansard had been noticed by anyone; and at last, little wiser than when he had first seen the squat shape rising from a welter of surf, Race drove off to London.

Leaving Scarlet Runner in her garage, he went to his club and picked up the last edition of his favourite paper.

His eye ran down column after column of the pages on which such news might be displayed, and finally caught at a paragraph headed "Mystery of a Motor-Car."

"Here we are!" Christopher muttered, beginning to read with interest. But, to his disappointment, the paragraph had nothing to do with the affair at Tilton-on-Sea.

"Yesterday morning," he read, "an empty motor-car was discovered on the Oxford Road. A party of labourers going to work saw a new-looking, blue-painted car of moderate size standing by the roadside, with no one in it. They lingered for some time, expecting the owner to arrive, but when no one came they ransacked the woods in the neighbourhood, suspecting foul play. The search proving vain, however, the labourers gave information to the police of Needleham, the nearest town, and a horse was sent out to tow the automobile to the police-station. There it was recognised during the morning as the property of a gentleman who had arrived at an hotel the evening before, unaccompanied by a chauffeur. This gentleman had already left town, but as he had gone by rail he was traced to Oxford, about ten miles distant. Interviewed there on the subject of the lost car he changed colour, and appeared at first somewhat agitated at learning where it had been found. But he expressed himself delighted to hear of its recovery, offered a reward to the men who had given the information, and returned by the next train to Needleham, where he once more took charge of his property. The gentleman's name as it appeared in the visitors' book of the Bell and Bush Hotel of Needleham was John Smith, London. He refused to lodge a complaint against any person for the theft of his motor, though he did not deny in so many words that he knew who had taken it. He was not, he said, altogether surprised that it should have disappeared, but farther than this he declined to be interviewed. Mr. Smith and his car left Needleham immediately; but its stranding in the woods remains a mystery

"AN EMPTY CAR WAS DISCOVERED ON THE OXFORD ROAD."

which has aroused considerable local interest."

"A new-looking, blue-painted car of moderate size," Christopher repeated to himself. This was a queer coincidence, to say the least. Evidently there had been no expert on hand, or the motor would have been described in detail; but a "new-looking, blue-painted car of moderate size" might easily be the description, given hastily by an amateur, of the automobile found in the waves at Tilton-on-Sea. As far as time was concerned, there was no reason why a motor should not have been rapidly driven from Needleham to Tilton-on-Sea between noon and night. Yet if the blue cars were one and the same it made the mystery all the more impenetrable. Christopher Race was inclined to dwell on the idea of a murder, connected in some sinister way with the blue motor-car; and he was not the only one to deduce this theory from the facts at Tilton-on-Sea and the coincidence of the less serious affair at Needleham.

In the London papers next day were paragraphs concerning the finding of an automobile on the East Coast in curiously suspicious circumstances, and several journals cited the occurrence at Needleham as a queer coincidence. The *Daily Recorder*, a halfpenny paper of great prominence and popularity, seized with eagerness a choice morsel which might be worked into a sensation for the "silly season." It called upon Mr. John Smith to stand forth from among other John Smiths and explain his half of the mystery; for, unfortunately, the occurrence at Needleham had at the time been deemed of comparative unimportance, and Mr. John Smith, of London, had been allowed to depart in peace and his recovered motor-car.

It was while Christopher was reading the column, under a somewhat sensational heading, which the *Daily Recorder* gave to the mystery of Tilton-on-Sea, that the maid who brought his breakfast brought with it a visiting-card. The name was an unfamiliar one, but the magic words, "*Daily Recorder*," were printed beneath, as a kind of "Open Sesame" to closed doors.

Christopher had no desire to close his to the caller. It was easy to understand how the newspaper people had found him out, since he had left his address at Tilton-on-Sea, and his name appeared in the paragraphs concerning the affair. But he could not understand why it was worth while for a representative of the *Daily Recorder* to call upon him, since he had already told all he knew of the circumstances.

"Tell the gentleman to come up," said he to the little servant who had brought him so many queer messages and visitors of late.

In another moment a spruce-looking young man appeared — not an ordinary reporter, it seemed, but a representative deputed to ask Mr. Race's help in solving the mystery of the blue motor-car. The matter was to be "taken up" by the journal, and a reward was to be offered for information. Mr. Race's name had been popular with the public since he was instrumental in placing the young King and Queen of Dalvania on their disputed throne. Besides, he was known in the motor world, and altogether, if he would lend himself to the scheme, it

would be considered an advantage to the paper.

Christopher reflected, and soon reached a practical conclusion. He had no engagement for Scarlet Runner, having been obliged to sacrifice one or two on the altar of the new improvements. The *Daily Recorder* offered remuneration at the rate of ten pounds a day for his services; and the enormous advertisement which that journal could give would be of use to him and Scarlet Runner. Some months remained of his probation with his uncle, and it was impossible to predict what the old man would decide to do with his money. Meanwhile, it behoved Christopher to take every chance of advancement that he could take honourably, for the sake of the future, which still loomed vague.

He agreed to the proposal, and promised to begin investigations at once, the *Daily Recorder* giving him *carte blanche* as to his proceedings, and asking only for a telegraphic report of progress each evening, in time to go to press with his news—or lack of news.

The first thing that Christopher did was to proceed in Scarlet Runner to Needleham, a pretty little town which had just outgrown villagehood At the best hotel he obtained a description of Mr. John Smith, of London, and was favoured by a glimpse of a signature in the visitors' book. Mr. Smith was apparently a gentleman, well dressed, so far as the landlord and the servants of the inn had noticed. He was tall, rather fair, but sunburned, and wore a beard, cut like that of a naval officer; indeed, now one came to recall him, he had somewhat the air of a sailor. He might have been anywhere between the ages of thirty and thirty-five. No further information concerning Mr. Smith could be obtained.

Christopher had run down from London to Needleham in Scarlet Runner, whose picture, with him on the driver's seat, was to appear next day and each day till the public tired of it at the head of his particular column in the *Daily Recorder*. From Needleham he went to Oxford (whither Mr. Smith had journeyed by train), and sought the hotel where the missing man had been found. There he had given no name, but had been traced by the police of Needleham, through a cabman. Mr. Smith had been interrupted while lunching; and as he had not asked for a room, it was supposed he had not intended to spend a night. At Oxford he was described as a fine-looking man of thirty-two or three, with the air of a yachtsman or naval captain; but it was admitted that this impression might have been increased by the cap he wore. It would have been as suitable on a motoring tour, however, as on a yacht.

So far, Christopher had not accomplished much, and his pride was at stake. He determined to travel from Needleham to Tilton-on-Sea by short stages, making researches here and there. Starting at the time he calculated Mr. Smith must have started, he paused to put questions at towns where a motorist might have stopped for repairs and to buy oil and petrol. He could learn nothing of the blue motor or its driver, however, until at about six o'clock in the evening he reached Helmsford.

There were two garages in the place, but neither had lately sheltered a motor-car of the description given. On visiting one of the old-fashioned inns, however, Race discovered that a gentleman had arrived in a motor-car about nine o'clock two nights before, and had demanded dinner. Each detail of the car, so far as it could be remembered, agreed with those furnished by Christopher. It had stood in the street unattended while the owner had hurriedly dined, and a number of people had noticed it. But—one link in the chain was missing. The motorist, a tall man of a fine presence, was clean shaven, white-faced, and had greyish hair. So pale was he, indeed, that the waitress who attended him had remarked on it to a fellow-servant, and she had thought his eyes looked dark and wild, in contrast to almost colourless brows and lashes. Instead of the heavy motor-coat Mr. Smith had been described as wearing, the man with the white eyelashes was lightly clad. As for his head covering, it was a checked travelling cap, such as cheap tourists and bicyclists affect. He had been in a hurry, and when his dinner was not ready as soon as promised he had shown signs of restlessness. Champagne was the drink he had ordered with his dinner, and he had drunk and eaten fast. Then, rather than wait for change, he had gone hurriedly off, saying that those who had served him might "keep the rest for a tip."

All this was interesting news for Christopher, since the description of the car given by a stable-boy was so accurate that he could not doubt the identity of the automobile with the one of his quest. Either John Smith had between Needleham and Helmsford made a hasty attempt at disguising himself, or else the man who arrived at Helmsford in the blue car was not the bearded, "sailor-like"

fellow who had left Needleham as its driver.

The *Daily Recorder*, which next day printed Christopher's telegram, with sensational elaborations, inclined more and more to the theory of murder. John Smith, who had arrived in Needleham originally with the blue car, had an enemy whom he feared, and to whom, for some reason, he had found himself compelled to give up his motor. This would explain his agitation, mingled with pleasure, on hearing that it had come back to him, his generosity in bestowing a reward, and his haste to get out of the neighbourhood with his property. There seemed to be no question that he had started on the road which led towards Helmsford; but that village was a far cry from Needleham, in Oxfordshire, and many things might have befallen the driver on the way. Therefore, the question was, what *had* befallen him? And as there was yet no proof of a crime, it was the *Daily Recorder*, not Scotland Yard, which set itself to answer.

Between Helmsford and Tilton-on-Sea Christopher could learn nothing. The journey had been made by the blue car after dark, and nobody could be found who had seen it, even though Christopher refrained from continuing his own journey till daylight, for fear of missing the trail.

At last he arrived once more at Tilton-on-Sea, three days after leaving it. The Hansard was still in charge of the police at the little seaside town, which was now stirred to its depths by the sensational surmises of the London Press. Christopher went to pay the car a visit, and in looking it over carefully, lest some detail might have escaped his attention, an idea suddenly occurred to him.

As he had stated at first, carelessly, the automobile had been newly painted. Now he asked himself if the change of paint were not in itself an attempt at a disguise calculated to entangle the meshes of mystery in a way still more complicated.

He scraped off a bit of the brightly-varnished paint on the back of the seat and brought to light a patch of colour red as blood.

No other tint could have been more conspicuous than this crimson which had been lately covered with blue. It was of a shade even more noticeable than that of Scarlet Runner; and this discovery gave Christopher food for thought. A man might have his car repainted for reasons other than because it had become shabby.

Daily, hourly, the inhabitants of Tilton-on-Sea had been expecting, if not hoping, that the waves might give up a dreadful secret. The fishermen of the neighbourhood dropped their nets on the chance of a catch more gruesome than any they had ever made; for the two hundred pound prize offered by the great London halfpenny daily was alluring.

Christopher remained all day at Tilton-on-Sea, having gathered no exciting new material for his evening telegram to the paper; but as the soft opal twilight of September fell, he went out once more on the sands for a spin with Scarlet Runner. He had little hope of making any discovery, but his work during the day had been nervous work, and at worst a run over the old ground to the scene of the mystery could do no harm.

This way must the blue motor-car have come, since a great arch of rock closed in the beach at the end of the splendid five-mile stretch. Other rocks there were, too, strangely formed, grotesque, striding out across the sand here and there, though leaving room for a roadway on the safe side of the highest tides; and this evening, as Christopher drove Scarlet Runner smoothly, thoughtfully, along the level sands, the sun's last rays reddened a great block of stone called the Turk's Head.

The rock had, indeed, a vague resemblance to the head of a giant wrapped in a turban, neck and shoulders rising above the beach. The enormous face appeared to be ever staring out to sea, the half-shaped eyes wide open; the great slit which was the mouth parted in a grin as fierce as it was grotesque, when seen by a person of imaginative mind.

Christopher had always been fascinated by these rocks, the Turk's Head especially, but to his mind it bore a likeness to the Sphinx.

"Oh, Sphinx, would that you'd tell me the secret of this beach!" he said, as he slowed down his car within sight of the gigantic bust. Then, looking up, it seemed to him that the shape of the mouth had changed. It looked less wide than usual.

"There's something inside it," he exclaimed, half aloud, and stopped Scarlet Runner.

The Turk's mouth was as large as a good-sized fireplace, though of a different shape; therefore it was big enough to be used as a place of concealment; and legend said that it had been thus used in ancient days of smuggling.

The dark hole could be reached by a scramble, and not a difficult scramble for a man who had ever done any mountain climbing. Christopher had had a summer or two in

the High Alps, and for several winters he had gone to Cumberland. To reach the Turk's mouth and look in would be child's play to him; and, he reminded himself, would also be child's play to a man of the sea.

He silenced the motor, jumped out of the car, and—glad that for the moment he had this part of the beach to himself, though he could see figures afar off—began to climb up the Turk's shoulder. There was handhold on the rough, protruding chin, then kneehold; then handhold above, on the huge flat cheek; which reached, gave good foothold on the chin. Hanging on by a spike of rock which might have been a mole on the giant Turk's face, Christopher peered into the mouth.

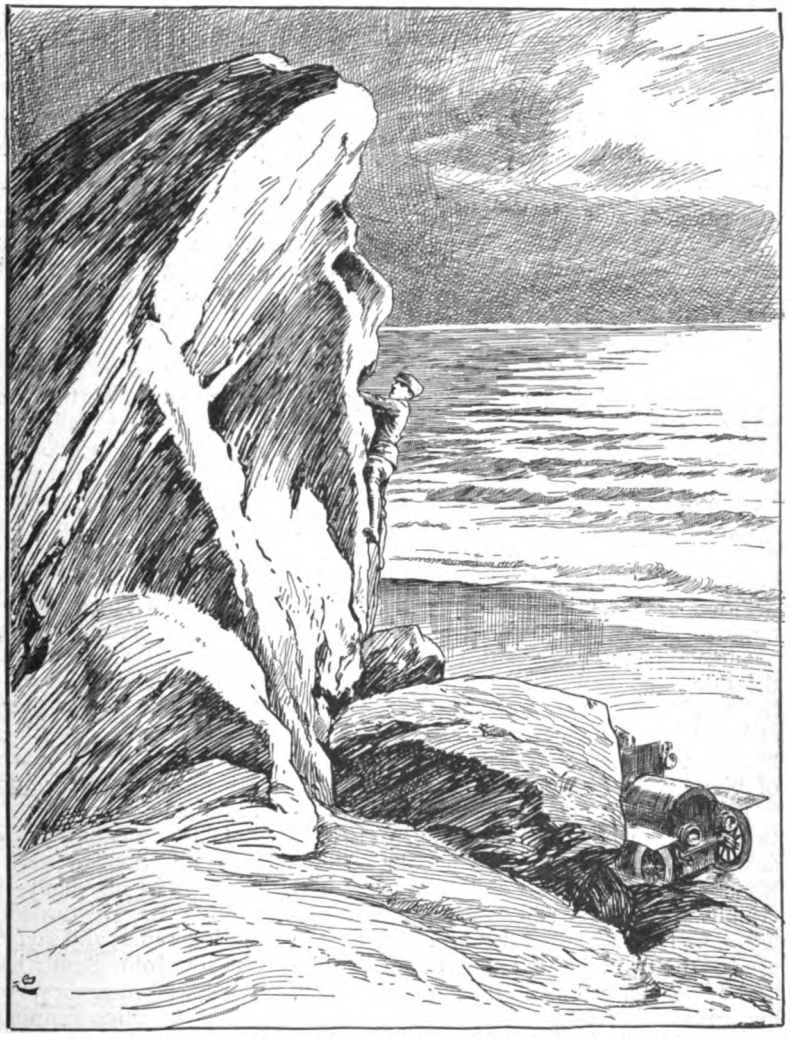
He had not been mistaken. Within was a dark bundle, pushed far back, and while Christopher supported himself by one hand, with the other he reached into the aperture and dragged out the parcel. Then he could have exclaimed in triumph, for his treasure-trove was a motoring-coat of the most approved fashion, wrapped round a cap—a combination between the cap of a motorist and a yachtsman's.

So forcibly had the coat been jammed into its place that in pulling it out the cloth caught a projection of rock and tore. The cap rolled to the front, bounded out of the hole, and fell on the sand twenty feet below.

It was at this moment that the figures which had been distant drew near enough to declare themselves as three young fishermen from Tilton-on-Sea. They were extremely interested in Christopher's discovery, and, though they envied him his luck, they were consoled by thinking that they might eventually be called upon as witnesses.

Also they had the pleasure of a run to the village in the fine red automobile, when Christopher drove back to surrender his trophies to the police.

The name of the tailor had been cut out of the coat, and the lining of the cap had been torn away. If there were any faith to be placed in circumstantial evidence, this coat and this cap were closely connected with the mystery of the blue motor-car and the sea. But, unfortunately, owing to the fact that



"HE REACHED INTO THE APERTURE AND DRAGGED OUT THE PARCEL."

Christopher had torn the coat in dragging it out of its hiding-place, it was impossible to be sure whether or no the wearer had been roughly handled while he still wore the garment.

Nevertheless, it was not probable that a person intending suicide would trouble himself to climb steep rocks and hide his own cap and coat. "Murder" was the thought in everybody's mind; and the police began to take an active interest in the strange business. Christopher's account of his discovery in the Turk's mouth, on the sands near Tilton-on-Sea, was made the most of in the *Daily Recorder's* columns, and he was complimented by the editor. Nevertheless, days passed without his being able to follow his first sensational *coup* with another. The man who had hidden the coat and cap, and driven the blue Hansard into the sea, might himself have vanished under the waves, so far as any trace of him could be found either by the police or their amateur rival. The mystery threatened to share the fate of other nine-day wonders, notwithstanding the reward offered by the London paper and the money it lavished on its "Motor Detective."

Public interest was languishing, and Christopher was growing restless, when, one evening nearly three weeks after the finding of the derelict, he was dining at a country inn on the London side of Rochester. It was early for dinner, but he had not lunched, save for a sandwich, and was hungry. A private detective, whom he had lately employed to help on the investigations, had misled him with a false scent. He had wasted his day in running after the wrong man, and had in addition, it seemed to him, made himself ridiculous. Therefore, he was half-resolved to "throw up the whole sickening job," when a man walked into the dining-room.

Christopher sat at a small table opposite the door, and looked up as it opened; but he would not have remarked the new-comer with particularity if the new-comer had not appeared disconcerted at sight of him.

He was a tall, good-looking man of thirty-two or thereabouts, clean-shaven, brown-faced, and evidently fresh from ablutions, for his short-cut, light-brown hair was wet and crinkly. Christopher had never to his knowledge seen this person before; but as the eyes of the two men met across the room the new-comer stopped with his hand on the door, his face freezing into an expression of blank dismay. For a second he stood still; then, instead of advancing into the room, he turned abruptly round and went out, closing the door behind him.

Instantly Christopher sprang up. "It's the man himself!" were the words that flashed into his head.

He thought of the photographs of himself taken with Scarlet Runner, which had so often appeared in the *Daily Recorder*. A man trained by habit, or necessity, to quick observation might readily recognise him from those reproductions; and what man, save one, thus recognising him need wish to get out of his way unseen?

Christopher darted to the door, and, flinging it open, dashed into the corridor. The front door of the inn was closed, but Christopher could hear the sound of a motor being started, and at the same instant he saw through the glass door the figure of the man who had made so hasty an exit from the dining-room. His back was turned to Christopher, but, having started the motor, he was looking up the street as if expecting the arrival of someone. Christopher would have flung the door open, but an obsequious waiter stepped forward to perform that service, and between the two the business was bungled. "Mr. John Smith!" Christopher yelled through the glass, his hand and the waiter's both on the old-fashioned latch.

He hoped to make the stranger turn, and if he did so, at the sound of that name, it would be practically certain that his sudden departure was no coincidence. But, instead of turning, the man sprang into the driver's seat of the fine, large car, which he had already started, and flashed away from the hotel.

Out bolted Christopher, having got the door open at last, and was just in time to see a covered automobile swerving round the corner close by. Being in the month of October it was already deep twilight, and so fast did the car go that Christopher had not time to make out the number or to satisfy himself as to the make of the motor. He saw only that the colour was a dark yellow faced with brown.

Dinner was but half over and Christopher was still hungry, yet there was only one thought in his mind—to follow the yellow motor-car. He turned to hand money to a staring waiter, and say, "Don't mind change," as Mr. John Smith had done before on a previous emergency, when a leather-clad chauffeur came running up, a dazed look on his face.

"OUT BOLTED CHRISTOPHER, JUST IN TIME TO SEE A COVERED AUTOMOBILE SWERVING ROUND THE CORNER."

"Well, I never!" this youth exclaimed, inelegantly, as the automobile disappeared round the corner. "Is he out of his wits?"

"Is that your car?" asked Christopher.

"Yes," answered the chauffeur; "it's gone off without me. But I suppose it will be coming back. I was told to get my supper, and, as I'm paying my own bills this trip, I went down the street to a cheap place. The car was left in front of the door, as we were to go on as soon as we had eaten, and I thought I heard her being started, so I looked out to see. There was he, standing by her, beckoning to me with all his might, and though I came running, what should he do but jump in and make off as fast as he could! Wonder if he's mad?"

"Perhaps I'm going his way," said Christopher. "If so, you can go on with me, if you like, in my car. I'm starting at once. What's your employer's name?"

"Fortescue," replied the chauffeur. "I don't know much about him. I only got the job yesterday. He's shipping his car —a forty-horse-power Ressler—from Dover to Calais by cargo-boat to-night. Car's new —only delivered a day or two ago, I believe, after delay. Much obliged for your offer, sir. Are you going that way?"

"I am," said Christopher.

Five minutes later Scarlet Runner was off, and flying faster than the law allows; but accidents can happen with the best regulated motor-cars. Things so seldom happened to Scarlet Runner that Race had got out of the habit of expecting them; but if anything unpleasant did occur, it was usually when least convenient. Of all nights, Christopher Race would have prayed for a good run to-night; yet it was now that Scarlet Runner, with the perverseness of the best automobiles, chose to puncture a tyre. Even with the strange chauffeur's help there was nearly half an hour's delay; and hardly was the car on the road again when the tyre on the other driving-wheel went down. Another half-hour was wasted; nevertheless, when Scarlet Runner rushed through Dover towards the quay, she passed a yellow car standing in the open doorway of a garage.

"That's she! I'd swear it!" cried the chauffeur; and Christopher stopped in triumph. "We've done the trick!" he said to himself.

But, though they had tracked the car, they had lost the man. The Ressler, it appeared, had also had an accident. She had broken her change-speed lever not far from the garage where Christopher found her standing, and her owner had paid some men to help him push her into her present position. He wished to catch the night boat, he explained, for Calais, and would leave money for the car's keep and repairs. Later he would wire an address and instructions.

On hearing this news from the employés of the garage the chauffeur's face fell. His master had, indeed, intended to take the night boat, and he was to have followed with the car on the cargo boat; but Mr. Fortescue had seemed to value the new automobile highly, and it was extraordinary that he should rush off like this, leaving his property in the hands of strangers.

"What time does the boat start?" asked Christopher.

"She's started, sir," replied the caretaker of the garage.

"Then I must send a wire before she reaches Calais," exclaimed Race.

"She'll be at Calais before a wire could

reach there," returned the man of Dover. "She'll be landing her passengers ten minutes from now."

Without another word Christopher started the throbbing Scarlet Runner off towards the station, where, after hurried explanations to the station-master, he got into telephonic communication with the *Daily Recorder*, and received instructions to follow the escaping criminal across the Channel at the newspaper's expense, instantly, and at any cost.

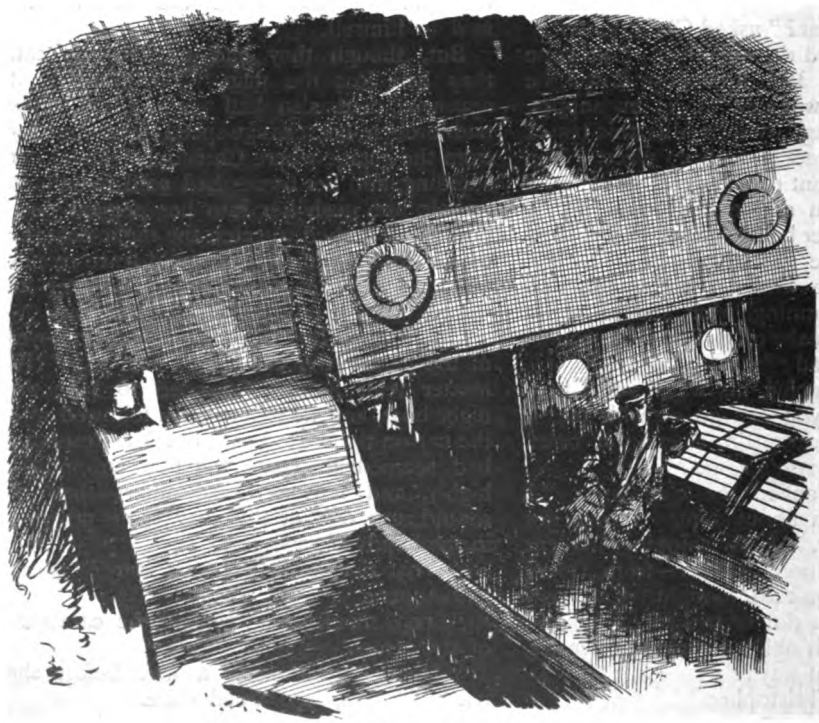
There was a small tug which could be hired, and Christopher hired her with little trouble or delay. He was an hour and a half on the water, reached Calais before daylight, and went straight to the railway station to learn, if he could, whether the man he sought had been among the passengers in the boat-train for Paris. But there had been a crowd of Englishmen and Americans, several of whom answered well enough to the description given, so far as French porters and ticket-takers could remember.

Christopher had brought the chauffeur across with him, thinking he might be useful, and now he decided to leave the man in Calais to look about for his absconding master, and wire to him (Christopher) at the Hôtel Continental, Paris, if Fortescue were seen. The chauffeur, vexed at the treatment he had received, agreed to accept the payment offered for this service; and Christopher, bereft of Scarlet Runner and unwilling to wait some hours for the next train, routed out the sleeping proprietor of a garage, hired a powerful sixty-horse-power motor-car, and dashed off in the early dawn for Paris.

At each town where the express train from Calais had stopped, however, he paused to make inquiries at the railway station; but apparently, if the quarry had been in the train at all, he had boldly gone on, to lose himself in the vastness of the metropolis.

The first thing that Christopher did on reaching his destination was to drive to the Gare du Nord and try to learn whether a tall, slim, clean-shaven, brown-faced, and brown-haired Englishman of thirty-two, dressed in light clothes, had arrived by the night train from Calais. Here he met shrugs of the shoulders and the answer he expected. Numerous messieurs of that type had poured themselves into Paris, and had disappeared in different directions. It was unfortunate, *n'est-ce pas*, that all Englishmen looked so much alike?

The next move in the game was to seek the aid of a private detective, since the French police would only interest themselves in such a quest when applied to by their brothers on the other side. That application would come; but meanwhile Christopher intended to leave no stone unturned; and it was not until he had done all that could be done by way of interviews and telegrams that he went to bed at the Continental, where he had taken a small suite of rooms.



"HE WAS AN HOUR AND A HALF ON THE WATER."

He had left directions that he was to be

waked if a caller or even a telegram should come; but the clock on his mantelpiece pointed to noon and he still slept on. Not many minutes later, however, his telephone bell rang violently. A clerk in the bureau of the hotel wished to advise monsieur of the fact that there was an inquiry for him, from the Ritz. A lady stopping there was telephoning to know if Monsieur Christopher Race were in, and, if so, whether he would receive her if she called on urgent business. Madame did not care to announce her name; but she had a communication to make concerning the affair which had brought Monsieur Race to Paris.

This message surprised Christopher exceedingly, but he reflected that the nameless lady was probably an agent of the detective he had employed to work for him. Accordingly he replied that he would be ready to see madame in his private sitting-room, if she would do him the honour of calling in a quarter of an hour.

Seldom did a man bathe and dress in a shorter space of time; but when his visitor was announced, Christopher was ready to receive her.

He expected a Frenchwoman, but the lady who was ushered into his little *salon* had the air of an Englishwoman or an American. She could not be more than twenty-eight at most, and might be younger. Her hair, under its neat toque, was the colour of a ripe and burnished chestnut; her features were piquant and dainty, her complexion of the wild-rose order. But her eyes were her most remarkable feature. They were large and soft, deeply violet, and their first half-frightened, half-appealing look at Christopher disconcerted and disarmed him. This lovely creature could be no female detective. Yet, if not, what could she be? How had she found him out, and what could she want of him?

"Mr. Race?" she faltered.

"An American," thought Christopher. "No, a Canadian," as aloud he claimed ownership of the name she mentioned.

"You'll hardly believe it," she went on, "but I've travelled all the way from Montreal to talk to you, Mr. Race. I arrived at Cherbourg yesterday afternoon, came on to Paris, where I slept, as I was very tired after a rough voyage, and meant to leave for London to-day; but I saw in the foreign edition of the *Daily Recorder* that you'd arrived in Paris, and would be at this hotel, so I waited, and now I've come to see you here."

It was true Christopher had telephoned to his newspaper from Dover before it went to press; but in letting the editor know that he would go on to Paris and take rooms at the Continental, he had not expected the news to appear in print.

"It was the articles in the *Daily Recorder* which brought me across the ocean," his beautiful visitor went on, before he had time to speak, "and I made up my mind from what I read there that you would be the man for me to appeal to. But of course you can't understand what I'm talking about. I wouldn't send my name by telephone; but I am Mrs. Fortescue. When I was seventeen and my husband was twenty-three, I married an Englishman who came to Canada, in the diplomatic service. We fell in love at first sight, and married, against my people's wish, when we'd known each other only a month. He had to promise that we'd live in my mother's house, otherwise she wouldn't have consented at all, and—things didn't go well with us. I was a child. He was scarcely more than a boy. We both had plenty of money. I had been spoiled, and he had a strong will. I suppose, too, we had hot tempers, and I see now, ten years after, that as my people never liked him, because they wanted me to marry a Canadian, they weren't exactly tactful. We quarrelled; I was encouraged to thwart him. When he wanted me to leave home and go with him to England I refused. Then we quarrelled a good deal more, and—and, to make a long story short, we separated. I said I never wanted to see him again, as he was so cruel; and he said I never *should* see him, unless I asked him to come. I thought I was glad when he was gone, but oh, I wasn't! Still, I was too proud to call him back. I believed that he'd tired of me.

"A year ago, when I was left alone in the world, I came abroad for the first time. I didn't even know where my husband was, though once I'd heard of his being in India, and I remembered that he was free to travel, as he had given up his profession. Well, at a dinner-party in London, my English hostess said, 'Mrs. Fortescue, I'm going to give a namesake of yours, Mr. Fortescue, the pleasure of taking you in. You may discover that you have relatives in common.'

"Can you imagine how I felt? It was my husband. Somehow, we managed to carry it off as if we were strangers. He was handsomer than ever, and—he told me that I had improved. He told me, too, at that very dinner, that he'd never ceased to

"I'VE TRAVELLED ALL THE WAY FROM MONTREAL TO TALK TO YOU, MR. RACE."

dinner I told you of. I didn't like the creature. I—I think he rather admired me and would have been glad to *flirt*, although my husband had told him our story. I believe that my husband may have—as he threatened to do—lost all interest in life and committed suicide. Or else some other awful thing has happened. I can't help feeling as if, in either case, I may be to blame, so I *had* to come. I couldn't rest. Oh, if only he could be found, how I would try to make up to him for the past! I hoped you might have solved the mystery by this time, or, if not, that I could help you. So now you understand why I'm here, and why, in a way, I have a right to beg that you'll tell me everything you've been doing, everything you know. Do you believe my husband has killed himself, or been murdered?"

think of me, had never cared for any other woman. He begged to call. I said he might. Two days later he was imploring me to let everything between us be as if we'd never parted. I was tempted to yield; but I feared to make another mistake, and refused. Then he said that, if he lost me again, he should lose all interest in life; that he would be utterly miserable, because he cared far more for me than he ever cared in old days. I was so terrified of being over-persuaded that I at once went back home, though I'd meant to travel for some time in Europe.

"After that I spent all my time in trying to think I'd been wise, until I saw the articles in the *Daily Recorder* (which I'd begun to take in, for London news) about the mystery of the motor-car. Mr. Race, that Hansard car was my husband's car, I'm sure. That's why I've flown over to this side again. I'm afraid—oh, horribly afraid—something dreadful has happened to him. He'd just bought a *red* Hansard car, exactly answering the description of the blue one you found in the sea, at the time he was begging me to be his wife again. He came in it to see me and wanted me to go out with him, as he was very keen on motoring. A friend had sold the car to him—a man I met at the same

Christopher hesitated. He did believe that the man had been murdered; but how could he strike this lovely, impulsive woman a terrible blow and tell her what was in his mind while still he might be mistaken?

She saw his hesitation and guessed its meaning, however. With a cry she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. "Oh, I have gone through so much!" she sobbed. "How can I bear this—how can I bear it?"

"Don't, I beg of you. He may be safe; he——" Christopher had begun to stammer, when there came an imperative knock at the door.

Mrs. Fortescue, trembling, checked her sobs. "I mustn't be seen like this," she faltered. "Who can it be?"

"Probably a detective I have employed," said Christopher.

"Oh, then," she implored, "let me stop

till he is gone. Let me wait behind that tall screen in front of the fireplace."

Without waiting for permission, she ran across the room and hid herself. At the same moment the knock was repeated, and, rather than seem to delay, with the lady in the room, Christopher called, "Come in."

Again he was surprised. Instead of the little French detective, he saw the man he had pursued to Paris.

This man, rather pale but composed, walked quickly into the room and closed the door.

"I saw in the *Daily Recorder* that you would be here, so, instead of waiting for you to run me down, I thought it would be better to beard you in your den, Mr. Christopher Race," said the new-comer.

For an instant Christopher did not answer. The chauffeur had given his master's name as Fortescue. But was this man really Fortescue or the murderer of Fortescue, who had stolen his victim's identity for some purpose of his own? The doubt was gruesome, since Fortescue's wife was in the room. Christopher glanced involuntarily towards the screen, and thought that it quivered.

"Well?" he questioned.

"This chase has lasted long enough," went on the other. "I've been a double-dyed idiot not to end it in this way long ago; but I hoped, until to-day, that I should be able to slip out of the silly mess without notoriety. Now, rather than have the French police on my back I've sought you out, to be frank with you, as one gentleman can be frank with another."

"You mean you've come to—er—explain the mystery?" said Christopher, diplomatically.

"There *is* no mystery; there never was any mystery, except what the *Daily Recorder* made. I was an ass—that's all."

"I'm glad to hear that's all," retorted Christopher.

"I suppose you take me for a murderer? Certainly I've given you a good deal of trouble, though I've made myself more. It was amusing at first; indeed, I'm not sure it wasn't more amusing than otherwise till I met you face to face last night, and—er—put myself to some inconvenience to get out of your way, and prevent the world in general and one woman in particular from knowing me as an ass. I'm quite aware that, unless you're moved to compassion by my story and hit upon some means of getting me out of the scrape, I shall probably be called for the rest of my days 'The Blue Motor-Car Idiot,' or something of the sort. If I have a remnant of hope left with a woman I love desperately, that would kill it, for already she's put thousands of miles between us for fear of making herself ridiculous."

Again the screen shook.

"A woman you love desperately," echoed Christopher.

"She happens to be my wife—or she was once. I want her to be again; but if you don't get me out of this she never will be."

"I am at a loss——" began Christopher, but his visitor cut him short.

"Just wait till I tell you the story, and you won't be at a loss. It isn't exciting; it's only silly; too silly not to be true. I bought a Hansard car, second-hand, of an alleged friend, and I was too much of an amateur to dream that he was palming off a regular 'back number' on me. Once I got to know something of motors, as I soon did, I wasn't satisfied to go about the world with a thing like that. I'd just sold my last toy—a yacht—with which I'd worked hard at amusing myself for several years, and I wanted a car that was worth having. So I ordered a forty-horse-power Ressler and tried to sell the Hansard, but it was so old-fashioned I couldn't get buyers at any price, though I had her painted up, new gearing put in, and gave her new tyres. I got tired of paying garage for a car I never used and never meant to use, so the next thing I tried was to give the car away. Not a soul would have her! Who wants to be saddled with an antediluvian? I grew desperate, and determined to abandon the beastly nuisance somewhere. Needleham was the place I selected. Well, you know what happened. I had to pretend that I was delighted to get the brute back. I began to see that, if I wasn't foxy, she would always be returning on my hands in the same way, so—being an impulsive, impatient sort of chap—I said to myself, 'I'll shave off my beard, destroy the number on the car, with all other means of tracing the owner, and send the Hansard to Davy Jones's Locker.' This seemed to me a good joke, and I quite looked forward to seeing in the papers that a lonely automobile had been found putting out to sea. After I had driven on the beach—you know where—as near the water as I could get at that state of the tide, it occurred to me that it would be awkward walking a long distance and then travelling by train in a motor-coat and cap. I hid mine where I thought they wouldn't be discovered and make any bother, and went off as fast as I could in the night, wearing

another sort of cap which I found in the overcoat pocket.

"Naturally I never thought there'd be such a fuss. My idea was that a few people in the neighbourhood would wonder a little, and there might be a paragraph in a local paper. But I forgot it was the 'silly season,' and I forgot the *Daily Recorder*. When the row did begin I determined to let it burn itself out, for I didn't want to be conspicuous, and if only my Ressler had been ready when it was promised I should have been safely out of England, taking a tour I'd planned in France. As it was, I wrote to some chaps I'd tried to sell and give away the old car to, and asked them to keep mum. They were good fellows, so they did, and had their laugh at me all to themselves. I had a laugh, too, just once, when I saw myself described as a grey-haired, white-eyelashed man. I hadn't washed off the dust that night on purpose.

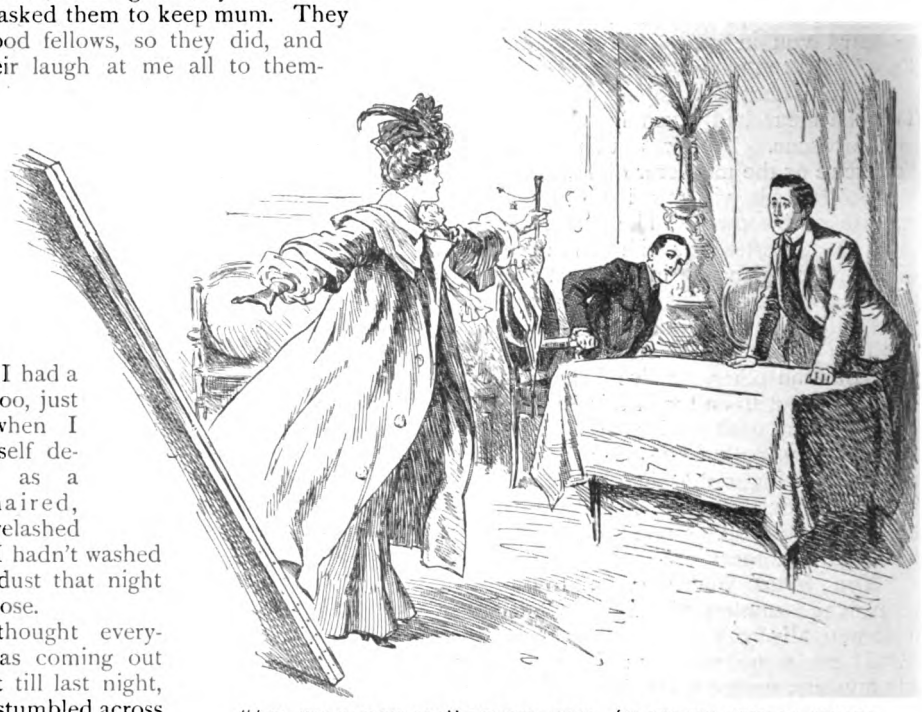
"I thought everything was coming out all right till last night, when I stumbled across you at that inn, recognised you by your pictures as the bloodhound on my track, and thought you recognised me. When you yelled 'Smith,' I wouldn't even wait for my chauffeur. I made up my mind he'd go on to Dover anyhow, and meant to wire him at the garage, where he was pretty sure to see my car. But this morning, when I learned in the paper that in spite of all I hadn't shaken you off, I saw the game was up; and if I didn't want to be arrested like a criminal, I'd better come to you and confess myself an ass. Now, as a fellow-motorist, haven't you some sympathy for me, and won't you help me to disappear?"

"I might call my dogs off for a bit, and give you time to sail—for Canada," said Christopher.

Fortescue started. "Why do you suggest Canada?"

"Because——" But the screen did not give Christopher time to finish. It fell with a crash, and a beautiful young woman ran out from behind it.

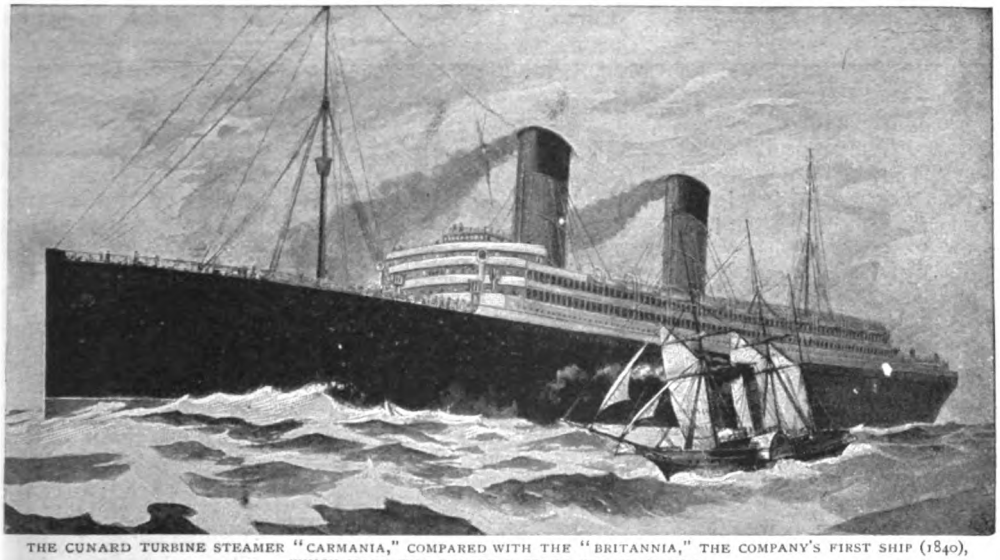
"Oh, you darling boy!" she exclaimed. "If you are going to Canada, take me with you!"



"'OH, YOU DARLING BOY!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'IF YOU ARE GOING TO CANADA, TAKE ME WITH YOU!'"

That is the reason why the mystery of the blue motor-car has been a mystery until now; why the editor and readers of the *Daily Recorder* do not now think as highly of the detective ability of Christopher Race as they did at first; and why a large and magnificent yellow Ressler was sold at Dover a marvellous bargain.

Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue have ordered an exact copy of Scarlet Runner, to be used by them during their second honeymoon; but chauffeurs can be paid to be silent, and with the exception of a few loyal friends no one has ever associated their name with the motor-car mystery of Tilton-on-Sea.



THE CUNARD TURBINE STEAMER "CARMANIA," COMPARED WITH THE "BRITANNIA," THE COMPANY'S FIRST SHIP (1840), WHICH MADE THE RECORD PASSAGE FOR THAT TIME.

Fifty Years' Progress in Atlantic Travel.

By James Mortimer.

IT is over half a century since I first crossed the "big dampness" which separates but does not sever America from the Motherland.

My first Atlantic voyage was not a pleasant experience. I have still a vivid recollection of the discomforts and miseries I was compelled to undergo during a rough passage of fourteen days, from New York to Havre, on the steamship *North Star*, belonging to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the celebrated founder of a family of American multi-millionaires.

Of the *North Star* my only satisfactory recollection is that she bore me safely across the ocean after a voyage which, in these days of luxurious Atlantic travel, would be regarded as extremely unpleasant. Her cabins were small, stuffy, and ill-ventilated, destitute of the comforts which render a long sea-voyage endurable, and pervaded by evil odours apparently introduced for the purpose of inviting attention to the possibility of sudden emergencies, for which conspicuous provision was made at the side of each berth. The cabins were lighted only by a candle inserted in a swinging socket, and peremptorily extinguished by the ship's authorities punctually at nine p.m. By way of a finishing touch to this not very engaging picture, I may add that the food provided on board was none of the best, and at stated periods of the day was unmistakably advertised to the olfactory nerves of the passengers, no doubt as a variant of other compound odours which haunted the ship from the time she left New York until she entered the port of Havre.

In the following year I again crossed the Atlantic, but, remembering the French proverb that "a scalded cat dreads cold water," I resisted the blandishments of the Vanderbilt line, and took passage in the *Persia*, then the flagship of the Cunard Line, and regarded as the finest ocean steamship afloat. Her commander was Captain Judkins, a strict disciplinarian and thorough seaman, who remained during many years afterwards the senior captain of the Cunard Company. Captain Judkins had already acquired the double reputation of sleepless vigilance in looking after the safety of his ship and her passengers, and of treating the latter without ceremony when they had the temerity, as not infrequently happened, to bore him with inept or futile observations and frivolous questions. At the head of his table in the saloon nothing could exceed the urbanity and good temper of Captain Judkins, and his bearing towards those around him was punctiliously courteous; but on his quarter-deck, in the discharge of

his official duty, woe to the man who ventured to ask him "if the Cunard Company paid for his uniform," "at what time he got up in the morning," or if he could "recommend a reliable tailor in Bond Street."

On one occasion, during a stormy winter passage, Captain Judkins was accosted by a nervous passenger.

"Captain," said he, in tremulous tones, "how far are we from land now?"

"Oh," replied Judkins, with a reassuring smile, "about two miles and a half."

"What! Two and a half miles!" retorted the passenger. "I don't see the land at all!"

"Oh, you must look down there, sir," said the imperturbable Judkins, pointing over the side. "The nearest land lies directly beneath you."

Another old sea-dog was Captain Harrison of the *Asia*, with whom I crossed in the sixties. On a certain voyage to Halifax the *Asia* encountered a dense fog off the banks of Newfoundland, and at breakfast the captain told his passengers that he should make the land by three in the afternoon. The day wore on, when, near the hour named, the cry came from the look-out, "Breakers ahead!" and down went the helm instanter. Harrison, who stood amidst a knot of anxious passengers, took out his watch and calmly remarked, "Very good, made land to the minute!" That same Harrison, as brave and true a sailor as ever lived, afterwards commanded the *Great Eastern*, and was drowned in the Solent when going ashore in a dinghy.

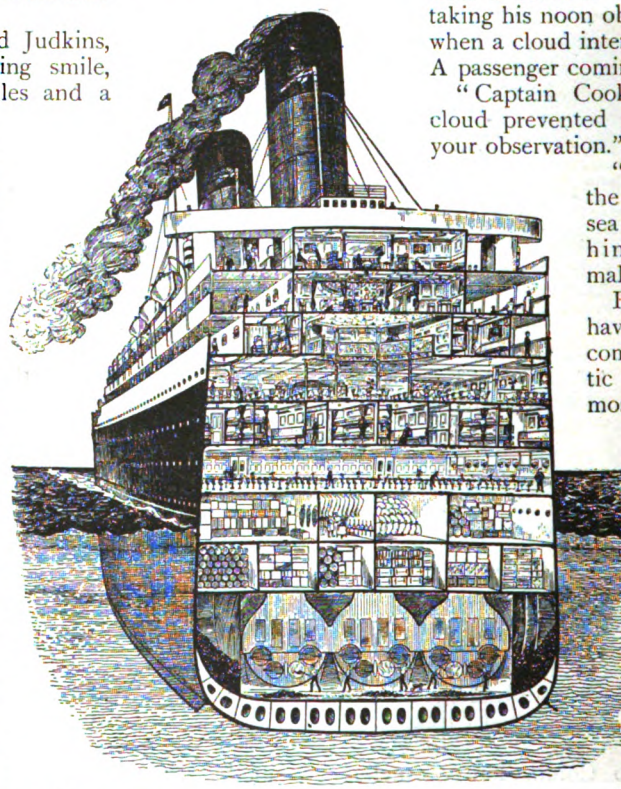
"Cheery Lott" was another Cunard commander, and in the days of his bachelorhood a worthy minister officiating on board his ship quite unconsciously took for his text, "Remember Lot's Wife," which made the modern Lott rage furiously; as he also did upon another occasion, when a sailor complained within his hearing that the pork was "as salt as Lot's wife," the good captain being peculiarly sensitive to all such allusions to his distinguished Biblical namesake.

Theodore Cook, another skilful captain, with a nerve of cold-blast steel, was taking his noon observations one day when a cloud interrupted his vision. A passenger coming up said:—

"Captain Cook, I'm afraid that cloud prevented you from making your observation."

"Yes, sir," replied the potentate of the sea; "but it did not hinder you from making yours."

For my own part, I have always found the commanders of Atlantic liners to be the most genial of good fellows when approached at the proper time.



THE "CARMANIA" IN SECTION, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE DECKS AND COMPARTMENTS.

In the winter of 1858, at the request of the American Minister to the Court of the Tuileries, I made a voyage to New York, memorable to me for two reasons. I was charged to accompany to America an invalid gentleman, whose name was rendered famous during the Civil War between the Northern and Southern States by the historic incident of the steamer *Trent*. The gentleman to whom I refer was Judge Slidell, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, a brother of the famous Slidell whose seizure by an American man-of-war on a British passenger ship nearly led to war between Great Britain and the United States. I travelled with Judge Slidell from Paris to New York, taking passage from Liverpool in the *Europa*, another staunch Cunarder. My second reason for remembering this voyage was the fact that it was made in terrible weather, a violent tempest

raging during the entire passage, which occupied no less than seventeen days. The *Europa*, however, was fully equal to the emergency, and arrived in New York without mishap of any kind. This good ship was a side-wheel steamer, like all the vessels in which I have crossed the ocean up to a comparatively recent period. The merits of the "screw" or "propeller" had not then been fully recognised by the great steamship companies.

CAPTAIN JOHN FRITCHARD, OF THE "CARMANIA."
From a Photograph.

I am reminded by the recent celebration of the London and North-Western Railway Company's diamond jubilee that no narrative concerning Atlantic travel could omit to note the important position which has been held by that great line during sixty years past in conveying many thousands of passengers to and from the Liverpool steamers without a single accident.

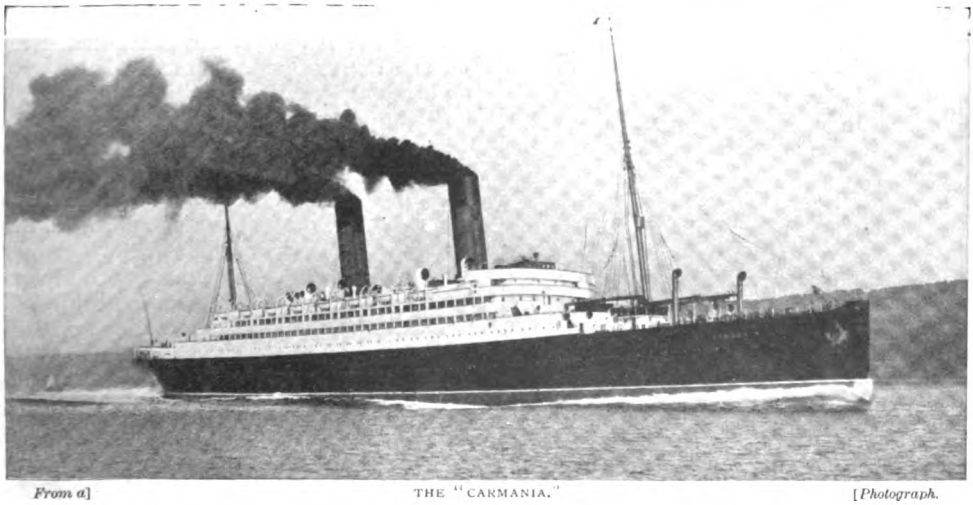
In 1858, and for forty years afterwards, passengers for America arrived from London at the different railway termini of Liverpool, all at considerable distances from the Mersey, and were jolted in cabs to the landing-stage, where, with their luggage, they were taken off in tenders to their ship, anchored in mid-stream. The North-Western "flyer" of 1858 was the ordinary express of fifty years ago, and made the journey from Euston to Lime Street Station in six to six and a half hours. Now the "boat express," an admirably equipped special train, runs, in three hours and forty minutes, without intermediate stops, from Euston to the new and spacious Riverside Station at Liverpool, from which I had only to step on board the *Carmania*, moored at the adjoining wharf.

We are certainly a long way from the early days of railway travel, and no doubt the future will witness still more marvellous transformations. At the same time the luxurious corridor carriages and sleeping and dining cars of the present day, whisked at sixty miles an hour over a permanent way maintained in a perfect state of efficiency, will do tolerably well to go on with.

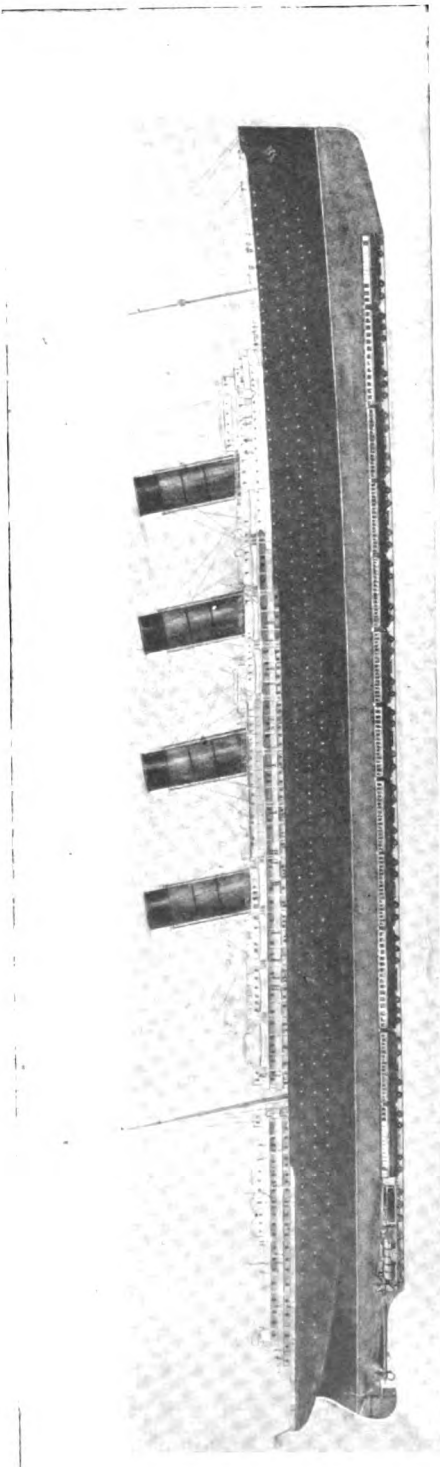
I sailed for New York recently as a passenger on the splendid new Cunard triple-screw turbine steamship *Carmania*, returning to Liverpool by the same company's famous "Atlantic greyhound" the *Campania*.

The *Carmania* is the first great Atlantic liner engined on the turbine principle.

The little steamer *Turbinia*, equipped with the Parsons type of marine turbine, created a sensation at the Diamond Jubilee review at Spithead, when she astonished all onlookers by the ease with which she reached a speed regarded until then as impossible to attain. The *Turbinia* was little more than a



From a] THE "CARMANIA." *[Photograph.*



THE "LUSITANIA," THE LARGEST STEAMSHIP EVER BUILT, COMPARED WITH A RAILWAY TRAIN.
From a Photograph.

toy, but her success at once riveted attention on the future of this new form of marine engine. On the one hand, optimists prophesied that the turbine would shortly drive the reciprocating engine off the seas, and, on the other, pessimists contended that, although it might prove useful in vessels in which the highest speed was the main consideration, it would be found that the coal consumption would prove too great to warrant its use in other vessels.

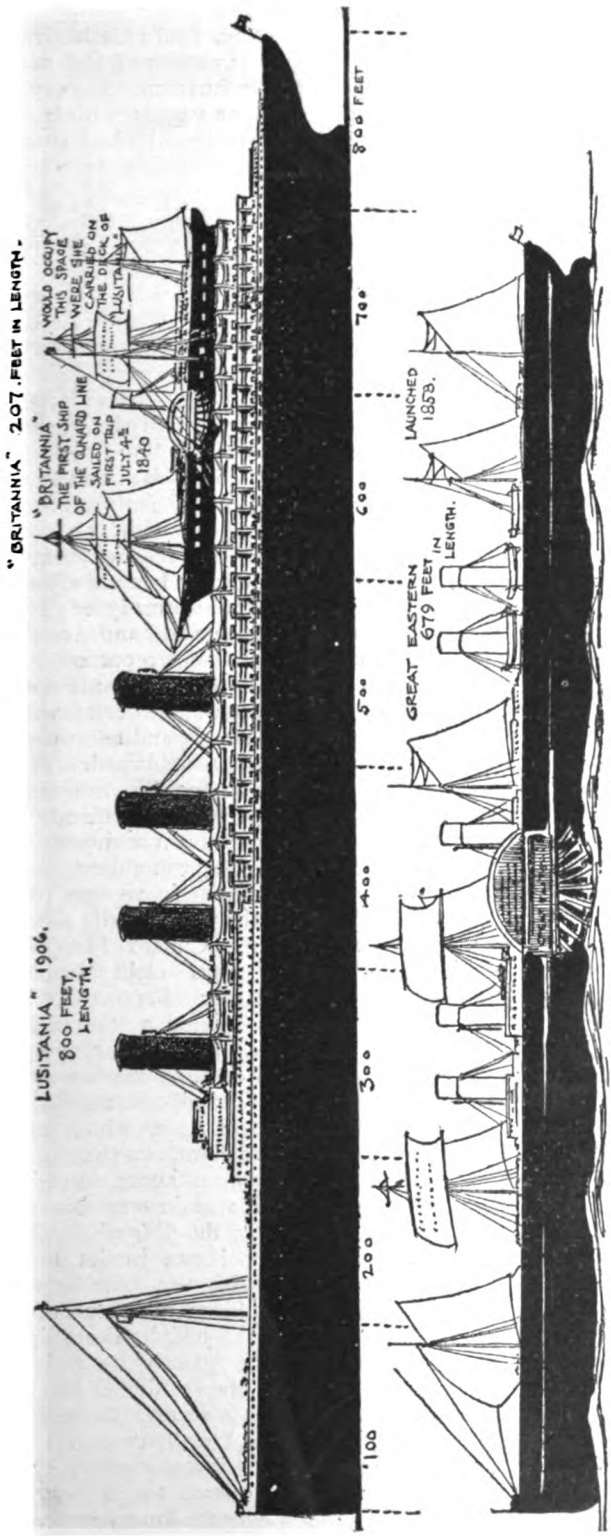
It has proved to be a complete success, consuming less coal and permitting a maximum of speed with a total absence of vibration. This was practically demonstrated on the *Carmania*, when, notwithstanding a rough sea during more than half the voyage from Liverpool to New York, there was no unpleasant motion of the ship, no rolling, no vibration whatever, and not a single case of sea-sickness.

This immunity from all the unpleasant concomitants of a sea-voyage is to be ascribed to the colossal size of a steamship of over twenty thousand gross tonnage, and to the turbine engines by which she is propelled.

As a matter of fact, the *Carmania* marks several new departures in the Transatlantic trade. In the first place, she is the largest turbine liner in commission; she has the largest bilge-keel yet put on that class of vessel, which ensures great steadiness; she is the first turbine liner to run to America; and is the first Cunard turbine-propelled vessel. The *Carmania* is six hundred and seventy-five feet long, seventy-two feet six inches wide, sixty feet deep to boat deck, and has a tonnage of twenty thousand tons. Her engines are of twenty-one thousand horse-power. She has eight decks. There is accommodation on the *Carmania* for upwards of three thousand passengers, whose comfort, as will be seen presently, is well looked after. The Stone-Lloyd system of watertight doors is employed, thus rendering the vessel unsinkable, for her bulkhead doors may be closed in fifteen seconds by the working of a handle on the bridge.

The turbine engines of the *Carmania* are at the present moment the most powerful in the world, though they will be surpassed by those of the two new twenty-five knot "flyers," the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, approaching completion.

Many of those who have made no longer sea voyages than a trip to Boulogne imagine that a Transatlantic journey, apart from its supposed dangers and discomforts, is an exceedingly tedious and monotonous affair. That is a delusion. On board the *Carmania*,



THE "LUSITANIA," COMPARED WITH THE "BRITANNIA" AND WITH THE "GREAT EASTERN."

going to America, and on the *Campania*, returning to England, I heard no complaints about the dullness or lack of variety in the daily round of either ship during the all too brief term of the double journey. There was, it must be admitted, a certain degree of sameness in the daily task of absorbing four regular meals, interspersed with an equal number of "snacks" at odd intervals during the day. But the amusement resources of the passengers were sufficient to satisfy the most exacting, and included a wide range of pastimes, from the masterpieces of Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and other favourite composers, interpreted in musicianly style by professional and amateur players, to chess and bridge in the smoking-room, or the wildly exciting game of shuffle-board on the promenade deck. A large contingent of passengers, mostly ladies, having doubts as to the possible effects of any treacherous motions of the vessel (which *might* occur, but didn't), reclined all day on deck, ensconced in comfortable steamer chairs, refreshing themselves occasionally with various soothing draughts, cunningly devised for their special delectation, and had recourse to the ship's well-stocked library for their mental entertainment. Others occupied no inconsiderable portion of their leisure —to say nothing of that of the purser and the chief steward— in making themselves minutely acquainted with the internal economy of the *Carmania*, and apparently derived much comfort from the useful information thus obtained.

I am bound to confess that my own curiosity impelled me to ask the purser—solely in the interest of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE—to supply me with a few official details relative to the provisioning of the *Carmania* for her voyage from Liverpool to New York, and he was good enough to give me a printed list of some four hundred and forty separate articles

of "victualling stores," from which I select the following items:—

Tea (China, Ceylon, black, etc.), 1,061lb.; coffee, 1,630lb.; refined sugar, 1,764lb.; beef, 23,766lb.; mutton, 6,944lb.; lamb, 2,390lb.; pork, 2,708lb.; fresh fish, 3,170lb.; spring chickens, 387; roasting chickens, 389; turkeys, 93; pigeons, 250; ice, 6 tons; cream, 917qts.; fresh milk, 160galls.; condensed milk, 1,395qts.; eggs, 28,440; butter, 1,663lb.; bacon, 3,996lb.; hams, 1,999lb.; flour, 232 barrels; cheese, 1,683lb.; extract of beef, 314 jars; potatoes, 20 tons; fresh tomatoes, 305 boxes; English grapes, 208lb.; marrowfat peas, 1,220lb.; oatmeal, 3,095lb.; currants, 559lb.; raisins, 560lb.; prunes, 888lb.; figs, 551lb.; and a ton and a half of fresh fruit.

It is well known that the *Carmania* and *Caronia* are only the forerunners of still larger ships to come. There will soon be on the Atlantic a quartet of these magnificent floating hotels, and the two which are to follow, the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, now under construction by the Cunard Company, are the largest steamships ever yet laid down. In June, 1906, the *Lusitania* was launched on the Clyde with all due ceremonial, and will make her first voyage to New York in the course of the present summer.

The vessel not only exceeds by seventy-five feet the longest ship afloat, but she is intended to be the fastest merchant vessel in the world.

She differs from anything the Cunard Line has done before in that she is to have four smoke-stacks and three propellers.

One of the conditions of the British Government contracting with the Cunard Line to build the *Lusitania* and her mate, the *Mauretania*, is that either ship must be able to cross the Atlantic, from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, at a speed of not less than twenty-eight miles per hour.

In determining the dimensions and lines of the ship a large sum was previously expended in studying the problems suggested by the necessity of obtaining a speed of twenty-five nautical knots, or twenty-eight miles per hour, from a vessel displacing no less than forty-five thousand tons of water. These experiments were carried out in specially constructed tanks at Haslar by the Admiralty and at Clydebank by the builders, Messrs. John Brown and Co.

If the *Lusitania* were placed on the Thames Embankment her width would take up the whole of the roadway and the pathway on the river side. If up-ended, she would tower nearly four times as high as the Monument, and more than twice as high as the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. The huge size of this new wonder of the seas is apparent when her measurements are compared with those of other vessels which, at one time or another, have been looked upon as the last and final development in shipbuilding:—

	Lusitania.	*Great Eastern.*	*Kaiser Wilhelm II.*
Length over all	800ft.	—	706·6ft.
Length between perpendiculars	760ft.	680ft.	—
Breadth	88ft.	82·8ft.	72ft.
Depth	60·6ft.	48·2ft.	52·6ft.
Displacement ...	45,000 tons	32,160 tons	26,000 tons
Gross tonnage ...	32,500	18,915	20,000
Draught	37½ft.	25ft.	29ft.
Ind. h.-p.....	70,000	11,000	38,000 to 40,000
Knots	25	13	23½

Some notion of the *Lusitania's* immense proportions is conveyed by the picture given in this article contrasting her with the first steamship of the Cunard Line, the *Britannia*, of 1840, and also with the once famous *Great Eastern*, the big ship launched in 1858. The horse-power of the *Lusitania* will be seventy thousand, and to get all there is out of her engines she will consume one thousand tons of coal a day. She will have nine decks, with passenger and freight elevators, and telephone connections with a central switchboard. She will have accommodation for five hundred and fifty first-class passengers, five hundred second, and one thousand three hundred third-class, with a crew of eight hundred.

The duration of the Atlantic voyage has been lessened more than one half since the establishment of the Cunard Line in 1840. The fourteen days eight hours' passage of the Cunarder *Britannia* in July, 1840, was at that period a "record." Twenty-three years later, in December, 1863, the *Britannia's* time in crossing was lowered nearly six days by the *Scotia*, the last paddle-steamship of the Cunard Line, which ran from New York to Queenstown, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one knots, in eight days three hours. This again was beaten twelve years afterwards by the *City of Berlin*, in seven days eighteen hours, in its turn surpassed once more by the *Britannic*, in December, 1876. Since then a new "record" has been established by the ships of four or five different Atlantic steamship companies, "the blue ribbon of the Atlantic" being to-day held by the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, of the North German Lloyd, though the record from Ireland still belongs to the *Lucania's* run of five days, seven hours, twenty-three minutes, over the longer route.

The Jest of the Margravine.

By C. C. Andrews.

IT was as he emerged into a little clearing among the pines that the first snowflakes of the coming storm, sweeping his face like a light touch of icy fingers, brought Wrayburn to a halt, to look about him with an involuntary sensation of dismay. Before, above, below him the mast-like trunks stood close and tall; there was no sign of the continuance of the path which he had started to follow over the shoulder of the great hill, and he had been walking for full three hours, although half the time should have taken him easily to the village in the valley where he had meant to lie for the night. Without doubt he had lost his way.

Although many parts of the Continent were familiar to him, this particular portion of the German frontier was absolutely strange. He had certainly been a fool in turning to a jest the warning of the keepers of the last posting-house that in the present turbulent times the roads in that wild and sparsely-peopled district were far from safe. For this was the winter of 1813, when shackled Europe, still trembling in the conquering shadow of the terrible Napoleon, did not yet dare dream of the freedom which was to follow the thunder of the guns of Waterloo.

Wrayburn, then, coming to a halt, looked about him and considered. To his left and below him the woods lay black and dense; to the right, as the ground ascended, it seemed that at a certain point the column-like trunks thinned; he thought he could faintly make out something like a gate. A gate would probably mean a house at no great distance. In a few minutes he had reached the gate, and was looking over it at the rough cart-track that wound upwards and away among the trees. Rough as it was, it was sufficient; he vaulted the gate and followed it.

The road was a fairly good one; the house, he argued, could not be very far away. But he was almost exhausted when a sharp turn, bringing it suddenly into view, brought him also to an involuntary halt to stare at its vast turreted mass as it loomed above him. Expectant of a mere farmhouse, he had come upon a castle, a very medieval stronghold.

Recovering from his surprise, he went on; the road presently widened out before a massive wall and archway. Passing under it, he found himself in a huge courtyard whose flags lay deep in the muffling snow. Here and there a patch of ruddy light brightened and flickered as of flames dancing upon windows; somewhere in the gloom a dog uttered a piercing, long-drawn, melancholy howl. The place was at least inhabited, he thought, hurrying towards where a deep porch showed that a door must be hidden. He was almost spent from his buffeting with the storm; when he gained its shelter he was fain to stand still to recover his breath and beat his half-frozen feet and hands. It was as he did so that he heard the creaking jar of rusty hinges; the door was thrown open, yellow light flowed out over the snow, and a woman stood there like a picture in a frame.

A girl, rather. Wrayburn's eyes were quick; in a flash he took in her slim tallness, her narrow-skirted, high-waisted gown of yellow satin, her small sandalled feet, the slender bare arm that held the candle high, lighting up the piled curls of her dark hair, the delicate oval face that, almost as colourless and fine-grained as ivory, was beautiful; the eyes that, looking black in the shadow, he presently discovered to be as blue as forget-me-nots. All this in the moment before she saw him, and with a cry almost let the candle fall. Wrayburn stopped himself midway in his sentence of stiffly-awkward German, for her exclamation had been in French, and the tongue was as familiar to him as his own.

"I entreat your pardon, mademoiselle," he began, hastily; "I fear I alarm you. I am so unfortunate—or so foolish—that I have lost my road."

"Your road, monsieur?" she echoed, blankly.

"Some hours ago, mademoiselle. To find it again when the storm began appeared so hopeless that I judged it wiser to seek some shelter for the night. I am on my way to Strasburg, but left my carriage at the last posting-house, intending to walk the next stage, but——"

"Strasburg! You are miles from the road, monsieur!" she cried.

"As I concluded, mademoiselle. If I might beg of your kindness to grant me a meal and shelter until morning, I——"

"But certainly, monsieur." Quick with her interruption, she stepped back, drawing aside the scanty, shining folds of her yellow satin, and motioned him in. "You are doubtless exhausted—the storm is very severe—and hungry also, and cold. It is well you found your way here safely. Pray enter, monsieur."

"A WOMAN STOOD THERE LIKE A PICTURE IN A FRAME."

Wrayburn, obeying, found himself in a hall so vast and high that its dimensions were lost in shadow. A lamp or two and a great piled fire of pine-logs lighted it but dimly. Guns, spears, and other weapons were upon the walls, with many horns and antlers of deer. A huge tusked head of a wild boar grinned fiercely above the chimney; in the distance a stone stairway wound upwards in the gloom. All this he saw vaguely as he took off his snow-covered cloak and hat, giving them into the hands of a man-servant who appeared in answer to the girl's call, to whom she spoke a few rapid sentences in a guttural South German *patois* of which he hardly understood a syllable, before signing to him to follow her. Doing so, Wrayburn found his head reeling and his step unsteady; the change from the biting cold without made him dizzy and almost sick. She led the way into a lofty panelled room in which another great fire of pine-logs blazed upon the hearth; the candles that lighted it showed the table spread, its furnishings disordered as though it had been but recently left. She pointed to a chair.

"Pray sit, monsieur," she begged. "You are very cold. You shall have food directly, but first drink this. You are exhausted also—yes?"

She swept him a little curtsy in her narrow satin skirts as she handed him the wine she had poured from a tall, long-necked bottle on the table—she contrived to make the little ceremony charming. Wrayburn, bowing as he took the glass, discovered also the blueness of her black-lashed eyes. Possibly she, at the same moment, realized that her guest was a handsome man.

"You do me too much honour, mademoiselle—a thousand thanks." He drank and set down the glass. "Pray pardon me if I obey you—it is true, I am exhausted."

He sank into the chair, glad to do it, conscious that the first effect of the strong wine was to make him dizzier yet. The short silence that followed was uncomfortably broken; the long-drawn, savage, snarling dog's howl, which he had heard in the courtyard, was repeated—it seemed from close by. Some indefinable quality in it made him start to his feet. "It seems that your dogs are uneasy, mademoiselle."

"Dogs?" echoed the girl. She made a movement forward from the hearth, and in doing so seemed, he thought, to check herself. "It is true, monsieur—they are uneasy," she said, quietly.

Wrayburn made no answer. Once more the howl rang out, plainly from more animals than one, and once more the strange something in the sound impelled his attention. As it died away the door opened, and the man he had seen entered with another, the two carrying his supper. Observant of them as they set down the dishes and went out, he made the involuntary inward reflection that the castle had grim servitors. He had expected that the girl would follow them, but she seated herself by the hearth, rising now and then despite his protests to pour his wine and serve him as he made his meal. It was like being waited upon by a young princess, he thought, admiring the slim figure in the yellow satin, the slender hands as fair as lilies, the delicate, ivory-pale face, and the haughtily-carried little head with its piled dark curls. She was beautiful, but she would be lovelier still were she less grave; it presently dawned upon him that he had not yet seen her smile. That was when his meal was over and she had withdrawn to a window, pulling aside its heavy, faded hangings. Following, he saw the air a furious whirl of white flakes, driven before a wind that shrieked fiercely. She glanced at him.

"The storm increases, monsieur. It is well that you found the road here," she said, gravely.

"I count myself most favoured, mademoiselle. But for my good fortune in doing so, and the hospitality which has so kindly received me, I doubt if the morning would have found me living."

"Indeed, I think it would not, monsieur, had you lost yourself in the woods. In a storm last winter two peasants were frozen to death on their way to the valley, and they were men who knew the road."

"I am happy in escaping a like fate." Following her as she moved to the hearth, he hesitated. The question was surely permissible since she volunteered nothing, and every moment his curiosity and interest grew. "I have not yet offered my most grateful thanks, mademoiselle. In doing so, may I beg to be honoured with your name?"

She swept him her little curtsy again. "I am Denise de la Roche, monsieur. But your thanks are not mine. They are for her Excellency."

"Her Excellency?"

"Madame the Margravine."

"The Margravine," Wrayburn echoed again.

"But yes!" She looked at him with her blue eyes wide in surprised wonder. "Monsieur has surely heard of this place—the Schloss Klagenburg—and of Madame the Margravine?

"Indeed, no." Wrayburn smiled. "I see that in your eyes I seem most ignorant, mademoiselle, but until now I have never heard of madame, or, before to-day, been near this place. Both here and in France her Excellency's name is doubtless well known, but I fear that we in England——"

He broke off, for the girl had started suddenly back from him.

"Ah!" she cried. "You are not English, monsieur?"

Wrayburn stared. She had not only started back, but the expression of dismay in her face almost touched consternation. In a moment he recovered himself, half amused in the midst of his wonder.

"I am certainly English, mademoiselle, as surely as you, by your name, are French." He hesitated. "You know the language?"

"I comprehend—yes. I speak it only a little—a very little." She drew a step nearer, but with no change in her scared look. "Indeed, I thought you French, monsieur. You speak like a Frenchman."

"The tongue is as familiar to me as my own; I have been much in France." He smiled. "I trust that Mademoiselle de la Roche has no quarrel with the English?"

"I? No, no, it is not I. But had I known I had not dared—— Ah, hush, monsieur! Be silent, or say as I say, I entreat you. Here is madame."

Wrayburn was never afterwards sure that with her rapid, frightened whisper a little hand as cold as ice had not warningly touched his lips. He swung round to the door. It had opened with a stiff sweep and rustle of silk, and within it stood a figure at which he had much ado not to stare again.

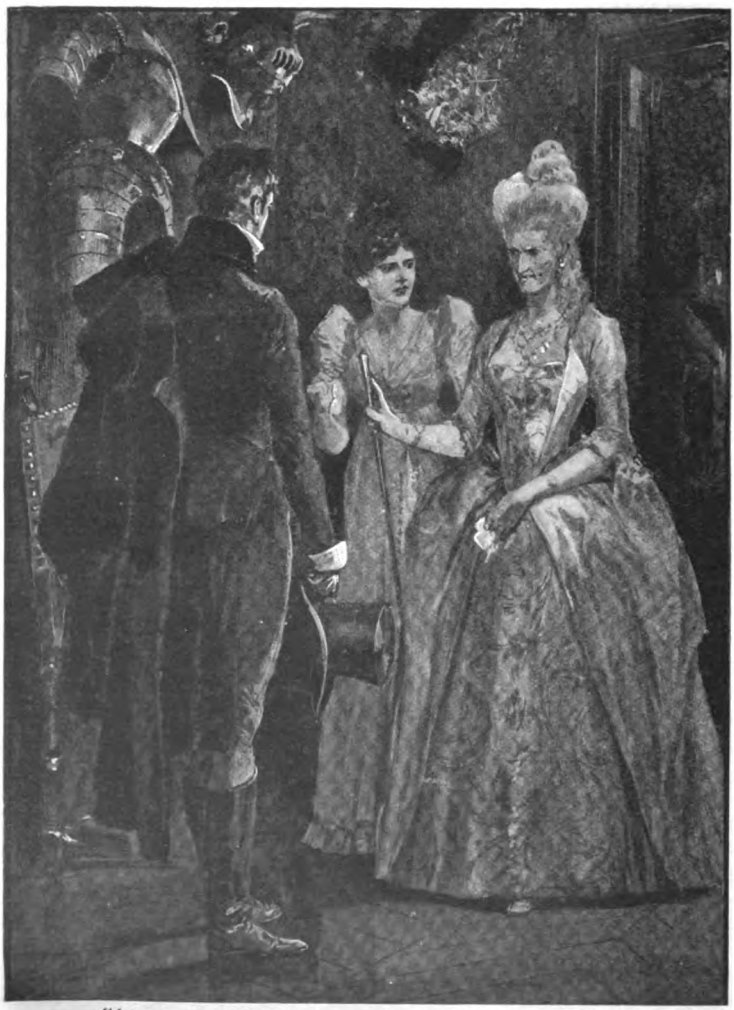
Encountered anywhere he must have thought it strange and regarded it with wonder, if only for its costume. The girl's straight-cut, clinging skirts, short puffed sleeves, and high-waisted bodice were in the mode of the day; the Margravine's brocaded robe was trained over wide-spreading hoops and a flowered satin petticoat; her powdered hair was dressed high upon an immense cushion; her cheeks, ghastly in a ruddle of scarlet and white, were patched; jewels glittered on her neck, her pointed stomacher, her mittened hands. Wrayburn, looking, recalled upon the wall of the gallery in his Dorsetshire manor-house the portrait of his grandmother in such a dress. But the picture was that of a young woman, rosy, fair, and rounded.

The Margravine, withered and gaunt, was only the older for her painted travesty of youth, although she held herself erect as a poplar, and in her girlhood her black eyes could have flashed with no brighter fire. Meeting them, meeting her smile, he felt that, in part at least, the girl's panic was explained; for some subtle quality in both was cruel. He bowed to the strange old figure in its slowly rustling advance, but in silence, for that swift touch seemed still upon his lips. He heard a little gasp before she spoke, moving a pace nearer, as though, he thought, the slender child would protect him.

"Monsieur lost his way in the storm, madame," she began. "He is travelling to Strasburg, but chose to leave his carriage at the posting-house and walk the next stage. Being a stranger in this part of the country he missed the road. I have explained that he was fortunate to find his way to the Schloss Klagenburg and your Excellency's hospitality."

Her voice was steady, but Wrayburn saw the little hand at her side clutch and twist a fold of her yellow gown. The Margravine stopped, looking from one to the other. She spoke in French that was ready enough, though with an uncouth South German accent; her old voice came with an odd smoothness, and she smiled still.

"You have been my deputy, Denise—you have done well, my child. You have assured the gentleman that he is welcome until the morning, or longer if it needs—yes? It is very well." Her great hoops swayed, and her brocaded skirts rustled as she dipped in a vast spreading curtsy, as agilely as a girl. "But you were somewhat rash, monsieur, to try to find the road over the hill, though your doing so has procured us the honour of your company. It is but seldom that we welcome an Englishman to Klagenburg."



"'MONSIEUR LOST HIS WAY IN THE STORM, MADAME,' SHE BEGAN."

The words were an assertion. Had Wrayburn known what to reply Denise would have given him no time; her answer came before he could open his lips.

"No, Excellency—monsieur is French," she asserted.

"Monsieur is English?" repeated the Margravine.

She ignored the girl; she looked at the man; the words were a question now. Once more Denise interposed, no less swiftly. She stepped between them, holding her dark head high.

"But no, madame," she said, quietly. "Your Excellency is

wrong. Monsieur is French as I am French." With her eyes upon the glittering black eyes she stepped back to Wrayburn's side. "Monsieur is my betrothed," she said.

Her hand slipped through his arm, the fingers shutting fast upon it. In the midst of his amazement his understanding of their pressure was quick enough to save him from even a start. "Say as I say," she had implored. Whatever her reason for telling the lie—and such a lie!—she was in deadly earnest, it might be in deadly terror, and she had left him but one thing to do. At the suggested danger to himself he hardly glanced—she had lied and he must support her lie. He bowed to the Margravine.

"Mademoiselle forestalls me," he said. "It is I, madame, who should have had the honour of making the announcement of my good fortune to your Excellency."

There was a moment's silence, in which Wrayburn felt the hand upon his arm tighten and grow colder yet. A great gust of wind tore shrieking down the chimney, sending smoke and flame from the hearth across the room in a cloud; the candles flickered. Then the Margravine laughed in a shrill cackle, her black eyes blazing over her ruddle of red and white.

"Monsieur is right," she cried. "He is indeed honoured to win the hand of Mademoiselle de la Roche. She has youth, she has beauty, she is the last of her line—what matter to so brave a lover that there is nothing more? My felicitations, monsieur, and my apologies that I insult so good a Frenchman by thinking him English." She turned to the girl. "And you, Denise, you would deceive me? You would not give me the happiness of knowing that your betrothed comes at last to claim you at my hands? Fie, fie! Little girls should not be sly, mademoiselle! You are pale, child—you should have smiles for the gentleman who comes to take you for his wife without a sou. But doubtless your welcome was warm when you met, my dear; I would I had seen it, Denise!" She turned swiftly to Wrayburn. "What is your name, monsieur?"

The question was as quick as the movement. Wrayburn was ready for it. He answered without a moment's hesitation: "I am Gilbert d'Aurillac, madame."

"D'Aurillac? Ah, it is a good name, that! And French—oh, very French. You make a match that is worthy of you, my Denise; I shall greet you with pleasure, my child, as Madame d'Aurillac—yes. Wait but a little while, my children, and I return to you."

The door shut upon her great hoops and her towering headdress. As it did so Denise, with a gasp, let Wrayburn's arm go.

"Oh, you are quick, monsieur, you are quick!" she whispered, eagerly. "Oh, to my heart I trembled lest you should give your English name."

"The name I gave was my own. My mother came of a French family, my godmother is the Duchesse d'Aurillac—I am Gilbert d'Aurillac Wrayburn." He hesitated. "So far I have told no lie, mademoiselle, but the one you made necessary. I do not know the meaning of your play, or why you deceive her Excellency, but——"

"Play!" she cried. "Do you think I jest, monsieur?"

"No, no, child—no. Forgive me, and, if you can, trust me. I mean only that I do not know why you have chosen to present me to madame in the character of another man, your betrothed, and why——"

"I have no betrothed, monsieur. Until now, to pretend to madame that I had was my only lie. If I lied again it was for your sake." She ran to the window; as she had done before, she pulled aside the curtain, pointing out at the wild whirl of the snow. "Look—listen! You hear and see?"

"The storm?" He stared at her, seeing her face as white as paper.

"The storm. You remember what you said just now—that had you not made your way here the morning might not have found you living?"

"I remember."

"You would be wandering, lost in it now—the morning would find you frozen dead in it—if madame knew."

"Knew?"

"That you are an Englishman."

With the furious, screaming blast of wind which nearly drowned the words came another sound—the savage, yelping, snarling howl of the dogs. Once more the strange note in the cry made Wrayburn cold. As it died away—it seemed that they both listened—the girl let the curtain fall.

"Madame hates the English," she whispered, rapidly. "Oh, not without reason in the first place—no. Long ago—it is fifty years—her husband fought a duel with an English milord, and he killed him—the Margrave. She is not like other women—she cannot forget or forgive or love, I think—only hate, always hate. So she hates the English—always hates them. I had not dared let you enter had I known you were of England. If she knew she would drive you

out into the storm, if no worse. Monsieur, it has been done before!"

"Before?" Wrayburn echoed. Something in her eyes as he met them horrified him.

"Yes, and more than once." She drew closer. "Listen. It was old Ottilie told me this—she was her Excellency's waiting-woman, and very old—she died last year. Once, long ago, an Englishman came here for shelter from the storm, as you have done—it was in the dead winter, and very cold. He was only a boy, she said, a handsome boy—he told madame his country and his name—what did he know? He was flogged, monsieur—flogged in the courtyard, she standing by to see, and driven out upon the hill in the snow. To die? But yes—what else? He was weak, and did not know the road." She shuddered violently. "And—and—last year—last winter—another came. I saw him. He was almost old—his hair was grey."

"And was driven out?" Wrayburn ejaculated.

"But yes, monsieur. He told madame his name and country; she herself barred the door. It was the storm in which the two peasants were frozen. He was found by a party of soldiers at the edge of the wood, frozen too."

"Good Heaven, are such things possible?" cried Wrayburn.

"Why not, monsieur? Who would tell? Madame's servants are as her slaves. And it is her right, if she chooses, to refuse shelter and food to strangers. I begged her—on my knees I begged her—not to make him go. She laughed; what could I do? Ah, madame is very cruel!"

"Cruel? She must be mad!"

"Mad? Perhaps—I do not know. As she is now she has been since I came. And I have lived here three years."

"Three years?" Wrayburn echoed. He looked round the vast, gloomy room and back at her slim figure in its yellow gown; behind her he seemed to see the Margravine's malicious, ruddled old face, with its mocking smile and glittering eyes. "Three years? In the name of Heaven, how was it that you came here, child?"

"You may almost guess, monsieur, if you remember the name of De la Roche."

"I—think so." He hesitated. "Your grandfather?"

"He died in the Terror, monsieur, and my parents died exiled and penniless in your England. It was when my grandmother too was near death and very old that she wrote to her Excellency from St. Fleur, where we had found a refuge—they had been in a convent together when they were girls like me. So when she died I came to Klagenburg—what else was there to do? A De la Roche cannot beg, and there was no work for these so-helpless hands of mine. My service has paid madame for my food and clothing and shelter. So I have lived here three years!"

She looked away, biting her lip; he saw her throat swell. In a moment he followed her to the hearth.

"I understand that I have to thank you for perhaps my life, mademoiselle, and entreat you to believe that I do so most gratefully. But for your readiness, your courage, there is, it seems, small doubt of what my fate might have been. You permit me the question, having told me so much—in this matter of—of your betrothed——"

"Why did I lie?" She looked at him. "Oh, not without reason, monsieur," she said, bitterly. "I have said that madame is cruel. She says that it is well for girls to marry, and that such a one as I should be thankful to any husband who will take me without a sou. It was a year ago that she said it first—it may be that she wearied of me and wished me away." She set her teeth, turning scarlet. "She would have wedded me to her steward, monsieur—me, Denise de la Roche! It was then I lied to save myself, as to-night to save you. I said I was already betrothed, and that my lover only waited to be rich enough to marry me. She asked for no name and I gave none; but she believed, as she believes now, that you are he. . . . Hush! She is coming!"

He caught her trembling hand as the door swung creaking open; the impulse of protection and tenderness that rose in him prompted him also to throw his arm round her as he might have done to a child, but he only held her hand, standing at her side. The Margravine, rustling in her huge swaying hoops, paused, her eyes turning slowly from one face to the other, smiling her cruel old smile.

"I interrupt, monsieur," she said, suavely. "Pay no heed, I beg you—I have, indeed, much sympathy with lovers." Her eyes turned to the girl. "You are pale still, my child—fie, fie again! Does a gentleman travel through storm and snow to meet with a welcome as cold as itself? Indeed, monsieur will doubt your joy and question your devotion! A bride should have smiles and blushes for her bridegroom on the eve of her wedding-day. Is it not so, monsieur?"

"I UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR PERHAPS MY LIFE, MADEMOISELLE."

"Madame!" Denise cried.

Her start back was so violent that her hand slipped from Wrayburn's hold. The Margravine nodded her cushioned head; the jewels on her withered neck, the great emeralds in her ears flashed with the movement.

"But yes, my child. Monsieur has waited and been faithful too long; with the morning —with the daylight, if it may be—I bestow his reward upon him—yourself. Ah, see how I, whose happiness is dead, am eager to secure yours, that I send the poor Gottlieb through the snow to the valley for Monsieur le Curé that he may marry you!"

"Madame! Marry me!" Denise gasped again.

"What else, my pretty one? Have I not said with what joy I shall greet you as Madame d'Aurillac?" She looked at Wrayburn. "You are silent, monsieur. But he who receives the hand of Mademoiselle de la Roche may well lack words to thank the giver. And you are fatigued. Permit me that I show you to your chamber before I take your bride to hers. You, too, must rest and sleep, or your beauty will show poorly on your wedding morning, my Denise. Pray follow me, monsieur."

The erect old figure in the great spreading hoops swayed down the room. As it passed out of sight the girl caught Wrayburn's arm.

"She understands," she whispered, rapidly. "She knows we lied, and thus punishes us. Did I not say she was cruel? She mocks us, monsieur."

"Cruel! It is infamous!" cried Wrayburn, hotly. "Mademoiselle, believe, I beg you, that had I guessed your generous endeavour to protect me would have subjected you to this I would not for an instant have availed myself of it. I will tell the truth to her Excellency."

"No, no!" She stood swiftly in his way. "The storm is at its height, monsieur; to face it would mean your death. Gottlieb may reach the valley in safety; he is mountain-born, and knows every inch of the road, but not you. Wait—there are many hours before morning, and the storm may cease. If, as I hope——"

"Is it possible that she has sent the man? That she would carry on the jest?" Wrayburn interrupted.

"But yes, monsieur. It is a jest to please her. Without doubt she has sent for Monsieur le Curé. She——"

"I wait, monsieur," came the voice of the Margravine.

She appeared in the doorway; at an imperative beckoning of the mittened hand

Denise hurried out and Wrayburn followed. Midway across the vast, shadowy hall his feet were arrested; once more the strange snarling, yelping, dog-like howl rose hideously. The Margravine stopped; as she looked at him, the candle she had taken from a table showed her smiling with an added malice and mockery.

"Monsieur is nervous," she suggested, smoothly.

"I am not nervous, Excellency. Your dogs are restless, it seems," he answered.

"Monsieur is nervous," the Margravine repeated. "And yet my pets are gentle—oh, very gentle! It is so, is it not, Denise? We will show them to monsieur—he shall understand that you have been guarded well at Klagenburg."

She drew the girl's arm tightly through her own, leading the way down a winding stone passage. It ended in an archway draped by a thick curtain. Wrayburn, conscious of an effluvium in his nostrils that sickened him oddly, was aware too of something behind it—something that snuffed, and padded to and fro softly, and whined. The Margravine drew it back, holding her candle high, and his cry of astonishment mingled with her shrill cackle of laughter.

"Wolves!" he exclaimed.

He stared, fascinated. The curtain had hidden an enormous cage, and behind the bars four wolves—huge grey and brindled creatures—crouched snarling in the candle's light, their bared fangs glistening savagely. The Margravine opened a door and stepped within; the great brutes fawned about her with lolling tongues and slavering jaws. Wrayburn, watching the weird old bedizened figure, the face with its ghastly ruddle of powder and paint, almost doubted whether he was not in some fantastic dream. She cackled her mocking laugh again, caressing the beasts as she stood among them, and he thought she looked like a witch with her familiars.

"As you see, monsieur, my pets are gentle—very gentle. They love me and are faithful—yes. Come in, Denise, and show that you, too, are not afraid. You will not? Fie, little coward! Indeed, monsieur, you may believe that they will do harm to none unless I choose. But did I give the word and let them pass the door they would tear you to pieces where you stand!"

"Indeed, madame, I do not doubt it," said Wrayburn, bluntly. "Mademoiselle is wise that she will not trust herself within reach of the brutes. Your choice of pets is a strange one."

"Ah, there speaks the brave lover!" cried the Margravine. "Monsieur would not have hurt so much as one of your pretty fingers, you perceive, my Denise! A strange choice—yes—but I have my fancies—I! And it may be there are sports at which I shall one day find them useful."

"Useful? For example?" asked Wrayburn, curiously.

"For example—hunting," said the Margravine. "It is enough, my darlings—monsieur has seen. To sleep, then!"

She stepped out, drawing the curtain. In the moment that her eyes and hands were occupied Wrayburn found Denise at his side; the face she lifted was as white as chalk.

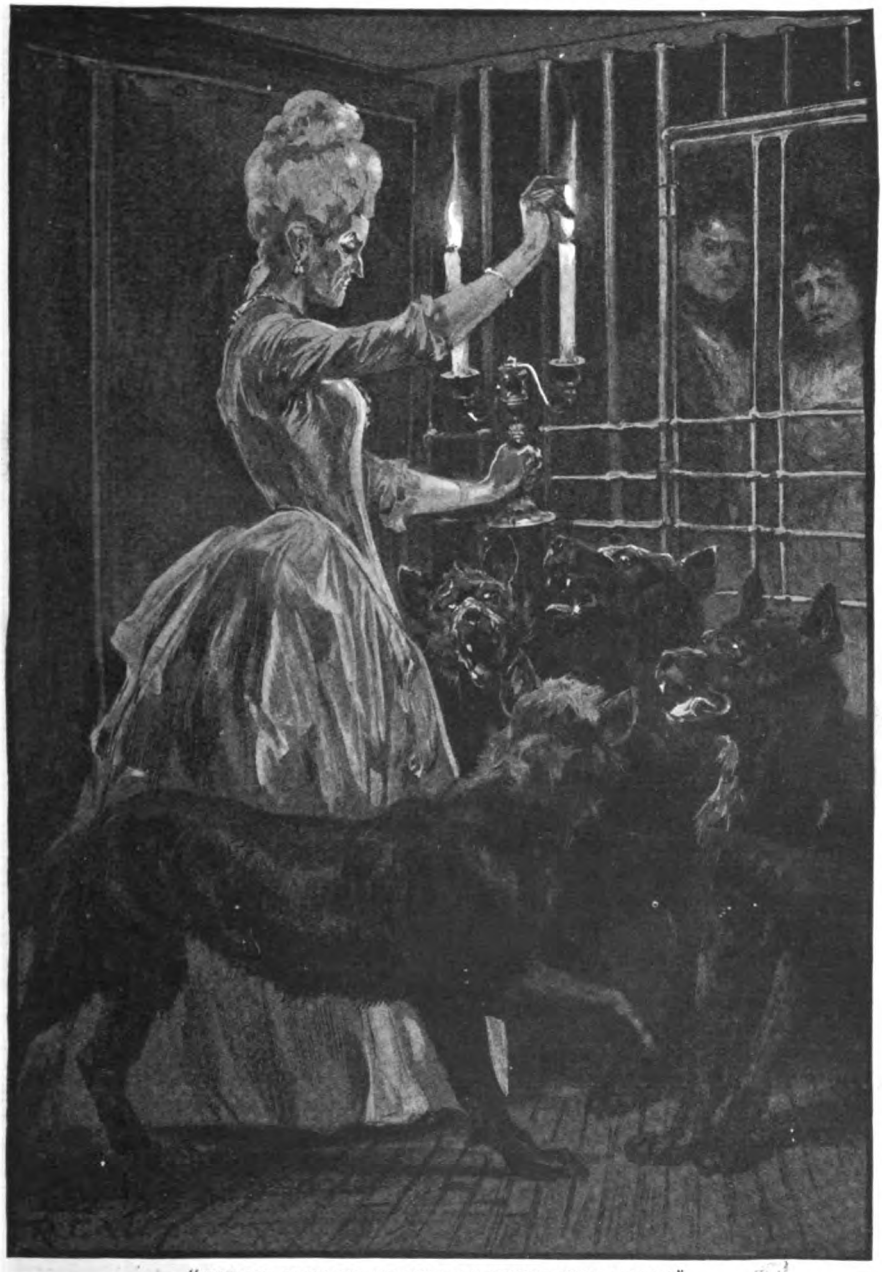
"For the love of Heaven be silent, monsieur!" she breathed rapidly. "Say nothing—object to nothing—let her do as she will. And, if you can, keep waking. Hush! She will hear!"

She was back at the Margravine's side; the howl of the imprisoned wolves rose behind them as they returned to the hall. The Margravine paused by an open door, revealing a great room dimly lighted by candles and the fire of piled logs upon the hearth. As she again dropped her wide-spreading, rustling curtsy, Wrayburn saw that her fingers, closing upon the girl's wrist, clutched it like a vice.

"To your rest and repose, monsieur," she said, smoothly. "Though, indeed, the thoughts of a coming happiness so great may well hold you waking. Pray enter, that I may close the door and know you are in safe keeping. As you perceive, we guard our guests well at Klagenburg."

The smile with which she pointed to the heavy bolts upon the door made her face more witchlike and more wicked than it had seemed yet. What Wrayburn might have done but for that imploring whisper of Denise, and the gesture with which she now secretly touched her lips, is doubtful. Having heard the one and seen the other, there was but one thing to do—he bowed and entered the room. Instantly the door was shut and its bolts shot. Listening, he heard the cackle of the Margravine's laughter as she withdrew.

He took up a candle and looked round his prison; it was so obviously a prison that he gave only a glance at its two windows—no doubt they were securely shuttered from without. A brief examination convinced him that there was no way of leaving it but by the bolted door. With a shrug he threw



"YOU SEE, MONSIEUR, MY PETS ARE GENTLE—VERY GENTLE."

himself into a chair by the hearth. He was at any rate fed and sheltered; so far the Schloss Klagenburg had its advantages; the morning must be waited for. As for what might happen then, he was, as regarded himself, very little concerned. But the girl who had lied to protect him — would the Margravine, having played her diabolical jest at her expense, rest contented? Thinking of it, seeming to see again the beautiful face with its look of entreaty and terror, he was unaware that his head was drooping and his eyelids closing. He was quite unconscious of having slept when he sprang to his feet, awakened to the reality of her hand upon his wrist.

"Mademoiselle!" he ejaculated, bewilderedly.

The fire had sunk to a heap of ashes;

the only light was that of the candle she carried; by it he saw that she was muffled in a great fur cloak, its hood drawn over her head, and that the door stood open.

"Hush, monsieur!" she whispered, hurriedly. "Madame may wake, may hear. She locked me in my room and took the key; but I have another—I found it long ago—she does not know. It will soon be dawn—the storm is over; the snow is not very deep and must be frozen hard. Come quickly and I will take you to the stables—you can harness and drive a sledge, can you not? I can tell you the way back to the road you left last night—you will be safe by the morning."

"Safe?" Wrayburn echoed.

"Yes, yes!" She drew a pace nearer. "Do you think that when the morning comes and you own the truth—as you must—that madame will let you go? Did I not tell you what happened to the English boy long ago? Her servants are many, you are only one, and you have deceived her. You had better have faced the storm than what may follow." He felt her shudder violently. "Come quickly, while there is time."

"And leave you to own to her that you have released me?" cried Wrayburn.

"She will not know. Bring the candle, and I will show you."

She ran across the room; for a moment her fingers fumbled at a cluster of carved fruit and flowers in the decoration of the panel; the next it slid away, revealing a passage in the thickness of the wall; the glitter of the snow showed in a white patch beyond it.

"I found it one day by chance," she whispered. "I never told madame. Leave it open, and she will believe that you have found it. What else, when she finds the door bolted as she left it, and I locked again in my chamber? Oh, I prayed that she might choose to shut you here! Come, and tread softly, monsieur."

The bolts were drawn upon the empty room. With her hand clasping his wrist to guide him they crept across the hall and down winding stone passage-ways to an outer door. It opened close to the stables. By the light of the moon, waning but bright still, he led out horses, harnessing them to the long, low, broad sledge to which she pointed, whispering meanwhile her directions as to how he should find the road; once that was done, to reach the posting-house would be easy. Not a sound had broken the shining, frozen stillness when all was ready, and he looked at her, meeting the blue eyes that shone from the furred shadow of her hood.

"Whether the danger from which you save me be much or little, believe that I shall always most gratefully remember you, mademoiselle."

"I, too, shall remember. Go quickly, pray, monsieur," she answered.

She was close to the door, and with her rapid gesture of farewell laid her hand upon it. Falling back with a stifled cry, she turned upon him a face that was whiter than the snow.

"The door is fast!" she gasped.

"Fast?"

"Locked—bolted! It is madame! She has seen—she has watched us! I think she will kill me, monsieur! What shall I do?"

She clung to him all trembling; her face, her little clutching hands were like those of a terrified child. As though she had been one Wrayburn caught her up in his arms, lifting her into the sledge, sprang in beside her, and lashed the horses. In a flash they were under the archway, through the great gates, and out upon the white-sheeted road, the frost-hardened snow crackling crisply under the glistening runners. The steeply curving sweep of the ground had hidden the castle in a moment or two. Wrayburn pulled the great bearskin closer about the girl.

"My godmother, the Duchesse d'Aurillac, is in Paris," he said. "I will take you to her hotel. Even though I had not the story of this night to tell her, mademoiselle, she would have, believe me, only the warmest welcome for the granddaughter of the Comte de la Roche. She will rejoice, as I do, that you are free of her Excellency and the Schloss Klagenburg. What is the matter? You see nothing?"

"No, no!" Not seeming to hear or heed him, she was looking behind her, her hands grasping the swaying side of the sledge. "Nothing—nothing—but—monsieur, you have your pistols?"

"My pistols? Yes."

"And loaded?"

"And loaded, certainly. My child, surely——" His violent drag at the reins checked the horses; his arm, thrown round her waist, steadied her as she sprang to her feet, and her scream made the frozen silence ring.

"The wolves!" she shrieked. "Madame has loosed them. They are hunting us! See—see!"

Wrayburn, on his feet too, looked. Black against the snow, there was no mistaking

"IN A FLASH THEY WERE UNDER THE ARCHWAY."

what were the four lithe shapes that pursued them. The beast in advance threw up its head with a howl as he dropped into his seat again, furiously lashing the frightened horses. Denise caught his arm.

"I feared it, monsieur—I knew what was in madame's mind. When she sent the Englishman away and I knelt to her to let him stay, she laughed and swore that the next who came should be hunted so. That is why I begged you to be silent—to let her do as she would. Oh, surely she is mad!"

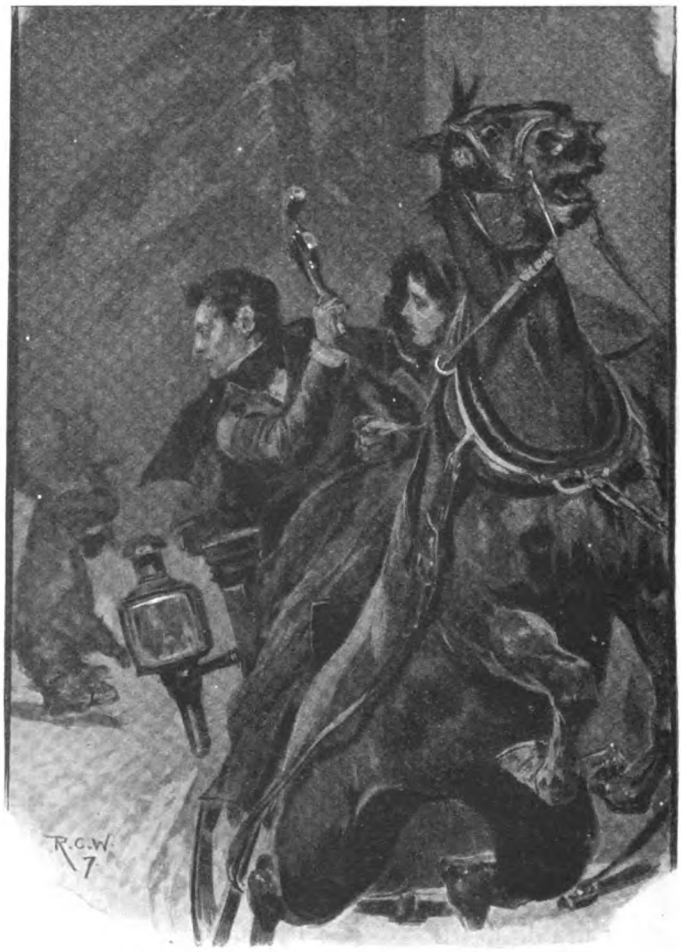
She crouched beside him, shuddering but quiet. Once more came the savage yelping howl; the sledge swayed and rocked as the horses tore on at frantic speed. They were at the bottom of the long, sweeping slope; for a space the ground was almost level, but then it rose again sharply—it was there that the weight of the clumsy vehicle would tell. Wrayburn lashed the horses again as they dashed at the incline, glancing behind—the wolves were nearer, the foremost so near that he could see the bared fangs and lolling tongue. Denise caught the reins as he dropped them, drawing his pistol; he fired, and the beast fell yelling; the others came on. They were up the slope; once more the way was level, but the horses were slackening; one, stumbling, nearly fell; their pursuers were so near that they could hear their gasping pants and the crisp patter of their feet upon the snow. The girl turned a colourless face.

"It is useless, monsieur—they will overtake us before we reach the road. I think they will not hurt me, but you they will tear, and without my weight you will go more quickly. Stop the horses."

"And leave you to be mangled by those brutes or to find your way back to the mercy of a madwoman? Keep your seat, child!" Wrayburn cried.

She screamed as he dragged her back into her place; a wolf was almost alongside the sledge. He fired his second pistol and the powder flashed in the pan; with a bound the beast nearly caught his arm; with all his force he brought the useless weapon down upon the great muzzle, and the creature fell with a howl of pain and rage. The other two were close as it staggered to its feet; it sprang furiously at the throat of the first; in a moment the three were fighting and struggling fiercely, forgetful of their quarry. The chase was over; only the howling uproar of the conflict followed them as they galloped down the hill.

It was light when they reached the posting-house; the rising sun was reddening the snow with a flush of rose. Outside the adjoining inn a great emblazoned chariot stood waiting, its postilions in their seats. As Wrayburn lifted Denise from the sledge a lady appeared in the doorway—a stately cloaked and hooded figure, her waiting-woman and footman following. She uttered a loud exclamation at sight of the two, advancing quickly—the eyes of Madame the



"THE CREATURE FELL WITH A HOWL OF PAIN AND RAGE."

Duchesse d'Aurillac were as keen at seventy as they had been at fifteen. Wrayburn, too, exclaimed, bowing over the hand she extended to him—the Duchesse possessed always the grand manner of a queen:—

"I had thought you in Paris, madame."

"But no. I travel from Strasburg to Nancy and so on to Paris," the Duchesse answered. "And you, my friend?" Her glance, passing him, rested upon the bespattered sledge and exhausted horses, and turned to Denise, standing a little apart. Her eyes, brightly shrewd, swept over the girl and appraised her; a sudden smile brightened her delicate, vivacious old face. "Ah!" she cried, "I comprehend! It is for this that you make yourself absent, monsieur! You would settle down—yes? It is your bride that you would bring to me in Paris, my friend?" She checked herself, looking from one to the other. "But no—I mistake—I am too quick—it is not yet? You are affianced only, is it not? You make—how do you say in the English?—an elopement from the good papa?"

The Duchesse paused; she stood expectant—smiling, waiting. With a sudden flush Wrayburn turned to the girl.

"Mademoiselle," he said, rapidly, in English, "listen, I entreat you. You have called me your betrothed—he should count himself more than happy who weds such beauty, courage, and sweetness as yours. In birth I may rank myself your equal, in fortune not unworthy to solicit your hand; for the rest I ask you to prove me. I owe to no other the allegiance I offer to you; on my honour as a gentleman I swear you shall have no cause for regret if here and now you elect to trust Gilbert Wrayburn as much as a woman may." He moved a step nearer, looking at her, so slender and fair, so forlorn and young—the wave of emotion that rose in him, quickening his heart, was the very birth of passion. "Ah, never fear that I should not love you, child!"

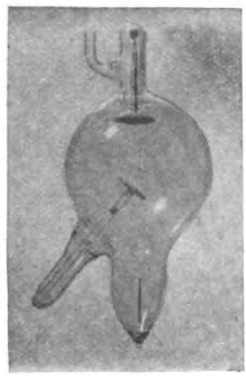
Denise said nothing, made no movement, but as the sun had flushed the snow, so, under his eyes, her white cheeks warmed and glowed. He took her hand; with a very fine grace and deference he bent and kissed the slim fingers—the times were formal times. Then, still keeping them, he again bowed low to the Duchesse, waiting by her chariot door.

"You are right always, madame," he said, gravely. "As you perceive, I have the happiness and honour to be the affianced of mademoiselle."

The Life-History of an X-Ray Tube.

By F. W. Aston, A.I.C.

ONE goes into a darkened room inordinately stuffy, at the far end of which the modern wizard is arranging his apparatus for the next experiment. The room fills with expectant people devoured with the ghoulish desire to see their own or their neighbour's bones. The door is shut and, after a preliminary explanation invoking long words and little interest, there is a snapping whirr and a bulbous glass tube, furnished within with curious shapes of shining metal, leaps into apple-green flickering existence, pouring out torrents of invisible Rontgen rays, which are soon at work throwing upon a luminescent screen analytical shadows of purses, pocket-books, and razor-cases, and anatomical ones of convenient parts of the family skeleton while yet moving and living in its fleshy cupboard.



THE X-RAY TUBE READY FOR USE.

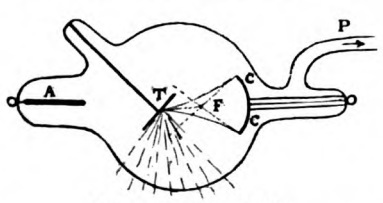
Such are X-rays at a scientific conversazione. Everyone must have had the chance of seeing them. They are no longer even a marvel for the public to wonder at, and yet how many of all those who have gazed with somewhat dazzled eyes at the flickering bubble of greenish light can form any idea of the amazing series of stages, many beautiful beyond expression, all of first theoretical importance, through which it must have passed? As well try and imagine the sunrise from midday light.

It is with these stages, through which an X-ray vacuum tube is passed after leaving the glass-blower's hands, that this article is mainly concerned, and by them, with the aid of photography, the writer will endeavour to indicate the latest scientific views as to what X-rays are, and also to touch upon a few of the valuable results yielded by vacuum tubes under the marvellous hands of Herz, Lenard, Crookes, and Rontgen, and still more marvellous brains of Clark, Maxwell, Larmor, Lodge, and J. J. Thomson; results which predicted the possibilities and properties of radium long before it was discovered, and proved the hitherto indivisible atom to be possessed of an exceeding divisibility.

On such ground it is impossible to entirely avoid the little-trodden short cuts of technical terminology, but whenever this is not the case progress will be made through the more picturesque imagery of the better known.

The tube of which the series of photographs was taken is of the pattern known as an X-ray focus tube, shown below in section. It consists of but four essential parts—the anode A and the cathode C, at which positive and negative electricity enter respectively (for after many years of critical obscurity "Father" Faraday's prophetic two-fluid theory has routed its opponents), the platinum target T, upon which the cathode is focused, and the glass containing bulb.

The anode in this case is a piece of aluminium wire, though its form and position are not of great importance. The cathode, which is by far the most important component, is a concave spherical dish of aluminium supported by a thick wire contained in a glass tube. Both electrodes are connected to platinum wires sealed through the glass similar



A SECTION OF THE TUBE.
A, anode; C, cathode; T, target; P, pump-connection; F, geometrical focus of cathode; C T, curved path of electrons.

1. THE BULB FULL OF AIR.

2. 1-8TH OF AIR LEFT.

3. 1-20TH OF AIR LEFT.

4. 1-100TH OF AIR LEFT.

5. 1-200TH OF AIR LEFT.

6. 1-700TH OF AIR LEFT.

Fig. 1 shows the spark passing when the bulb is full of air. The extraordinary changes which occur as the air is gradually pumped out are vividly described in the article.

to those in incandescent electric lamps.

It will be noticed that the platinum target is not placed at the geometrical focus F of the cathode, but considerably beyond it, for reasons to be made clear later.

The bulb is connected by means of the tube P with a special form of suction pump, which acts continuously throughout the exhaustion of the bulb, by which more and more air may be withdrawn, and with the passing of the current commences one of the most brilliant transformation scenes in the whole range of experimental science.

Fig. 1 shows the spark passing when the bulb is full of air. It is of the sinuous, crackling variety, erratic in course and startling in suddenness, which, magnified, appears as forked lightning, and which, diminished, endows poor pussy on the hearthrug with uncanny luminous and audible properties of little use to their possessor but to give her a medieval and unjust connection with the powers of darkness.

Note that in this plate and in the following the spark makes use of the metal target lying in its path as a short cut; hence the apparently double discharge.

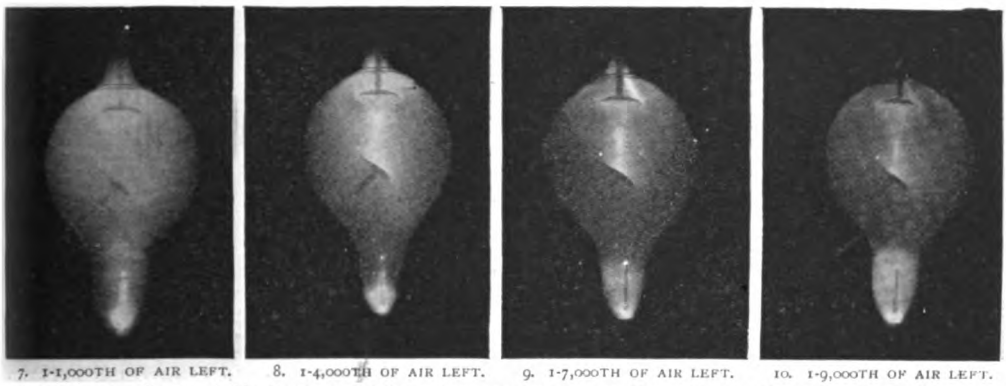
The pump is now started, and by the time about seven-eighths of the air is removed from the bulb the discharge has entirely altered (Fig. 2). It no longer makes a crackling noise; it is constant in path and makes the sides of the tube fluoresce faintly blue. The spark itself is now a wide column of ruddy violet light streaming from the anode, and at the point where it seems to touch the cathode the latter is clothed with an indescribably brilliant velvety blue luminescence.

In Fig. 3 these are plainly separate, the former being called the positive column, the latter the negative glow, while the space between them, after its great discoverer, is the Faraday dark space.

As more and more of the air is pumped out the negative glow covers more and more of the cathode, while the positive column gradually widens till it attains the proportions in Fig. 4, at which stage about one-hundredth of the original air remains in the bulb, and it will be seen that the cathode is quite covered with blue glow and that the spark no longer makes use of the platinum mirror as part of its path.

At twice this exhaustion (Fig. 5) the glass of the bulb has ceased to fluoresce and the negative glow has increased in thickness and is separating from the cathode. In Fig. 6 it is very large, and the cathode is plainly surrounded by a dark space. This, or "second dark space," bears the name of its discoverer, Sir William Crookes, the well-known pioneer of high vacuum work in this country.

The vacuum in this tube is about one-seven-hundredth — *i.e.*, the bulb contains that fraction of the original air—and the



FIGS. 7—10.—The remarkable changes in the tube continue as the air is reduced from a thousandth part to a nine-thousandth.

positive column is considerably altered in appearance, showing signs of striation, which, however, is very much marked in the next plate, which shows the tube at the point of maximum photographic brilliance, the negative glow completely filling the bulb with a magnificent lustrous blue, a light so ethereal, so delicate in its imperceptible gradations, so entirely unearthly that it seems to belong to some realm of fancy rather than to our matter-of-fact world. The fact that the contents of the bulb are really *self*-luminous, not lit by an external source, as are summer sky or moonlit mist, makes this discharge a thing of beauty quite unique and apart.

Turning from this unfortunately colourless and wholly inadequate photographic reproduction of this brilliant stage to Fig. 8, new phenomena are manifest at each electrode. At the anode the positive column, which has been growing fainter and discontinuous in the last two stages, has now shrunken to a mere point of light at the tip, while at the same time a new violet glow, called the positive glow, is growing round the other end of the wire.

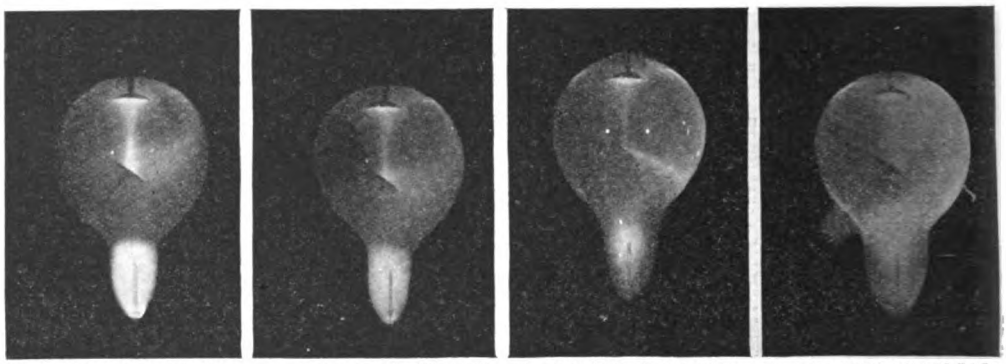
The changes at the cathode end are so remarkable as to warrant an attempt at pictorial explanation of what is going on there. Imagine a company of soldiers armed with quick-firing rifles massed in the form of an arc or crescent, the outer line all round firing with fixed aim exactly "normal" to the line — *i.e.*, each man's rifle lying evenly between those of his right and left-hand neighbour; set this force in a forest of evenly distributed and similar small tree-trunks; give them orders to fire as fast as they can, and watch the effect.

Since the bullets are much smaller than the trees, and the trees a large distance apart compared with their thickness, it is obvious that the bullets will travel a considerable distance *on the average* without striking anything; also, the speed of a bullet being exceedingly high, this will perforate the first tree in its path without appreciable splintering, but as its velocity is reduced it will carry on its destructive course till its energy is entirely expended, throwing splinters in all directions. Imagine these splinters, in their turn, to act as bullets, which in their erratic dispersion cause more splinters, and so on till their energy is gone, and the picture, if not accurate in detail, is at least fairly representative.

In our tube the force of soldiers is the cathode; their bullets and the splinters they cause are the minutest fragments of matter or electricity (the two appear to be in essence the same) known — the wonderful "electrons," of which many hundreds go to form the smallest atom — travelling with inconceivable velocities, as high as twenty thousand miles in a second, compared to which the fastest rifle-bullet ever fired is but as a snail—a very leisurely snail. The trees are the molecules of gas in the tube, and one effect of their splintering, which is called "ionization," is the blue negative glow.

It will need but little effort of reason to see that the dark space all round the cathode is the average distance through which the flying electrons travel before they collide with the molecules (the trees of our simile, which, at the risk of spoiling the picture, must be remembered to be in a continual state of motion), and also that the higher the vacuum the fewer the molecules, and therefore the wider the dark space and the more diffused the negative glow.

Turning our attention to the concave surface of the fulminating cathode, given no disturbing forces, there will be a terrific bombardment of flying electrons, or cathode rays, as they were first called, concentrating



11. 1-10,000TH OF AIR LEFT. 12. 1-15,000TH OF AIR LEFT. 13. 1-25,000TH OF AIR LEFT. 14. 1-100,000TH OF AIR LEFT.

FIGS. 11—14.—The aspects of the bulb as the air diminishes from a ten-thousandth part to a hundred-thousandth.

and crossing at the focus F, which is very beautifully shown in the tube itself as a cone of blue-violet light visible in the dark space and negative glow, concentrating at a point very near the focus and diverging again.

After the critical stage of Fig. 7, as less and less air is left in the tube the energy required to force the electricity through it becomes greater and greater, so that the charge of negative electricity on the cathode becomes so great that it not only shoots off the electrons, but repels them so powerfully during their rapid flight as to change their straight course into a curved one, tending to transfer their focus more and more beyond the geometrical one, until at exactly the right vacuum it will coincide with the target T.

This beautiful change, which is accompanied by the rise and decay of the positive glow, is most convincingly shown by Figs. 8—13. Fig. 9 shows the maximum of the positive glow, which, like the maximum stage of the negative glow, is entrancingly beautiful; for, in addition to the ruddy violet of the first, the pale, now faint, blue of the second, there is the marvellous violet curved cathode stream, the whole framed in a filmy bulb of exquisite apple-green — the glass phosphorescing under the influence of millions of stray bombarding electrons. The purity and contrast of these colours, their indescribable *ensemble*, combined with the profound import of the simple and wonderful operations they visibly represent, are cause indeed for thought and thanks, forming as they do one of the most beautiful coloured illustrations with which Schoolmistress Nature so lavishly embellishes her class-books, and which, alas! her grubby little scholars—even head boys—so often prefer to tear out and make into paper darts, besmeared with envious ink, wherewith to pelt each other, to their mutual maculation and the annoyance of the class.

In Fig. 13, where only about one-thirty-thousandth of the original air remains in the tube, the electrons are able to reach the platinum target without previous collisions. Again using the simile of the rifle-bullets, when a stream of these is directed against a massive target three things happen: (1) Some of them are reflected; (2) the target is heated; (3) very penetrating sounds are given off which radiate in all directions from the point of impact.

Fig. 13 shows that the first holds good with the electrons; the second is also true, for the target of an X-ray tube generally gets red-hot after a few minutes' use; and, thirdly, as each electron strikes the massive platinum (the heaviest of metals) in its headlong flight it sends off a wave or disturbance of the nature of light, a disturbance of unprecedented penetrative power, and it is a torrent of these waves pouring from the target which constitute X-rays.

The greater the vacuum the higher the charge on the cathode, and the faster fly the electrons and the more penetrative become the consequent rays, so that for the best results tubes are exhausted to a very high vacuum indeed. Fig. 14 shows the tube at about one-hundred-thousandth, when it will be seen that the only persistent phenomenon is the phosphorescence of the glass. Further exhaustion, which is sometimes carried to one-millionth, increases enormously the power necessary to work the tube and also the penetrative power of the rays given off, but does not alter its optical and photographic appearance.

It might be imagined that when there is only one molecule in every original million left in the tube the supply for conveying the electricity would fall short. Sir William Crookes dispels this idea by his estimation of the number of molecules of gas in an ordinary-

sized bulb, exhausted to one-millionth, at a million millions, and as we now know each of these contains at least one thousand electrons, the supply seems quite ample, and, indeed, the expression "vacuum," as meaning empty space, seems rather misleading.

The properties of X-rays to excite luminescence on screens of certain minerals, notably barium platinocyanide, and affect a photographic plate are too well known to need comment, but it must be remembered that all X-ray pictures are shadows thrown by the source—*i.e.*, the portion of surface of the target struck by the cathode stream must, in order to get the sharpest effects, be made as small as possible, necessitating great accuracy both in the curvation of the cathode and in the distance from the target. An example of what can be attained in definition is shown in the accompanying radiograph, by the author, of a blind-worm, in which even the smallest bones are plainly shown.

AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF A BLIND-WORM.

It may be asked if any of the luminous results obtained from vacuum tubes are to be seen on a natural scale in the universe around us. As space itself is one great vacuum tube in which stars, sun, planets, and all the heavenly bodies, including our own tiny earth, perform their ordered evolutions, this might certainly be expected. We have seen that a metal cathode in a vacuum tube is capable of throwing off electrons when highly charged with negative electricity; of late years, however, several elements—pre-eminently radium—have been discovered to be capable of doing this "free of charge" (if we may use the expression, which seems only fair when one considers their cost), and also at the same time throwing off positively charged particles of much greater weight and slightly less velocity called the "X-radiations." These particles of both sorts, in the case of radium, attain speeds of the incredible rate of one hundred thousand miles per second. Now, from our knowledge of the composition of the sun, it seems certain that it contains large quantities of radium and other radio-active bodies, which become particularly active in sun-spots, and so is incessantly pouring out torrents of positive and negative particles, of which our earth will get its share. The latter being slightly the faster will arrive first from their ninety-million-mile spin, and owing to their negative charge will be entangled in the earth's magnetic field and drawn to the poles, where their passage through the upper air has been definitely proved by Arrhenius to be the cause of that wonderful, hitherto insoluble, mystery the Aurora Borealis, the likeness of which to vacuum discharge has been long commented upon.

The large positive particles, on the other hand, are hardly appreciably deflected from their path, and being at once absorbed by the upper air charge it positively. This charge will naturally be greatest at the Equator; hence in these regions we have the air charged with one kind of electricity, the earth — by the stream of electrons at the poles — with another, with the natural result of thunderstorms.

Hence we see that the properties of cathode rays and radiations have plainly been shown to account for three phenomena—the aurora, the prevalence of thunderstorms in the Tropics, and the influence of sun-spots on the weather.

But such results are endless, as are the practical applications to which the vacuum tube can be turned; and from the patient investigator groping his careful way into the great dark land of the unknown in his laboratory, to the Army surgeon photographing bullets in the bodies of his fellow-men on the distant battlefield—all have reason to bless their great forerunners, whose efforts have kindled the penetrating light of that most radiant lamp of science, the Crookes vacuum tube.

The Repentance of Mr. Lindsay.

By F. Frankfort Moore.

ADA LINDSAY had a black eye! There was no evading the fact. Tenderly though it had been treated by sympathizing cosmetics, artistically though it had been touched up in the endeavour to make the chiaroscuro less accentuated, delicately though the patch of gold-beater's skin had been grafted upon the little hollow below the ridge of the eyebrow, the fact remained—mitigated in some measure, perhaps, but still undeniable—a black eye!

Up to the present it has not yet been decided with any degree of finality how such an incident in one's life should be treated. In some quarters the opinion prevails that any attempt to "doctor" it is a strategical mistake, not only being ineffective, but actually provocative of observation.

But it was clear to her friend, Minna Bassett, that Mrs. Lindsay, if she had studied the question at all, had come to a different conclusion; for beyond a doubt she had carried the doctoring of the abrasion to its farthest limits. Probably a knowledge of her own ability as an artist in black and white had led her to believe that she could, by the adventitious aid of certain pigments, completely conceal the disfiguration which stared at her in a constrained way from her looking-glass. If so, she made a great mistake, and she knew it the moment that she had admitted her friend, who arrived at "Sunnyside" on a Saturday to Monday visit. Minna Bassett started an effusive greeting to Mrs. Lindsay, but soon her words became mixed, and their utterance fell to the extent of two or three full tones. She was looking at the crackling layer of white powder on her dear Ada's face in the region of her right eye, and at the unnatural carmine "make-up" that wholly failed to conceal the existence of a lurid primrose hue which made a bold curve beyond the line of the eyebrow. Her exuberance died away, though she still held the hand that her friend had given her.

"Oh, you are looking at my poor eye," said Ada, with a laugh that somehow suggested to Minna another "make up." It was a cosmetic laugh; she had heard something like it before on the stage when a doubtful amateur was attempting the rather ambitious part of Beatrice.

"Oh, no—no; I was only thinking—but you have hurt your eye," said Minna, as casually as she could; she thought it best to suggest to her friend that she regarded a black eye as having no more sinister import than was possessed by a sprained ankle.

"Yes, I hurt it very badly," said Ada. "It was so stupid of me!" Then she took a long breath. "I was dozing in an arm-chair and my book slipped from my knee, and, making a quick grab for it, I ducked my head down upon the carved end of one of the arms. It will be all right to-morrow, I expect. Why are we standing here? Come along, and I will show you your room."

They had not moved from the mat at the foot of the stairs, although the maid had carried up Minna's portmanteau and hat-box; but now Ada turned and went up the rather narrow staircase, and her friend followed her. From one room on the landing there came the sound of a child's prattle. Ada stopped and smiled.

"That's Harry; I shall introduce you presently," she said.

"Ah, the master of the house," said Minna, and she noticed that Mrs. Lindsay gave a little start, and that a frightened look came to her face. She glanced quickly round.

"The — the — master?" she said, in a tone of inquiry; but in another second she had caught her friend's suggestion. "Oh, yes, of course—the master of the house, indeed! Dear little soul! This is your room, my dear girl, and I only wish you were going to occupy it for longer."

She had thrown open a door at the end of the little passage, and they both went into the bedroom beyond.

Minna gave the usual visitor's exclamation of delight at the prettiness of the room, but there was nothing about it that on its own merit called for any special exuberance. It was the ordinary "spare room" of the suburban villa. The curtains were, however, of nice fresh chintz, and the white "enamelled suite" (see Tottenham Court Road advertisements) had still its new look. The photogravures on the walls were also fresh, and

"SHE NOTICED THAT MRS. LINDSAY GAVE A LITTLE START."

represented cheerful subjects—children with big dogs. One of them contained an element of comedy—an old woman trying to pull up a galloping donkey, with a flock of geese parted in front of it in two waves, like those on each side of the cutwater of a torpedo-catcher.

"A very pretty room indeed!" said Minna once more.

"It was part of Uncle Bob's wedding present to me," said Ada. "He let us choose all that we needed, and the bills were sent in to him. But for his generosity we could not have got married when we did."

"You must feel grateful to him every time you enter a room in your house," remarked Minna, unlocking her portmanteau.

There was a little pause before Ada said:—

"Yes, of course; oh, yes—yes."

The last words came from her so slowly that Minna looked up from her portmanteau.

Ada Lindsay was standing in front of the glass of the dressing-table, gazing at the reflection of her face; and the expression that she saw before her caused Minna to start. It suggested no pleasing recollection, such as her words meant to convey, but, on the contrary, a very present agony. It seemed to Minna that Mrs. Lindsay had caught sight of the abrasion around her eye in the glass, and that it gave her a shock of horror.

The girl buried her head in the folds of the dress which she was unpacking, and she herself was so startled by seeing that expression on her friend's face that she could not think of anything to say to her at the moment. It was not until she had thrown her dress on the bed that she recovered herself sufficiently to make some conventional remark regarding the damage done to crêpe de Chine by packing it for travelling.

Ada had also recovered herself in some measure, for it was with a smile she praised the effect of the purple pansies that were scattered over the front of the dress.

"Come into the nursery when you are ready, dear; I shall be there," she added, leaving the room.

The moment she had disappeared Minna sat down beside her outspread dress upon the bed and gazed vacantly at the little brass knob that surmounted one of the upright pieces of the bedstead. She was overcome by surprise at what she had seen and heard during the five minutes that she had been in the house. At first she had not known what the dreadful thing meant; and she might have remained in doubt on this point had she not turned round from her unpacking; then it was she had seen the expression which had come over Ada's face while she was stammering out those words in response to her suggestion that she must feel grateful to the uncle whose generosity had enabled her to marry the man of her choice. The glimpse which she had of the reflection of her friend's face in the looking-glass had revealed all to her.

And then, still seated on the edge of the bed, she recalled the day, three years ago, when Ada had thrown herself, all rosy and smiling, into her arms, confiding in her that Vincent Lindsay had asked her to marry him and that she had given him her promise. That was when they had lived at Castlebridge, where Minna's father was manager of the principal bank, and where Vincent Lindsay occupied a good position,

with a salary of some hundreds a year, in the office of one of the largest of the many manufacturing firms of the town. Of course, there were people who did not hesitate to say that Ada Norman was throwing herself away upon Mr. Lindsay. She was a tall, good-looking girl, with several accomplishments, and he was under rather than over medium height and no particular favourite with men. He was, however, said to belong to a good family, and this counted a great deal in his favour in the eyes of Castlebridge.

Shortly after the wedding Ada and her husband had left Castlebridge, the latter taking up an excellent appointment in Chadbury, in Yorkshire, and although Minna and her friend had carried on an active correspondence for close upon two years they had seldom met all this time. A boy had been born in the meantime and Minna had been his godmother; and when he was six months old she had written to her friend, mentioning the fact that she would be staying with some relatives within easy distance of Chadbury, and that she should like very much to see her godson and his mother. A few days later she received an invitation—not particularly warm, but still cordial enough to allow of her accepting it—to spend some days at "Sunnyside," in Chadbury's populous suburb of Westleigh; and now here she was still sitting on the bed in the little room that had been assigned to her. All the incidents in the love story of Ada Lindsay came back to her, and there were tears in her eyes as her memory brought the story very much up to date, for she was asking herself:—

"How is it possible that a woman can continue loving a man who has so insulted her? Surely that mark of his brutality which she bears is the writing of 'Finis' to whatever love there was between them!"

She could not understand why Ada should continue living with a wretch who had been not merely cruel to her, but absolutely brutal. She knew that Ada had, on the death of the uncle of whom she had spoken, inherited the annual interest of four thousand pounds. Surely a woman who retained some sense of self-respect would make any sacrifice in order to escape from such a man as Vincent Lindsay had shown himself to be!

Half an hour had passed before she found herself equal to the task of changing her travelling dress. She felt that she needed all that time and more to enable her to pull herself together to face Vincent Lindsay and pretend that she understood nothing of his brutality. But when she and Ada were leaving the nursery together, after a profitable twenty minutes spent in the inspection of The Tooth, she learned with great relief that she would be spared the ordeal for which she had braced herself up. Ada told her that Mr. Lindsay had gone on business to Scotland, and would not return for some weeks.

"Dismally cheerful" was how she characterized the demeanour of Ada for the rest of the day. She was making a desperate effort to induce Minna to believe that she was the same bright and lively girl that she had been in her maiden days at Castlebridge; but every effort that she made in this direction only caused Minna to feel sadder, and before evening she seemed to become aware of this. They were sitting together in the drawing-room after dinner when the sad comedy of make-believe came to an end.

"My dear Minna," cried Mrs. Lindsay, after a long and very depressing interval of silence, "I hope you will not mind my remarking that you have greatly changed since I saw you last; not as regards your good looks—in that respect I think you are handsomer than ever; but in the old days you were the most cheerful of companions, full of chat and chaff and good humour; and now—good gracious! you have not uttered a word for the past five minutes."

"I suppose three years can make a considerable change in one's nature," said Minna. "One comes to see that life is not all made up of——"

"Beer and skittles," laughed Ada, in pursuance of her former wild attempts at gaiety. "Oh, no! What does Longfellow say about 'Life is real, life is earnest'? Still, for a girl who is not yet twenty-five to become as serious as a whale—well, it shows that something is the matter. Why don't you get married? I know that you have had at least two good offers within the past year. Take my advice, dear, don't let too many chances go by; you will find that if you get the name of being over particular men will not trouble themselves about you."

"You think that marriage is the only way to keep constantly cheerful?" said Minna.

Ada busied herself over the work which lay in her lap. It was not embroidery; it was the muslin curtain of a cot that required mending with care.

"Of course a girl should get married when the right man turns up," she said. "If you go on waiting for a Prince Charming you will—well, you will go on waiting."

"The right man—yes, I have no doubt that every girl should get married to the right man," said Minna; "but you see there is some difficulty in finding out who is the right man. A girl always believes that she is marrying the right man; it is only when she has been married for some years that she finds out whether he is the right man or not."

Ada lifted her eyes up quickly from her work.

"What do you know about it?" she cried. "What do you—why do you look at me in that way?"

She spoke petulantly, almost angrily. Minna was startled.

"In what way?" she said.

"In the way you are looking at me. I have seen you do it several times since we came to sit here."

"I assure you, my dear Ada——"

"You need not try to assure me. I tell you that I have seen you look at me—at—at—this—this"—she flung her hand up to her in the face and tell me, if you can, that you believed me."

Ada had sprung to her feet and was looking down on her friend with flaming eyes. She maintained that attitude for a full minute; and then all at once she dropped on her knees beside Minna's chair and buried her face in her lap, sobbing as wildly as she had spoken—overwhelmed with grief and shame.

Minna did her best to soothe her, talking to her as she would talk to a child, and smoothing her hair, but for a long time Ada refused to be comforted. She continued sobbing, with her head down upon Minna's lap and her arms about Minna's waist. At last she raised a very piteous face, streaming with tears, and caught one of the hands that had been soothing her.

"Oh, Minna, Minna, I have been a fool—oh, such a fool!—to try to deceive you. But, after all, I am his wife. I have still some pride left, though you may not believe

"WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME IN THAT WAY?"

doctored eye—"and I could not fail to see what was in your mind."

"My poor Ada!"

"Do not 'poor Ada' me! I have not asked for your pity or your sympathy—I do need not either. I have every reason to be angry with you; for you have been telling me every minute during the day that you do not believe a word of the account I gave you of how I got this horrid thing. You need not shake your head. Look at me straight it. I thought that I should be able to conceal—— If I had not hoped to succeed I should not have allowed you to come."

"My poor dear! I do not seek to know anything that has happened. Let us not talk about it. No one shall ever learn from my lips——"

"I will tell you."

She had got upon her feet; her hands were clenched. Her face had become hard, since she had removed some signs of her tears.

"SHE CONTINUED SOBBING, WITH HER HEAD DOWN UPON MINNA'S LAP."

But in doing so she had destroyed many of her own pencillings in carmine and white, and all that she had endeavoured to hide was revealed in terrible distinctness.

"Tell me nothing—for Heaven's sake tell me nothing," moaned the other girl.

"I will tell you all—all—all—no, not all—that would be impossible; but you shall know that he struck me—you see the horrible mark—he struck me, and not for the first time. I am afraid of him—for the past six months I have never known what it was to be free from terror. I think it is a disease from which he suffers. The merest trifle—you cannot think how small a thing will set him mad—the wrong dinner, a button coming off his waistcoat, a shirt badly done up at the laundry, things that no other man would say a word about—and I am the one whom he blames always—I—only I! Oh, Heaven, what I have suffered!—the humiliation of it all! Minna, I have been humble before him—abject as a slave—ready to apologize for everything—never trying to put him in the wrong, always admitting that I was in fault, hoping that he would be less cruel—— Oh, if it was not for that child upstairs I would have ended all my sufferings long ago."

"The brute! the brute!" cried Minna. She too had risen from her chair and was standing face to face with her friend. "Why do you submit to his treatment—that is what I want to know—why should you allow him to raise his hand to you?'

"Ah, my dear, you are not a wife," said Ada, with a pitiful smile.

"I am not a wife; but I know that if I were I should take very good care that my husband did not treat me as yours has treated you."

"There is no help for it. A woman must bear her burden. Heaven has been very hard on woman."

"That is nonsense! Do you mean to say that it is in accordance with the will of Heaven that that man should strike you?"

"You do not understand, my dear Minna. I know that I could get something that is called a 'judicial separation'; but do you think that I could go into a public court with my husband—telling everyone in England of his cruelty?"

"I said nothing about a judicial separation. I am thinking rather of a judicious reparation. I don't mean to play upon the words. Those that I have used express exactly what is in my mind—judicious reparation."

"I don't see what the words mean in regard to myself and my husband."

"They mean a great deal. If I know anything of men or other animals that come under the order Carnivora—and I do know something; very little, I admit, but still something—you have been treating your husband in the wrong way—the very wrongest way."

"You are not a wife."

"That proves that I know something of

men. Listen to me, Ada. You have each married the wrong person. You should have married a—a—gentleman, and your husband should have married—let me see. Do you remember Joan Portman?"

"The great hockey girl? He would never have allowed her to continue playing hockey."

"How would he prevent her? Hockey was not her only accomplishment."

"I remember that she learnt fencing. Do you suggest that she would challenge him to a duel?"

"She can fence. She can drive a four-in-hand, she can hold her own with most men with the gloves, she very nearly won the golf championship."

"I know all that; but what have her accomplishments to do with me? What will her golf do for me?"

"Hear me out. Joan is staying in this neighbourhood. She was with my cousins, the Rutherfords, yesterday. She would do her best to help you, I know."

Ada smiled in spite of her sorrow.

"Do you suggest that I should ask her to challenge my husband to fight a duel with swords?" she asked.

"Not quite that. I will tell you exactly what I do mean."

And she kept her word. It took her a very few minutes to outline her idea of the scheme of help that should come from Joan Portman; but more than an hour of time had passed before she had persuaded poor Ada to consult with this hockey-playing, fencing, boxing young woman.

Minna did not forsake her friend on the Monday when her departure—according to the terms of her invitation—was due. She wrote to her friend, Miss Portman, to pay a visit to "Sunnyside," and that clever young woman drove across country from where she was staying with the Rutherfords at Blaxton — only thirty miles away — in fifty minutes by Miss Portman's motor; and every day for the next fortnight she paid Ada a visit of an hour's duration. At the end of the fortnight Minna motored away with Joan, and in the evening Mr. Lindsay returned from his tour in Scotland, and found his house in the same good order and condition in which he had left it. The ornament in jet which he had bestowed upon his wife as a memento was, however, missing by this time. Scarcely a tinge was visible in the region of her eye.

He was cheerful enough at dinner, for Ada had taken great pains over the menu, and had carried out the subtle portion of it with her own hands. He had everything that he liked, and nothing had been omitted. He was, as has been mentioned, a rather small man, and he would have been quite good-looking if it had not been for the little smile of self-satisfaction that gave his face an aspect of smugness. He was at all times quite satisfied with himself. After every quarrel with his wife he had left her presence with that same smile on his face. He showed her that he was well satisfied that he had got the better of her, and undoubtedly his assumption was well grounded.

When he turned round from the dinner-table to the fire and opened the tobacco-jar which his thoughtful wife had placed on the little table at his elbow, his smile of self-satisfaction was quite pronounced. Ada read its meaning very plainly.

"There was no harm in leaving that black eye with her before I went away; it has kept her up to the mark."

That was her interpretation of his smile, and it was certainly the correct one—he himself would have admitted as much without hesitation.

He smoked his pipe, read his papers, and drank his whisky and soda until the servants had gone to bed. It was approaching Ada's usual hour of retiring when he seemed to wake up.

"So you had your friend Minna Bassett with you," he said. "Thank goodness I was away!"

"Yes, she was with me, and that is just what I said every day," replied Ada.

"What was it that you said every day?" he asked, glancing at her sideways.

"I thanked goodness that you were away," she replied.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried, laying down his pipe and turning to her a face of fury—fury suppressed by surprise.

"Don't get angry, Vincent," she said, with great suavity. "Remember that if I was impolite I was only repeating your own words."

"Well, don't repeat them again, that's all," he stuttered.

"Just as you wish," she said. "I think I will go to bed."

She felt that she might be led to provoke him still further, and she had no wish to do so.

"Look here," he said, when she rose, "I forbid you to have that girl inside my house again. I can see plainly that the influence which she always had upon you for bad is as

great as ever. Be sure that she never darkens my door again."

"I don't suppose she is ever likely to come here again," said Ada.

"Don't let there be any suppose about it; make it sure," said he. "But about your suppose—why do you suppose that she will not want to come again?"

"Minna Bassett is fastidious. You may remember what I looked like when you left home."

"Did you tell her what I told you to say about it?"

"Oh, yes. I told her your lie; but she saw through it."

"She saw through it? You mean that you admitted to her that I—that——"

He sprang to his feet. She did the same.

"I tell you she knew all in a moment. But it was not until after dinner that I told her the truth."

"Then, by the Lord Harry, I'll give you enough to make the groundwork of a second confession to her," he cried, grasping her by the arm. She was amazed to find how easily she threw him off.

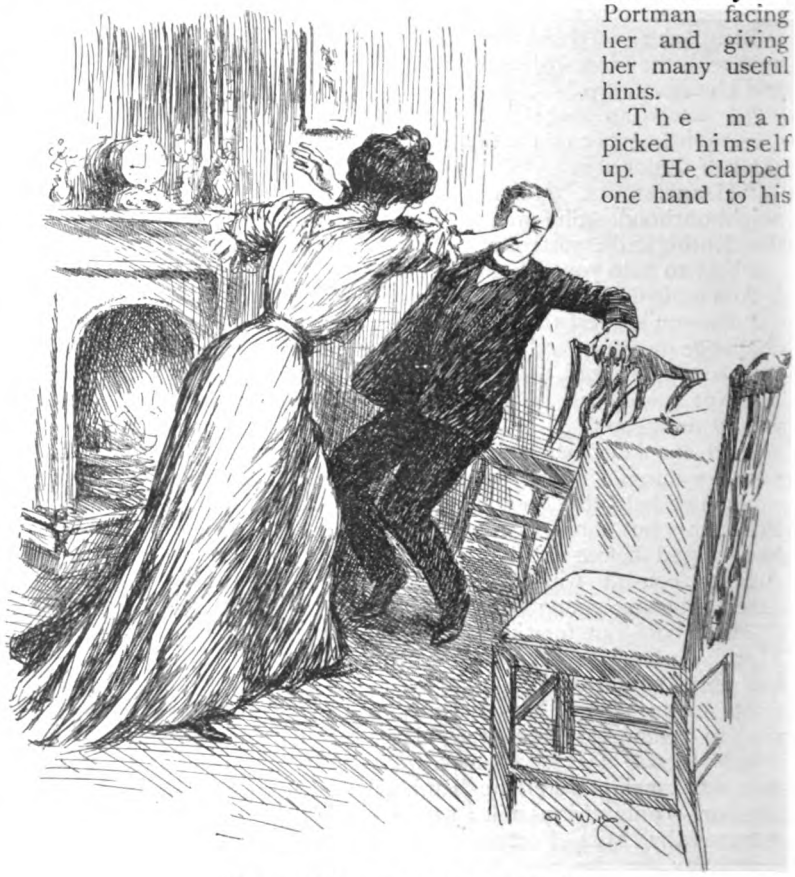
So was he.

She had given her arm a quick downward jerk that bent his fingers in a way they were never designed to go. The process was painful. For a few seconds he stood before her with parted lips; then he rushed at her and struck at her with his fist.

It was an elementary attack, with no suggestion of science in it; but this was not the fault in her reception of it; she quietly warded off the blow and countered with her other hand. He got it straight on the forehead, and he dropped under it; it had knocked his feet from under him, they went high into the air—she had actually to take a step back to avoid them.

The womanly instinct suggested to her kneeling by the side of her prostrate lord and soothing his poor head in her lap. But remembering a promise that Minna had extorted from her, she restrained herself. Her face had become flushed. Her own power astonished her. She felt that she was enjoying this real encounter as much as she had enjoyed her daily training with the gloves on and Joan Portman facing her and giving her many useful hints.

The man picked himself up. He clapped one hand to his forehead and shook the other in form of a fist at his wife.



"HE GOT IT STRAIGHT ON THE FOREHEAD."

"Devil! You are a devil!" he said.

She took a step towards him. He retreated.

"How dare you call me that?" she said. "Go down on your knees this moment and apologize to me. Do you hear me? Down on your knees!"

He had retreated, taking cover as he went behind some article of furniture; but she

pulled the thing out of her way and got him into a corner. Like a rat that is hunted by an enemy up to a barrier, he pulled himself together. He struck out blindly at her. When she had guarded she saw that she could do anything she pleased with him. She was generous. She contented herself by boxing his ears. But she did that soundly. He put up his hands to protect himself—probably a memory of his schooldays—but they failed to help him. She cuffed him till she was out of breath. At first she had been rather ashamed of herself, but with the heat of the action came the feeling that she was the champion not merely of herself but of womanhood. Her fight was a sentimental one; it had some of the aspects of a holy war.

And so she battered him in the sacred name of Sovran Woman without pity and without remorse.

"Now," she gasped, "go down on your knees and ask my pardon."

He ground his teeth together and tried to push past her. In a second she had him by the collar—he was four inches shorter than she—and swung him off his feet to the floor. He was on the polished border, and his knees went with a bang upon the hollow wood. He lay in an awkward heap, and she stood over him. She felt that she had been a virago without knowing it all these years.

"You shall remain there until you apologize," she said. "Ha! Would you?" He had made a half-hearted attempt to get upon his feet. She held up a menacing finger, and he subsided once more. She saw how marvellously red his ears were—his ears and his neck and his face. He was all over a letter-box red.

"You shall remain where you are now," she continued. "I am very sorry to be compelled to punish you, Vincent; but you will recognise, I am sure, in your calmer moments that I am doing it for your own good. I have submitted to you for nearly three years—to your caprices, your abuse, your blows. You must agree with me that that sort of thing could not be allowed to go on. You thought me meek, submissive, abject. That was because you were a fool—perhaps because I was a fool. We will not go into that question just now. You will see, I fancy, that the least you can do just now is to offer me an apology, and to promise to amend your ways in the future. At any rate, whether you are able to see your way to do this or not, I can safely assure you that you shall not leave the room until you do."

She went to one of the fallen chairs, set it on its legs, and seated herself on it. He made another move, but she gave a quick turn of her head in his direction, so that he advanced no farther in his intention of rising than to get upon his knees.

"You are mad—you must be mad! You treat me as if I were a child in the nursery," he growled.

"You are behaving like one at the present moment," she said. "Shall I tell you how you have behaved to me in the past? I need not do so. You know it without the need of any suggestion from me."

He hung his head. She picked up her sewing.

"Hang it all, Ada, we have had our differences in the past," said he, in a low voice of complaint; "but surely you will not try to bully me into——"

"I have no notion of bullying you, Vincent," she said. "I suppose that this is the first time in which a wife who has felt her husband's fists has been accused of playing the part of a bully toward her husband. However, call me a bully, if you please. It will not alter my attitude in regard to you just now. You shall ask my forgiveness and promise to amend your ways in the future, or you shall not leave that corner."

"You have changed — oh, you have changed!" he said, reproachfully. "You are no longer the kind, considerate wife that you were. I would not have believed it of you, Ada—knocking me down in this fashion and then raining blows upon me—raining blows upon me. Look at my ears—my face! Such cold-blooded cruelty! Oh, heavens, that I should have lived to see this day!"

He was actually whimpering like some under-bred schoolboy.

"It pained me greatly, Vincent, but I was forced to be severe with you," said she. "You must remember that I acted in self-defence. Even now that is my attitude—self-defence. As for my having changed, I am inclined to think that you are right. I have changed, and it is you who have changed me. Yes, I have changed, and I mean to compel you to change in a like degree."

"What do you want of me?" he asked, after a long pause. His knees were beginning to be weary of contact with the cold polished boards.

"I have already told you," she replied.

"All right, I apologize," said he, gruffly.

"You do not," she said. "There is a difference between saying you apologize and

"HE WAS ACTUALLY WHIMPERING LIKE SOME UNDER-BRED SCHOOLBOY."

apologizing, Vincent. When you approach me in a proper and truly apologetic spirit I will hear you, but I will not accept the letter of an apology without the spirit."

He glared at her fiercely and muttered something. He shifted his knees so that his weight rested on a different portion of the knee-cap. The relief was very slight. She paid no attention to him. A full quarter of an hour had passed before he said:—

"Ada, let me get upon my feet and I will apologize."

"Certainly you may get upon your feet," she said, and she rose from her chair. "Now say what you have got to say."

He stood up painfully. She saw that she could knock his legs from under him in a second if he tried to trick her.

He made no such attempt. He stood with bent head before her.

"Ada," he said, "I have been thinking over all that has happened, and I admit that I have been wrong and that you have been right. Within the past five minutes my eyes have been opened. I see that I was a brute—an infernal brute, a cowardly brute—in the past; but if you will forgive me now you will have no cause for complaint in the future. Indeed, I am sincere; however monstrous my conduct seemed to you, it is in my own eyes infinitely worse. Ada—wife—forgive me. You will find that I am a changed man."

She looked at him for a few moments. She tried to say something, but her words would not come. Her tears came in their stead. She threw herself into a chair and wept with her head down upon her hands.

It was he who soothed her. It was his voice that she heard calling himself a vile wretch for causing her so much bitterness. He was kneeling beside her, kissing the hands through which her tears came.

From that hour Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have lived together on the best terms that ever existed between husband and wife—a fact which shows that a horse and a husband have in common the trait of knowing when they have been mastered, and understanding that it is to their own advantage to accept the kindly guidance of one who is wiser than themselves.

Mrs. Lindsay wrote to her friend Minna Bassett a very joyous letter telling her that Vincent had proved to her on his return from Scotland that he was, after all, a very good fellow at heart, and cautioning her against the snare of judging a husband too hastily.

The Commercial Traveller.

By Albert Harris.

WHEN the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Treloar, President of the London branch of the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Association, attended, a few months ago, the annual dinner of that organization he told a story of his early travelling life. "Forty years ago," he said, "I called on an upholsterer in Southampton, whose daughter, a very nice-looking girl, rang the bell for her father. As soon, however, as she recognised the visitor she gently called up the stairs, 'You need not come down, pa; it's only a commercial!' When she returned to the shop the girl remarked, with a pleasant smile, 'I took you for a gentleman.' I apologized," added the story-teller, "and expressed my regret that my appearance should have deceived her. As so we became excellent friends."

The point of the Lord Mayor's yarn, which caused great laughter, is evident enough. Incidentally the story throws some light upon the well-known attitude of the successful commercial traveller in dealing with difficult situations. But how much does the man in the city street know of the life of the man "on the road"? How much of his incessant toil or his daily troubles? No matter if the weather be wet or fine, no matter how much fog, frost, or snow, the commercial traveller's time is tabled out for every day. He follows the trail like a hound at a drag-hunt. He braves the temper of the climate and the tempers of his customers. He persuades, excites, pacifies, amuses, and generally captures his possible customer, whether willing or unwilling. He is a student of human nature. He is one of sixty-odd thousand men who spend the whole of their time, except an occasional Sunday, travelling all over the United Kingdom from Land's End to John o' Groat's, from the Wash to Galway Bay, carrying with them a generous supply of trunks and hope. But again, we say, how much do we know of his energetic career? How much does the lady who shops in London or any other large city realize that the goods so readily placed at her disposal to entice her fancy are there, to a large extent, through the efforts of commercial travellers who are smart enough to find out what women are likely to want three months before they want it, to tell their employers of these feminine needs, and to see that the goods are on the counters in time to meet the demand?

To the uninformed, the life of the commercial traveller is mostly spent in telling stories. Well, in these pages a few of his stories will be told, and good stories they are, too. But the traveller's life has something more than stories in it, and it is our intention to deal with some phases of it, to show its past and present—the changes which have occurred since the old coaching days, when the ruddy-faced commercial, a man of middle age, was in his glory—and to touch upon the active present, when the telegraph and rapid trains have altered his methods and the successful commercial has turned from middle age to youth, just as in other departments of life the man of forty-five has had to give way to the beardless youth of sixteen or twenty.

An old traveller, and present manager of a great wholesale cloth house in London, recently spoke to the writer with some feeling of the past. "My memory," he said, "goes back to forty years ago and more, when I was quite a young man, and by tradition to a period before that, when there were no railways. The latter were the so-called glorious days of the commercial profession — the romantic days of stage-coaches and old inns (as you see them shown in pictures), and unromantic roads which you had to get over somehow or other, as best you could, for there was often no regular conveyance. They still linger fondly in the memory of old commercials who have heard of them as being far preferable, with all their slowness, annoyances, and inconveniences, to those of the present time, when it is all rush, hurry, and drive.

"In the very early days, say seventy or eighty years ago, a commercial traveller visited certain towns—I am speaking now more particularly of those in remote parts of England; say, for one, such a town as Penzance in Cornwall—not oftener than twice a year. The traveller, perhaps, reached a town at ten o'clock at night. Having but a very few hours to remain, he almost immediately sent

a note round, by the 'boots' of the inn where he had put up, to the local tradesman with whom he hoped to do business, stating that he was on the scene. The note, from circumstances, had very much of the brevity of 'the Duke's Motto,' and ran somewhat in this style:—

"'At the Red Lion.

"'I am here. At what time can I see you in the morning, for I must be off and away very early?'

The tradesman, knowing that he would have little chance of doing business with the important firm represented by the traveller if he did not see him before he departed, would perhaps say, 'At six in the morning.' The reply being received the traveller ordered his breakfast for seven, and having gone round at the appointed hour and seen the tradesman,

"THE TRAVELLER WAS OFF BY THE FIRST STAGE-COACH."

and done whatever business there was to be done with him, was off by the first stage-coach that started — perhaps as early as a quarter to eight—for the next town, there to repeat the previous quick process of doing business. In a sense he held the tradesmen in his hands.

"A traveller in those days was often away from his family for months at a stretch, with much worry and anxiety on his mind as to how things were faring at home; for the means of communication were not rapid, and were most uncertain. Family men will fully understand what all this meant."

We have to thank Mr. Owen Owen, of Swansea, who for nearly thirty-five years has been the South Wales representative of the well-known firm of Marshall and Aston, Manchester, for a very admirable account of the commercial traveller's life, past and present. The occasional bits of timely advice to the young traveller, as to the methods which pay best in his particular business, may be read by all young men in other lines, with profit.

"The conditions of commercial travelling," says Mr. Owen, "are altogether different now from what they were when I began my career thirty-six years ago. Then trains were slow and infrequent; travelling occupied the bulk of one's time; customers were only visited about once in six weeks or two months; they bought comparatively large quantities of stuff; a single traveller covered a wide area. When I began, for example, I had charge of the entire Welsh district; now we have four travellers in the same district.

"All the old conditions have changed; trains are now fast and frequent, as well as cheap; customers buy small quantities and therefore frequent visits to them are necessary; the commercial traveller has become a much more important factor in trade as a medium of communication between the seller and the buyer than he used to be; the districts have greatly diminished in size, and travellers, owing to better facilities for getting about, are able to do a much larger amount of business.

"The social conditions, again, have undergone a great change. In my early days the practice of getting home for the week-end was almost unknown, in consequence of the

difficulty and cost of railway travelling. The Sundays, therefore, became important days, when a number of travellers met together at this or that hotel and had a fine, old-fashioned wine dinner. The proceedings in those days were stately and dignified, and we were all very careful about the observance of our rules. Those formal dinners have now all but disappeared. We cannot dine in the grand leisurely way we did then. Some of the men have hardly time to dine at all. They rush into the grill-room and order a steak or chop, or get a snack as best they can. Many of us older men lament the disappearance of the good old times, though we know they can never come back.

"Though the outward conditions of the work have so greatly altered, the work itself and the conditions of success remain much the same. The commercial traveller, to be a success, must make himself not merely a salesman, but a commercial link and medium between the merchant and the retail trader, and he ought to be of great service, not only to his own employers in maintaining and extending their business, but to his customers by giving them the best advice and keeping them in touch with the centre of the commercial world.

"Among the conditions of success I should put absolute honesty first. Never try to get an order by taking even the slightest advantage of a customer. The trick is sure to be found out, and then all confidence will be gone. Remember that the traveller owes a duty to his customer as well as to his own employer. Secondly, a traveller should spare no pains in mastering his business and getting to know all that can be known about it. Thirdly, he should have courtesy and patience, and should be a good judge of character. Some of the customers have rather trying ways, and it is necessary to use great tact in dealing with them. But speaking from a long experience I feel confident that the traveller who is honest, courteous, efficient, and tactful will get on fairly well with all classes.

"The life is a trying one—especially in its irregularity and its business cares—but it has many happy and pleasant sides to it, and one of the pleasantest is the real spirit of comradeship which exists among travellers as a class. On the whole they are extremely loyal to one another. I have no reason myself to regret that my life has been spent as a traveller. It has enabled me to make the acquaintance of hundreds of good friends. There is plenty of scope in it for a young man who has the right qualities, some of which I have tried to indicate."

The lady commercial, so far as we have observed, is sometimes a thorn, and sometimes not a thorn, in the side of the male traveller. We have made the acquaintance of lady buyers who come from the North to inspect Metropolitan goods, but there is some difference between lady buyers and lady sellers. Truth to tell, the lady commercial is an elusive personality. Almost vainly have we sought to find her. She is not known in many drapery and corset firms, and although we hoped to hear some tidings of her at a great wholesale and export house dealing in feathers, straws, silks, ribbons, etc., we were disappointed.

Once we thought we were on the track of the fair commercial, and made a call at a large corset house in London Wall. But it was only to learn that the ladies who were supposed to be employed by the firm as commercials were not commercials at all; they were simply "demonstrators." A demonstrator, it was explained, was a lady representative who did not go out with the idea of obtaining orders. The firm were in the habit of sending out a number of their corsets to big drapers, and when fault was found with the fit of any particular corset, then a lady demonstrator was sent to deal with the difficulty. To outsiders it seems to be almost an unknown line of business.

It is the rule in the commercial traveller's profession that, when one traveller sees another in a tradesman's shop endeavouring to do business, he shall not enter until the other has left. Even if there were half-a-dozen outside, they would all wait. On one occasion a commercial gentleman entered a shop with the object of doing business, not thinking for a moment that a lady whom he saw there was in the same profession as himself. He had barely begun to talk to the tradesman behind the counter when the lady bridled up and cut him short with:—

"Are you aware that I am a commercial traveller? Do you call yourself a gentleman?"

The gentleman meekly replied that he *did* call himself a gentleman, and, with an abject apology for the serious breach of commercial travelling etiquette he had unintentionally been guilty of, at once went outside and waited his proper turn.

Mr. Owen Owen, of Swansea, who has sent the interesting account of the traveller's life which we have used in the early part of this article, tells an amusing story of how he

"DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A GENTLEMAN?"

was mistaken for the late Sir H. M. Stanley, the explorer.

"The most humorous and exciting incident I can recall in my experience of thirty-six years," says Mr. Owen, "occurred at Rhyl in 1891. I had spent a day at St. Asaph with Mr. Pratt, of Brynllithrig Hall, and on the following morning, when I had to return to Manchester through Rhyl, my host announced his intention of driving me to the station himself. Just before starting he remarked on my strong resemblance to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer—a resemblance which a host of friends have noticed at different times.

"'Look here, Owen,' he suddenly said, 'you know how like you are to Stanley. Put my white summer helmet on, and the people in Rhyl will all take you for him.'

"Mr. Stanley, I may explain, was at that time much talked of. He was a native of the district, and he was expected to visit the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Rhyl the following year. In a weak moment I consented, little knowing the complications that would follow, and together we drove into Rhyl, I wearing the white helmet Mr. Pratt had used in India.

"We drove to one of the principal hotels, which I need not name. As we alighted I heard Mr. Pratt whisper to the ostler, 'D'you know who that is, Thomas?'

"'No, sir.'

"'That's Stanley, the great explorer.'

"'You don't say so, sir! Well, I am glad to see him. I did know his father very well.'

"On entering the hotel Mr. Pratt announced me to the landlady as 'Mr. H. M. Stanley, the great explorer, who has been paying a visit to his native place.'

"The good lady gave me a most cordial welcome, and in return I bowed and thanked her for her kindly interest in my visit. A bottle of champagne followed, and while we were drinking good health to one another the rumour went swiftly round that Stanley, the explorer, was at the —— Hotel and would leave by the midday train for Manchester.

"I began to feel decidedly uneasy when I found that people were coming into the hotel to catch a glimpse of the distinguished traveller, and that a crowd was collecting in the street to see him depart. My embarrassment increased when a request came from a local photographer to grant him a sitting. I promised to call at his studio at a certain hour, but we afterwards thought that this would be carrying the joke too far, and sent him word that 'Mr. Stanley regretted to find he could not spare time on this visit, but would grant a sitting when he came again.' The photographer returned profuse thanks.

"As we drove from the hotel people stood at the shop doors and on the side-walks to see us pass, and I had to acknowledge their salutations. I was profoundly thankful when the station was reached. But here new troubles arose. First, I had to beg Mr. Pratt to get me a first-class ticket to Chester, for my return ticket was third-class, and Stanley travelling third-class would have seemed too preposterous. Then, when I thought the worst was over, a National Eisteddfod deputation insisted on seeing me. The secretary happened to be an old schoolfellow of mine at Carnarvon, and when I saw him approach I thought to myself, 'Good heavens, it's all up now.' But Mr. Pratt

saved the situation. With perfect gravity he presented the deputation, and I, with fear and trembling, bowed to them, accepted one or two albums of local views, and assured them I would do my best to attend the Eisteddfod the following year.

"Never did I hear the approach of my train with greater thankfulness than that morning. There was no smoking compartment empty, so the officials converted a non-smoker into a smoker for my convenience. Mr. Pratt brought me a bundle of illustrated papers, and as I sat waiting for the train to start people on the platform pressed forward

"PEOPLE ON THE PLATFORM PRESSED FORWARD TO SEE STANLEY."

to see Stanley! As the train steamed out I bowed my acknowledgments to quite a crowd of admirers. On the way to Chester I thankfully placed the helmet in my hat-case, resumed my ordinary silk hat, and made myself as unlike a distinguished explorer as possible. The instant the train stopped I was off for the Manchester train like a shot, thanking Providence I was plain Owen Owen once more.

"On my next visit to Rhyl almost the first man I met was my old friend the Eisteddfod secretary. 'Oh, you old sinner,' he said, shaking his fist at me, 'to make such fools of us all!' We made it up over a glass of wine, but I believe some people have never quite forgiven us to this day. The albums the deputation presented to me are still in my possession."

The commercial traveller must possess a knowledge of human nature. Most travellers obtain this by experience, but some are lucky enough to possess it at the beginning of their careers. As proof of the value of such knowledge we give the following story, for which we are indebted to Mr. Fred Foster, one of the members of the board of management of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, which was founded in 1849 for the relief of aged and necessitous members and widows of members. Mr. Foster, speaking of an old customer, says:—

"He could pay for all he bought, and was in every way a desirable account, and so for many journeys I had endeavoured to do business with him, but had been unsuccessful. At length it fell upon a day the fates were kinder, and I got him to nibble.

"He was holding one of my samples whilst I was expatiating upon its many merits. Suddenly I noticed he was paying no attention to my eloquence, but, with a far-away look on his face, was gazing into space. I paused. 'What should you say,' he said, very impressively, 'of a man who, refusing to have his children vaccinated, had been summoned and fined, and, still refusing, summoned a second time and fined more heavily than before? Still stubborn, he made a third appearance at court, when, in addition to a heavy fine, he was told by the magistrate that if he appeared again he would send him to prison without the option of a fine. And still that man refuses to have his children vaccinated. What should you say of him?'

"'I should say he was a blithering idiot.'

"'Should you? Well,' he added, slowly, 'it's me!'

"Things were getting mixed—my prospects of business were fading. Taking a chair, I asked if I might gently argue the matter with him. 'You see,' I said, 'I have always been

"SUDDENLY I NOTICED HE WAS PAYING NO ATTENTION TO MY ELOQUENCE."

a busy man, and therefore compelled to take the opinion of experts and specialists upon matters I do not understand, but you must admit that compulsory vaccination is the law of the land, and that if you refuse to obey the law you become a law-breaker. Now, isn't there some league or society that will champion your cause?'

"'The Anti-Vaccination League,' he replied.

"'Exactly. Now, if you promise me that you will proceed upon strictly constitutional lines to get what you consider an unrighteous law altered or repealed, I will support you. But tell me the smallest sum I can give as an honorary member, for I am not a rich man.'

"'Five shillings,' he replied.

"I gave him two half-crowns. That was how I unexpectedly became an honorary member of the Anti-Vaccination League.

"I took his order."

Another persevering commercial got an order by his wit. He was an Irishman. He was displaying a full line of samples of dress materials, and the prospective buyer had handled and re-handled them, discussing their merits and demerits *ad nauseam*, asking finally, "Are they fashionable?" "They were when I first began to show them to you," replied the traveller, "but I'll be hanged if I can tell you now." It is said that the buyer was so pleased with this answer that he pardoned the rudeness of it and became a steady customer.

A well-known Irish traveller, Mr. John Simpson, now connected with the C. and J. C. Potter branch of the Wall-Paper Manufacturers, Ltd., tells the following story of an exciting midnight adventure.

"Some twenty-six years ago," he says, "in January, I was travelling by the last train from Harcourt Street Station, Dublin, to Wexford. At this particular period the accommodation on the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford line was very indifferent. The lighting of carriages and stations was bad, and the train in which I was travelling seemed to be worse lighted than others. It was a mixed train, part goods and part passenger, so that there was considerable delay from shunting operations at many of the stations on the way. All went well, however, until we arrived at Rathdrum, where, after a stop of some fifteen minutes, the train was made up again and the guard whistled for the start.

"I was in a second-class compartment, lighted by a badly-trimmed, old-fashioned oil lamp. Just as the train was moving I caught sight of a man making his way through a small shrubbery and clumsily climbing over some low iron railings. He seemed bent on getting into the train, and I opened the carriage door ready to receive him. By this time the train was well on the move, but the man made for the open door. I could see he was considerably under the influence of drink, but before I had time to close the door he had caught hold of the brass hand-rail of the carriage and was trying unsteadily, and in a very uncertain way, to enter the compartment.

"There was so little time," says Mr. Simpson, "and the man was so clumsy, that

I caught hold of each side of his coat collar with the intention of helping him, but I had hardly got my grip when his feet slipped from off the footboard and he fell back into the darkness. His hat had dropped upon the floor of the carriage. I picked it up, threw it out, and closed the door again.

"Nothing happened until we arrived at Gorey, where two of the Irish Constabulary came to my carriage and asked if anyone had been travelling with me. 'No,' I replied. 'Hasn't someone been in this carriage with you?' they asked. 'No,' I replied again. 'There was a man who tried to get into the carriage at Rathdrum while the train was in motion, but he missed his footing and fell out.' 'You will have to get out and go with us,' they replied.

"Of course, I protested, but at last I got out and went with them to the police-barracks, where I was asked a number of questions—where I had come from, where I was going. I told them what they wanted to know, and was then informed that I was to go and stay at Kidd's Hotel, but that I must not leave the town. 'You may consider yourself under arrest,' said the officer in charge. So I went to the hotel, wondering what was going to happen.

"The next morning the sergeant came to the hotel and liberated me. He then told me the following story: 'When the train from which the man fell last night was leaving Rathdrum, the man in the signal-box just beyond the platform was standing at the open window of his cabin watching the train move out. After it had gone he ran down to the station-master and told him he had seen two men struggling at the open door of a second-class compartment, and had seen one man deliberately throw the other man out and toss his hat after him. A search party then went down the line and found a man lying near the rails in an unconscious state. Of course, they suspected at once that something was wrong, and wired down the line to arrest a man in a second-class compartment, who had been seen to throw a fellow-passenger from the carriage.'

"HIS FEET SLIPPED FROM OFF THE FOOTBOARD AND HE FELL BACK INTO THE DARKNESS."

"The rest of the story was quickly told—how the man regained consciousness, how he had been drinking with some friends, and how, in trying to join the train, he had slipped and fell. But," adds Mr. Simpson, "it would have been very awkward if he had been killed by the fall. There, for instance, was the evidence of the signalman, who could swear to what he had seen, because he actually believed it, and the discovery of the body of the man and his hat lying near by—both strong evidence in favour of the signalman and against me. The story shows not only the adventures that others besides commercial travellers may meet with in travelling, but how cautious a juryman ought to be in giving a verdict against an accused person when the evidence is purely circumstantial."

THE DERBY OF THE DEAD.

By Cecil Raleigh.

"THE assumed name of Mr. L. Sleeves has been registered."

This announcement appeared regularly every year in the *Racing Calendar*. But long before the Jockey Club, in the interest of honest sport, had insisted on the registration of assumed names, it had been generally known upon the Turf that "L. Sleeves" stood for "Lawn Sleeves," and that this was the fanciful nomenclature selected for himself by the Hon. and Rev. George Bing, one of the very last and best of the good, old-fashioned hunting parsons.

The Rev. George was a wealthy man. His eldest brother was a peer of the realm. Another brother went into the Army, and George, as a dutiful younger son, followed the correct family tradition and went into the Church. Later he was presented with the family living—also according to tradition. He lived permanently in Yorkshire amongst his own people. By them he was greatly beloved. For he hunted six days a week, and preached short sermons in a simple white surplice on Sunday.

Being a Bing, sport was the breath of his nostrils. Being a sportsman, he could not bear to part with the pick of the thoroughbred stock that he reared with infinite judgment. He saw, as a sportsman should, in every whinnying colt that raced down the long, rich paddocks at sundown an embryo Derby winner. He never went near a racecourse, and he never made a bet. But his sideboard groaned with trophies. In many a year the list of winning owners was headed by his name, which was held in honourable esteem by racing men of every sort, while it was frankly adored by the Yorkshiremen of the North because, ever ready to get the best of anyone at any game, they appreciated the absence of their native quality in others, and therefore they followed the colours of "Mr. Sleeves" with blind confidence, knowing they would get such a "straight run" for their money as they were entitled to expect; firstly, from one of his great reputation, and secondly, from a Yorkshireman whose natural cuteness was balanced and corrected by the dictates of his high calling.

Indeed, it was a commonplace that "Mr. Sleeves" raced for glory and not for gain. He hated handicaps. In his opinion great prizes were for great horses—and for great horses only. He did not believe in trying to equalize the chances of a Derby winner and a donkey! Handicaps were invented for gamblers. If people wanted to gamble they ought to play roulette at Monte Carlo, or pitch and toss down the nearest alley. He himself loved racing for racing's sake alone—he would sooner have raced two pigs up a lane than not have raced at all—but of gamblers' races he would have none.

There was, however, one crumple on the rose-leaf of his success. Never in his racing career had the Fates given him a Derby; ever had the crowning triumph been denied him. The Oaks fell to his flying fillies again and yet again. It was said that he took the Leger whenever he felt inclined. Twice he won the Guineas in successive years. Ascot was his pasture, and over Newmarket he threw out his shoe. Epsom only remained obdurate. Three times his favourites had "gone amiss" before the race. Once he ran an outsider that only got beaten by a head. Once he ran second and third. Once, late in life, when the great race seemed at his mercy, he ran a red-hot "certainty" that never got placed at all. How this came about no man may say, for the same colt romped home for the Leger and came back to the weighing-room amidst a blank and ominous silence that would have turned into a storm of groans and hisses had the jockey worn any colours save those of "Mr. Sleeves."

Even as it was, a section of the sporting Press commented in veiled but very sarcastic terms on the event. Things were said about "absentee owners." It was suggested that "the interests of the public" would be better safeguarded by persons who took a closer and more active interest in sporting events.

Stirred by righteous indignation, "Mr.

Sleeves" wrote to the papers in reply. He said that he never appeared on a racecourse for reasons that he considered good and sufficient, and which were obvious to his friends. He did not see what on earth the public had to do with the matter. He raced to amuse himself and not for the public benefit. If the public followed his example and refrained from betting they would have no cause to feel irritation or indignation if good horses, honestly run, occasionally displayed unexpected form. Racing was a sport. Half its fascination lay in its uncertainty. If it were a mere matter for mechanical calculation he for one would have nothing to do with it. If the sporting Press encouraged the sporting public to think more of the true sport and less of that gambling element which they reprehensibly elevated into a "public interest," it would be a matter for public congratulation.

"Mr. Sleeves" being an owner beyond reproach, the sporting Press took its snubbing lying down. It made no comment when, a little later, he moved his horses from Newmarket and established them in training quarters upon Langton Wold.

But the thorn rankled in the flesh of "Mr. Sleeves." And thenceforward mystery began to enshroud his stable.

He had hitherto courted the fullest publicity. He now determined to keep his racing secrets to himself. If the public knew nothing of his horses and their chances he hoped that they would bet less. As a fact, the contrary was the result, which is only human nature. "Mr. Sleeves" was credited with a desire to bring off *coups* with "dark" horses trained in remote seclusion, and therefore the punting public followed his colours more persistently than before. The Wold is a bare and magnificent rolling down, from which a glimpse of York Minster shows on the sky-line if the day is clear. On the deep elastic turf a string of hooded and sheeted thoroughbreds sweeps by with hardly a sound. They can be seen and identified easily from a considerable distance with a good pair of field-glasses. And the string of "Mr. Sleeves" was seen often, and watched most carefully, by numbers of touts and tipsters, who earned a precarious living by the pursuit of their own queer industry.

Their reports and letters on work done on "roughs up" and "spins" and fine "extending gallops" annoyed "Mr. Sleeves" daily more and more.

But there is no law against touting, and the Wold is mainly common land.

To the credit of "Mr. Sleeves" it must be said that he did not lose his temper. He thought of retiring from the Turf once or twice; but he could not bring himself to part with his horses, for he loved them far too well. Then his constant war with the touts began to stiffen his back. Even an Honourable and Reverend, when he is a

"A STRING OF HOODED AND SHEETED THOROUGHBREDS SWEEPS BY WITH HARDLY A SOUND."

Yorkshireman, does not like getting beaten. And the course of the Hon. and Rev. George was determined at this juncture by advancing years. He hunted from the road nowadays, on a safe hack, when the gout did not keep him a prisoner. To watch the training of his racing stud was an increasing source of delight. So quite suddenly he moved his horses from the public stable near Langton Wold, farther north, to his own fine private estate of Crowfield.

It was a very princely heritage — austere and barren on its higher slopes, with stretches of moor, grim stunted trees, rare homesteads nestling in scant hollows, under a stark sky, swept by a low, wailing, sea-touched wind. The land of the Bings it had been long before Hereward fought his last battle. And here the Hon. and Rev. George laid out his gallops and thought that he would be alone. When a few touts tried to follow him his keepers caught them, and they were prosecuted and fined as trespassers. Notices declared the presence of man-traps and spring-guns. Finally, when repeated fines and threatenings failed to cool the ardour and enterprise of the more daring, the feudal spirit was invoked, and the head keeper was admonished to take counsel with the head lad, and thereafter to ask no questions.

A tout with two black eyes was the result. He told an unsympathetic magistrate, of whom he demanded a warrant, that he had been suddenly sprung upon by unseen men, who pinned him down till they gagged and blindfolded him. Subsequently they tied him in an undignified attitude across a gate, and chastised him after the manner of infants, but more severely, with the buckle end of a stirrup leather. He said that as a result he could not sit down. And it was obvious that he could not. He had no witnesses, and he could not identify his assailants. He was unable to excuse the fact that he was trespassing. He admitted that he had been previously fined several times for that offence.

The magistrate said: "If you do it again you will probably get another thrashing. So don't." And he didn't.

After that touting ceased.

At last, therefore, in a measure, peace came to the Hon. and Rev. George. It was well that it did, for his doctor was becoming seriously anxious concerning his health, which was not improved by the commencement of his annual fret over the Derby.

His two-year-olds had swept the board in the autumn. As three-year-olds they came on wonderfully in the spring. Anchorite won the Two Thousand Guineas by a couple of comfortable lengths. He had the exact measure of the form of the year, so far as it was publicly known. And he had in The Friar a maiden three-year-old who could give Anchorite a stone!

Was it possible anyone else could be keeping dark so exceptional a colt? The Turf is rarely adorned and dominated by two real flyers at one time. Would his racing career terminate in a blaze of glory?

Terminate? Yes. Like a simple, honest gentleman he did not fear to look facts in the face. He read without flinching the message in the twitch of the doctor's brow. He knew that the pain in the side meant danger to the heart. When the paroxysms passed he felt the ebb-tide plucking at his soul. And he fretted the more for the realization of his ambition before the time came when his ship must put to sea.

He abandoned reluctantly the careful cob and tried to feel content in watching with powerful glasses from a high room in the Towers the horses at work on the whale-back haunch of the downs. Under his window the string paraded daily when they returned from exercise, and his keen eye roamed and revelled over the perfections of The Friar as the colt tripped daintily past like the veritable equine aristocrat that he was, from the point of his nose to the uttermost hair in his tail.

The public were backing Anchorite, of course. But they fancied Trentham too, for he had not run in the Guineas and belonged to a smart division which rarely made mistakes. The Hon. and Rev. George heard of these things daily and often, for he was not a man to lag behind the times, and a private telephone wire to the nearest town, nearly thirty miles away, linked him to civilization, and enabled him to talk privately with his trainer when his horses were running in the South. The telephone, which is normally maddening to the healthy-minded, is a favourite and pleasurable resource for the invalid. He also set up a clicking tape-machine, which an enterprising news agency sought to push by giving brief descriptive accounts of popular events over the wire. Its failure to print correctly at critical moments amused him.

One day, however, he felt annoyed. The tape that spasmodically jerked out the latest Turf movements showed that Anchorite had gone back in the betting. Why? For one irritable instant he raged at the thought that some sneaking tout had after all invaded his sanctuary and discovered the qualities of The

Friar. Then he smiled as the tape clicked out the truth. It reported with regret that the well-known owner, "Mr. Sleeves," was seriously indisposed.

But even as he read the smile vanished; for the implication of the rumour was clear.

Every sportsman knows what is meant by a death nomination. It is a condition attached to certain great races only—to the Oaks, the Leger, and the Derby, for example. A horse is entered for the Derby when it is one year old. If the man who enters it is not alive on the day of the race the nomination is void, and the horse cannot run, no matter whether he still owns it or not.

Anchorite had gone back in the betting because it was thought that before the race could be run "Mr. Sleeves" might be dead.

The Hon. and Rev. George set his teeth and turned to the telephone.

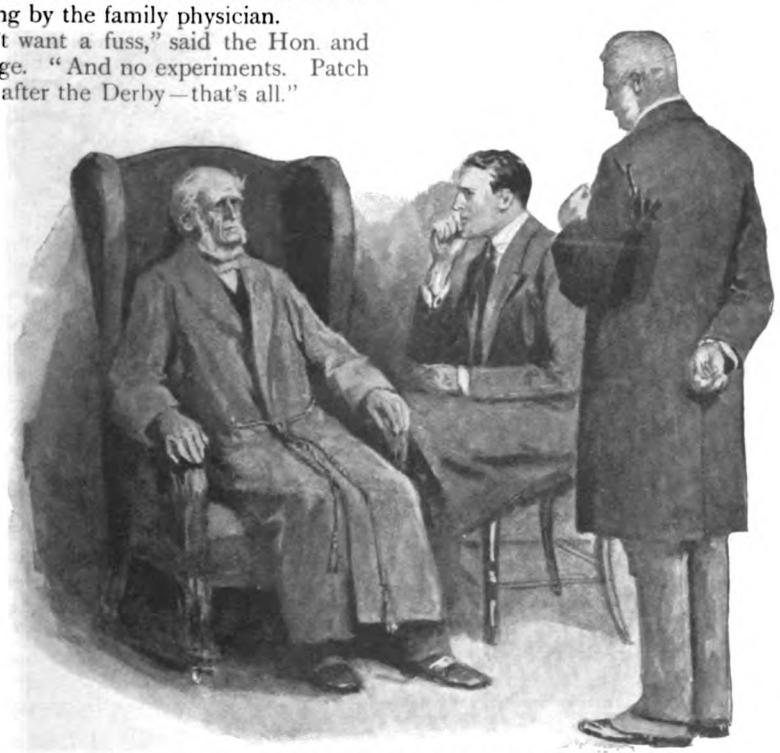
That night a clever young doctor left London and was driven to the Towers in the morning by the family physician.

"I don't want a fuss," said the Hon. and Rev. George. "And no experiments. Patch me up till after the Derby—that's all."

But he spoke with the full dignity of the elder man. 'I advise that Mr. Ransome should remain with you. There is no danger whatever. But—er—in the event of any—er—acute symptom developing he will be able to give immediate relief. I am thirty miles away. Therefore, until the Derby is over, I——"

The Hon. and Rev. George agreed without further explanation. "I want to be patched up *till* then," he repeated, "that's all."

Mr. Ransome was installed at the Towers and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The Hon. and Rev. George was pleased to find that racing conversation did not bore the young doctor. Far from it. So the lore of half a century was poured into his attentive ears; stories of wonderful trials at dawn—of *coups* brought off and "pots" upset—by the giants that had striven for the honour of "Mr.

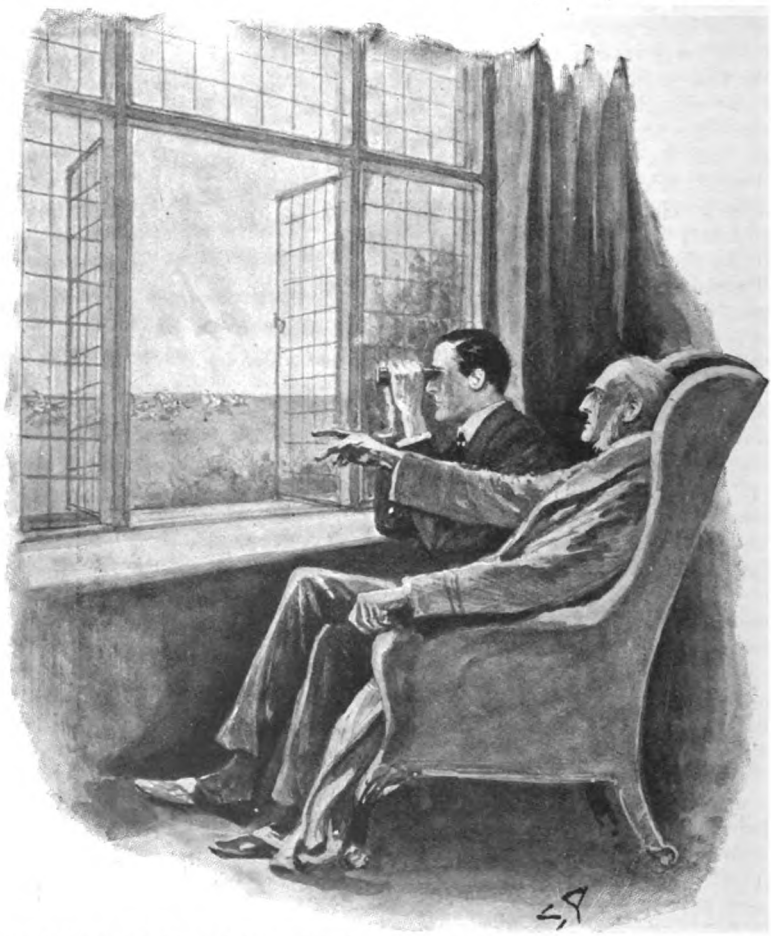


"PATCH ME UP TILL AFTER THE DERBY—THAT'S ALL."

When the consultation was over the family physician looked grave. He was a quiet, old-fashioned general practitioner, and he listened with some awe to the last word in modern medical science as it fell from the glib young specialist.

Sleeves." Each Gold Cup had its history. Each mounted hoof its legend. To his admiring gaze there was displayed the famous Newmarket Whip, into the handle of which are woven hairs from the tail of the incomparable Eclipse. The string at exercise was

shown to him. But regarding them he was very reticent. He listened to all he was told, but he asked no questions—at first. Presently his interest grew. He noted with the keen eye of a professional observer that The Friar and not Anchorite was the horse on which the heart of the Hon. and Rev. George was set. The Friar was rarely mentioned in the latest betting—when he was, odds were quoted at 66 to 1. The odds against Anchorite varied with the sporting uncertainty about even the most advanced medical science. The road to success is not sure. Ransome knew its bitterness. Pondering upon it there came to him a great temptation—66 to 1. It was wrong to make use of a secret imparted to him professionally by a patient, but—66 to 1! Young doctors have got to make great sacrifices to keep up appearances in the early critical periods of their career—66 to 1 in hundreds. Relief from debt, freedom from worry, posi-



"THEY SAT TOGETHER BY THE OPEN WINDOW AND SAW THE HORSES IN A STRAINING CLUSTER RACE ALONG THE SKY-LINE OF THE HILL."

reports of his owner's health. The connection was explained to Mr. Ransome without emotion by the Hon. and Rev. George, who added, "That's *why* you must patch me up."

Ransome waved aside the imaginary danger with a smile. But he knew that it was there, and he made a very careful and exhaustive study of the case. There is an element of tion, fortune—66 to 1 in thousands. Many a time as a medical student he had "punted" successfully—and how useful those ready fivers were! Here was a chance—almost a solid certainty—of concrete wealth.

The Hon. and Rev. George lent him a pair of excellent glasses to watch The Friar's trial. On a keen and brilliant morning they sat together by the open window and saw the

horses in a straining cluster race along the sky-line of the hill. Presently Anchorite swept to the front, with The Friar pulling double at his girth. They closed in the last furlong, ran locked side by side for a dozen desperate strides; then the splendid Friar went and won as he liked. Was ever a Derby more sure?

Ransome felt the excitement of the moment. His heart thumped and his veins tingled. The Hon. and Rev. George closed his eyes and pressed his hand to his side. Medical science claimed Ransome for the rest of the day, and he wondered a little gravely what would happen when they heard over the telephone the result of the coming Derby.

Sixty-six to one!

That night he slept badly, and the figures danced about the ceiling and sat at the foot of his bed.

Sixty-six thousand to one thousand! No more struggling and debt—if his last shilling had to go—"Ruin, or Harley Street," he said to himself. And temptation overcame his last scruple.

He wrote a discreet letter to a discreet friend, and gave the needful undertakings concerning payment in the improbable event of loss. He was staking his all, and he knew it. But the risk was so very slight. Nevertheless it weighed with him, and shook his confidence in that application of medical science which the Hon. and Rev. George needed more constantly every day. He would not have doubted his power to save an ordinary life. Now he began to fear that he was fighting with Fate for a fortune. He tried to shake off the idea. Yet it gripped him by the throat. The end was certain. The hour was not. Could he hold it back? He put forth his full strength for the effort. No doctor was ever more attentive to a patient. He insisted on a nurse—two nurses. He sat awake far into the night, ready at an instant's call with every resource at his command.

In London the news spread that the condition of the Hon. and Rev. George was critical. Betting men rather resented a dislocation of the market by the untoward circumstance. "We're laying against the bloomin' doctor, not against the horse," said a fielder of Anchorite. Which was true. Odds would have been shorter if the fielder had known why the doctor was trying to win.

When the clicking tape-machine announced that the horses of "Mr. Sleeves" had safely arrived at Epsom the Hon. and Rev. George had a whole day free from pain. Ransome was smiling and confident. "You can patch me over Wednesday—*now*," said his patient. "Wednesday year," said Ransome. In his heart he debated the use of oxygen or strychnine injections as a last emergency.

When they were alone the night nurse shook her head.

On Tuesday morning something went wrong with the telephone and it was dumb for a couple of hours. The Hon. and Rev. George fretted and fumed. In Derby week the wires are busy. There was sure to be delay later. He wanted to talk to his trainer. He could not. A paroxysm of pain was the result. When gout touches the heart the end comes quickly. Ransome turned pale and was afraid. Mercifully the bell rang soon, and out of the wheezing metallic crackle of the receiver came the trainer's voice to say that all was well.

Excitement and irritation had induced exhaustion and prostration, however. The nurses and Ransome had an anxious afternoon and a still more trying night. Sleepless at his window, Ransome saw the first pale shadow of the dawn drawn like a shroud of amethyst over the purple splendour of the heavens. Slowly the diamond stars sank drowning in a golden sea. The black outline of the rolling moor was lit and splashed with sudden glories. The tingle of a full sea wind was mellowed by the scent of heather and softened by the taste of clean, sweet earth. There was life in every breath of it!

For a moment he forgot even his patient—forgot Epsom and horses, and that this was Derby Day.

Then the door opened and the night nurse beckoned him.

In an instant he knew that the struggle had begun, and that this last encounter would be desperate. During the long, still watching in the dark hours, however, he had revolved every possibility. For whatever might come he was ready and prepared. He fought with Death for the life of his patient like a consummate swordsman. There was genuine admiration in the eyes of the tired night nurse when she went exhausted from her duty and the work of the second nurse began. It was noon when the Hon. and Rev. George asked the time. "Twelve," Ransome answered, softly. The trainer had already reported on the long-distance telephone that the horses were all right. The doctor said so.

"Patch me up," came the old supplication. "Only till three——"

The Derby was timed to be run at three o'clock.

"Spar for time," whispered the Hon. and Rev. George. He used the almost forgotten slang of the prize-ring, and smiled faintly.

Ransome smiled response and glanced at the clock.

Three hours. . . .

Sixty-six to one. . . .

Sixty-six thousand pounds. . . .

Every nerve was straining—every sense alert. The patient was helping the doctor in the best way that he could. Effort goes far to recovery in illness. The Hon. and Rev. George was waiting for his last Derby, as became a true Christian, with proper resignation, but, like a good sportsman, with determined hope.

The clicking tape told of a blazing day on the southern downs, abnormal heat, and record crowds. Presently it chronicled the arrival of the King upon the course, and the cheers that greeted his appearance in the Royal box. The first race followed, and the latest betting. Ransome detailed the information to his patient, who nodded faintly in reply.

Two o'clock.

Then came the second race, and then the telephone. Ransome answered it. A fussy and punctilious member of the Jockey Club felt it his duty, in face of an alarming rumour that had reached the course, to inquire whether—— Ransome said sharply that he was the medical adviser of the Hon. and Rev. George, who was certainly alive and waiting to hear the result of the Derby. There was cause for anxiety, perhaps, but nothing more.

He rang off, and went back to his patient. The next minute he took the nurse out of the room. He gave her some very exact instructions and told her to wait till she was called. She looked at him rather curiously. But he closed the door and faced his ordeal alone.

He looked up at the cloudless sky, where a little kestrel circled screaming above a couple of wheeling gulls. He stared blankly at the empty moor. He glanced at the ticking clock. It wanted fifteen minutes to the hour—fifteen endless minutes. The clock ticked louder still, and—— There is only one such silence.

Ransome knew what it meant.

There was no need to look and examine. Peacefully the spirit of the fine old man had passed, and Ransome knew that it was his honest duty to tell the truth over the telephone before the great race was run.

But 66 to 1. . . .

And a certainty. . . .

In fifteen minutes!

There might be delays at the post. There was certainly just time—if he spoke at once and——

Sixty-six to one!

A turgid reporter had turned himself loose upon the tape. Mechanically Ransome read that the course was clearing and a policeman was chasing the Derby dog. He could almost hear the shrieks of the steam whistles from the roundabouts on the Hill, the bawling round the cocoa-nut shies, and the high falsetto that invariably rises above the hoarse roar of the ring.

To his nostrils came the reek of the surging crowd. The clock ticked on. He ought to call the nurse and telephone at once.

Sixty-six thousand to——

He gave way and sat down feebly.

It was a ghastly vigil!

The dead man lay so quietly. The tape clicked again—then clattered on. Ransome reached weakly for the writhing ribbon. "They're off." He stood up and looked at the clock. No false starts. In his head beat the thunder of hoofs, and he heard the "prip-rip-prip" of silken jackets. "At the Bushes—Anchorite, Trentham." He could see it all. The sudden tailing off of beaten horses at the mile-post, the kaleidoscopic changes down the Hill. "At Tattenham Corner, crossing the road, Trentham takes first place, Anchorite next." Click, click. The machine paused for an instant, and the sweat stood out on Ransome's brow. Click—at last! "At the Distance The Friar suddenly challenged on the outside, coming with a wet sail and——" Then followed a maddening blank. And then: "Result, XXX77. ABAXXX second. ANBBAXX third. Others beaten off." He beat on the pedestal with his hands. He plucked wildly at the tape. This threw the machine out of gear. It clicked spasmodically and stopped working.

Ransome groaned aloud under the refinement of his torture. Then he reeled to the door, for the nurse was tapping. He was wanted on the telephone at once.

A sympathetic operator at the Epsom end put in a "long-distance" call as the horses rounded Tattenham Corner. "Trunks" understood the situation and cleared the line, which was waiting when young Arthur, the trainer's brother, obedient to orders, rushed to tell the news.

He began to explain all this. The distant whisper sounded a little high-pitched and hysterical.

"What's won?" snapped Ransome. He was very hoarse, and his lips felt like wood. "What's — what's won?"

"WHAT'S—WHAT'S WON?"

"The Friar——'

"*Won?*"

"No."

"*What!*"

"No, sir . . . dog ran out between his feet, close home . . . crossed his legs . . . come right down, nearly—Lomax rode wonderful . . . picked him clean up . . . only one stirrup . . . come again . . . he'd have won in another yard . . . beat very short head . . . Trentham first . . . Anchorite third. . . . "

Birr—r—r. . . . "Your time's up." . . . Birr—r—r.

Sixty-six to one. . . .

If he had told the truth the nomination was void and all bets off. He would have lost nothing.

As it was . . .

He went back slowly to the silent room. For an instant he fancied that a grim smile sat on the mouth of the quiet corpse. The luck of the Hon. and Rev. George had held good to the end. It was written that he should never win a Derby.

The relatives were not generous. The family physician deprecated the strenuous and drastic methods of modern medical science. Patience and port wine was his pet prescription. So there were no large fees.

Ransome sold his practice and his furniture. He paid his debts, and with the small remnant that was left tried South America. He is doing fairly well. The Spaniards love horses, and there is some decent racing now and then. He likes it.

But he never bets.

CRICKET FROM A CRICKETERS STANDPOINT

BY A. C. MACLAREN.

A. C. MACLAREN.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"WHAT an easy time you cricketers have!" is a remark made frequently to me, but always by those who have not gone through a first-class season's cricket, and we are not slow to tell them they are "talking through the back of their neck." The only easy time we cricketers really have is the time spent in bed, which is probably of longer duration than that of most people.

Captains of teams have the hardest work of all, provided they work upon the orthodox lines. Fast bowlers suffer a tremendous lot of bodily fatigue, as do makers of centuries in a lesser degree, but the brain-fag of a captain seems to take longer to banish than does the fatigue of over-exertion, which is often enough dispelled by a good dinner. We talk cricket, and practically nothing but cricket, over our Lancashire table throughout a season, unless we have guests, when we talk shop only when it is unavoidable. Well-laid plans are frequently discussed over a table game when we are quite by ourselves, the day's play for us being by no means over when stumps are drawn.

A typical day in a season is spent somewhat after the following fashion. A cup of tea and the sportsman's *Sporting Chronicle* at 8.30, and from 8.30 to 9.30 read the papers in bed and converse with other members of the side, who come in to ask you if you heard the rain in the night, after going to bed happy in the thought that the wicket was holding well enough to allow us comfortably to obtain the runs set by an opponent. Ten, breakfast; 10.30, leave for ground, on arrival often a budget of letters which I usually leave until day's play is over; 11—7, cricket ground; 7.45, dinner; 10—11, bed. There is a deal of worry which the cricketer has to endure at odd times throughout a season, to say nothing of long journeys by train the moment one match is finished, such as travelling by special from Manchester on a Wednesday night to London, and off early Thursday morning to be in Canterbury up to time for Kent match, a proceeding likely to bring forth the team's worst cricket. Such journeys, however, are not often taken—luckily for us.

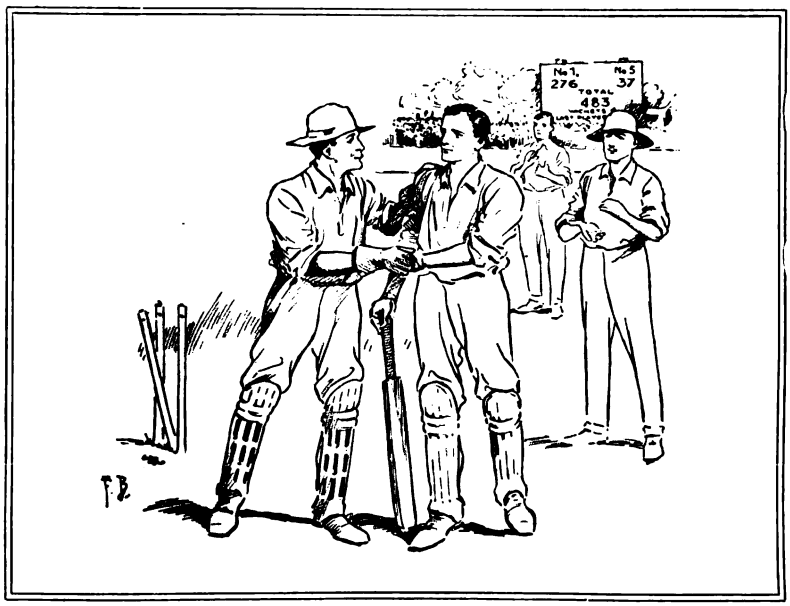
We cricketers aver that there is no game to touch that of cricket, for one never quite knows what is going to happen, added to which the game can be played under so many different conditions that it calls to light all the qualities or deficiencies of the various players engaged as no other game possibly can. The game brings in its train a goodly army of firm friends never to have been met with except for cricket. The game itself is an education to any man, however gifted. The game must bring out at some time or another all the good qualities in a man, and there is probably no game that is to the same extent provocative of that kindly feeling which cricketer has for cricketer.

One of the chief reasons why cricket is so popular with those who are exponents of the game is the fact that there are ten others to be considered besides oneself. This alone will cause a man to keep a tight hold on himself and apply himself to his task in such a manner as could not be possible were

there not good men and true to fight one's hardest for — men who are often more pleased at a comrade's success than at their own. There is something very genuine about the tone of cricketers' congratulations over any big performance—congratulations in which opponents join—and I have never seen quite the same thing in other games.

Think for one moment how many different conditions present themselves to a batsman who plays at various times against fast bowlers, slow bowlers, head bowlers; against good, bad, and indifferent captains, who may or may not utilize to the full the bowling at their command, who may or may not see, should the bowler miss your weakness; against good fielding and bad fielding, on fast and true, or fast and bumpy, on slow and easy, or slow and difficult wickets. He has to contend against all these conditions. Sometimes the batsman has to hurry, sometimes he is obliged to go easy, but his eye must be ever on the clock, and he must play according to his own ideas. One bowler must be hit off his length, another must be worn down, and so on, *ad infinitum*. This is what makes cricket the game it is—the best of all games.

People often ask which is the most enjoyable cricket to one who plays all the year round, and my answer is, the very best class cricket stands out by itself so far as affording the most pleasure is concerned. There is an undefinable charm about the winning of a big match after a close finish which only those who have played in such a game can realize. One of these big wins goes a long way to make up for the many disappointments in store for all cricketers, all of whom, in their turn, have to fail on important occasions, often as not when in the height of form. It is difficult to find a selfish man who has played much big cricket, and this cannot be said of some games I could mention.



"CONGRATULATIONS."

I am not at all sure the game is as good as it used to be, owing to the amount of importance allotted by the Press to the championship tables, individual performances, and records. In my early days there was no champion county except that county side admitted by the men playing the game to be the best of the year. Formerly, teams went about the country to win or lose, which nowadays play so cautiously when near the top of the championship tables that many a game is left drawn which would have been won with more enterprising play.

It is the playing of this not-to-be-beaten game which is spoiling cricket; there are occasions when it is quite excusable to think of nothing but "staying there," but tame and lifeless batting is of almost daily occurrence, causing general slackness and disgust, whilst a sort of listlessness pervades the whole atmosphere. It would astonish some

of the southern audiences if they could witness a Lancashire and Yorkshire match at Leeds, Sheffield, or Manchester. There is something of interest taking place with every ball that is sent down; the cricket is bright, the fieldsmen are being applauded over after over, and the hitting of fours will cause roar upon roar from the huge northern crowd; nothing escapes their notice, and when the game is over they go home satisfied, win or lose. The cricketers, too, feel that it has been a special effort for the three days, an effort produced only by the consistent tone of these annual encounters, in which there is no dawdling in the manner of play. I would honestly prefer to play and lose to Yorkshire than defeat certain sides to-day who have no enterprise about their play. There used to be far more enterprise displayed formerly than now, but the present long list of fixtures makes it impossible for men to retain their keenness throughout a season. The machinery becomes run down, and stale cricket must be witnessed towards the latter half of a season.

It is always an extra pleasure to play against a sporting side, for, come what may, the cricket will be enjoyable, and it goes without saying that those teams who play in this manner will alway command a long list of members. This, too, is one of the reasons why Yorkshire, Kent, and Lancashire always secure good gates in their annual encounters.

Of late years the medium-pace bowler has been most in evidence, and granted that this type of bowler is the best for soft wickets which assist the bowler, yet so much more attention has been given to the art of batting that the defence of most batsmen to-day is above being worn down, as of old, by accurate-length bowling on good wickets. The result is that the over-utilization of this type of bowler has become a drag on the game, causing slow scoring and uninteresting cricket, as often the fault of the bowler as that of the batsman.

It is no uncommon occurrence to see a medium-pace bowler of accurate length commence the attack on a perfectly true fast wicket by bowling as wide to the off as possible without causing the umpire to call "wide." On the leg side of the wicket there is one fieldsman, who will have a ball to pick up possibly once in six overs. The batsman leaves those good-length balls which are almost out of reach. Naturally, since he will not score if he hits them and is likely to get out in trying to cut them, the crowd commences to shout, "Hit 'em!" The bowler continues as before, since he thinks the shouting will have a dispiriting effect on the batsman, which it will have sometimes; but if he is a strong player he will pay no attention, and, the crowd becoming exasperated, a scene results.

The bowler has been the man to blame, for he has no right to bowl ball after ball with nothing resulting from the same, and when it is plain that the batsman is not going to be bullied out by the yells of the crowd, which should have been directed, if anywhere, at the bowler, who should try to hit the wickets. Many, of course, are afraid to attempt this for fear of being made to look of little account when a first-class player is at the wicket.

"THE CROWD COMMENCES TO SHOUT, 'HIT 'EM!'"

This overdoing of the off theory has undoubtedly had a depressing effect on the game, and yet when Jack Hearne used to be at his best the men against him were always playing the ball, because he insisted on their doing so by bowling all round their off stump—not two feet outside it—ball after ball.

These medium-pace length bowlers with a little spin, if the wicket helps, are very harmless on good wickets, and captains might

often adopt bolder methods by putting on bowlers of lesser merit who have anything original in their bowling. Why is it that men who are tried as bowlers for their counties often do best in their first season? The answer is simple enough, for when faced by a new bowler the batsman is looking for all sorts of things which do not exist, but have been dull and uninteresting. The fast bowler of course plays his part, but your slow bowler can go on for ever, and batsmen have to get their runs by jumping out to hit him, which many don't care about, and, that being so, are never on top of the slows. Again, the batsman who won't go out to hit, but will play in his ground quietly, ought to be worried

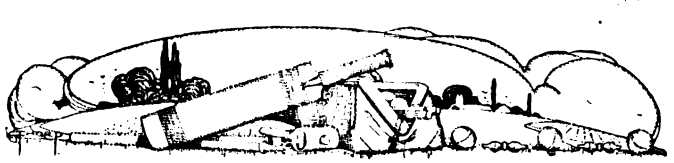
"BATSMEN HAVE TO GET THEIR RUNS BY JUMPING OUT TO HIT HIM."

which unsettle him enough to cause him to make the mistake which will cost him his wicket.

Changes are often made too frequently in the conformation of a team, but in my opinion younger bowlers might be brought into some sides with advantage in place of old bowlers of medium pace, when conditions are favourable for batting before the game commences.

The dearth of slow bowlers is much to be regretted, and this alone would account for the present diminution of interest in the game. On hard wickets, in my opinion, the slow bowler has caused many a game to be full of good cricket which would otherwise into hitting by calling in the outfields and stuffing the batsman, when he will find run-getting no easy matter unless he alters his methods. A slow bowler offers endless possibilities to a captain who will utilize him to the full.

Cricket, from a cricket point of view, was more enjoyable to me when Briggs and, later, Mr. E. E. Steel played, for, no matter how true the wicket, they bowled in a manner which commanded interesting cricket. With Briggs on the side one could pretty well gauge how many our opponents would get on most wickets, but without bowlers of the first class it is impossible to tell what will happen in the run-getting department.



THE END of the HONEYMOON.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

CHAMONIX. Table d'hôte in the Reina Helena Hotel was just over. Mont Blanc, which had been invisible all day, had but now emerged from his seclusion and towered on high in the sunset. The new arrivals in a body had rushed out of doors, and stood agaze in the hotel garden.

Claudia Dymchurch did not move. She had seen it before. It did not interest her. Nothing interested her except the wretchedness in her own mind. She sat in a lounge chair, between two oleander bushes in green tubs; the *Ladies' Field* lay upon her lap among the dainty folds and frills of her white lace gown. Her wistful wide eyes were fixed upon the edges of the stupendous Alps, behind which the sky was beginning to blaze with sunset fire. Philip, her husband, had lit his cigar and strolled away down towards the village in search of something to amuse him.

It had come to that.

It was the end of the honeymoon. They had been married six weeks, and the bride was beginning to realize, after the first stunned sensation of bitter disappointment, that the arrangement, which in those few short weeks had proved itself so great a failure, was going to be lifelong.

She strove to keep the horror from showing in her eyes, for there were plenty of people about, and one or two girls cast longing glances at her pretty trousseau frock and flashing rings. She had the things they supposed necessary to happiness — money and a handsome young husband.

Novels had hitherto been the mirror of life to her inexperienced mind; but she could not remember ever having read a novel which described the circumstances and mental condition through which she was now passing.

In novels, people who proposed were desperately in love. Often they were quite unmanned by the strength of their emotions. But they were not unnaturally tongue-tied in face of such depth of sentiment; so that Philip's bald proposal had been by her attributed to lack of power of expression, not to lack of feeling.

He was good-looking and amusing. The fact that he talked less nonsense after they were engaged, and was now and then what might have been described as glum, could be most naturally set down to a becoming sense of approaching responsibility. But Claudia, in her blithe girlhood and happy home, never thought of reflecting seriously about her marriage or her bridegroom. She liked him tremendously, and had always intended to be married before Nancy came out. It seemed a considerate thing for an elder sister to do.

Her father, who could afford to dower his girls pretty handsomely, was pleased at the engagement. Philip was a steady fellow, doing well, and likely to be doing better. Everybody smiled upon the young pair, everything combined to smooth the path to

the altar. There were three crowded months of shopping, visiting, presents, and congratulations, showers of rice, and a sudden exit for Claudia from all that had hitherto constituted the world to her.

Without warning, so it seemed to her, she found herself face to face with a companion who was a complete stranger, but who assumed her consent to undreamed-of intimacy.

There was no question, then, of her own capacity for emotion.

Philip was first amazed, then annoyed at her view of the situation. It was all quite obvious. They were married and he was fond of her; meant to be good to her; she was a dear little girl. But what was there to make a fuss about? They were good pals, right enough. People got married every day and the sky didn't fall.

"But this time it has fallen," said Claudia, tragically. "Everything is different — you are different. I never knew what you were like."

"Tut-tut! I'm just the same as I always have been to you," said Phil.

"Yes, that's just it. I thought, I hoped, you wouldn't be just the same."

This amazing piece of inconsistency bereft the male creature of the power of argument. "Claudie, don't be a little silly," was all he could vouchsafe in reply to such an obviously absurd remark.

She could not make him understand. Her sensation was rather as though he had asked her to go and live in a certain house, and she had consented, not having seen the interior, but assuming that it was suitably furnished for her reception; and as though, on walking in, she had found bare walls. There was a pause, during which she wiped her eyes furtively, for Phil could not bear to see her cry, and she had wept to the extreme limits of his endurance during the first few days of their married life.

"Look here," he had said at last, staring out of window awkwardly and wishing that women were more reasonable creatures, "lots of people don't like their honeymoon, you know; got to shake down a bit first. Want to be the kind that can sit and hold hands, I expect, for that kind of thing to be a success. You must always have known I'm not like that. You'll be all right when we get home and you have the house to fuss over and the dinner to order——"

"But why," burst out Claudia, desperately, "why did you marry me? That's what I want to know."

He turned round and stared. "That's a rum question to ask," he said, coldly.

"It's an awful question to have to ask," panted his wife, feverishly. "You ought to answer it. If you will give me a true answer I'll never ask again."

He looked angry. "And suppose I were to say I married you for some unworthy reason, what would you gain by that? Too late to think about that, isn't it?"

"Phil," said Claudia, with frightful earnestness, "until I was married it never occurred to me to think about anything at all."

"Well, if you want to oblige me," said her husband, whose temper was wearing thin, "get your thinking done now, once for all, and drop the practice, for I tell you candidly I liked you better when you didn't think." With that he had left the room and gone for a walk by himself.

"Yes," murmured the bride, under her breath, "that's the thing. I must get my thinking done and take the consequences. I am glad to see Philip go. I shall be sorry to see him come back. His society is an oppression; I may grow to hate him. I have vowed in church to cleave to him to my life's end."

As she sat between the oleanders, staring at vacancy, she wondered what manner of man her husband was when one knew him. Thoughtless she had been, undeveloped she was; but she was not a fool, and she felt there must be something real, something one could touch, somewhere behind that emptiness that she had found.

Philip did not care for her. Even a very unemotional man must have been more perceptive, where love was concerned, than he had shown himself with her. The vital question for his wife was, Is his love still unawakened, or does it belong to some other woman?

Mentally she again consulted those misleading novels, the people in which seemed to furnish no likeness to the people she actually knew. She recalled tales in which the splendid adventuress sailed into the reception-room of the hotel where the wretched man was spending his honeymoon —perhaps with a child to confront him. Claudia did just know that such a thing as vice existed.

There was a certain element of boyishness and sincerity in Phil which made such an idea seem unlikely.

Money? That was naturally the next thought; and it seemed plausible enough. How to find out? She doubted her own

ability to feign a credible story of her father's financial ruin to test him. She doubted her own ability in every direction. A complete vision of her own helplessness overswept her —a vision which had been gathering force and momentum with every hour of her wretched honeymoon, and now seemed to flood her very being. She had given a promise as gaily, almost as lightly, as she would have accepted an invitation; and suddenly she awoke and found herself in prison, undergoing a life-sentence.

With burning eyes and set teeth she watched a group of merry girls, full of excitement and careless gaiety, chattering near. With all her heart she envied them. Oh, what could have induced her to think that she loved Philip well enough to undergo this terrible experience of the honeymoon at his hands?

Her eyes fell on the darkly-wooded slope of the Montanvert. Just beyond it loomed the great pale mass of the glimmering Mer de Glace, which yesterday they had crossed. She remembered the horrible holes, the grinding *Moulins*, pointed out by the guides. As they gazed down into the vividly blue depths she had said to Philip—"That would be an easy way to die—sudden and swift." He had answered—"You are so cheerful, talking about dying." In a moment she had seen that to talk of death did not depress her; it was a reminder that even her present unhappiness could not last for ever.

As the idea gripped her by the throat her eyes were fixed upon the white line of the road by which her husband would return. All at once the wild call for freedom arose in her blood and moved her till she shook with passion. The present state of things must be ended. To be all her life at the orders of this man to whom she was nothing was a thought that goaded her to desperation. If she could free herself only by death, she discovered that she was ready to die.

"THEY GAZED DOWN INTO THE VIVIDLY BLUE DEPTHS."

She was in the mood when the present agony deprives one of moral horizons. Her mad, overmastering desire to escape filled her to the exclusion of anything else.

As if driven by some sudden incalculable force she rose and went indoors—slowly until she was free from observation, then

moving with the swiftness born of determination. She changed her gown for her tweed mountaineering suit, laced up her thick boots, put on her hat, and, leaving all things scrupulously neat, darted into the sitting-room, sat down, and wrote :—

PHILIP,—I have nothing to complain of, but I simply cannot stand it. I have tried to stand it, and to make you see what I was feeling. You could not see, because you do not care.

Very likely it is my fault. I kind of know that somewhere in you there is something I have not reached—something that another girl might touch ; and then you would come to life and be what I used to think you were.

It seems simplest to say straight out that I would sooner be dead than go on suffering as I have suffered since I was your wife. It is not your fault, for if I had had any sense I must have always seen you did not care for me. I suppose it was money, and I had better state in writing that I wish you to have all that I die possessed of. Good-bye ; don't be angry with me ; it's really the only way. CLAUDIA.

Sealing and addressing this, she placed it conspicuously on the table, and in speed and fear slipped downstairs and out of the now lighted hotel. For some short distance, until her path struck off, she was actually walking along the road by which Philip must return. It was not long before he came in sight, mooning along with hunched shoulders and hanging head ; and hurried past the slip of a figure dimly moving in the twilight, quite unrecognising.

He was feeling miserable enough. In the light of Claudia's passionate rebellion he had been by degrees taking a truer estimate of the wrong he had done her. In his furious determination to show Gladys Mansell, the girl who had refused him, that he could marry if he chose—marry a girl who was pretty and well dowered—he had not considered Claudia's point of view at all. She had been so easily content, so gaily willing to be pleased. She had taken him on trust—"If Philip wishes me to marry him, he must love me very much."

And he had not loved her at all. He knew that what cut him to the quick was not so much the emptiness of his heart where she was concerned, but the fact of her having detected it. He was horribly ashamed of that.

It had made him ill-tempered, clumsy, cruel. He had been suffering detestably during several of those first days which had been such nightmares to Claudia.

And now what was to be done? The future seemed as blank to him as to her. Now that she had found him out, there seemed no prospect of happiness together. As he went upstairs he was conscious of reluctance to meet her—of something between shame, exasperation, and repentance.

And there lay the letter on the table.

His head swam as he read it. The blow was utterly unexpected. His young face faded into white—into a chalk-like grey.

There was no doubt of the terrible sincerity of the girl's words.

Upon his mind all the bearings of the situation seemed to flash instantaneously. She had left him. Her letter left little doubt of her intention of suicide. How and where would she try to compass her end? How and where could he make an effectual attempt to stop her, to cover her flight, save her name, give him a chance to prove himself, after all, not quite the cur she thought him?

He pocketed the accusing scrap of paper and hurried well-nigh mechanically into the bedroom to ascertain, if he could, whether her intention was to go by train. Helplessly he looked around—all was in perfect order—he did not notice her clothes enough to be sure which were missing. He did not know how much money she had. But a swift survey made him sure that she had taken no luggage, not even a hand-bag. Brushes, sponges, all toilet accessories, were in their places. It would thus be waste of energy to try the railway station.

Where, then? He made his way to the window and threw it up, with a feeling of being about to choke. His head swam, so he found the brandy flask and took a small dose to steady his brain and assist him to face the incredible situation.

He raised his drawn, haggard face to the night skies. Claudie, little dainty Claudie, nurtured in love, who had come to him with the artless trust of a child who has never been repulsed, but who had all the same detected in a moment the cruelty he had practised upon her!

And as he struggled against the mingled feelings that drove him, his eye fell, as Claudia's had fallen earlier in the evening, upon the glimmering height of the huge glacier, and instantly a memory pricked him. He recalled her innocent words about its being a quick death to fall down one of the *Moulins*.

Claudia had walked on steadily. She was by now accustomed to mountain roads, and made good pace. But the ascent to the Montanvert is a lengthy one, and but for the driving force of her despair, her outraged, bleeding heart, she would have felt the strain. As it was she pressed on, no thoughts find-

ing place in her pretty head but the one paramount resolve to escape the intolerable circumstances of the life she left behind.

Presently, however, she must pause—must sink for a moment upon a broad, flat stone to ease her labouring breath. Here, at this point upon the road, the path skirted a precipice, not quite sheer, for pines clung to it and made a blackness of impenetrable depth. Clinging to a pine sapling she stared down. It was like gazing into a diviner's ink-pool. Would this do for her plunge to freedom? Would death be instantaneous? She dared not take the risk. The ice was the surer way.

And then from that unfathomed depth arose a pitiful wail.

The girl's nerves, strung to utmost pitch, shuddered in access of horror. In the breathless, palpitating silence another cry reached her.

Grasping her pine sapling, and with hair literally stirring with affright, she leaned over and cried aghast:—

"Is anybody there?"

"Help! help!" sounded in English from the abyss. It was a woman's voice.

"Where are you?" cried the girl, her thin tones echoing dreadfully in the unknown.

"I am a long way down—my ribs are broken—I cannot move——"

"I will hasten up to the Montanvert Hotel and fetch help."

"No, no; for Heaven's sake don't do that; it's too late—I'm dying. But, if you have a heart, come to me. There's a coil of rope — under that stone."

"CLINGING TO THE ROPE, CLAUDIA LOWERED HERSELF BY SLOW DEGREES."

Claudia, her whole heart flooded with acute sympathy for the awfulness of the unknown woman's position, sought and found the rope in question. "I have it," she cried.

"Loop it," wailed the anguished voice. "Come down — you might be able to move me. Oh, great Heaven! I can't bear this much longer——"

"I am coming. Have a moment's patience. It takes me some time to get this right. I don't want to fall. Now I am on my way."

The place was steep, but there was foothold all down. Clinging to the rope, Claudia lowered herself by slow degrees, doubtless much helped by the fact that she could not see the horrible gulf beneath. At last, after what seemed ages of going down, her groping hands felt the huddled, broken form of a woman. She had fallen upon a jagged protruding rock, and was hanging across like a sack, horribly injured, unable to lift herself.

"Oh!" cried Claudia, in dismay; then, collecting her scattered wits, "Did you—did you do it *on purpose?*"

"Of course I did; but I failed to die, just as I have failed in everything, all my miserable life. Ah, this torment! Lift up my head, I implore you."

"Oh, let me go for help——"

"No, no; don't leave me. Give me just an hour or two. Stay; it can't be long; don't in mercy leave me alone."

"I won't," said Claudia, firmly. She hardly knew how she managed to lift the mass of bruised flesh and broken bones from her horrible position; but manage it she did, and drew up the poor head to lie against her shoulder, though the position was agonizingly cramping to herself. It was like an awful dream. Engulfed in that utter blackness of the shadow of death the two would-be suicides clung together; and the unknown in broken gasps told her story of loneliness, disappointment, failure, despair.

The moon moved on upward; Claudia tracked it from point to point of the pines. Again she gently urged the dying creature to allow her to fetch help. The frenzied clutch tightened; she conjured her by all things sacred not to leave her.

"Have a little patience. I'm going—going fast."

Muttering, the sufferer sank into a kind of stupor, and it was then, in the sudden, terrible silence, that Claudia heard the ringing sound of steady feet, running, running, on the firm metal path far above her head. With a sudden determination she raised her voice and with all her strength sent forth a shriek for help.

"WITH ALL HER STRENGTH SHE SENT FORTH A SHRIEK FOR HELP."

The feet stopped. There was a moment of complete silence; then a familiar voice cried out with a new note in it—a note of anguish and of fear: "Claudie, is that you?"

Her heart stood still; then jumped. Philip had already tracked her down. But the suffering woman in her arms forbade her dwelling upon the defeat of her own plans.

"Philip, is that you? Get help. I'm here with a poor woman who is hurt—I can't get her up—you can't get her up alone. Run—fly to the Montanvert—fetch men and ropes to raise her; she is simply all smashed to pieces——"

"Great heavens! I'll go at once—this moment. Just say you are safe. Can you hold on?"

"Yes, yes. Are you not gone?"

"Swear"—the voice trembled with some tremendous feeling—"swear you *will* hold on, Claudie!"

"Phil, I swear. Oh, be quick, be quick!"

"I won't be ten minutes."

His steps rang on—died away. The woman in her arms stirred and moaned.

"Courage—courage, dear," murmured Claudia, passing her handkerchief over the clammy brow and smoothing back the hair.

"Who—who was that?" gasped a voice, fainter, more far away.

"My husband. He has gone for help; he is strong and swift."

"There's"—the voice had sunk to a murmur—"another helper coming to me—stronger—swifter."

Claudia trembled. The moon was high enough now to make distinctions of shadow; the dizzy gulf on the side of which she clung was growing visible.

"God bless you and your husband. You had pity on me. Life shall have pity on you.

I bless you—a dying woman—that's worth something; though you mayn't think it. Is that the dawn?"

"Oh, no; not for hours yet."

"But all around me the valley is full of light."

"Is it, poor dear?"

"I'm going," said the woman, suddenly. "Kiss me."

Claudia did so.

The mutilated head fell back against the girlish breast; the breath came several times, jerked and short. Then silence fell, so remote, so awful, that Claudia felt herself floating out from the actual world into something that lay beyond.

That was death; and death was nothing. She need only open her arms, slip the rope, let go—and her soul, too, would be travelling out across that tremendous silence with the soul of the poor wretch who had snatched her own freedom.

Ah, but she had promised Phil that she would hold on.

With a mighty effort she clutched her consciousness. If she fainted she would fall. "Oh, speak to me," she wildly murmured to the soul of the dead woman. "You cannot be far away. I am afraid of this dead thing which you have left behind."

"SHE WAS HOLDING BY HER HANDS ALONE, CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THAT SHARP, ROCKY POINT."

The night-breeze went trailing away, far over the mountain-side, and it seemed to her like a distant farewell, cried from immense heights by some mounting spirit as it soared away into regions Claudia did not know.

The full horror of her position came to the girl for the first time—alone there with a corpse, far from human aid. The thought was so alarming that her heart beat to suffocation, and once more she felt her consciousness deserting her. A shock recalled her precipitately to life; the lump of soil and juniper-root upon which her feet had rested gave way without warning—she slipped violently several feet—and as she slipped she felt the rope that she had fastened round her waist give perceptibly.

She had herself secured it, with unskilled, girlish fingers that did not know a "reef" knot from a "grannie." As long as she went down steadily it had held her not very considerable weight; but the sudden jerk of her fall had loosened the bungling tie which now alone stood between her and the abyss.

Desperately she sought to relieve the strain by snatching at the clothing of the dead woman, while she found a bit of rock for her hands to grasp. Then she felt about sideways for fresh foothold. There was none. The weather had been dry, and her weight had loosened a large lump. In her ears was the horrible hollow sound of its descent—bump, bump, from point to point of a precipice that seemed bottomless.

She thought of her own tender, shrinking body hurled headlong down that course; she thought of Philip's voice as he cried to her to hold on. Something there had been in that voice which stirred hope in her heart—something which suggested that the real essential Philip was awake, that there was a chance of her meeting him at last.

Suppose that he came back and found her fallen, would he think always to his life's end that she had broken her word? He had

gone at her own request to fetch aid to the unknown woman; she had said she was safe, she had promised to hold on. She felt that she could not bear that Philip should suspect her of bad faith.

But now she was holding by her hands alone, clinging desperately to that sharp, rocky point upon which the suicide had fallen. To hold on was agony; and the more she strove for foothold the more the loose soil gave beneath her.

It was a question of minutes now. Her hands were lacerated, every muscle strained to agony point. Her fall had jerked her so low that she could not lever herself up to the level of the rock; and even could she have done so, there was not room for her upon the narrow point, unless she pushed down the dead body—a proceeding for which she had neither strength nor will.

Now her thoughts were growing confused; she must let go. The rope would support her—surely, surely it would—she felt so light. Any way, she must try. Her hands were numb. She could not feel sure whether she were still grasping tightly or whether she had let go. Had she fallen or no? Was she still there? It seemed impossible. Well, Philip must be told that she had held on as long as she could. Ah! now her hands were free—and she had fallen only such a very little way—it was slipping, not falling—softly, slowly by degrees, down, down.

Had she only known how easy it was, she would have let go before.

There was a rope—she still held it—so she was quite safe. This gliding down was such a respite from effort, so gentle, so ideal, Philip could not blame her.

And now she reached a more vertical part of the slope. The rope gave way; and then the rush began—so swiftly that Claudia was not, after the first blank, awful second, conscious of it or of anything.

The moon was now so high that its light dipped among the trees. When Philip and his rescue party arrived, the ledge of rock and the huddled corpse upon it were distinctly visible.

But nothing more.

"I think she is conscious," said somebody. It was a man's voice, and sounded like a doctor. "She is going to wake," it went on. "You had better stand where she can see you."

Philip spoke next, in low tones of shame, anxiety, and nervousness. "I don't think she wants to see me—it might upset her. If you think she is conscious, I had better slip away."

"No," sighed Claudia, drawing a deep breath, "don't go, Phil."

She opened her eyes.

She was lying on a bed near a window, open to the exquisite summer mountain air. The room was strange; so was the doctor; so was the Swiss *femme de chambre* in the background with a tray; so too, for the matter of that, was Philip himself. Years seemed to have passed over his head since his wife saw him last.

He came forward, his lips quivering, his hollow eyes fixed apprehensively upon her, with signs of flinching as though he feared she might show active distaste at sight of him. Those eyes had dark marks of sleeplessness beneath them; he was pale and haggard.

"Do you know me, Claudia?"

"Yes, of course. I am not ill. I remember everything. Why am I lying here?"

"Because I order you," said the doctor, briskly, as he took a covered bowl from the maid's tray. "Here is some soup which you must take, and I dare say your husband will feed you. I shall be back in half an hour."

The two were left alone.

Claudia's eyes wandered to the window. It commanded a full view of the Mer de Glace, She felt that she grew red, and her eyes met Philip's almost apologetically.

"I want you to know," she said, hurriedly, "that it was not my fault. I did try to hold on—I did, with all my might."

"What!" said Philip, stopping short, with the basin in his hand.

"I did," said his wife, urgently; "I had promised you, and I did my utmost to keep my word. But I had fastened the rope insecurely and the earth gave way. I fell and it came undone."

"I thought you had untied it on purpose," muttered he.

"I was afraid you would. If I had been killed you would have always thought I had broken my word."

"I got your letter, you see," he said, with an effort. His face was red enough now. "I thought you were making for the glacier."

"So I was."

"Here, hold hard—you can't use that arm," he murmured, awkwardly. "You must let me feed you."

She became conscious that her left arm was rigid and swathed in bandages. "Oh," cried she, "this is dreadful; this is just what I did not want to happen! Instead of your

being free of me altogether, it is only extra trouble for you."

"It was the other way about, Claudie. It was a question of you being free of me—never for a moment of my being free of you. It was you who found the tie unbearable."

She turned away her head, for it cut her to the heart to see his downcast face—so unlike its old confident youth and carelessness.

"But you must agree—if you told the truth," she faltered. "It is best for us to part."

There was a short pause. "We have parted," said Philip, at last. "I could not hold you against your wish. It may be best for you that it should be so; it certainly isn't best for me. To keep you would be my only chance."

She gave a little cry. "You are determined to put me in the wrong."

"Oh, no!" he broke in, speaking now with strong feeling. "It is I who have been wrong throughout. I am most justly punished. Only — Claudie — there is such a thing as mercy as well as justice. I want to throw myself on your mercy. If you talk of what I deserve, I haven't a chance; and you don't know the worst of me. When you are stronger we must talk this out, and I'll make a clean breast of it. But don't take away the hope that one day, when I've had time to show you how sick I am about the way I've treated you—one day you might forgive me."

"One day?" she asked, dreamily.

"I can wait," said Philip, steadily.

There was a silence while the rest of the soup was administered.

"How is it that I am alive?" asked Claudia, suddenly.

"You fell into a tree. It was wonderful. You must have broken your arm on the way down, for you were lying quite comfortably among the branches when we found you. Oh, Claudie, Claudie!" Suddenly he was on his knees by the bed, with his face hidden and shoulders shaking. "Had you ever thought what you were condemning me to, had you done — what you meant to do?"

"No, I suppose not. I didn't think about you—except as something to escape from—until you called me over the edge, in the dark. That was the real Philip. I had always felt I could have been fond of him."

She stretched out a white, thin hand and laid it on his hair.

"And—you *did* try to hold on?" he whispered.

"I did."

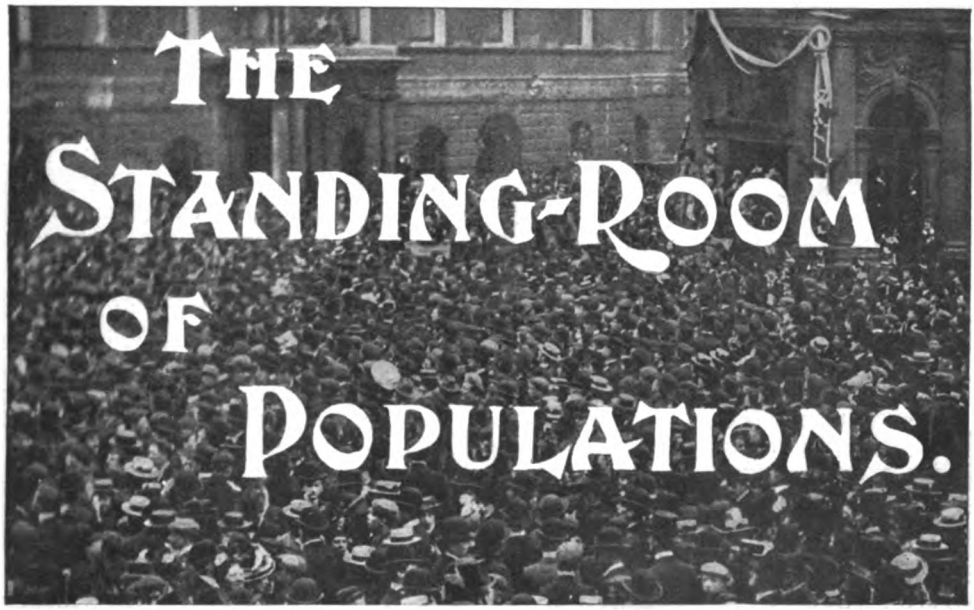
"For my sake?"

"I — think it must have been for your sake."

"Then there is hope for me yet," said Philip.

"HE WAS ON HIS KNEES BY THE BED."

THE STANDING-ROOM OF POPULATIONS.



From a Photo. by [*R. Thiele & Co.*

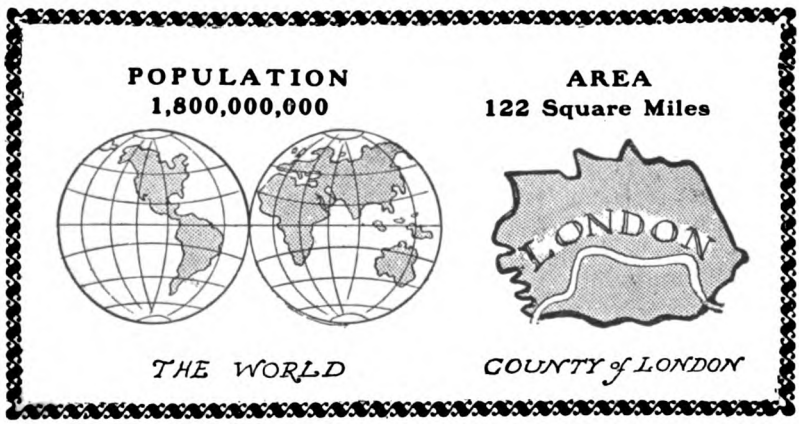
By Arthur T. Dolling.

BY vast strides is the population of the globe perpetually increasing. That this is a grave menace to its continued existence is a favourite dictum amongst those periodically reminding us of the evils and catastrophes which must inevitably overwhelm the whole human race. We open a newspaper or magazine only to be confronted with some startling announcement to the effect that we are a doomed race, rushing at breakneck speed towards ignominious annihilation. "We are all living in a fools' paradise," say the statisticians and savants. "The natural resources of the earth are being worked to death. In a few years they will be exhausted, and the world will come to a miserable end."

Pessimists like these have been with us since the world began. They supply a healthy check upon any undue tendency to optimism. But let us look a little into the matter for ourselves; let us calculate, even to a nicety, our chances of waking up one morning to find ourselves dead owing to an embarrassing surfeit of population.

"If," wrote Horace Walpole in 1761, "I were asked to entitle ages, I would call this the century of crowds." To a far greater degree is the twentieth century the century of crowds.

To conduct our investigations from this standpoint we will divide the population into crowds and base our conclusions upon the



The entire population of the globe could find standing-room within the confines of the County of London.

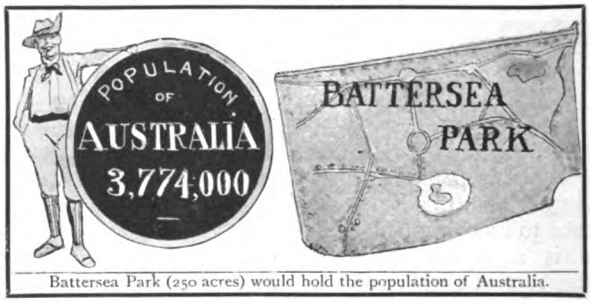
Every living New Zealander could assemble within the house and grounds (50 acres) of Buckingham Palace.

result. Crowds, strange to say, differ in density in different nations. Thus, in Russia it is surprising to learn that as many as eight persons frequently occupy one square yard at the same time. These figures, however, include children in arms. We are informed that an average London crowd consists of four persons to the square yard, although the Scotland Yard authorities courteously explain that on occasion six persons to the square yard is a by no means unreasonable estimate. A crowd such as that shown in the heading to this article would comprise four persons to the square yard, and this we shall take as our standard of density.

Now, the estimated population of the inhabited globe is stated roughly to be one thousand eight hundred million souls; and applying our figures to this, we find that this huge total could without any excessive crushing be compressed into an area of one hundred and twenty-two square miles. Consider for a moment what this means. *The whole of the human race could be comfortably ensconced in the county of London!*

It would require a Dante to describe such a scene, a Doré to depict it. But so far as our limited capacities will allow, let us try to conjure up the picture in our minds. One hundred and twenty-two square miles of heaving, seething humanity; league upon league of upturned, staring faces, white and black, red and yellow; a gigantic mosaic of variegated costumes, the bright-coloured silk of the Orient mingling with the soberer cloths of the West, and interspersed with the dusky skins of the unclad savage; pigtails and feathers, top-hats and turbans, in one tossing, turbulent array.

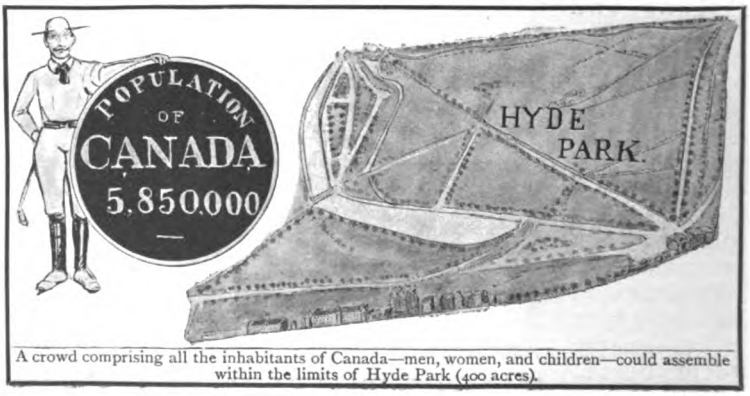
Certain portions of the British Empire cover an immense area, and their inhabitants play so great a part in our thoughts and interests that we are apt to regard them as large in number. Take New Zealand, which, with 66,889,520 acres, is only a little smaller than the United Kingdom. Compared with the world's population, that of New Zealand is, of course, but a drop in the ocean of humanity, but nevertheless it is astonishing to find that the inhabitants of this rising Colony could, at a pinch, take refuge in the gardens of Buckingham Palace.



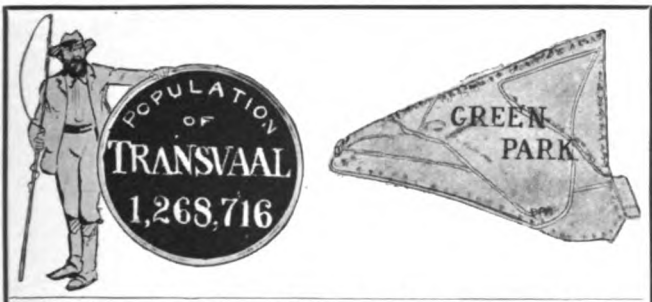
Battersea Park (250 acres) would hold the population of Australia.

Australia requires a somewhat larger space, but Battersea Park is sufficiently commodious to contain her teeming offspring.

History has provided large crowds in the past, chiefly, however, in the form of armies. The vast hordes which followed the standards of Xerxes and Alexander, and in more recent times those of the great Napoleon, formed, no doubt, crowds of quite respectable dimensions, but it is interesting to record



A crowd comprising all the inhabitants of Canada—men, women, and children—could assemble within the limits of Hyde Park (400 acres).

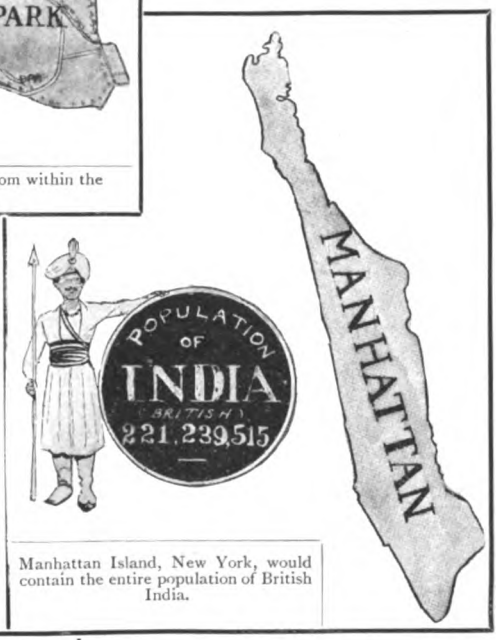


The Transvaal population could find comfortable standing-room within the boundaries of the Green Park (71 acres).

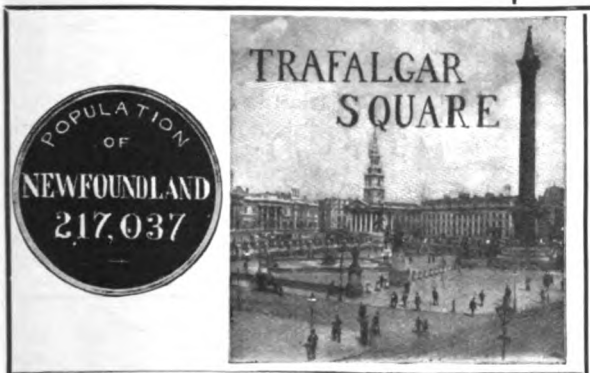
that the largest crowd ever gathered together in recent times was that which flocked to Hyde Park a few years ago to do homage to a departed statesman. But the hundred thousand who attended the Gladstone Memorial Service fade into insignificance when it is remembered that within the same boundaries Canada could place with ease her six million men, women, and children.

Our youngest Colony, the Transvaal, occupies an area of 111,196 square miles, but were its population of 1,268,716 souls to be formed into a compact crowd, they would find comfortable standing-room within the area (seventy-one acres) of the Green Park. Trafalgar Square has been the scene of many demonstrations. But it is to be doubted if it has been filled to the limits of its capacity, as it certainly would be, though not to overflowing, if Newfoundland's population were to be transplanted thither.

To take another case, New York City is popularly supposed to suffer from congestion. Nevertheless, although



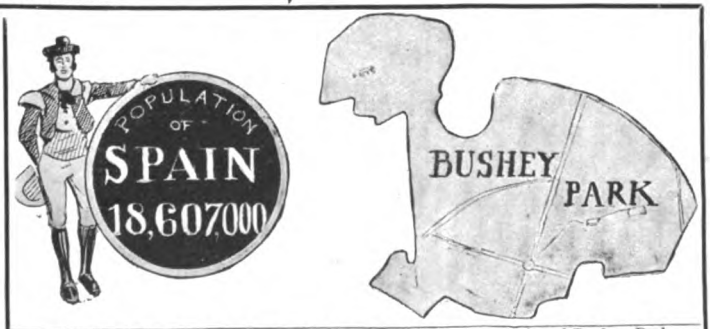
Manhattan Island, New York, would contain the entire population of British India.



Trafalgar Square (36,000 square yards) is capable of holding the 217,037 inhabitants of Newfoundland.

the discomfort now suffered by the average New Yorker is luxury in comparison to what he would have to endure if the two hundred and twenty-one million inhabitants of British India were to pay that city a flying visit, the whole number could find standing-room on the Island of Manhattan, the oldest and, of course, the most crowded portion of Greater New York.

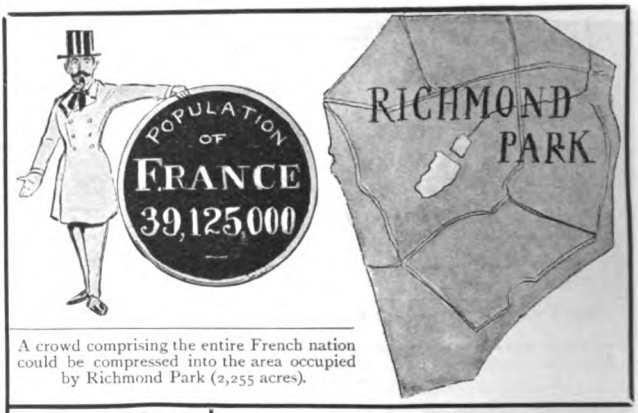
Turning our attention to foreign countries, we find that Spain could place her eighteen millions of in-



Spain could place her 18,000,000 inhabitants within the boundaries of Bushey Park (1,000 acres).

habitants within the boundaries (one thousand acres) of Bushey Park, while more commodious Richmond Park, of two thousand two hundred and fifty-five acres, has room for the entire French nation. Epping Forest is some five thousand acres in extent, and it is not a little astonishing to consider that the immense hosts composing the heterogeneous population of the Russian Empire might find accommodation in this small area.

Provided it be not overcrowded, Regent's Park, four

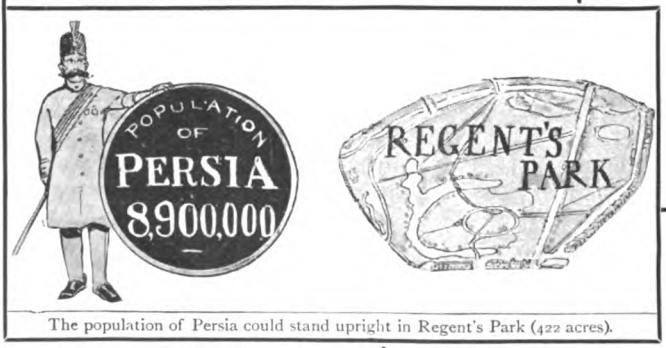


A crowd comprising the entire French nation could be compressed into the area occupied by Richmond Park (2,255 acres).

Epping Forest (5,000 acres) is capable of accommodating the whole Russian population.

quarter million persons who go to make up the Italian nation; while, coming nearer home, we find that the Welsh Principality would experience no difficulty in transferring her entire population to the eighty-three acres of St. James's Park. Despite its rural attractions, Irishmen might be prone to consider Kensington Gardens a poor substitute for their own Emerald Isle. But, if need arose, this favourite breathing-place of Londoners, three hundred acres in area, is quite capable of exchanging its usual population of nursemaids and perambulators for the four and a half million "patriots" that at present subsist on the other side of the St. George's Channel.

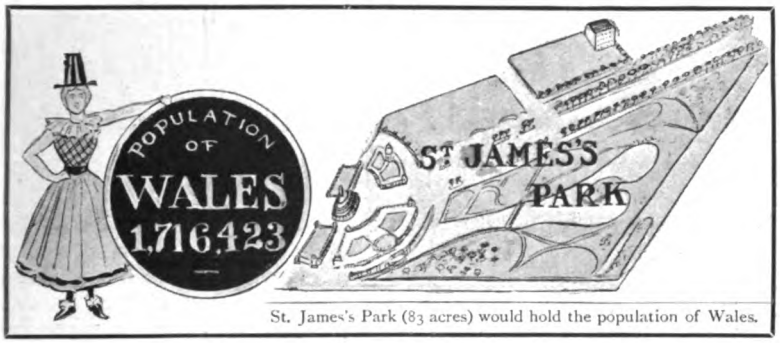
The reader will now have seen how it is possible for continents and nationalities



The population of Persia could stand upright in Regent's Park (422 acres).

hundred and twenty-two acres in extent, is at all times a delightful resort. But were we one day to find that nearly nine million Persians had made this pleasaunce their head-quarters, as is quite possible in the matter of area, we should probably betake ourselves elsewhere for our morning constitutional. Windsor Great Park, of one thousand eight hundred acres, is sufficiently commodious to hold the thirty-two and a

A crowd comprising the whole Italian population could find standing-room in Windsor Great Park (1,800 acres).



St. James's Park (83 acres) would hold the population of Wales.

to be cut up and compressed into such comparatively insignificant areas as those occupied by the open spaces of our Metropolis which we are wont to speak of as the "lungs of London." But the average mind is not accustomed to think in millions. A crowd of ten thousand persons looks very much like a crowd of ten times that amount, and when we talk glibly of millions and hundreds of millions it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a clear perception of what these figures really mean. Let us take a more concrete example. Let us suppose that the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Cork were obliged for a time to shake the dust of their native cities off their shoes. Where could they find shelter? Regent Street is only one mile in length, but it is quite able to contain the four hundred and twenty thousand wanderers thus left homeless. It is true that their occupation of the Metropolis's principal thoroughfare would not make altogether for comfort. There might, indeed, be a temporary dislocation of traffic. But, still, it could be done. In the same way Oxford Street might become the refuge of nearly three-quarters of a million Liverpudlians were anything to happen to our premier port.

The inhabitants of Ireland could be comfortably ensconced within the boundaries of Kensington Gardens (300 acres).

The united populations of Edinburgh and Cork could assemble in Regent Street, London, without any excessive crushing.

Oxford Street, London, would contain the 716,810 inhabitants of Liverpool.

Altogether, we trust we have exhibited and made clear in the foregoing article a very important and reassuring fact —namely, that the denizens of this particular planet are as yet by no means so densely compacted as most of us had been led to suppose, when its total population would occupy the space of a mere pin-prick on the average school globe or atlas, and the aggregated inhabitants of any of Britain's most splendid over-sea Colonies could foregather in one of London's parks.

Three Speeds Forward.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

I HADN'T been engaged to Charlie Lepperts a week before I began to suspect my mistake. I spent a second week making allowances, and doing my best to see his "good side." At the end of the third week I decided he hadn't any—and by the fourth we were at daggers drawn. I don't know how I ever got myself into such a silly tangle. It wasn't altogether my fault, and you must remember, besides, I was only nineteen. It all came about through his being boomed in advance, and all of us having made up our minds that he was the biggest prize in the young-man line that was ever likely to come our way.

Then, too, his father and mother were quite the nicest people in Studdingham, and they shed a tone over us all. They were not only rich—for we were all that more or less—but they were tremendously cultured and refined. The State was a pretty new State, and this idea of being "smart" had only struck us yesterday; and so it was natural for the rest of us to venerate people who had used finger-bowls for three generations, and had struggled with butlers and liveried footmen when people like papa were eating out of tin plates and pioneering railroads through the alkali.

And so the situation was ripe for what actually happened. I went into the scramble head down, and didn't really have a good look at the prize till after I had grabbed it.

Then the disillusion came. He was nice enough to look at, though rather pale, and aggravatingly languid and superior. Much more of a gentleman outside than in, and, therefore, deceptive. Sixteen coats of piano varnish—but the chassis of a cad. Indeed, when he tried he could be very charming; and he caught our eye by his showy horsemanship, his unmistakable elegance and fashion. While it was impossible to pin him down to any straight-out lies, he was the worst slanderer and mischief-maker that ever lived.

All I did was to tell him, quite simply, that I had made an awful mistake, and didn't seem to like him nearly as much as I thought I had—and then I went off and proceeded to break my heart. No, not for him. The idea! But from shame and misery at having made such a little fool of myself and given rise to such hurricanes of chatter. And, more than anything, at Charlie's misrepresenting the affair, as though it had been his doing instead of the other way about.

Then I began to have headaches and I didn't eat much, and lay a lot on the sofa, and thought how nice it would be to have a little runabout motor-car. What was the use of our big four-cylinder Dauntless? In the morning it took papa to the railway station three miles off, and called back for him every afternoon at five—and this baby-carriage performance was supposed to leave it exhausted for all the intervening hours.

What I wanted was a little car of my own, in a little house of my own, with my own grease, my own cotton-waste, my own gasolene supply—and all this as far away from Albert, our chauffeur, as it could possibly be put. And the worse I got the more I wanted it, till finally papa, in sheer desperation, handed down the moon, and an expert came from the factory to teach me how to run it. It was a Jenks-Piscoe, ten-horse, horizontal double-opposed, speeding up to twenty-eight miles on the level. I took bounds of recovery from that moment.

I was in the mood when people were a torment to me, and I wanted to get away from everything and everybody. Studdingham was so small that there wasn't room in it for a pair that hated each other as much as I and Charlie Lepperts. Had he been any way a gentleman he would have gone away, but he stayed instead.

I preferred to whisk about all day in my Jenks-Piscoe, with seldom any other company than my dog Olaff and a spare tyre—spinning all day through the prettiest country imaginable, with my honest old Olaff on the seat beside me and my tireless little engine going "chi-chi-chi-chi" under its hood.

It was a strange life for a girl to lead—one, I mean, who had been so popular and had gone everywhere, and had counted for so much in the gaieties of Studdingham. I was out of humour with the things I used to like, and kind of man-hating and moody;

"SPINNING ALL DAY THROUGH THE PRETTIEST COUNTRY IMAGINABLE, WITH MY HONEST OLD OLAFF ON THE SEAT BESIDE ME."

and I wouldn't have traded Dandy Dick (which was the name I called the Jenks-Piscoe) for a full-fledged prince, with an ancestral castle and curly hair. No, I wanted to be alone, and free to bubble-bubble-bubble from morn till night, and recover in the open air and trees something that I seemed to have lost.

Of course, I was alive to the romantic side of it, and didn't spare any pains to look as pretty as I could, and wear the most killing clothes: dropping out absolutely, and yet remaining conspicuous; every day sizzling through the friends I had long ceased to have anything to do with, except to tootle them out of the road.

I was still comfortably enjoying the sensation I was making, when Studdingham, with the fickleness of all audiences, suddenly concentrated its attention elsewhere. A person named George Marsden popped into public notice and shook the foundations of society by coming to live with us. I mean he bought the great big splendid Howard place, that had been shut up for years, and got ahead of the Vincents, who had been slowly negotiating for it for six months. Now, everybody wanted the Vincents. Jim Vincent's sister had married the Duke of Porchester, and they were horribly important and swell, and we had watched them through all the stages of coming to Studdingham, liking Studdingham, falling in love with Studdingham, and finally announcing their determination to live and die in Studdingham. It seemed they couldn't do the last two unless they bought the Howard place, which was a dream of everything mossy, aristocratic, and beautiful, with terraced gardens, and stables a mile big. And they were not only horribly important, as I have already said, but so gay and young and unaffected and sociable that we adored them for themselves.

Imagine the feelings of Studdingham, therefore, when this Marsden creature walked up, planked down his cheque, and insolently slammed the door, so to speak, in the faces of the Vincents, whose furniture was on the way, and who were confidently waiting for the Howard trustees to snip thirty thousand off the price. And so Mr. Marsden arrived, quite unconscious that a frenzied community was thirsting for his blood, and modestly installed himself in the powder-magazine!

Studdingham was one of those swagger little places that had been taken care of before it was born. You couldn't build a house that cost less than ten thousand; you couldn't sell liquor, open a shop or hotel, manufacture anything, teach music, or keep pigs. Forty lawyers had spent years in tying the infant Studdingham into bow-knots, and concocting what papa called "a deed of don'ts." Their success had been a matter of general congratulation, and after sixteen years it was left to this Marsden to find a crack in the legal wall. He was the manufacturer, proprietor, and inventor of the Bo-Peep Puzzle!

You surely remember it? Twelve little Noah's Ark sheep, and a dolly shepherdess, and a checker-board with three kinds of squares, with an unintelligible book of directions, and the look of its being childishly simple—till you took it up in a weak moment, and did nothing else for the next nine months! No doubt you went crazy over it like the rest of us, and bo-peeped and bo-peeped till your brains curdled! I know I

did, and papa, and everybody—and we used to see his picture in the ends of the magazines, with big letters under it, calling him: "The Man that has Maddened a Continent!" A nice recruit, wasn't he, for poor little Studdingham, with red-hot aspirations for refinement and good form, and only just beginning to attract people like the Vincents.

He had come to bury himself in the great empty rooms of the Howard place, and think up fresh mind-rackers in its noble seclusion. Ostracizing him seemed rather an ineffectual weapon, and the situation, if it were to be relieved at all, plainly called for something more drastic. Anyway, Studdingham was simply boiling over with fury; and when the Vincents packed up and left, they were in the humour to tear him limb from limb.

Papa was the angriest of the lot. He had fallen in love with the Vincents right off, and had made tremendous efforts to please and keep them. It was he who had put it into their heads to buy the Howard place, and that at a price that even two swell little innocents could see was a bargain. They were devoted to papa, too, and blindly trusted all the negotiations to him, so he was really to blame for letting Marsden jump in and get the property, while he waited and dilly-dallied to save them that thirty thousand. Poor papa, I was awfully sorry for him. He couldn't have been more depressed if a Limited had smashed up and let in the line for a million.

Well, so the Vincents left and Mr. Marsden sneaked in, and papa went on like a she-bear robbed of its cubs. You only had to say "Marsden!" for him to explode, and he spent most of his spare time thinking of ways to get him out. But the puzzle-man was terribly unassailable. He didn't put up his name at the country club; didn't try to make any friends; didn't put his head out of his shell for anybody to take a crack at it. The only apparent method of hurting him was to attack him from the outside—bust the puzzle business and drive him into bankruptcy. But he hadn't been with us a month before he launched "Dobbin, Dobbin, Oh, Where's Dobbin?" and successfully maddened a continent for a second time. I gave papa one of the dollar sizes as a birthday present—but he didn't see any joke in it, and got blacker than a thunder-cloud. He was sorer than ever about losing the Vincents, and never passed the Howard place without gritting his teeth.

We all waited for Marsden to come out and startle us. We didn't know exactly what he was going to do—but we were sure that, sooner or later, he would do it. Then, as nothing happened, a sort of mystery grew up about him. He hid away in a corner of that vast old house with two German servants, an old man and an old woman; and, as far as any splurge was concerned, he might have been the hired caretaker. I mean, except for his G.R.A.T. car, a forty-horse Austrian giant that used to slip out, mostly at night, and sizzle around like the wind. Papa said he was only trying to pique our curiosity, and that the surest way of getting people to know you, who don't want to know you, is to make them believe you don't want to know them.

Well, it went along like this for ever so long, till one day he actually did make an acquaintance, and—would you believe it?—that acquaintance was *me*. I was hung up on the road when I heard a big car purring up the hill, and when I turned round I saw it was the G.R.A.T. It swerved for a moment in an undecided manner, passed me, slowed down, and stopped. I looked up from the bonnet, and there was Mr. Marsden getting out. I knew him in a minute from his picture, and, besides, the G.R.A.T. identified him like a passport. He was a startlingly handsome man of about thirty, with heaps of reddish-brown hair and wild grey eyes—tall and spare, with a musician look, and an aquiline nose. I watched him out of the corner of my eye and held my breath. "Might I not assist you?" he asked, in a delightfully pleasant voice, raising his leather cap.

"Oh, thank you very much—it is nothing," I replied, with what I considered the right degree of warmth to offset his courtesy, and yet give him no opening for a talk; and then, as he still stood there smiling, I added, in a please-go-away tone, "a broken porcelain—I'll have it right in a minute."

I was unprepared for his taking the plug out of my hand, which he did in the most matter-of-fact way, like a paid mechanic, and pulled out his knife to widen the points. He was as exasperatingly slow about it as though he had specially arrived from a garage in a repair-car.

"Why do all you people dislike me so much?" he asked abruptly, raising his eyes and meeting mine. "Good heavens, what is the matter? What have I done? What crime have I committed?"

I couldn't help flushing at being asked such a point-blank question. Under the circumstances it struck me as hardly short of an impertinence.

"HOW CAN YOU EXPECT US TO BE CHUMMY WITH A MAN WHO HAS MADDENED A CONTINENT!"

"I do not know what you mean," I said; "and even if I did, I should not care to discuss it with you. Indeed, I should be obliged if you'd let me fix my car for myself."

"I beg your pardon," he returned, still holding tight to the plug, and gazing down at me in the most disconcerting way. "It isn't that I mind being let alone. In fact, that's why I came here. The house has an atmosphere—and you can hardly imagine how important atmosphere is to a *savant*. But, while I was prepared to be regarded as a recluse—as a crank, even—it didn't occur to me that I was qualifying to become the pariah of Studdingham!"

"You ought to go off somewhere where you are more appreciated," I said. "Frankly, here you are not a success, and your profession seems to jar on our susceptibilities."

"Profession!" he cried. "Do you mean my puzzles? Good heavens, I hope you don't think that's the only thing I do! I had to gain an independence somehow, and to a man of a mathematical turn that was the easiest way. I got the idea of Bo-Peep from an algebraical formula I happened at the time to be using in some experiments. But apart from all that, is it such a crime to amuse the public?"

"But you tortured them," I said. "Your advertisement is only too true; and really and truly, how can you expect us to be chummy with a man who has maddened a continent!"

He groaned at this, and put out his hand as though to implore me to stop.

"I suppose," he remarked at last, very bitingly, "I suppose that if Sir Isaac Newton had sold peanuts, or Darwin had eked out his income by peddling the 'Life of General Grant,' you'd be quite blind to the trifling additions they made to the store of human knowledge."

"Oh, *I* wouldn't," I said. "But I wouldn't like to answer for Studdingham. Besides—I don't want to be rude, you know—but we see only the peanut side of your career—and, up to now, nobody had even guessed that there was another."

I waited for him to tell me what it was—but he didn't. I couldn't help feeling curious about it because he was so handsome and had such nice eyes—and the way he held back seemed to make it more mysterious and exciting.

"I am a digger," he said at last. "A poor, miserable, lonely digger. I dig and dig, and the deeper I get the less I appear to accomplish. To put it into common English, I am engaged in electrical research—not of the profitable, ingenious, touch-the-button kind—but in the study of some great basic, perhaps insoluble, phenomena that we have been content to name and then ignore—a scientific procedure more universal than you'd think."

I suppose he caught me glancing at the spark-plug, for he suddenly pulled himself up, and his face changed. It seemed a happy thought to turn his electrical abilities to account by asking him to look at my buzzer—and thus side-track any more embarrassing confidences. It was lucky I did so, for he

found that one of the vibrators was sticking slightly, and had quite a fight to get it into proper shape. Then, when he had screwed down the plug, wired up, and put back the hood covers, he was simply forced to crank up and let me go.

"I suppose it is good-bye for ever?" he said, looking at me in the most appealing manner, and holding to the car as though it might suddenly jump up and fly away.

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Marsden," I said, glad to make the matter quite plain. "And much obliged for your kindness." And with that I speeded up and left him disconsolately in the road. I peeped back through my little window, and felt quite sorry for him.

It was hard to be a pariah, and he was really a charming fellow, and wonderfully handsome and nice. If he hadn't been the Puzzle King—hadn't maddened a continent—I should have indulged in a little sentiment about him and wiped away a tear. But a sense of the ridiculous forbade, and I had to smile at myself. Perhaps it helped as a protection. Isn't it strange when a person's eyes can haunt you, and you can hear the tones of his voice? I suppose it was just because he was so out of the ordinary, and unlike anybody I had ever met before—and he was fair and I was dark—and, oh—really, how can anybody explain those things, anyway?

I suppose my next accident was the luckiest thing that ever happened. I didn't think so at the time, naturally, as I was eighteen miles from home, and the Bolinas road was so wild and unfrequented that you almost never meet a team. They talk about being alone in a great city, but getting stranded in the woods with a sick car is forty times worse. Of course, I had Olaff with me, and I can't tell you what a comfort and consolation he was. He is a Great Dane, and everybody is afraid of him because he is so big and fierce, and he crowds up a car like a trunk, and has a large, meaty tail there never seems any room for. But, in a tight place, I'd rather have Olaff than any person, for he takes being a dog seriously, and would positively have liked to meet a mountain lion, just to show what he could do to it.

So Olaff sat and wagged his tail in the dirt, while I stripped off the transmission cover and felt inside. The metal band around the low-gear drum had fractured, and it didn't take two looks to see that this part of the outfit had gone out of business. It was made of a special imported unfracturable bronze, slotted for lubrication, and I guess the manufacturers must have overdone the slots. Anyway, it was cracked. Even Olaff could see that as he put up his paws and gazed down at it, his head against mine, with a humorous expression, as though the joke was on us.

I was still hard at it when, high above me, I heard the boo of a horn, and the ponderous slish of a big car rounding the curve. I squeaked Dandy's tooter to save our lives, and straightened up and tried to look dignified. In another instant I saw the immense square bonnet of the G.R.A.T. darting into sight, with Mr. Marsden at the wheel and his face so surprised and gratified at the unexpected sight of me that he almost forgot to ram home his brakes.

I don't know how it happened, but I found myself shaking his hand as though he was my long-lost brother. After all, Olaff mightn't have been equal to a mountain lion, and if ever there was a friend in need it was Mr. Marsden. Have you ever studied anything very hard, and then, after a long rest, discovered that you had learned it? That's true of friendships also, and I could feel we had made a big jump forward since we had last met.

"I never dreamed I was to have the privilege of speaking to you again," he said. "In fact, I was just on the point of shutting up the house and going away for ever."

I suppose it was silly to ask why, but I asked it.

"I haven't the presumption to tell you," he returned, his handsome, sensitive face shadowing. "You might misjudge me—yes, you'd be sure to misjudge me. But what was the good of my staying on here and being utterly wretched?"

I felt awfully sorry for him, because his voice was so sincere and trembling, and I could see he meant *me*.

"I suppose it is hard to be an outcast," I said, sympathetically.

"Oh, it's not that!" he cried, waving away the suggestion with his hand. "These people are no more to me than so many ants. What hurts me is that I am prevented from knowing *you*."

"You seem to have broken through the net, though," I remarked, smiling.

"No, I haven't," he said, savagely. "This is just a lucky accident—an accident that may never occur again. Don't you understand? I should like to come and see you like other people—bring you flowers and boxes of candy—and try to persuade you to like me. When a man's in earnest and really cares,

it's a shame when he isn't even allowed a chance."

"Let's be sensible, Mr. Marsden," I said. "You know very well I cannot ask you to come and see me; and if you are going to talk like that I'm not sure I would if I could. We're very conventional people here, and these short cuts of yours across the social grass are alarming."

"I love you," he said, with an awfully genuine flash of his eyes. "That's what I meant all the time—that's the cruellest part of it—and these people here have ostracized me so successfully that they've made it an impertinence for me to say it!"

In my first moment of stupefaction I confess I did not know what to do. A mountain lion seemed almost preferable, and though I ought to have felt awfully angry and insulted, I somehow couldn't do it. I suppose it was because he really meant it, and wasn't pretending. So I simply told him the truth—that he was making me embarrassed and uncomfortable, and that if his regard amounted to anything he would stop talking about it at once.

"Don't make it impossible for me to accept a favour from you," I went on.

"I'll only ask you one thing before I drop the subject," he said, very gravely, "and that is to do me the honour to believe me."

It made me tingle all over to admit I did. It hadn't been love at first sight—on my part, I mean—but it had got very close to the worrying line, and he certainly was tormentingly good-looking, and unusually attractive and charming.

It made me sigh that he had maddened a continent. Girls are awfully susceptible to the ridiculous, and a Puzzle King—oh, no!

"You'd better let me take you home," he said, "and then I can come back with a man and tow Dandy to the shop."

But I wouldn't hear of it. In the first place, I didn't want to be under such an obligation; and, in the second, what was the good of saying die when he had patched up the damage so that my car could run, however slowly.

"But it will take you hours and hours," he said.

"You oughtn't to mind that," I told him. "Not after all you said, and all that I didn't let you say."

You ought to have seen how pleased he looked! Perhaps it was rather forward of me, but I couldn't help it. He was too nice not to tease a little, and after his promise about the tabooed subject I wasn't afraid to skate all around it. He had some crackers in his kit, and a bottle of fizz-water, and we had a sort of lunch, and grew chummier and chummier; even Olaff licking the crumbs

"WE HAD A SORT OF LUNCH, AND GREW CHUMMIER AND CHUMMIER; EVEN OLAFF LICKING THE CRUMBS OFF HIS HAND."

off his hand and growing quite friendly—which I thought was a good sign, as Olaff is a regular Bernard Shaw on character, and sees right through people.

It was about noon when we started, and I know that nobody will believe me when I say it took us six hours to reach the county road. Mr. Marsden was very cautious about overheating, and was a great stickler for being on the safe side. You can see for yourself that we were bound to get more and more confidential, and steadily advance the spark of friendship.

His whole past life gradually came out, and it was most strange and exciting and pathetic.

One instinctively sides with the hero in any story—not that Mr. Marsden was that exactly—but in his struggles and hardships and disappointments and the plucky fight he made to get through college and make something of himself and his abilities. Think of the Bo-Peep puzzle, for instance. He made it for his landlady's little girl, who was ill in bed, and he too poor to buy her a Christmas present! His big things were all failures, while this unconsidered trifle, whittled out with his jack-knife late one night, and inspired simply by kindness, brought him an unexpected and heaven-sent independence. He sold it to a syndicate for thirty-five dollars, and only retained half profits because they wouldn't make it one hundred dollars outright.

"Now they are Marsden Incorporated," he said, "and I am under a ten years' iron-clad contract. Strange how things fall out, isn't it?"

Altogether we were awfully good friends by the time we reached the county road. It was good running from there home, you know, and he was to tail along behind, besides, to keep an eye on me. But, of course, it meant saying good-bye right there, because if Dandy once got moving there was no stopping her till I got into papa's barn. Mr. Marsden wasn't overwilling to begin, and got very miserable and down-hearted, especially when I told him that it wouldn't do for us ever to meet again.

"They might say I was meeting you clandestinely," I said, "and then I'd just lie down and die of mortification. You don't know what a nest of gossips we live in, nor how they tear girls limb from limb. And that's without counting papa, for Heaven only knows what he'd do to me."

Then he groaned—positively groaned—and murmured something about a "way." "Oh, there must be a way!"

"This is one of the places where there isn't any way," I remarked. "Of course, if you could save papa's life, or find him tied to the track and then cut him free, it might break the ice a bit. But it would be just like papa to be grumpy about it, and keep you at arm's length even then."

"Then it just comes down to this: I have to meet your father and simply force him to like me."

It seemed tame to remind him that this was easier said than done. Making papa like you wasn't an affair of touching a button.

"There is something in what you said just now," he went on, meditatively. "I must get him into a tight place and save him. A little plan has been running through my head for the last hour," he persisted. "Possibly you noticed my interest in the Lampmans' fancy-dress ball, and how I drew you out about it? I think I could use it to advantage if I could count on you to help me."

My face must have expressed my misgiving.

"All I want to ask you is this," he broke out. "Be sure you go to the ball, and make your father go too—in the Dauntless, of course—and leave the Lampmans' exactly at two o'clock. Will you do this for me? May I count on it absolutely? The happiness of my whole life depends on it."

He caught my hand and held it so appealingly, so devotedly, that it wasn't in flesh and blood to say no. Especially as I was going to the Lampmans', anyway—papa, Dauntless, and all—and the only real favour was the two o'clock part of it

So I made a great deal of saying yes, I would.

The Lampmans lived in a castle about eighteen miles from Studdingham. They had found it in Lombardy—the castle, I mean—and reproduced it from Kodak pictures they had taken over there. It was named Ydle Wyld, and was so big that, though they had lived in it comfortably for three years, it was only now actually getting finished, and the masquerade ball was to be the long-promised house-warming.

I was to go as Mary Queen of Scots, and it seemed a good idea to tag papa along as Bothwell, and do up mamma for Queen Elizabeth. She was willing enough—mamma is a darling when my pleasure is at stake, but papa resisted and resisted till, finally, it came out he wanted to be a bandit. He had been to three fancy-dress balls in his whole life, and each time as a bandit, and he

"HE CAUGHT MY HAND AND HELD IT."

seemed to think it was original and striking. He said that anybody could tell a bandit was a bandit a mile off—and that, for an elderly man making a fool of himself, a bandit always seemed to him the least silly of the lot. But when I talked of a shining cuirass, and what a stunning group we'd make, and found that he had mixed up Bothwell with the man who had invented printing—and had teased and flattered and bullied him — he gave in about being a bandit, and said: "Oh, well, have it your own way, my dear!"

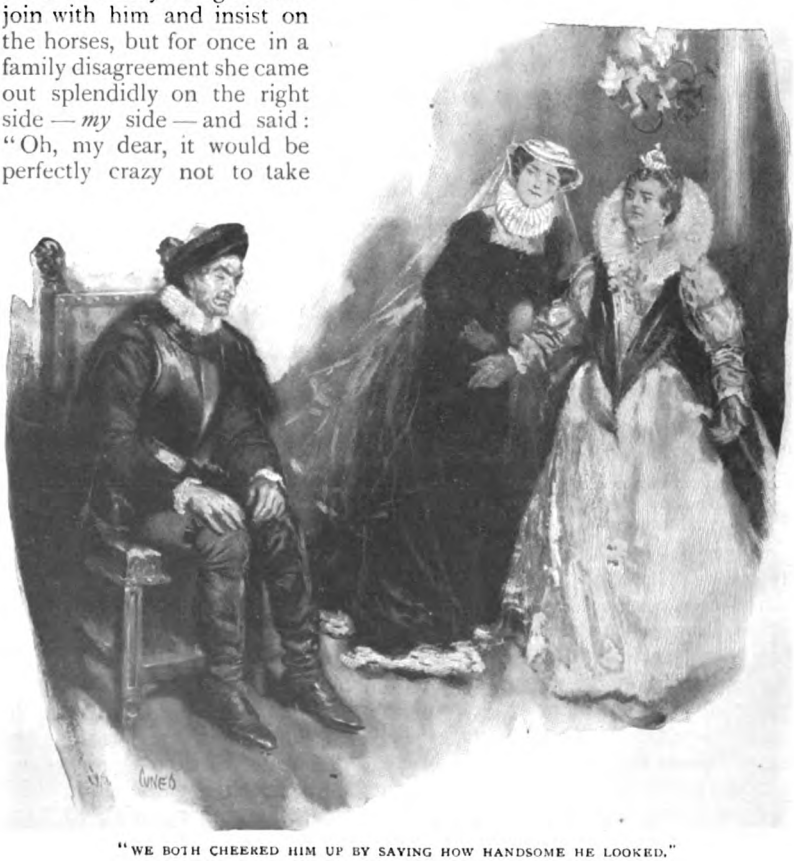
Well, there we were at eight-thirty that evening, papa smoking a cigar and gasping in his breastplate, mamma really beautiful as Queen Elizabeth, and I very pleased with myself as Mary Queen of Scots—and all of us tremendously excited and gay, and the Dauntless standing on the front gravel with its gas-lights lit, and full of rugs for a long ride—when the butler came running to say that Albert had been taken with cramps. Of all times to choose for cramps, think of him picking out that night of the ball!

Papa went off to make short work of the cramps, and came back looking very depressed.

"Tell them to send for the doctor," he said. "I don't know what's the matter with him, but he's groaning horribly, and needs looking after quick."

While mamma went off to telephone, papa began to fuss about the Dauntless. Papa's a brave man in most things, and his courage was about the only capital he came West with, but it balked at running the touring car single-handed. I hate to say it about my own father, but he's *afraid* of an automobile.

So there was papa, looking perfectly superb in his brass cuirass and theatre boots, marching up and down, jingling like the fireirons, and trying to find a million reasons why we shouldn't take the Dauntless. He wanted to get the horses out and drive. Then he said weakly that he would leave it to mamma to decide, and threw himself on a hall chair and waited—to think up fresh reasons why it was impossible to take the Dauntless without Albert. I fully thought she'd join with him and insist on the horses, but for once in a family disagreement she came out splendidly on the right side—*my* side—and said: "Oh, my dear, it would be perfectly crazy not to take the car when it is standing there all ready!" So there was nothing left for papa to do but sigh and say: "Oh, all right—only don't blame me if anything happens!" And we both cheered him up by saying how handsome he looked, and what a pity it was he couldn't dress like that every day, and how he was sure to be the hit of the evening.



"WE BOTH CHEERED HIM UP BY SAYING HOW HANDSOME HE LOOKED."

We started off so nicely that papa began to chirp up, and after a mile or two even bragged a little, and spun round corners in grand style; and when we caught up with the Lepperts and passed them, papa was as pleased as he could be. We made Ydle Wyld in rattling time, and even papa was thankful we hadn't brought the horses, as we broke into the crowd of cars and carriages and four-in-hands that were seething in the place that had been set apart for them. It was said the Lampmans had invited eight hundred, but it looked more like eight thousand when we struck that circus and bored our way through the crush.

Of course, the ball itself was too wonderful for anything, and I never fully realized before what clothes could do for people. The change from business suits to cloth of gold and armour and velvet and lace and white satin was astonishing; and as for the women, it only seemed to need powder and patches to make every one of them a raving beauty.

Well—though I do say it myself—you didn't have to look very far to see which was the most popular girl in that Gothic hall.

Occasionally I'd remember Mr. Marsden, and my Cinderella date at two o'clock, and tingle all over with the most delicious thrills.

I didn't know what he meant to do, but I felt sure it was something tremendous, and hoped from the bottom of my heart it wouldn't all go wrong. It was exhilarating to be a heroine of wild romance, and to feel that out there in the dark was a mysterious stranger mysteriously plotting, and whispering my name to the stars, you know. At least, I hope he did! At any rate, I felt sure he was pretty busy doing something, and even in the maddest whirl I kept a sharp eye on my watch.

At a quarter of two, just as I had finished an extra with a delightful young troubadour named Mr. Smith, I decided it was time to draw out and find papa. So chasing up mamma, and accepting the troubadour's escort, we three made a course for one of the supper-rooms, where a passing brigand told us he was playing poker. Sure enough he was, snugged cosily in a corner with a policeman, Alfred the Great, and Captain Kidd—and mighty hard work it was, too, to drag him out. Papa's like the pig that you had to pull his head off to get to a party and his tail off to get him away. He didn't want to come a bit, and said, "Oh, bother!" and "What's the hurry?"

I let him play out his game and lose eight dollars, and then yanked him off, saying I was a little faint and wanted to leave. There was more delay in saying good night to our host and hostess, and it was quite two when we packed into the Dauntless and choo-chooed away. It was the nicest part of the ball to lie back in the cushions and feel that the Marsden moment had arrived. If men get a lot of pleasure in doing things and taking the lead, I guess there's something to be said for the girl's side of it, too—being the lovely prize, you know, and just waiting for the Beautiful Prince to hatchet his way to her. So I rubbed on a little powder in the dark, shut my lovely eyes, and waited and wondered. I didn't know what was coming, of course, and was almost as much bluffed as anybody when the silly engine began to miss. Yes, slowed down, and finally stopped in the pitchiest, inkiest, hobgobliniest place on the map, about seven miles from Ydle Wyld, and ten from anywhere else!

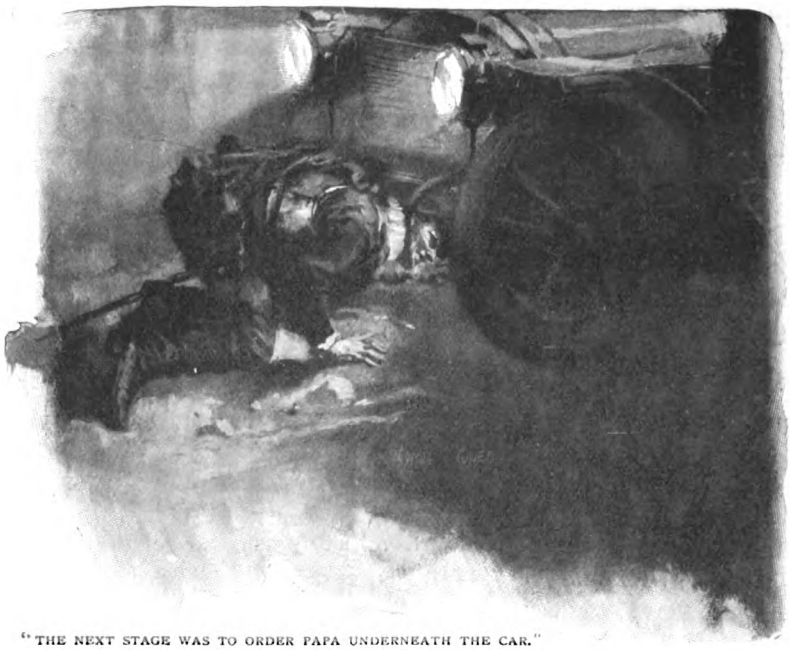
Papa said something, unbuckled his sword, and then got out to crank. He cranked and cranked, and still nothing happened to speak of, except a poor little cough when once or twice she started. It was disturbing not to be certain whether this was part of Mr. Marsden's plan, or a horrible accident that might spoil everything. Anyway, we were stuck sure, and I was made to get out and hold a horrid lamp while papa fumed.

The simplest adjustments are troublesome to make at night, and take ten times longer. You lose your tools, burn your fingers, and gradually work up to a state of fiendish exasperation. Papa took out the four plugs, connected them up, and then thought the batteries had given out because they didn't spark. It was as much as my life was worth to tell him he hadn't ground them properly, and at first he nearly snapped my head off. Don't think I'm blaming him. A gas engine would try a saint—and there he was, all trussed up in shining armour, and, as he said, feeling forty different kinds of a fool.

But he was immensely impressed when, with the aid of a big wrench, I had the four plugs sparking nicely. He was just recovering some of his usual geniality when he laid a finger on that wrench and got thirty thousand volts through him! What he said can't be repeated, though part of it was lost by his leaping in the air. But the shock did him good, and I went up ten points as a gas engineer. He said quite humbly I was to tell him what to do, and he'd do it, and rolled up his sleeves, and got out a wad of cotton-waste as though he was in for an all-night job. I kept him there for an hour—the longest hour of his life, as he said afterward—and he was so willing and patient and obedient that it almost brought the tears to my eyes.

An examination of the carburettor showed that it wouldn't flood, and that consequently the engine was getting no gas. I made poor papa take it all to pieces and run hairpins through the spray nozzle, and sand-paper the guides of the float. Then he put it back, and still there was nothing doing. The next stage was to order papa underneath the car, and make him break all the gasolene connections to see if there wasn't a stoppage somewhere in the line. He had to do this in the dark, of course, because it wasn't safe to hold a lighted lamp too close, and it was a most bumpy and depressing performance for a Bothwell at 3.30 a.m. Then he ran wires through the silly tubes and blew through them, and screwed them back; and there, if you please, was the carburettor stone-dry, and not a penny the better for his work. Then mamma, who was shivering with a lap robe around her like an Indian, said she was sure that the tank was empty. And papa said: "By Jove, perhaps it is!" And I said: "What idiots we were never to have looked!"

But it wasn't empty. Papa put his finger in and drew it out, all wet. It was only down



"THE NEXT STAGE WAS TO ORDER PAPA UNDERNEATH THE CAR."

about four inches from the top, and there were gallons and gallons. Mamma asked us why we didn't turn the handle some more, and I was just on the point of explaining that there was no good cranking when your carburettor was out of whack—when papa took her at her word, and the miserable old engine *started*. Yes, and ran beautifully, chump-chumping like an '06.

"I don't know anything about them," said mamma, complacently, "but I felt sure Albert would have turned that handle, and that's why I suggested it. Why, I've seen Albert turn it for an hour at a time till I waited for him to drop dead!"

It did not seem worth while to argue with her while the engine was so evidently on her side—and I didn't even try. Besides, I was too tired and sleepy to care very much. It was running—that was the great thing—and if it chose to defy all the laws of mechanics, why should I make a fuss about it? By this time poor papa was half-dead with worry and exhaustion, and it showed how chewed up he was that he asked me to take the wheel.

"I've had all the automobiling I can stand," he said. "For Heaven's sake, let me lie back and smoke a cigar, and get the taste of that filthy stuff out of my gullet."

So we all hopped in, and I speeded her up with an uneasy feeling that it was all too good to last. Sure enough, we hadn't gone fifty yards when we began to miss and splutter and die all over again. Then the engine gave a dreadful cough, and went finally and completely out of business.

I was for getting out and having another fight with it, but papa laid his hand on my arm and said no, he'd be hanged if he'd monkey with the thing again, or allow me to do it either. Said we'd just wait there till the ball broke up, and somebody happened along to tow us or give us a lift. I never saw the bounce so taken out of papa, and even his voice was changed and dreary, as though he had suddenly grown twenty years older in an hour. So we all sat there in the most awful gloom, and said things about that engine that ought to have made it squirm. Papa vowed he had never liked autos, had never approved of them, and had only bought one under an insane compulsion. Said he had known only one human being who could make a car go, and that was Albert—and rubbed in horse, horse, horse—and gave a list of the things he'd eat, from his hat to a pair of gum boots, if he'd ever allow himself to be caught out again without Albert.

We were in these depths of misery and depression when we heard the sound of a car coming along behind us. Papa jumped out and swung the lantern in the middle of the road so as to stop it. There was a glare of lamps, a whir of gears, and then a man's voice asking through the dark: "What's the matter?" As far as we could judge, he seemed most friendly and accommodating, though at a ten yards' distance and with his engine running idle it was impossible to follow the conversation. But a moment after we saw papa leading him up to us, and lo and behold, it was Mr. Marsden! Yes, in evening dress and a fur coat with a big collar, and so concerned and helpful and kind that, if he had been Albert, papa would scarcely have been more delighted.

"Here's an angel from heaven," said papa, genially, by way of introduction, "and we are going to be tied on behind and towed home."

Mr. Marsden raised his hat and begged permission to ask a few questions about our car. "I've had a great deal of experience," he said; "and if she hasn't a fracture anywhere, perhaps I can find out what's the matter and put it right."

Papa gazed at him with grateful incredulity, and then talked carburettor and gasolene line for a solid five minutes. He had learned an awful lot in that hour, and rattled it off like an expert.

"Permit me to look at the carburettor,' said Mr. Marsden, as though he was asking the greatest favour. Papa graciously said he might, and held the lamp while Mr. Marsden jumped the plunger up and down, and thought and thought. Then he put his knife in the commutator, and sampled the buzz on each contact. Then, with his hands, he traced the gasolene line underneath the wagon.

"Would you mind getting out?" he said to me, as though he had never seen me in his whole life before, and looking wonderfully handsome and distinguished in his white waistcoat. "I'd like to see the tank—if you really don't mind, and if it is not too much trouble."

I didn't mind, and it wasn't too much trouble—and then he lifted off the seat, with the same quiet, resourceful doctor manner that he had shown all through. He undid the screw-top and, carrying it well away from the car, examined it carefully by the flicker of papa's lantern.

"Here's your trouble," he said.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," remarked papa, gazing at it as though it might suddenly jump up and bite him.

"No air aperture—that's all," said Mr. Marsden. "The air aperture is choked with dirt. Your tank feeds by gravity, doesn't it? Well, then, it can't flow without air, any more than a kerosene can, if you don't jab a hole in the corner. Same thing precisely."

"Great Scot!" cried papa.

"Why, if you'd only asked me I could have told you that myself," spoke up mamma.

"Oh, how simple!" cried I. "And yet we might have stayed here a week and never found it out!"

"It cost me a lot of time myself, once," said Mr. Marsden, deprecatorily, as though he didn't want to shame us by his superiority. "It's about the most effective way of choking a gas engine I can think of."

"Let's put it back and make sure you are right," said papa, still unable to believe the good news.

Well, of course, with a little tickling she went off like a shot, with a great big, honest chug-chug that warmed one's heart to hear it. After you have been stuck for hours I don't know any sweeter music than an engine that has suddenly made up its mind to reform and take you home.

Papa was so grateful to Mr. Marsden that he hardly knew how to say it. He wrung his hand again and again and overflowed with gratitude; and anybody looking on would have thought he had just saved all our lives—Mr. Marsden, I mean. And so he had, of course, and more, too—for papa was morbidly conscious of his armour and pirate boots, and knew what a figure he would have cut before a whole dragful of people coming home from the ball. Mr. Marsden had rescued him from a horrible mortification—because no one could have helped laughing, you know—what with his having a big lick of grease over one eye, and rattling when he walked, and covered with tin daggers!

"May I not come part of the way with you?" asked Mr. Marsden. "It isn't right to expose these ladies to another breakdown, and possibly I might again be of assistance."

He hadn't got the words out of his mouth before papa had closed with his offer. It was snapped up like lightning. Papa had no shame left, and held on to him like a life-belt. He'd hardly let him go back to his own car to order his chauffeur to follow, and was on pins and needles lest he'd never come back. And the things he said in that interval! Mr. Marsden's ears must have tingled. I never saw papa so worked up over anybody in his life, and naturally I added my little mite, and mamma threw in hers. It was a regular Marsden boom, with all of us trying to outdo the other, as though there was a prize for the one who could say the nicest things about him. Papa won easily by talking the loudest, and banging on the mud-guard to emphasize his remarks, indicating that he was going to spend the rest of his life in being good to Mr. Marsden.

"I didn't know there were men like that left!" he exclaimed. "It makes you feel that human nature has been misrepresented; and he's so unaffected and generous that you'd almost think the favour was on our side. A perfect stranger who will be good to you at four o'clock in the morning, and put himself to no end of trouble for people he doesn't know from Adam—I'd like to give him a house and grounds!"

Then Mr. Marsden came back, so brisk and kind and jolly and full of fun that the contagion of it seemed to spread, and we all began to laugh ourselves. Papa gave Mr. Marsden the driving seat, and said he could have the sword too if he wanted it, not to speak of the breastplate. Perhaps it doesn't sound very funny now, but we roared over it

"'I'M AFRAID TO GIVE IT TO YOU,' SAID MR. MARSDEN, RELUCTANTLY DRAWING A CARD FROM HIS POCKET."

at the time, because we were all keyed up, and in the humour to make a joke of anything. And it was most exhilarating to whiz through the pitchy black roads, and think how only a few minutes before we had been shivering like lost souls beside two tons of refractory iron.

Well, so we all got home, and as we stood there on the gravel, hardly knowing how to separate, nor very much wanting to, mamma said she hoped our acquaintance wouldn't end there, and that her day was Friday. And papa said: "You bet, of course you must come," and demanded his card, explaining that he was Mr. Tillinghast of the K. and O.

"I'm afraid to give it to you," said Mr. Marsden, reluctantly drawing a card from his pocket, and smiling queerly as he held on to it tight, and wouldn't let papa take it. "I've been unfortunate enough to incur—well, it has to come out sooner or later, Mr. Tillinghast, and why not now? I am George Marsden."

"George Marsden!"

There was a staggering pause.

"Mr. Marsden," said papa, when he had somehow got his breath, "I'm an old fellow, and I dare say I'm pretty pig-headed—but I'm not too old and too pig-headed to admit having made a mistake. You and I have got to be friends, and there's my hand on it!"

We all gave him our hands on it, and I added a little squeeze extra. Then he asked was he to run the car into the barn, and papa said yes, and would I show him the way. And—and—wasn't it foolish of him to risk everything by kissing me in the dark? Just when he had made such headway, and broken into society! I was awfully cross about it, and made a great favour of forgiving him. But he said he really couldn't help it, and so I let him off with a dreadful warning—while he held my hand and listened like an angel, only interrupting to say he loved me, and that it was the happiest night of his life. And then I asked him was it truly? And he seemed to think the proper answer was to kiss me again—which perhaps it was. Do you know what he had done—I mean besides paying Albert a hundred dollars for those cramps? Substituted another screw-top to the gasolene tank, with a watch-spring attachment that was timed to close the air aperture at the end of thirty minutes! And then, under the cover of the darkness, he gives us back the original nicely plugged with dirt. You couldn't get ahead of a man like that, could you? When he really proposed I saw there was no good putting up a fight—what was the use?—so I took him. Guess I had to, just to save trouble.

Glad I did it now.

There have to be a few happy couples, you know, just to balance up.

"If I Were a Man."

By MADAME ALBANI.

I THINK I may say that I have rarely been more startled than I was the other day on opening a letter, among many others, asking me to contribute a paper, entitled "If I Were a Man." What an astonishing impossibility! There are so many women in these days to whom the imagination of such a thing would approach far more nearly than it does to me, that I am at a loss to conceive why I, of all others, should have been singled out as the recipient of such a question.

However, I will endeavour to contemplate its lighter as well as its serious aspects, and begin by saying at once what I think I would *not* do were I a man.

I am old-fashioned enough, in my womanliness, to still revere "man" as of the superior sex.

In intellect, strength, power of command, endurance, sense of honour, foresight, and wisdom, man is, with some rare exceptions, the infinite superior of woman. And with all this, what a thousand pities it is he should often make such a mess of it! It gives one, as the French say, "furiously to think" why, when he could do so well, he can so often allow himself to do so badly. "If I were a man," it seems to me I should rarely, if ever, allow small things to fret me; that I should not complain because occasionally some dish was served not quite equal to the usual mark; that my temper would not be upset for a whole morning because I had been kept waiting; or that I should behave generally like a spoilt child because a window was shut when I fancied it open, or *vice versa;* in fact, put myself into a nervous worry because a few only of my "rose leaves" were crumpled, or even that I merely thought they were.

Yet many men do all this in their own houses, rendering themselves much more uncomfortable than even those about them—and that is saying much—with apparently a sublime ignorance of the needless trouble they are inflicting, and still further that they have no sort of right to do it.

On the other hand, I have often noticed that while the men who complain the most have the least good reasons for their grumblings, those who suffer actual neglect and have the most legitimate causes for complaint bear all the shortcomings of those around them with a complete and unselfish patience which is as touching as it is often pitiable.

I say "pitiable," because "if I were a man" I feel that I should put my foot down, lift up those about me to a sense of their duty, and rise above the lesser, though often admirable, consideration of "putting up with anything for the sake of peace and quiet." No woman was ever the better for being given way to in that manner, be she mother, wife, or sister. The woman capable of bringing about that state of things is incapable of appreciating her menkind's magnanimous strength, and she simply looks on their kind forbearance in the light in which a savage looks on leniency—as weakness—and we all know that weakness too often ends in chaos.

I suppose "if I were a man" I should be odd, too; but how funny are some men, what real children, how lovable with all their big-heartedness, with all their wider experience of the world how trustful still, and—when a woman is concerned—how often too easily taken in!

They so rarely seem able to remember that so many women have not that acute sense of honour which is proverbially supposed to form the most essential part of a boy's education. More's the pity that this is so, for were girls made early to feel that same sense of honour which would absolutely prevent their implying or acting a lie, as well as openly telling one, more than half the diré sorrows of their lives might be averted.

Of one thing I am certain—that "if I were a man" I should like to see the whole world and profit by all the good there is in every other country, in order to help towards the improvement of my own country. I am devoted to England and to the English, as well as to my own Canadian land, and so I hope I may be forgiven for saying that some insular prejudices I have noticed in England have often struck me as being in forcible contrast to the wider thought and toleration of other countries.

The length and breadth of Canada contains two distinct nationalities—the French and the English—and many varied but distinctive races, and early familiarity with these differences of locality, customs, and thought probably obviates the possibility of any very exclusive national prejudice.

MADAME ALBANI.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

To me it seems so curious that any man should pin his whole faith on the ideas and customs of any one single country, which country must naturally form but a very small spot when compared with the rest of the world. At the same time, that the love of country and patriotism are amongst the highest and most admirable of virtues I would be the first to aver; but patriotism and prejudice are two very different things, as wide asunder as the two poles; and, indeed, I think that a truly great patriot must always be too large-minded, too tolerant, and too great-hearted for any narrow thought or prejudice whatever. While cherishing all that is best in his own land, he would generously and gladly welcome all he could collect of good from other nations; and if we all did this, how immense would be the step towards greater sympathy, increased help, and true brotherhood of all the nationalities in the world.

The "entente cordiale" has lately begun its movements, and the thin end of the wedge is in. May this wedge of brotherhood, toleration, appreciation, and kindliness be driven home, ere many years are over, into the hearts of every nation!

If I were a boy, I am sure I should long to do something for, and be something in, my own country. I cannot comprehend that absence of ambition which is said to be far too prevalent in the present day. Ambition may be "that glorious fault of mortals and of gods," but if fault it were in Lord Byron's eyes, it is one which has led to the most glorious results. Doubtless it is a fault when exercised by a man (or even woman) with a ruthless and selfish disregard of all persons and things which can interfere with the course marked out by the individual on the road to personal success, but it cannot be a "fault" when the ambition of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Nelson, a Faraday, or a Wilberforce is directed towards the elevation and glory of his own country and the betterment of all mankind. The struggle for personal aggrandisement alone can never attain complete success. We have only to recall the list of martyr-patriots in history to see how ready the truest patriots, women as well as men, have been to sacrifice themselves for all it was their greatest ambition to achieve. But there are many degrees of ambition, and a boy may begin to feel it even as a child, for emulation is after all but one form of ambition, and, rightly directed, will lead a boy to wish for success and to strive to attain it, both for his own good and

for the happiness and pleasure it will surely give to those to whom he belongs.

I could say much on the apparent increase of selfishness, the love of ease and of idleness, of which one hears in the present day, and which indeed would appear to need both direction and correction; but I have faith in the permanent good of human nature, and I know that beneath the so-called decadent surface of the time there are amongst us hearts as true and honest, natures as unselfish, great, and ambitious for good as the world has ever seen. "If I were a man" I would strive to be one of these. I would leave no stone unturned, no moment vacant, in the endeavour to do my best in whatever calling I might be engaged in, quietly and unknown, or before the world, as fate might decree.

I suppose it is the busy life into which my own "ambition" has led me which precludes my ever being able to understand how any "man" can ever consent to "sit down and do nothing."

To me work is the surest path to success, in whatever direction we may wish to go. "Genius" has been described as the "capacity for taking infinite pains." With those pains any height may be attained, without them genius itself is manacled. Work, too, done by fits and starts, or under the strain which it necessarily becomes to those who give way to irregular application, and study only when it happens to please them, is for the most part unproductive, and often an actual waste of time. "If I were a man" I would try to fix my eyes on a given point—and that an important one—in whatever profession, or in no profession, I might be placed, and then consider no trouble, no strength, no work too much to devote to the attainment of that end.

Through it all, however, there should be ample time for "play," for truly does "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy," and I do not think we were ever intended to be either dull or dismal.

I fear that those who never work can never realize the extreme pleasure and contentment afforded by legitimate relaxation, for, in order to play properly, you must work properly. Certainly, "if I were a man," I hope I should never be seen with that utterly bored expression which may be observed any day, both on foot and on wheels, during the London season, and often out of it. The tedium of life was sought to be relieved a few years ago by the solace of a toothpick, combined with an attendant collie dog. The combination distinctly amused the onlookers, but even this brilliant inspiration did not shine with success on the countenances of the inventors and followers of it, for "boredom" was usually writ large on their brows, and Piccadilly might have been a desert for all they seemed to care. These wearied young gentlemen may have succeeded in living up to the toothpick, but, of a surety, the collie dog indicated the possession of the larger intelligence of the two.

I could never help pitying them and realizing how much they were missing of the manifold contentments of life, when I recalled the old men, and women too, who were still working strenuously, whom I have seen enjoying a holiday like children out of school.

I cannot help agreeing with the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes in his opinions on "loafers," for with every wish to be lenient and to remember the pure charity which dictated the French saying, "To know all is to pardon all," I fear the drones of the hive have never quite had my sympathy.

I think I would, as I do now, always feel that "Laborare est Orare"—"if I were a man."

CHAPTER VII.

"CAN you recommend me to a good hotel?" The speaker had no inside to his head. Gerald had the best of reasons for knowing it. The speaker's coat had no shoulders inside it—only the cross-bar that a jacket is slung on by careful ladies. The hand raised in interrogation was not a hand at all; it was a glove lumpily stuffed with pocket-handkerchiefs. And the arm attached to it was only Kathleen's school umbrella. Yet the whole thing was alive, and was asking a definite, and for anybody else, anybody who really *was* a body, a reasonable question.

With a sensation of inward sinking Gerald realized that now or never was the time for him to rise to the occasion. And at the thought he inwardly sank more deeply than before. It seemed impossible to rise in the very smallest degree.

"I beg your pardon," was absolutely the best he could do; and the painted, pointed paper face turned to him once more, and once more said:—

"Aa oo ré o mé me oo a oo ho el?"

"You want an hotel?" Gerald repeated stupidly, "a *good* hotel?"

"A oo ho el," reiterated the painted lips.

"I'm most awfully sorry," Gerald went on. One can always be polite, of course, whatever happens, and politeness came natural to him. "But all our hotels shut so early—about eight, I think."

"Och em er," said the Ugly Wugly. Gerald even now does not understand how that practical joke—hastily wrought of hat, overcoat, paper face, and limp hands—could have managed, by just being alive, to become perfectly respectable, apparently about fifty years old, and obviously well off, known and respected in his own suburb—the kind of man who travels first-class and smokes expensive cigars. Gerald knew this time, without need of repetition, that the Ugly Wugly had said:—

"Knock 'em up."

"You can't," Gerald explained: "they're all stone-deaf—every single person who keeps an hotel in this town. It's——" he wildly plunged, "it's a County Council law. Only deaf people allowed to keep hotel. It's because of the hops in the beer," he found himself adding; "you know hops are so good for earache."

"I o wy ollo oo," said the respectable Ugly Wugly; and Gerald was not surprised to find that the thing did "not quite follow him."

"It *is* a little difficult at first," he said. The other Ugly Wuglies were crowding round. The lady in the poke bonnet said (Gerald found he was getting quite clever at understanding the conversation of those who had no insides to their heads):—

"If not an hotel, a lodging."

"My lodging is on the cold ground," sang itself unbidden and unavailing in Gerald's ear. Yet stay—was it unavailing?

"I do know a lodging," he said, slowly, "but——" The tallest of the Ugly Wuglies pushed forward. He was dressed in the old brown overcoat and top-hat which always hung on the school hatstand to discourage possible burglars by deluding them into the

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idea that there was a gentleman-of-the-house, and that he was at home. He had an air at once more sporting and less reserved than that of the first speaker, and anyone could see that he was not quite a gentleman.

"Wa I ow oo oh," he began, but the lady Ugly Wugly in the flower-wreathed hat interrupted him. She spoke more distinctly than the others, owing, as Gerald found afterwards, to the fact that her mouth had been drawn *open*, and the flap cut from the aperture had been folded back—so that she really had something like a tongue, though it went the wrong way.

"What *I* want to know," Gerald understood her to say, "is, where are the carriages we ordered?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, "but I'll find out. But we ought to be moving," he added. "You see, the performance is over, and they want to shut up the house and put the lights out. Let's be moving."

"Eh—ech e oo-ig," repeated the respectable Ugly Wugly, and stepped towards the front door.

"Oo um oo," said the flower-wreathed one; and Gerald assures me that her vermilion lips stretched in a smile.

"I shall be delighted," said Gerald, with earnest courtesy, "to do anything, of course. Things do happen so awkwardly when you least expect it. I could go with you and get you a lodging if you'd only wait a few moments in the—in the yard. It's quite a superior sort of yard," he went on, as a wave of surprised disdain passed over their white paper faces; "not a common yard, you know; the pump," he added, madly, "has just been painted green all over, and the dust-bin is enamelled iron."

The Ugly Wuglies turned to each other in consultation, and Gerald gathered that the greenness of the pump and the enamelled character of the dust-bin made, in their opinion, all the difference.

"I'm awfully sorry," he urged, eagerly, "to have to ask you to wait, but, you see, I've got an uncle who's quite mad, and I have to give him his gruel at half-past nine. He won't feed out of any hand but mine——" Gerald did not mind what he said. The only people one is allowed to tell lies to are the Ugly Wuglies, that are all clothes and have no insides — because they are not human beings, but only a sort of very real visions, and therefore cannot be really deceived, though they may seem to be.

Through the back door that has the blue, yellow, red, and green glass in it, down the iron steps into the yard, Gerald led the way, and the Ugly Wuglies trooped after him. Some of them had boots, but the ones whose feet were only broomsticks or umbrellas found the open-work iron stairs very awkward.

"If you wouldn't *mind*," said Gerald, "just waiting *under* the balcony. My uncle is so *very* mad. If he were to see—see any strangers, I mean, even aristocratic ones—I couldn't answer for the consequences."

They ranged themselves under the iron balcony. As Gerald went up the steps he heard them talking among themselves — in that strange language of theirs, all oo's and ah's—and he thought he distinguished the voice of the respectable Ugly Wugly saying, "Most gentlemanly lad," and the wreath-hatted lady answering warmly, "Yes, indeed."

The coloured-glass door closed behind him. Behind him was the yard, peopled by seven impossible creatures. Before him lay the silent house, peopled, as he knew very well, by five human beings as frightened as human beings could be. You think, perhaps, that Ugly Wuglies are nothing to be frightened of. And you are right. You just make one —any old suit of your father's, and a hat that he isn't wearing, a bolster or two, a few sticks, and a pair of boots will do the trick, and you will see that they are not at all terrible, really. It was the magic that made them seem so frightening.

Of course, the reason why Gerald was not afraid was that he had the ring; and, as you have seen, the wearer of that is not frightened by *anything* unless he touches that thing. But Gerald had seen how frightened the others were. That was why he stopped for a moment in the hall to try and imagine what would have been most soothing to him if he had been as terrified as they.

"Cathy! I say! What-ho, Jimmy! Mabel ahoy!" he cried, in a loud, cheerful voice that sounded very unreal to himself.

The dining-room door opened a cautious inch.

"I say—such larks," Gerald went on, shoving gently at the door with his shoulder. "Look out! What are you keeping the door shut for?"

"Are you . . . . alone?" asked Kathleen, in hushed, breathless tones.

"Yes, of course. Don't be a duffer."

The door opened, revealing three scared faces and the disarranged chairs where that odd audience had sat.

"Where are they? Have you unwished them? We heard them talking. Horrible!"

"They're in the yard," said Gerald, with the best imitation of joyous excitement that he could manage. "It *is* such fun. Why, they're just *ordinary*—the first thing one of them did was to ask me to recommend it to a good hotel! I couldn't understand it at first, because it has no inside to its head, of course."

Mabel and Kathleen were holding hands in a way that plainly showed how a few moments ago they had been clinging to each other in an agony of terror. Jimmy was sitting on the edge of what had been the stage, kicking his boots against the pink counterpane.

"It doesn't *matter*," Gerald explained; "about the heads, I mean. You soon get to understand."

He had put on his coat as he spoke and now ran up the stairs. The others herding in the hall could hear his light-hearted there's-nothing-unusual-the-matter-whatever-did-you-bolt-like-that-for knock at mademoiselle's door, the reassuring, "It's only me, Gerald, you know," the pause, the opening of the door, and the low-voiced parley that followed.

Then mademoiselle and Gerald at Eliza's door, voices of reassurance; Eliza's terror bluntly voluble, tactfully soothed.

"'I WONDER WHAT LIES HE'S TELLING THEM,' JIMMY GRUMBLED."

"Wonder what lies he's telling them," Jimmy grumbled.

"Oh, not *lies*," said Mabel; "he's only telling them as much of the truth as it's good for them to know."

"If you'd been a man," said Jimmy, witheringly, "you'd have been a beastly Jesuit, and hid up chimneys."

"If I were only just a boy," Mabel retorted, "I shouldn't be scared out of my life by a pack of old coats."

"I'm *so* sorry you were frightened," Gerald's honeyed tones floated down the staircase; "we didn't think about you being frightened. And it *was* a good trick, wasn't it?"

"There," whispered Jimmy, "he's been telling her it was a trick of ours."

"Well, so it was," said Mabel, stoutly.

"It was indeed a wonderful trick," said mademoiselle; "and how did you move the mannikins?"

"Oh, we've often done it—with strings, you know," Gerald explained.

"That's true, too," Kathleen whispered.

"Let us see you do once again this trick so remarkable," said mademoiselle, arriving at the bottom-stair mat.

"Oh, I've cleared them all out," said Gerald. ("So he has," from Kathleen aside to Jimmy.) "We were so sorry you were startled. We thought you wouldn't like to see them again."

"Then," said mademoiselle brightly, as she peeped into the untidy dining-room and saw that the figures had indeed vanished, "if we supped and discoursed of your beautiful piece of theatre?"

Gerald explained fully how much his brother and sister would enjoy this. As for him—mademoiselle would see that it was his duty to escort Mabel home, and, kind as it was of mademoiselle to ask her to stay the night, it could not be, on account of the frenzied and anxious affection of Mabel's aunt. And it was useless to suggest that Eliza should see Mabel home, because Eliza was nervous at night unless accompanied by her gentleman friend.

So Mabel was hatted with her own hat, and cloaked with a cloak that was not hers; and she and Gerald went out by the front door amid kind words and appointments for the morrow.

The moment that front door was shut Gerald caught Mabel by the arm and led her briskly to the corner of the side street which led to the yard. Just round the corner he stopped.

"Now," he said, "what I want to know is —are you an idiot or aren't you?"

"Idiot yourself," said Mabel, but mechanically, for she saw that he was in earnest.

"Because *I'm* not frightened of the Ugly Wuglies. They're as harmless as tame rabbits. But an idiot might be frightened and give the whole show away. If you're an idiot say so, and I'll go back and tell them you're afraid to walk home, and that I'll go and let your aunt know you're stopping."

"I'm not an idiot," said Mabel; "and," she added, glaring round her with the wild gaze of the truly terror-stricken, "I'm not afraid of *anything*."

"I'm going to let you share my difficulties and dangers," said Gerald; "at least, I'm inclined to let you. I wouldn't do as much for my own brother, I can tell you. And if you queer my pitch I'll never speak to you again or let the others either."

"You're a beast, that's what you are. I don't need to be threatened to make me brave. I *am*."

"Mabel," said Gerald, in low, thrilling tones, for he saw that the time had come to sound another note, "I *know* you're brave. I *believe* in you. That's why I've arranged it like this. I'm certain you've got the heart of a lion under that black-and-white exterior. Can I trust you? To the death?"

Mabel felt that to say anything but "Yes" was to throw away a priceless reputation for courage. So "Yes" was what she said.

"Then wait here. You're close to the lamp. And when you see me coming with *them*, remember they're as harmless as serpents —I mean doves. Talk to them just like you would to anyone else. See?"

He turned to leave her, but stopped at her natural question:—

"What hotel did you say you were going to take them to?"

"Oh, Jiminy!" The harassed Gerald caught at his hair with both hands. "There, you see, Mabel, you're a help already"; he had even at that moment some tact left. "I clean forgot! I meant to ask you—isn't there any lodge or anything in the castle grounds where I could put them for the night? The charm will break, you know, some time, and they'll just be a pack of coats and things that we can easily carry home any day. Is there a lodge or anything?"

"There's a secret passage," Mabel began, but at that moment the yard door opened and an Ugly Wugly put out its head and looked anxiously down the street.

"Right-O!" Gerald ran to meet it. It was all Mabel could do not to run in an opposite direction with an opposite motive. It was all she could do, but she did it, and was proud of herself as long as ever she remembered that night.

And now, with all the silent precaution necessitated by the near presence of an extremely insane uncle, the Ugly Wuglies trooped out of the yard door.

"Walk on your toes, dear," the bonneted Ugly Wugly whispered to the one with a wreath; and even at that thrilling crisis Gerald wondered how she could, since the toes of one foot were but the end of a golf-club, and of the other the end of a hockey-stick.

Mabel felt that there was no shame in retreating to the lamp-post at the street corner, but, once there, she made herself halt—and no one but Mabel will ever know how much making that took. Think of it—to stand there, trembling with magic fear, which is the strongest kind, and wait for those hollow, unbelievable things to come up to her, clattering on the pavement with their stumpy feet, or borne along noiselessly, as in the case of the flower-hatted lady, by a skirt that touched the ground and had, Mabel knew very well, nothing at all inside it.

She stood very still; the insides of her hands grew cold and damp, but still she stood, saying over and over again: "They're not true—they can't be true. It's only a dream—they aren't really true. They can't be." And then Gerald was there, and all the Ugly Wuglies crowding round, and Gerald saying:—

"This is one of our friends, Mabel; the Princess in the play, you know. Be a man," he added, in a whisper for her ear alone.

Mabel, all her nerves stretched tight as banjo-strings, had an awful instant of not knowing whether she would be able to be a man or whether she would be merely a shrieking and running little girl. For the respectable Ugly Wuglies shook her limply by the hand ("He *can't* be true," she told herself), and the rose-wreathed one took her arm with a soft padded glove at the end of an umbrella arm, and said, "You dear, clever little thing! Are you going our way? *Do* walk with me!" in a gushing, girlish

way, and in speech almost wholly lacking in consonants.

Then they all walked up the High Street, as if, as Gerald said, they were anybody else.

It was a strange procession, but Liddlesby goes early to bed, and they met no one except one man, who murmured, "Guy Fawkes, swelp me!" and crossed the road hurriedly; and when next day he told what he had seen, his wife disbelieved him, and also said it was a judgment on him, which was unreasonable.

Mabel felt as though she were taking part in a very completely arranged nightmare, but Gerald was in it, too—Gerald, who had asked if she was an idiot. Well, she wasn't.

Gerald, submitting to a searching interrogatory from the tall-hatted Ugly Wugly as to his schools, his sports, pastimes, and ambitions, wondered how long the spell would last. The ring seemed to work in sevens. Would these things have seven hours' life, or fourteen, or twenty-one? His mind lost itself in the intricacies of the seven-times table (a teaser at the best of times), and only found itself with a shock when the procession found *it*self at the gates of the castle grounds.

Locked. Of course.

"You see," he explained, as the Ugly Wuglies vainly shook the iron gates with incredible hands, "it's so very late. There *is* another way. But you have to climb through a hole."

"The ladies!" the respectable Ugly Wugly began, objecting; but the ladies with one voice affirmed that they loved adventures. "So frightfully thrilling!" added the one who wore roses.

So they went round by the road, and coming to the hole—it was a little difficult to find in the moonlight, which always disguises the most familiar things—Gerald went first with the bicycle lantern, which he had snatched as his pilgrims came out of the yard, the shrinking Mabel followed, and then the Ugly Wuglies, with hollow rattlings of their wooden limbs against the stone, crept through, and with strange vowel-sounds of general amazement, manly courage, and feminine nervousness followed the light along the passage through the fern-hung cutting and under the arch.

When they emerged on the moonlit enchantment of the Italian garden a quite intelligible "Oh!" of surprised admiration

"IT WAS A STRANGE PROCESSION."

broke from more than one painted paper lip, and the respectable Ugly Wugly was understood to say that it must be quite a showplace in the summer—by George, sir, yes!

Those marble terraces and artfully serpentining gravel walks surely never had echoed to steps so strange. No shadows so wildly unbelievable had, for all its enchantments, ever fallen on those smooth, grey, dewy lawns. Gerald was thinking this, or something like it (what he really thought was, "I bet there never was such a go as this, even here!"), when he saw the statue of Hermes leap from its pedestal and run towards him and his company with all the lively curiosity of a street boy eager to be in at a street fight. He saw, too, that he was the only one who perceived that white advancing presence. And he knew that it was the ring that let him see what by others could not be seen. He slipped it from his finger. Yes; Hermes was on his pedestal, still as the snow-man you make in the Christmas holidays. He put the ring on again, and there was Hermes circling round the group and gazing deep in each unconscious Ugly Wugly face.

"This seems a very superior hotel," the tall-hatted Ugly Wugly was saying; "the grounds are laid out with what you might call taste."

"We shall have to go in by the back door," said Mabel, suddenly. "The front door's locked at half-past nine."

A short, stout Ugly Wugly in a yellow and blue cricket cap, who had hardly spoken, muttered something about an escapade, and about feeling quite young again.

And now they had skirted the marble-edged pool where the goldfish swam and glimmered, and where the great prehistoric beast had come down to bathe and drink. The water flashed white diamonds in the moonlight, and Gerald alone of them all saw that the scaly-plated vast lizard was even now rolling and wallowing there among the lily pads.

They hastened up the steps of the Temple of Flora. The back of it, where no elegant arch opened to the air, was against one of those sheer hills, almost cliffs, that diversified the landscape of that garden. Mabel passed behind the statue of the goddess, fumbled a little, and then Gerald's lantern, flashing like a search-light, showed a very high and very narrow doorway; the stone that was the door, and that had closed it, revolved slowly under the touch of Mabel's fingers.

"This way," she said, and panted a little. The back of her neck felt cold and goose-fleshy.

"You lead the way, my lad, with the lantern," said the suburban Ugly Wugly in his bluff, agreeable way.

"I—I must stay behind to close the door," said Gerald.

"The Princess can do that. *We*'ll help her," said the wreathed one with effusion; and Gerald thought her horribly officious.

He insisted gently that he would be the one responsible for the safe shutting of that door.

"You wouldn't like me to get into trouble, I'm sure," he urged; and the Ugly Wuglies, always kind and reasonable, agreed that this, of all things, they would most deplore.

"*You* take it," Gerald urged, pressing the bicycle lamp on the elderly Ugly Wugly; "you're the natural leader. Go straight ahead. Are there any steps?' he asked Mabel, in a whisper.

"Not for ever so long," she whispered back; "it goes on for ages, and then twists round."

"Whispering," said the smallest Ugly Wugly, suddenly, "ain't manners."

"*He* hasn't any, anyhow," whispered the lady Ugly Wugly. "Don't mind him—quite a self-made man," and squeezed Mabel's arm with horrible confidential flabbiness.

The respectable Ugly Wugly leading with the lamp, the others following trustfully, one and all disappeared into that narrow doorway; and Gerald and Mabel standing without, hardly daring to breathe lest a breath should retard the procession, almost sobbed with relief. Prematurely, as it turned out. For suddenly there was a rush and a scuffle inside the passage, and as they strove to close the door the Ugly Wuglies fiercely pressed to open it again. Whether they saw something in the dark passage that alarmed them, whether they took it into their empty heads that this could not be the back way to any really respectable hotel, or whether a convincing sudden instinct warned them that they were being tricked, Mabel and Gerald never knew. Cries of "No, no," "We won't go on," "Make *him* lead," broke the dreamy stillness of the perfect night. There were screams from ladies' voices, the hoarse, determined shouts of strong Ugly Wuglies roused to resistance, and, worse than all, the steady pushing open of that narrow stone door that had almost closed upon the ghastly crew. Through the chink of it they could be seen—a writhing black crowd against the light of the bicycle lamp; a padded hand reached round the door; stick-boned arms stretched out angrily towards the world that that door, if it closed, would shut them off

from for ever. And the tone of their vowelless speech was no longer conciliatory and ordinary; it was threatening, full of menace.

The padded hand fell on Gerald's arm, and instantly all the terrors that he had, so far, only known in imagination became real to him, and he saw, in the sort of flash that shows drowning people their past lives, what it was that he had asked of Mabel, and that she had given.

"Push—push for your life," he cried, and setting his heel against the pedestal of Flora pushed manfully.

"I can't any more—oh, I can't," moaned Mabel, and tried to use her heel likewise, but her legs were too short.

"They mustn't get out, they mustn't," Gerald panted.

"You'll know it when we do," came from inside the door, in tones which fury and empty-headedness would have made unintelligible to any ears but those sharpened by the wild fear of that unspeakable moment.

"What's up, there?" cried suddenly a new voice—a voice with all its consonants comforting, clean-cut, and ringing, and abruptly a new shadow fell on the marble floor of Flora's temple.

"Come and help push" — Gerald's voice only just reached the newcomer—"if they get out they'll kill us all."

"THE FURIOUS, SURGING, THREATENING MASS OF UGLY WUGLIES WAS SHUT IN."

A strong, velveteen-covered shoulder pushed suddenly between the shoulders of Gerald and Mabel; a stout man's heel sought the aid of the goddess's pedestal, the heavy, narrow door yielded slowly, it closed, its spring clicked, and the furious, surging, threatening mass of Ugly Wuglies was shut in, and Gerald and Mabel—oh, incredible relief—were shut out. Mabel threw herself on the marble floor, sobbing slow, heavy sobs of achievement and exhaustion. If I had been there I should have looked the other way, so as not to see it, if Gerald yielded himself to the same abandonment.

The new-comer — he appeared to be a gamekeeper, Gerald decided later — looked down on—well, certainly on Mabel, and said:—

"Come on; don't be a little duffer." (He may have said "a couple of little duffers.") "Who is it, and what's it all about?"

"I can't possibly tell you," Gerald panted.

"We shall have to see about that, sha'n't we?" said the new-comer, amiably. "Come out into the moonlight and let's review the situation."

Gerald, even in that topsy-turvy state of his world, found time to think that a gamekeeper who used such words as that had most likely a romantic past. But at the same time he saw that such a man would be far less easy to "square" with an unconvincing tale than Eliza, or Jackson, or even mademoiselle. In fact, he seemed, with the only tale that they had to tell, practically unsquareable.

Gerald got up—if he was not up already, or still up — and pulled at the limp and now hot hand of the sobbing Mabel, and as he did so the unsquareable one took *his* hand, and thus led both children out from under the shadow of Flora's dome into the bright white moonlight that carpeted Flora's steps. Here he sat down, a child on each side of him, drew a hand of each through his velveteen arm, pressed them to his velveteen sides in a friendly, reassuring way, and said: "Now, then! Go ahead!"

Mabel merely sobbed. We must excuse her. She had been very brave, and I have no doubt that all heroines, from Joan of Arc to Grace Darling, have had their sobbing moments.

But Gerald said: "It's no use. If I made up a story you'd see through it."

"That's a compliment to my discernment, anyhow," said the stranger. "What price telling me the truth?"

"If we told you the truth," said Gerald, "you wouldn't believe it."

"Try me," said the velveteen one. He was clean-shaven, and had large eyes that sparkled when the moonlight touched them.

"I *can't*," said Gerald, and it was plain that he spoke the truth. "You'd either think we were mad, and get us shut up, or else—oh, it's no good. Thank you for helping us, and do let us go home."

"I wonder," said the stranger, musingly, "whether you have any imagination."

"Considering that we invented them——" Gerald hotly began, and stopped with late prudence.

"If by 'them' you mean the people whom I helped you to imprison in yonder living tomb," said the stranger, loosing Mabel's hand to put his arm round her, "remember that I saw and heard them. And with all respect to your imagination, I doubt whether any invention of yours would be quite so convincing."

"Tell him," said Mabel, speaking for the first time. "Never mind if he believes or not."

"Very well," said Gerald, "I'll tell him."

Mabel lifted her head from the velveteen shoulder and said, "Let me begin, then. I found a ring, and I said it would make me invisible. I said it in play. And it *did*. I was invisible twenty-one hours. Never mind where I got the ring. Now, Gerald, you go on."

Gerald went on; for quite a long time he went on. For the story was a splendid one to tell.

"And so," he ended, "we got them in there; and when seven hours are over, or fourteen, or twenty-one, or something with a seven in it, they'll just be old coats again. They came alive at half-past nine. *I* think they'll stop being it in seven hours—that's half-past four. *Now* will you let us go home?"

"MABEL LIFTED HER HEAD FROM THE VELVETEEN SHOULDER AND SAID, 'LET ME BEGIN, THEN.'"

"I'll see you home," said the stranger, in a quite new tone of exasperating gentleness. "Come—let's be going."

"You don't believe us," said Gerald. "Of course you don't. Nobody could. But I could make you believe if I chose."

All three stood up, and the stranger stared in Gerald's eyes till Gerald answered his thought.

"No, I don't look mad, do I?"

"No, you aren't. But come, you're an extraordinarily sensible boy; don't you think you may be sickening for a fever or something?"

"And Cathy, and Jimmy, and mademoiselle, and Eliza, and the man who said 'Guy Fawkes, swelp me,' and *you*—you saw them move—you heard them call out. Are you sickening for anything?"

"No—or, at least, not for anything but information. Come, and I'll see you home."

"Mabel lives at the Towers," said Gerald, as the stranger turned into the broad drive that leads to the big gate.

"No relation to Lord Yalding," said Mabel, hastily; "housekeeper's niece." She was holding on to his hand all the way. At the servants' entrance she put up her face to be kissed, and went in.

"Poor little thing!" said the bailiff, as they went down the drive towards the gate.

He went with Gerald to the door of the school.

"Look here," said Gerald at parting, "I know what you're going to do. You're going to try to undo that door."

"Discerning!" said the stranger.

"Well—don't. Or, anyway, wait till daylight and let us be there. We can get there by ten."

"All right—I'll meet you there by ten," answered the stranger. "By George, you're the rummiest kids I ever met."

"We are rum," Gerald owned, "but so would you be—if—— Good night."

As the four children went over the smooth lawn towards Flora's Temple they talked as they had talked all the morning, about the adventures of last night, and of Mabel's bravery.

"You're a Victoria Cross heroine, dear," said Cathy, warmly. "You ought to have a statue put up to you."

"It would come alive if you put it here," said Gerald, grimly.

"*I* shouldn't have been afraid," said Jimmy.

"By daylight," Gerald assured him, "everything looks so jolly different."

"I do hope he'll be there," Mabel said; "he *was* such a dear, Cathy—a perfect bailiff, with the soul of a gentleman."

"He isn't there, though," said Jimmy. "I believe you just dreamed him, like you did the statues coming alive."

They went up the marble steps in the sunshine, and it was difficult to believe that this was the place where only in last night's moonlight fear had laid such cold hands on the hearts of Mabel and Gerald.

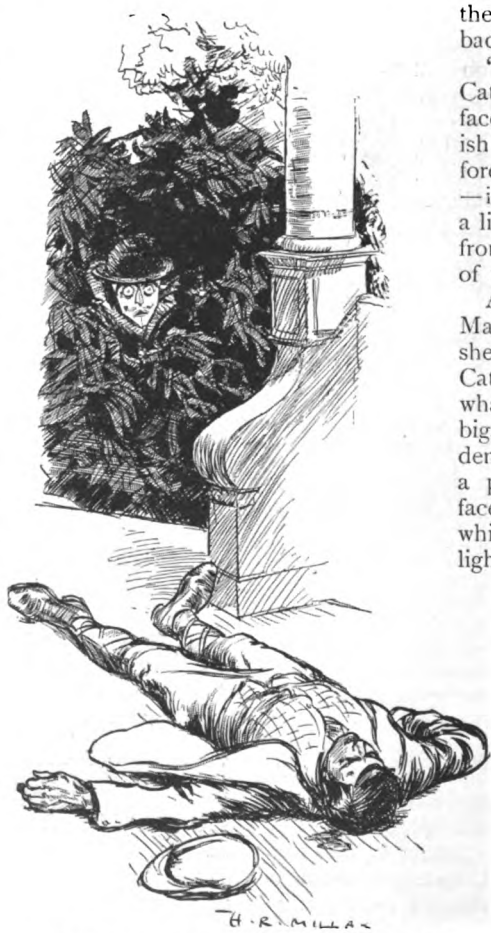
"Shall we open the door," suggested Kathleen, "and begin to carry home the coats?"

"Let's listen first," said Gerald; "perhaps they aren't only coats yet."

They laid ears to the hinges of the stone door, behind which last night the Ugly Wuglies had shrieked and threatened. All was still as the sweet morning itself. It was as they turned away that they saw the man they had come to meet. He was on the other side of Flora's pedestal. But he was not standing up; he lay there, quite still on his back, his arms flung wide.

"Oh, look!" cried Cathy, and pointed. His face was a queer, greenish colour, and on his forehead there was a cut—its edges were blue, and a little blood had trickled from it on to the white of the marble.

At the same instant Mabel pointed too; but she did not cry out as Cathy had done. And what she pointed at was a big, glossy-leaved rhododendron bush, from which a painted, pointed paper face peered out, very white—very red in the sunlight, and, as the children gazed, shrank back into the covert of the shining leaves.



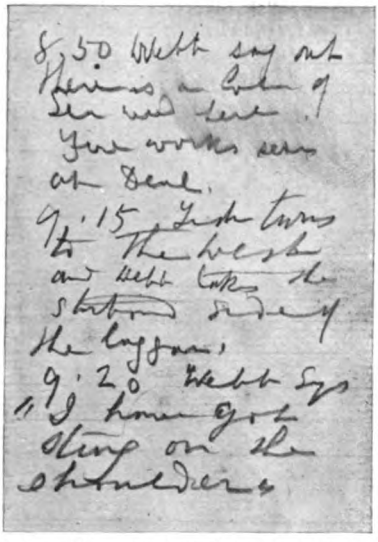
"A PAINTED, POINTED PAPER FACE PEERED OUT."

To be continued.)

From Other Magazines.

DID CAPTAIN WEBB SWIM THE CHANNEL?

THE accompanying photograph is taken from a leaf of the identical note-book which Mr. J. Barrington-Jones, editor of the *Dover Express*, used for keeping the log when he accompanied Captain Webb on his wonderful swim across the Channel, and is reproduced in a most interesting article under the above title by Montague Holbein, in *Fry's Magazine*, June. Mr. Holbein furnishes much trustworthy evidence gathered from men who actually witnessed the swim, and, in conclusion, says: "The genuineness of the swim was everywhere accepted at the time, and it is only recently that the *bona*



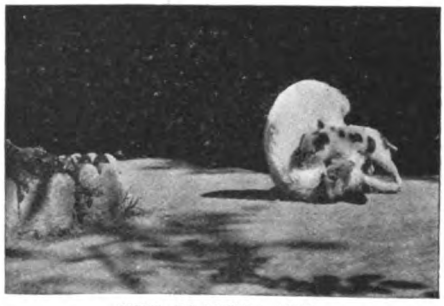
fides of the achievement have been questioned, owing, as I have said, to the many subsequent failures; but, as showing the element of luck in the feat, Mr. Jones assures me it was touch and go with Webb, as had he been a trifle farther east he would have been carried past Calais pier and into the North Sea."

LOVERS' SIGNALS.

AT Southsea, Portsmouth, and other places off which our warships are accustomed to anchor, many of the better-educated servant-maids with sailor sweethearts have learnt to be such experts in the way of heliographing that, with ordinary small mirrors, they frequently flash messages to the men on the ships. A naval officer told the present writer that he had often, when on deck, been both amused and surprised at the accuracy with which some of these girls used this form of signalling out of pure fun.—"TIT-BITS."

THE FRAUD OF THE SUBSTITUTE.

THERE is hardly a patent medicine, an emulsion, liniment, or children's food of which artful imitations are not sold. Customers who purchase such things are fools for their pains, for if there is one commodity in which it does not pay to economize, that is medicine. Most of the substitutes are simply negative in their effects, but some positively dangerous. Scores of unhappy babies are slowly murdered by starchy imitations of guaranteed brands of infant foods. Such foods act as slow poison, for the child cannot digest them. Other babies have been killed outright by patent medicine substitutes containing morphia or similar "soothers." Then, again, the loss to the large manufacturing firms from this kind of fraud has become extremely serious, some even estimating it at thirty-three per cent. of their revenue. —T. C. Bridges, in "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."



THE PLAYFUL PIG.

THE annexed interesting photograph, which is reproduced from *Country Life*, shows the contributor's terrier playing with a little pig. The pig was hand-fed and great friends with the dogs, trotting about with them everywhere. The singular thing about the photograph, however, is, that if it is held at arm's length lengthwise and the eyes half closed it forms an almost perfect representation of a human skull.

"SPIRIT SHIPS.

AMONG the many strange customs which exist in the Andaman Islands the following is perhaps the strangest. During times of great trouble or misfortune, which are supposed to have been caused by the presence of evil spirits, a most unique method of ridding the community of them is adopted. A large raft is constructed and equipped with masts of palms and sails of leaves, the whole being covered with

bunches of devil-dispelling leaves. When completed, a ceremony takes place in which men, women, and seers dance round the raft chanting weird songs; and after these rites have been performed the structure is towed out to sea, where it is left to drift, carrying with it the evil spirits, the ultimate course taken deciding whether the evil influences will return or not. The above photograph depicts one of these strange "spirit-ships." — "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

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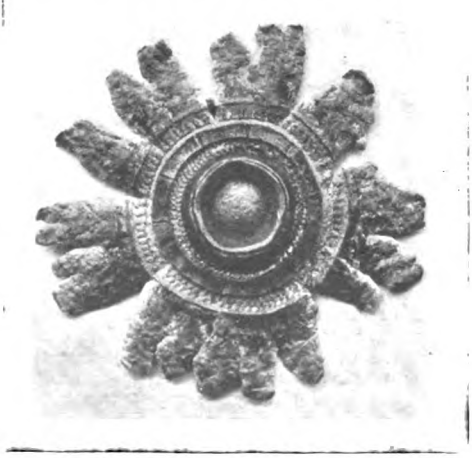
AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

MY brother-in-law has a tom-cat which knocks at the door to gain admittance by jumping up and catching the knocker with its paws. I was able, by fixing the camera, to get the enclosed snap-shot, which shows him in the act of reaching the knocker. —Mr. Frank C. Robson, Newlaiths, Horsforth, near Leeds.

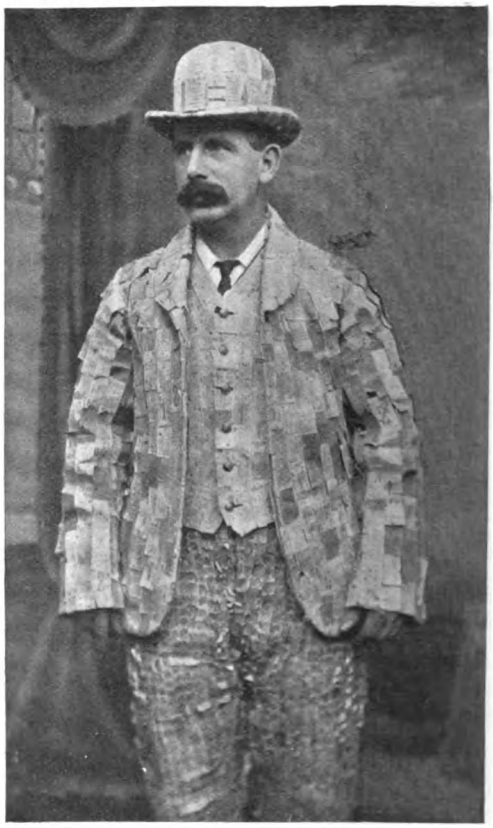
LEAD *v.* IRON.

THIS photograph is not that of the star of some new order, but of a ·455 revolver bullet that has been fired at an iron target. The velocity of the bullet was low; had the striking energy been greater the fringe would have broken off, leaving only the centre. The marks of the rifling are plainly seen between the two fancy circles (cannelures).—Mr. A. H. Le Gassick, Barwick, near Ware, Herts.



A TRAM-TICKET COSTUME.

I SEND you a photograph of myself dressed in my tram-ticket costume. The hat, coat, and vest are covered entirely with tickets of various colours and prices. I may say that it is wonderfully effective, and no fewer than 2,544 tickets go to make up the whole.



The cost works out at £12 15s. 8½d., while it may be interesting to note that the trousers are entirely covered with penny postage stamps. Here is a detailed account of the various quantities and values:—

		£	s.	d.
726 at	½d.	1	10	3
722 at	1d.	3	0	2
701 at	1½d.	4	7	7½
320 at	2d.	2	13	4
6 at	2½d.		1	3
47 at	3d.		11	9
24 at	4d.		8	0
8 at	5d.		3	4

Total number, 2,554; total face value, £12 15s. 8½d. —Mr. William Porter, 28, Cross Street, Holyhead.

WILL DRIVE ONE TON ONE MILE.

THE lump of coal reproduced exact size in the picture represents the quantity needed to drive one ton one mile, as used in one of the large modern steamships. Its weight is slightly over ½oz. The calculation is as follows: The weight displaced by ship and cargo is about 40,000 tons; on a consumption of 250 tons a day, this weight is driven about 400 miles. Hence, 250 tons = 8,960,000oz.; 40,000 tons × 400 miles = 16,000,000 ton miles, or, say, $\frac{9}{10}$oz.—Mr. D. K. Simpson, 11, Albert Road, Birkdale.

A CURIOUS DEFORMATION.

THE foregoing illustration represents an exceedingly curious deformation of the beak of a parrot. The bird was originally brought from South America, and when it arrived in this country was chiefly remarkable for its choice collection of Spanish oaths, its capacity for dancing, which consisted mostly of hopping from leg to leg, and its ability to sing, or rather to scream, scales. At any rate, its beak was quite normal. After a time, whether because it always used to feed on one side of its mouth or for some other reason, the top portion of its beak began to grow sideways over the lower portion. Being no longer worn away by the natural process in eating, the growth continued, and in spite of frequent cuttings by means of a saw the beak gradually assumed the form seen in the engraving. Curiously enough, the deformation did not seem greatly to inconvenience the bird, and though it may have hastened its death Polly was well over seventy years old when eventually it did die. Its plumage was mostly bright green, though there were some red and yellow feathers here and there. After its death the bird was stuffed and the photograph which I send you was taken. — Mr. H. Walker, 42, Barrow Road, Streatham Common, S.W.

THE CHAMPION SAND ARTIST.

IT is worth a trip to America merely to see Mr. James Taylor model in sand. He works on the beach at Atlantic City, one of the most famous watering-places in the world, about sixty miles from Philadelphia, on the coast of New Jersey. Here, throughout the summer, Mr. Taylor, who stands head and shoulders above all his imitators in sand art, manipulates the dull and unadhesive material, turning it into veritable gems of sculpture. Unhappily, however, the labour of this clever man is ephemeral. The waves of old ocean ruthlessly wash away the artist's handiwork. There is a touch of sentiment in it, and the many thousands who have watched the artist moulding his fleeting figures within reach of the onward tide have not been less interested in the work because its life is short. The example given won the championship prize for sand-sculpture, and is as remarkable as it is beautiful. Photo. by Jas. J. Taylor.

TOO AWFUL TO BE TRUE!

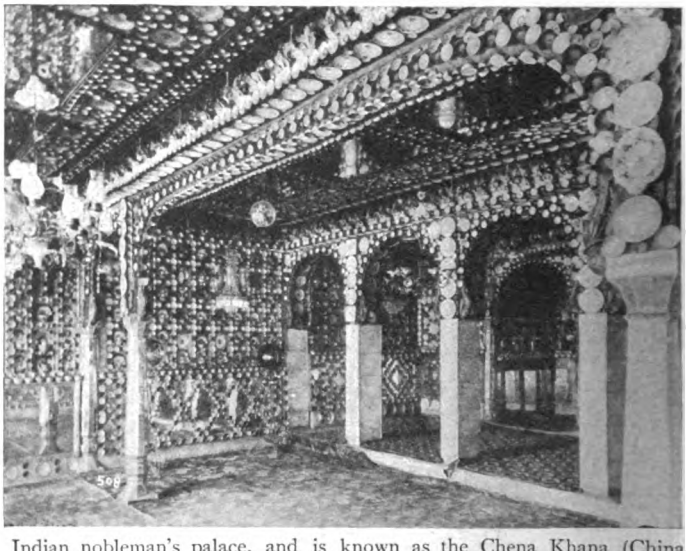
THIS photograph represents a real live lion, named Toby, at the Clifton Zoological Gardens. The lion was photographed in his cage, and the photograph cut out and pasted on a view of the gardens, thus giving a most realistic and somewhat terrifying effect. Taken by a photographer in the employ of Senior and Co., Bristol.

NATURE'S FAIRY NECKLACE.

I SEND you a photo. of a spider's web that I took one morning with the dew on it. It was the most perfect one I think I ever saw, and it looked as if it were made of ropes of pearls. The only way I could get at it was from the back, and unfortunately there was a little breeze, which has caused some of it to be out of focus, although I focused it sharply.—Miss V. F. Blandford, 48, Wimpole Street, W.

THE RAJAH'S "CHINA ROOM."

HERE is the photograph of a curious room, the walls and ceiling of which are very cleverly decorated with china plates, cups, and saucers of various designs, said to have been collected by the owner. It is in an Indian nobleman's palace, and is known as the Chena Khana (China Room). The photograph was taken by Raja Deen Dayal and Sons, Secunderabad, Deccan, India.—Miss O. Howell, 74, St. Stephen's Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, W.



MYSTERIOUS MARKINGS.

SOME time ago a mould-maker in the employ of Messrs. Wedgwood, Etruria, left a piece of clay, smeared with grease, upon his bench before leaving the works. The following morning he found the clay marked in the curious and pretty way shown. At first he was at a loss to understand the markings, but later he discovered that the mice were the workers of the wonderful pattern with their teeth. My brother took an impression from the clay, and from this I secured the photograph I send you.—Mr. W. H. Watkin, 59, King's Street, Newcastle, Staffs.

AN AMUSING OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IT would appear at first sight that the two gentlemen on the right of the picture are holding hands, but on closer inspection it will be seen that this is not the case, but the result of an amusing optical illusion.—Miss Morgan, Llandyssil Rectory, Montgomery.

ANOTHER CURIOUS SWARM.

THE accompanying photograph was taken at Routenbeck, Bassenthwaite Lake, where, one morning, we discovered a swarm of bees that had taken up

their abode in a neighbouring pillar-box. Great excitement was aroused in the neighbourhood, and the postman was badly stung while trying to get the letters out of the box. The bees may be seen on a part of the cloth on the left-hand side, partly hiding the notice on the box. However, they were soon successfully hived.—Mr. F. G. Pearson, Park Hall, Hale, Cheshire.

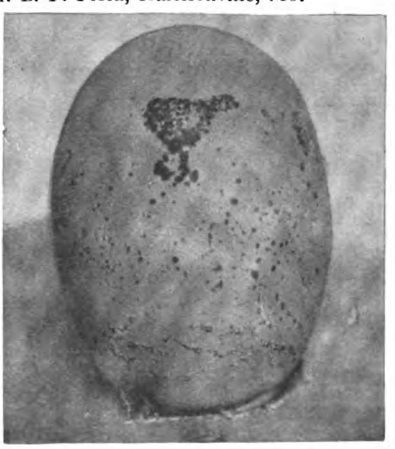
A NOVEL FANCY DRESS.

THE fancy-dress costume shown in my photograph is one with which I have had some success. It is entitled "The Meet of the King's Staghounds" (with apologies to the artist), and it is constructed of real dog-biscuits, except the large ones on the chest and the head-piece, which are of papier mâché. The head is totally enclosed, but was fairly cool, and I could smoke in it, which gave it a

very quaint effect.—Mr. Anthony P. Bale, 21, Marlborough Road, Chiswick, W.

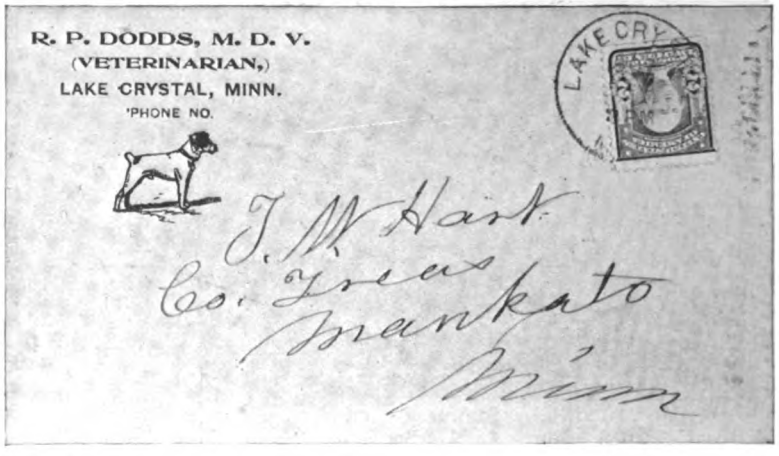
A PICTURE-EGG.

I SEND you the photograph of a remarkable egg laid by one of our hens, that had made several attempts to show that she was most anxious to bring up a family. The egg is remarkable from the fact that on its surface there appears a realistic impression of a young chick. The little girl who found the egg carried it to her mother with the exclamation: "Oh, mamma, look—our old hen has laid an Easter egg!"—Mr. B. F. Flora, Harrisonville, Mo.



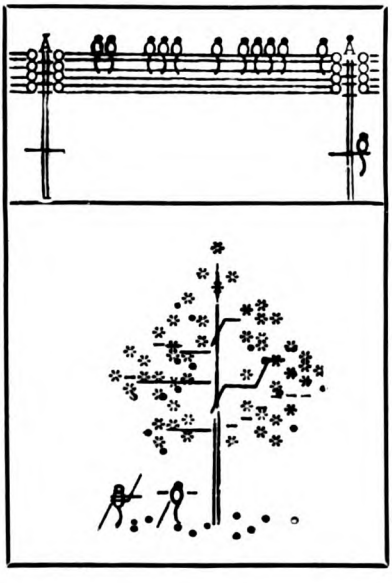
"CANINE!"

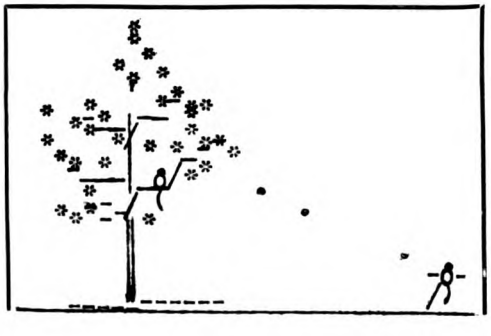
I SEND you an envelope which is rather an oddity. The gentleman, who, let it be whispered, is a bit of a funny dog himself, takes this means of letting people know that his number is K 9! —Mr. C. L. Kennedy, Deputy County Auditor, Mankato, Minn.



TYPEWRITTEN PICTURES.

I SEND you some specimens of work done on the typewriter (Oliver). No. 1 is supposed to show birds on telegraph wires; No. 2, a farmer catching a boy stealing his apples; and No. 3, a boy throwing stones at a bird.—Mr. L. H. Sceats, 4, Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E.





Diamonds 8, 2.
Spades—Jack, 10, 6, 3.
Clubs—7, 4.

B
Dummy

Diamonds—Queen, jack, 9.
Hearts King.
Clubs - King, jack, 8, 2.

Y Z

Diamonds—10, 7.
Hearts—Queen, 10, 5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, 10.

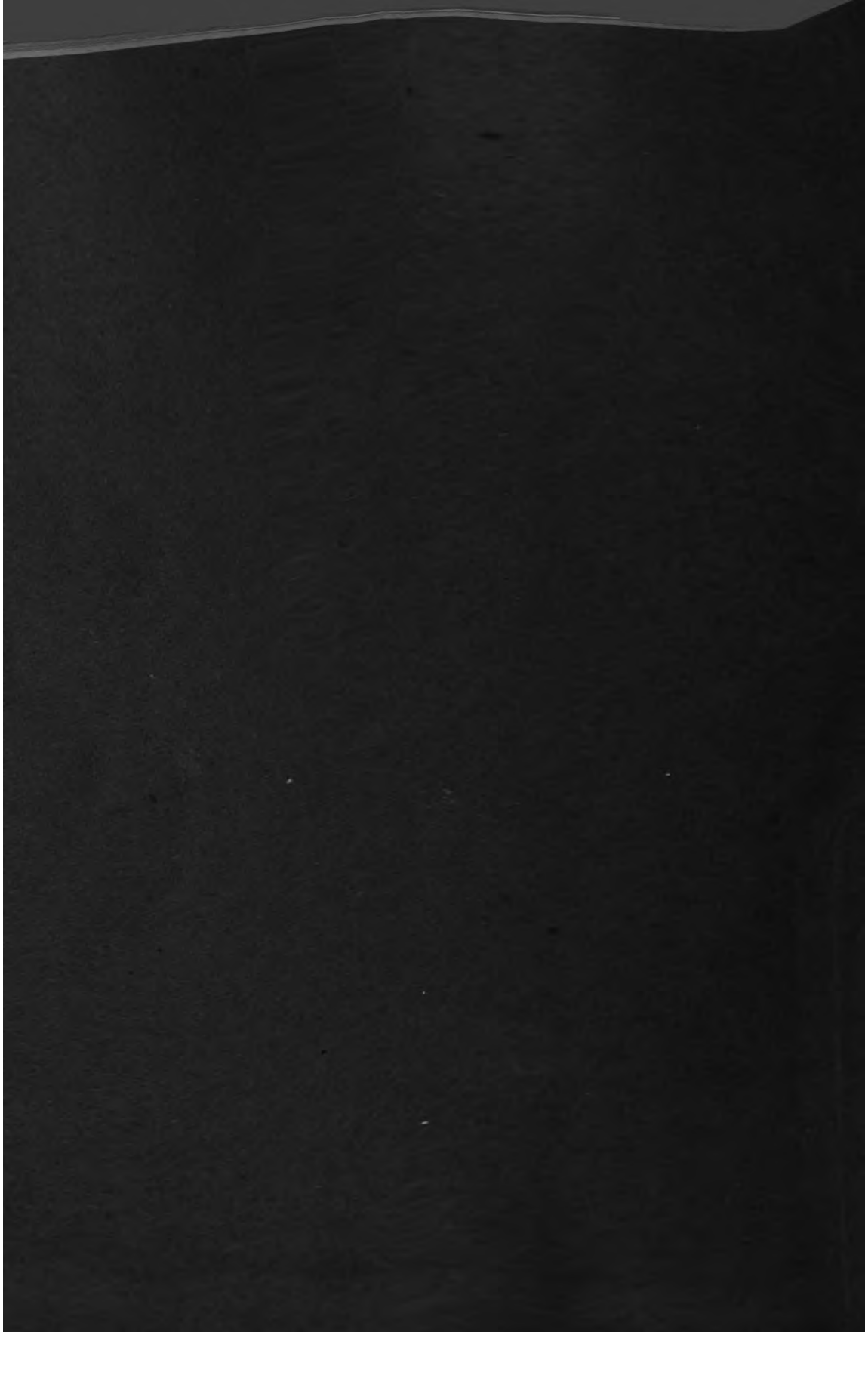
A

Diamonds—King, 6.
Hearts—Ace, jack, 9, 7.
Clubs—Ace, 3.

The game is, A to lead from his own hand and take every trick, spades being trumps.

THE BEST BRIDGE PROBLEM EVER INVENTED.

THIS problem, which was given in our May number, is here repeated, together with the solution, which is as follows:—

Trick 1. A, 7 hearts; Y, king hearts; B, 3 spades; Z, 4 hearts.
Trick 2. B, jack spades; Z, 10 clubs; A, 3 clubs; Y, 2 clubs.
(If Z discards a diamond at trick 2, A does the same, and B then leads a diamond at trick 3.)
Trick 3. B, 4 clubs; Z, queen clubs; A, ace clubs; Y, 8 clubs.
Trick 4. A, ace hearts; Y, 9 diamonds; B, 2 diamonds; Z, 5 hearts.
Trick 5. A, 9 hearts; Y, jack clubs; B, 6 spades; Z, 10 hearts.
Trick 6. B, 10 spades.
(If Z now discards the queen of hearts, A discards a diamond; if Z discards a diamond, A discards the jack of hearts. In the latter case Y must either unguard diamonds or throw away the winning club, so that A makes all the remaining tricks.)

MR. F. G. EVANS, the inventor of the famous Box Trick which won the prize of £500 offered by Mr. Maskelyne, wishes to state that the box shown in the photograph reproduced in Dr. Lynn's article in our March number does not represent the actual box which won the above-mentioned reward, that the method described is not the same as his invention, and that he and Dr. Lynn were never partners. As the statements of Mr. Evans and Dr. Lynn absolutely differ on these points, we think it right to give them both.